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Book report week from Tues.

HEATH READINGS IN THE LITERATURE OF ENGLAND

VOLUME Two

THE LITERATIONS IN

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HEATH READINGS IN THE LITERATURE OF ENGLAND

SELECTED AND EDITED BY
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VOLUME TWO



NINETEENTH CENTURY

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ALFRED NOYES

CHRONOLOGICAL OUTLINE

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND HISTORY

Names of English sovereigns are printed in small capitals under the dates of their accession; events in foreign literature and history are in italics.

A.D.		A.D.
L	ATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY	1798 and Reply," "The Ancient Mariner,"
1770	Goldsmith: "Deserted Village"	and other important poems. Second
	Wordsworth born. Died 1850	edition 1800
1771	"Encyclopedia Britannica," first edition	1799 Balzac (French novelist) born. Died 1850
	Walter Scott born. Died 1832	Heinrich Heine (German poet, satirist)
1772	Coleridge born. Died 1834	born (?). Died 1856
1773	Goldsmith: "She Stoops to Conquer"	1800 Macaulay born. Died 1856
	Boston Tea Party	1802 Victor Hugo (French poet, novelist) born
1775	Burke: "Speech on Conciliation with	Died 1885
	America"	1802 Scott: "Minstrelsy of the Scottish
	Sheridan: "The Rivals"	1803 Border'' (Vols. I and II)
	Jane Austen born. Died 1817	1803 Ralph Waldo Emerson born. Died
	Charles Lamb born. Died 1834	1882
	War of American Independence begun	1804 Nathaniel Hawthorne born. Died 1864
1776	Adam Smith: "Wealth of Nations"	"George Sand" (Madame Dudevant,
	Declaration of American Independence	French novelist) born. Died 1876
1777	Sheridan: "School for Scandal"	1805 Battle of Trafalgar. Death of Nelson
1783	Crabbe: "The Village"	1807 Byron: Works
	Washington Irving born. Died 1859	1824)
1786	Burns: Poems (the famous Kilmarnock	1807 Moore: "Irish Melodies" (Part I).
	edition)	Other parts later; last published,
1788	Byron born. Died 1824	1834
1789	Blake: "Songs of Innocence"	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow born. Died
	James Fenimore Cooper born. Died 1851	1882
	Outbreak of the French Revolution. Storm-	First successful steamboat launched in
1500	Outbreak of the French Revolution. Storm- ing of the Bastille	First successful steamboat launched in America
1790	Outbreak of the French Revolution. Storm- ing of the Bastille Goethe: "Faust: ein Fragment."	First successful steamboat launched in America 1808 Peninsular War begun. Ended 1814
	Outbreak of the French Revolution. Storming of the Bastille Goethe: "Faust: ein Fragment." "Faust" completed, 1831	First successful steamboat launched in America 1808 Peninsular War begun. Ended 1814 1809 Battle of Corunna
1790 1791	Outbreak of the French Revolution. Storming of the Bastille Goethe: "Faust: ein Fragment." "Faust" completed, 1831 Thomas Paine: "Rights of Man"	First successful steamboat launched in America 1808 Peninsular War begun. Ended 1814 1809 Battle of Corunna Tennyson born. Died 1892
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1791 1792 1793 1794	Outbreak of the French Revolution. Storming of the Bastille Goethe: "Faust: ein Fragment." "Faust" completed, 1831 Thomas Paine: "Rights of Man" (Part I). Part II, 1792 Shelley born. Died 1822 Execution of Louis XVI of France Ann Radeliffe: "Mysteries of Udolpho" NINETEENTH CENTURY Keats born. Died 1821 Carlyle born. Died 1881	First successful steamboat launched in America 1808 Peninsular War begun. Ended 1814 1809 Battle of Corunna Tennyson born. Died 1892 Edgar Allan Poe born. Died 1849 1810 Alfred de Musset (French poet, dramatist) born. Died 1857 1810 1822 Shelley: Works composed 1811 Thackeray born. Died 1863 1812 Byron: "Childe Harold" (Cantos I and II). Canto III, 1816. Canto IV, 1818 Dickens born. Died 1870
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1791 1792 1793 1794 1795 1796 1816 1817	Outbreak of the French Revolution. Storming of the Bastille Goethe: "Faust: ein Fragment." "Faust" completed, 1831 Thomas Paine: "Rights of Man" (Part I). Part II, 1792 Shelley born. Died 1822 Execution of Louis XVI of France Ann Radeliffe: "Mysteries of Udolpho" NINETEENTH CENTURY Keats born. Died 1821 Carlyle born. Died 1881 Jane Austen's novels written	First successful steamboat launched in America 1808 Peninsular War begun. Ended 1814 1809 Battle of Corunna Tennyson born. Died 1892 Edgar Allan Poe born. Died 1849 1810 Alfred de Musset (French poet, dramatist) born. Died 1857 1810 1822 Shelley: Works composed 1811 Thackeray born. Died 1863 1812 Byron: "Childe Harold" (Cantos I and II). Canto III, 1816. Canto IV, 1818 Diekens born. Died 1870 Browning born. Died 1889 The Brothers Grimm: "Kinder- und Hausmärchen" (Household Tales)

			N A
A.D.		A.D.	
1814	Scott: Novels	1840	Émile Zola (French novelist) born. Died
1991			1902
	Battle of Waterloo	1841	Browning: "Pippa Passes"
	Byron: "The Prisoner of Chillon"	1842	Tennyson: Poems
	Coleridge: "Christabel"		Longfellow: "Poems on Slavery"
	Coleridge: "Biographia Literaria"	1843	Macaulay: Essays (collected edition)
1817	Keats: Poems		Ruskin: "Modern Painters" (Vol. I)
1820)			Publication completed, 1860
1819	Byron: "Don Juan" (Cantos I and II).		Establishment of the Free Church of
	Cantos III–IV, 1821. Cantos VI–XVI, 1823	1011	Scotland Polyant Pridma (Part Laurett) 1
1819	Washington Irving: "Sketch Book"	1844	Robert Bridges (Poet Laureate) born
	John Ruskin born. Died 1900	1044.	"Anatole France" (Jacques Anatole Thibault) born. Died 1924
	Walt Whitman born. Died 1892	1845	Browning: "Dramatic Romances and
	George IV	1010	Lyrics"
	"George Eliot" (Mary Ann Evans)	1847	Tennyson: "The Princess"
	born. Died 1880		Longfellow: "Evangeline"
1820	Charles I and GEV 11	1847	
1833	Charles Lamb: "Essays of Elia"	1859	Thackeray: most important novels
1822	Matthew Arnold born. Died 1888	1848	John S. Mill: "Principles of Political
	Walter Savage Landor: "Imaginary		Economy"
,	Conversations"		Matthew Arnold: "The Strayed Revel-
1826	James Fenimore Cooper: "The Last of		ler and Other Poems"
4000	the Mohicans"		Suppression of Chartism, a movement
1828	Dante Gabriel Rossetti born. Died		for the extension of political power to the working classes
	1882 Henrik Ibsen (Norwegian poet, drama-		Revolution in France. Abdication of
	tist) born. Died 1906		Louis Philippe
	George Meredith born. Died 1909	, , , ,)	Macaulay: "History of England from
	WILLIAM IV	1848	the Accession of James II." (un-
	Alfred Tennyson: "Poems Chiefly Lyri-	1861	finished)
	cal"	1849	Browning: Poems
	Opening of first railway, between Liver-		Ruskin: "Seven Lamps of Architec-
	pool and Manchester		ture"
	Edgar Allan Poe: "The Raven"		Sainte-Beuve (French literary critic):
	Victor Hugo: "Notre Dame de Paris"		"Causeries de Lundi" (Monday Chats)
	Reform Bill passed	1040)	begun
1833	Carlyle: "Sartor Resartus." Publica-	1849 1850	Dickens: "David Copperfield"
1834	tion completed, 1834 William Morris born. Died 1896	1850	Elizabeth Barrett Browning: "Sonnets
	Balzac (French novelist): "Père Goriot"	1000	from the Portuguese"
Í	(Old Goriot)		Robert Louis Stevenson born. Died 1894
1835 '	"Mark Twain" (Samuel L. Clemens)	1851	Hawthorne: "House of Seven Gables"
2040	born. Died 1910		Longfellow: "Golden Legend"
r	The telegraph invented	1852	Tennyson: "Ode on the Death of the
1836	Dickens: Novels		Duke of Wellington"
1870)		1853	Thomas Nelson Page born. Died 1922
1	Whittier: "Voices of Freedom"		De Quincey: Collected Works (includ-
	VICTORIA	1861	ing Essays)
	Carlyle: "French Revolution"	1854	Crimean War Temperature "Charge of the Light Brig-
	Swinburne born. Died 1909		Tennyson: "Charge of the Light Brigade"
	Thomas Hardy born		ade

NINETEENTH CENTURY

THE NEWER POETRY AND CRITICISM AND THE NOVEL

Reaction against conventionality, emphasis upon spontaneity and emotion, interest in the past, in Nature, in solitude, in the remote or exotic, in unspoiled humanity, and in children and childlike simplicity were, as indicated above (p. 404 f), characteristics of eighteenth-century English opinion which foreshadow a new order. Stimulated by the transformation of English industrial life, the rise of Methodism, and the French Revolution, this body of thought grew more and more influential as the century progressed, and resulted in what is known as the Romantic Movement. Though too complex for exact definition, Romanticism has as its chief characteristics emphasis upon the emotional life and an enthusiastic idealism.

In literature Romanticism finds its fullest expression in the *Lyrical Ballads*, published by Wordsworth and Coleridge in 1798. In literary theory the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* has been

called the Declaration of Independence of the Romantic Movement.

Under the influence of the Romantic spirit all literary types showed a renewed vigor, but the chief glory of the movement was poetry. No other period of English literature can boast a greater wealth of distinguished names than this, which produced almost simultaneously Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats, along with a multitude of minor though nevertheless inspired writers. In prose fiction the preëminent figure is Scott, whose novels form the culmination of a long line of historical and Gothic romances. Jane Austen painted with realistic fidelity the country society of her own day. The familiar essay attained a high degree of perfection in the delicately humorous personal revelations of Lamb. Longer prose exposition was admirably represented in the imaginative compositions of De Quincey and the stirring appeals of Carlyle. In the drama alone is there a dearth of significant productions. The best plays of the Romantic era are significant for their poetry or their philosophy of life rather than for their acting qualities.

As the nineteenth century progressed the emotionalism and the intensely personal attitude of the romanticist yielded gradually to a more detached and disciplined view of the world. Though the Romantic spirit by no means disappeared, the Victorian Era, covering roughly the last threequarters of the nineteenth century, tended to become conservative in its attitude toward society and art. Coupled with the development of the new scientific spirit, prose fiction, especially the novel, became dominated by Realism, which may be defined as the attempt to present truth objectively, even scientifically, without suppression or sentimental bias. The mild Realism of Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot is gradually replaced by the more profound and mordant criticism of life in Meredith and Hardy. During the late nineteenth and the first quarter of the twentieth century, Naturalism ("an acute form of Realism") and "psychological analysis" become increasingly common as methods of literary treatment. Socialism and other remedies for the ills of society also appear in the work of late nineteenth and early twentieth century writers, notably Shaw and Wells. Among the shorter prose forms, the most significant are the short-story, with its highly developed special technique, and the critical essay, which latter reached a high degree of perfection in the hands of Arnold, Ruskin, Swinburne, and other writers. A crowning achievement of the age was the perfection of the modern prose sentence by Macaulay, Arnold, Newman, and Pater. That poetry was not stultified by the prevailing scientific spirit of the Victorian period is evinced by the presence of two of the greatest English poets, Browning and Tennyson, along with a number of slightly less gifted writers. During the latter part of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century a new romantic reaction against conventionality and materialism manifested itself in a multitude of ways - in the splendid optimism and high spirit of adventure of Stevenson, in the "religion of beauty" of Pater, in the decadent æstheticism of Oscar Wilde, in the mystical search for the Celtic spirit by the poets of the Irish Renaissance.

In its combination of tradition with contemporary interests, the Victorian era, when the present unjust prejudice has passed, will stand out as one of the richest and greatest in the history of English literature. The beginning of the twentieth century reveals little new or significant in any branch of literature; even Free Verse is largely a recombination of old features. Hence we feel justified in concluding that another great literary era closed with the beginning of the World War.

AGE OF ROMANTICISM

POETRY

William Cowper (1731–1800)	To drive up to the door, lest all Should say that she was proud.
THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN	So three doors off the chaise was stayed, Where they did all get in;
John Gilpin was a citizen Of credit and renown,	Six precious souls, and all agog To dash through thick and thin. 40
A trainband captain eke was he Of famous London town.	Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear, 'Though wedded we have been These twice ten tedious years, yet we	Were never folk so glad, The stones did rattle underneath As if Cheapside were mad.
No holiday have seen. 'To-morrow is our wedding-day, And we will then repair Unto The Bell at Edmonton,	John Gilpin at his horse's side Seized fast the flowing mane, And up he got, in haste to ride, But soon came down again;
All in a chaise and pair. 'My sister, and my sister's child,	For saddletree scarce reached had he, His journey to begin, 50
Myself, and children three, Will fill the chaise; so you must ride	When, turning round his head, he saw Three customers come in.
", On horseback after we.' He soon replied, — 'I do admire Of womankind but one, And you are she, my dearest dear,	So down he came; for loss of time, Although it grieved him sore, Yet loss of pence, full well he knew, Would trouble him much more. 55
Therefore it shall be done. 20	'T was long before the customers Were suited to their mind,
'I am a linendraper bold, As all the world doth know, And my good friend the calender	When Betty screaming came down stairs, 'The wine is left behind!'
Will lend his horse to go.'	'Good lack!' quoth he, 'yet bring it me, My leathern belt likewise,
Quoth Mistress Gilpin,—'That's well said; 25 And for that wine is dear,	In which I bear my trusty sword When I do exercise.'
We will be furnished with our own, Which is both bright and clear.'	Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!) 65 Had two stone bottles found,
John Gilpin kissed his loving wife; O'erjoyed was he to find,	To hold the liquor that she loved, And keep it safe and sound.
That, though on pleasure she was bent, She had a frugal mind.	Each bottle had a curling ear, Through which the belt he drew, 70
The morning came, the chaise was brought, But yet was not allowed	And hung a bottle on each side, To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be Equipped from top to toe,		The bottles twain behind his back Were shattered at a blow.	
His long red cloak, well brushed and near He manfully did throw.	75	Down ran the wine into the road, Most piteous to be seen,	125
Now see him mounted once again Upon his nimble steed,		Which made his horse's flanks to smoke As they had basted been.	;
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones With caution and good heed.	80	But still he seemed to carry weight, With leathern girdle braced;	130
But finding soon a smoother road Beneath his well shod feet,		For all might see the bottle-necks Still dangling at his waist.	
The snorting beast began to trot, Which galled him in his seat.		Thus all through merry Islington These gambols he did play,	
So, 'Fair and softly,' John he cried, But John he cried in vain; That treet become a gallen seen	85	And till he came unto the Wash Of Edmonton so gay;	135
That trot became a gallop soon, In spite of curb and rein.		And there he threw the wash about, On both sides of the way,	
So stooping down, as needs he must Who cannot sit upright, He grasped the mane with both his hand	90	Just like unto a trundling mop, Or a wild goose at play.	140
And eke with all his might.	39.	At Edmonton, his loving wife From the balcony spied	
His horse, who never in that sort Had handled been before, What thing upon his back had got	95	Her tender husband, wondering much To see how he did ride.	
Did wonder more and more.		'Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — here's house!'	the 145
Away went Gilpin, neck or naught; Away went hat and wig; He little dreamt, when he set out		They all at once did cry; 'The dinner waits, and we are tired':— Said Gilpin—'So am I!'	
Of running such a rig.	100	But yet his horse was not a whit	150
The wind did blow, the cloak did fly, Like streamer long and gay, Till, loop and button failing both,		Inclined to tarry there; For why? — his owner had a house Full ten miles off, at Ware.	150
At last it flew away. Then might all people well discern	105	So like an arrow swift he flew, Shot by an archer strong;	
The bottles he had slung; A bottle swinging at each side,		So did he fly — which brings me to The middle of my song.	155
As hath been said or sung. The dogs did bark, the children screamed	d,	Away went Gilpin, out of breath, And sore against his will,	
Up flew the windows all; And every soul cried out, 'Well done!' As loud as he could bawl.	110	Till, at his friend the calender's, His horse at last stood still.	160
Away went Gilpin — who but he?		The calender, amazed to see His neighbour in such trim,	
His fame soon spread around; 'He carries weight!' 'he rides a race!' ''T is for a thousand pound!'	115	Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate And thus accosted him:—	
And still, as fast as he drew near, "T was wonderful to view,		'What news? what news? your tid tell; Tell me you must and shall	ings 165
How in a trice the turnpike men Their gates wide open threw.	120	Tell me you must and shall — Say why bareheaded you are come, Or why you come at all?'	
And now, as he went bowing down His reeking head full low,		Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit, And loved a timely joke;	170

And thus unto the calender In merry guise, he spoke:		The youth did ride, and soon did mee John coming back amain;	t
'I came because your horse would come And, if I well forebode,	;	Whom in a trice he tried to stop By catching at his rein;	
My hat and wig will soon he here,— They are upon the road.'	175	But not performing what he meant, And gladly would have done,	225
The calender, right glad to find His friend in merry pin,		The frighted steed he frighted more, And made him faster run.	
Returned him not a single word, But to the house went in;	180	Away went Gilpin, and away Went postboy at his heels, The postboy's horse right and to miss	230
Whence straight he came with hat and A wig that flowed behind,	wig;	The postboy's horse right glad to miss. The lumbering of the wheels.	5
A hat not much the worse for wear, Each comely in its kind.		Six gentlemen upon the road, Thus seeing Gilpin fly, With postboy scampering in the rear,	235
He held them up, and in his turn, Thus showed his ready wit;—	185	They raised the hue and cry:—	
'My head is twice as big as yours, They therefore needs must fit.		'Stop thief! stop thief! — a highwaym Not one of them was mute; And all and each that passed that was	
But let me scrape the dirt away That hangs upon your face;	190	Did join in the pursuit. And now the turnpike-gates again	240
And stop and eat, for well you may Be in a hungry case.'		Flew open in short space, The toll-men thinking as before,	
Says John —'It is my wedding-day, And all the world would stare, If wife should dine at Edmonton,	105	That Gilpin rode a race. And so he did, and won it too,	245
And I should dine at Ware.	195	For he got first to town; Nor stopped till where he had got up He did again get down.	
So turning to his horse, he said, 'I am in haste to dine; 'T was for your pleasure you came here,		Now let us sing, Long live the king,	050
You shall go back for mine.'	200	And Gilpin, long live he; And when he next doth ride abroad, May I be there to see!	250
Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast! For which he paid full dear; For while he spake, a braying ass			1782
Did sing most loud and clear;		THE TASK, BOOK IV	
Whereat his horse did snort, as he Had heard a lion roar,	205	THE WINTER EVENING	
And galloped off with all his might, As he had done before.		HARK!'t is the twanging horn! O'er y bridge	
Away went Gilpin, and away Went Gilpin's hat and wig:	210	That with its wearisome but needful l Bestrides the wintry flood, in whice moon	
He lost them sooner than at first, For why? — they were too big.		Sees her unwrinkled face reflected brighte comes, the herald of a noisy world	ght,
Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw Her husband posting down		With spattered boots, strapped wais frozen locks,	t, and
Into the country far away, She pulled out half-a-crown;	215	News from all nations lumbering at his True to his charge, the close-packed lo hind,	
And thus unto the youth she said, That drove them to The Bell,		Yet careless what he brings, his one construction is to conduct it to the destined inn,	10
'This shall be yours when you bring bac My husband safe and well.'	k 220	And, having dropped the expected bag on.	g, pass

He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch, Cold and yet cheerful; messenger of grief Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some; To him indifferent whether grief or joy.

Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks, Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks

Fast as the periods from his fluent quill, Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains, 20

Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops
awaked? 25

Or do they still, as if with opium drugged, Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave? Is India free? and does she wear her plumed And jewelled turban with a smile of peace? Or do we grind her still? The grand debate.

The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh — I long to know them

I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free, And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters

Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round, And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn Throws up a steamy column, and the cups That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,

So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

Not such his evening, who with shining face
'Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeezed
And bored with elbow-points through both
his sides.

Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage: 45 Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath

Of patriots bursting with heroic rage, Or placemen all tranquillity and smiles. This folio of four pages, happy work! 50 Which not even critics criticise; that holds Inquisitive attention while I read, Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,

Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;

What is it but a map of busy life, 55 Its fluctuations and its vast concerns? Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge That tempts Ambition. On the summit, see

The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At
his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends.

Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends, And with a dextrous jerk soon twists him down

And wins them, but to lose them in his turn. Here rills of oily eloquence in soft

Meanders lubricate the course they take; 65 The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved To engross a moment's notice, and yet begs, Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts, However trivial all that he conceives.

Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise; 70

The dearth of information and good sense
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here,
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost; 75
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plundered of their
sweets.

Nectareous essences, Olympian dews, Sermons, and city feasts, and favorite airs, Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits, 85 And Katterfelto, with his hair on end At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

'T is pleasant through the loopholes of retreat

To peep at such a world; to see the stir Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd; 90

To hear the roar she sends through all her gates

At a safe distance, where the dying sound Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear. Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease The globe and its concerns, I seem ad-

vanced 95 To some secure and more than mortal height, That liberates and exempts me from them

all.

It turns submitted to my view, turns round

With all its generations; I behold The tumult, and am still. The sound of

war 100
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but elerms me not. I mourn the

Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride

And averige that makes man a welf to man.

And avarice that makes man a wolf to man; Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats By which he speaks the language of his heart, And sigh, but never tremble at the sound. He travels and expatiates, as the bee From flower to flower so he from land to land:

The manners, customs, policy of all Pay contribution to the store he gleans; 110 He sucks intelligence in every clime, And spreads the honey of his deep research At his return, a rich repast for me. He travels, and I too. I tread his deck, Ascend his topmast, through his peering

eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at

home.

Oh Winter, ruler of the inverted year, 120 Thy scattered hair with sleetlike ashes filled, Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks

Fringed with a beard made white with other

Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,

A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne 125

A sliding car indebted to no wheels, But urged by storms along its slippery way, I love thee, all unlovely as thou seemest, And dreaded as thou art! Thou holdest the

A prisoner in the yet undawning east, 130 Shortening his journey between morn and noon.

And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease, 135
And gathering at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,

And all the comforts that the lowly roof Of undisturbed Retirement, and the hours Of long uninterrupted evening know. No rattling wheels stop short before these

gates;

No powdered pert proficient in the art 145 Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors Till the street rings; no stationary steeds Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the

The silent circle fan themselves, and quake; But here the needle plies its busy task, 150 The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower, Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn, Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,

And curly tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;

A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that
blow

With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page, by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet
sounds

The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;

And the clear voice, symphonious yet distinct,

And in the charming strife triumphant still, Beguile the night, and set a keener edge On female industry; the threaded steel 165 Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds. The volume closed, the customary rites Of the last meal commence: a Roman meal,

Such as the mistress of the world once found Delicious, when her patriots of high note, 170 Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors, And under an old oak's domestic shade, Enjoyed, spare feast! a radish and an egg. Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull, Nor such as with a frown forbids the play 175 Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth: Nor do we madly, like an impious world, Who deem religion frenzy, and the God That made them an intruder on their joys, Start at his awful name, or deem his

A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone Exciting oft our gratitude and love, While we retrace with Memory's pointing wand

That calls the past to our exact review, The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,

The disappointed foe, deliverance found Unlooked for, life preserved, and peace restored,

Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
'Oh evenings worthy of the gods!' exclaimed
The Sabine bard. Oh evenings, I reply, 190
More to be prized and coveted than yours,
As more illumined and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

Is winter hideous in a garb like this?

Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of lamps,

195

The pent-up breath of an unsavoury throng,

The pent-up breath of an unsavoury throng, To thaw him into feeling, or the smart And snappish dialogue, that flippant wits Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile? The self-complacent actor, when he views 200 (Stealing a sidelong glance at a full house)

The slope of faces from the floor to the roof, (As if one master-spring controlled them all) Relaxed into an universal grin,

Sees not a countenance there that speaks of

Half so refined or so sincere as ours.
Cards were superfluous here, with all the

That idleness has ever yet contrived
To fill the void of an unfurnished brain,
To palliate dulness and give time a shove. 210
Time as he passes us has a dove's wing,
Unsoiled and swift, and of a silken sound,
But the World's Time, is Time in masquerade.

Theirs, should I paint him, has his pinions fledged

With motley plumes, and, where the peacock shows

His azure eyes, is tinctured black and red, With spots quadrangular of diamond form, Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife, And spades the emblem of untimely graves. What should be and what was an hourglass

Becomes a dicebox, and a billiard-mast Well does the work of his destructive scythe. Thus decked, he charms a world whom Fashion blinds

To his true worth, most pleased when idle most:

Whose only happy are their wasted hours.

Even misses, at whose age their mothers wore The backstring and the bib, assume the dress Of womanhood, sit pupils in the school Of card-devoted Time, and night by night Placed at some vacant corner of the

board, 230 Learn every trick, and soon play all the game.

But truce with censure. Roving as I rove, Where shall I find an end, or how proceed? As he that travels far, oft turns aside To view some rugged rock or mouldering

tower, 235
Which seen delights him not; then coming

Describes and prints it, that the world may know

How far he went for what was nothing worth; So I, with brush in hand and pallet spread, With colours mixed for a far different use,

Paint cards and dolls, and every idle thing That Fancy finds in her excursive flights. Come, Evening, once again, season of peace;

Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!

Methinks I see thee in the streaky west, 245 With matronstep slow moving, while the Night

Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed

In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day: 250
Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely-featured Night, of clustering
gems:

A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow, Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine No less than hers, not worn indeed on high

With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come, then, and thou shalt find thy votary
calm.

Or make me so. Composure is thy gift: 260
And whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born
to please; 265

I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

Just when our drawingrooms begin to

With lights, by clear reflection multiplied From many a mirror, in which he of Gath, Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk 270 Whole without stooping, towering crest and

My pleasures too begin. But me, perhaps, The glowing hearth may satisfy a while With faint illumination, that uplifts The shadow to the ceiling, there by fits 275 Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame. Not undelightful is an hour to me So spent in parlour twilight; such a gloom

So spent in parlour twilight; such a gloom Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind, The mind contemplative, with some new theme 280

Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all.

Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial
powers

That never feel a stupor, know no pause, Nor need one; I am conscious and confess, Fearless, a soul that does not always think.

Me oft has Fancy ludicrous and wild, Soothed with a waking dream of houses, towers,

Trees, churches, and strange visages expressed

In the red cinders, while with poring eye I gazed, myself creating what I saw. 290

Nor less amused, have I quiescent watched The sooty films that play upon the bars, Pendulous, and foreboding, in the view Of superstition, prophesying still

Though still deceived, some stranger's near approach. 295

'T is thus the understanding takes repose In indolent vacuity of thought.

And sleeps and is refreshed. Meanwhile the face

Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask Of deep deliberation, as the man 300 Were tasked to his full strength, absorbed

and lost.

Thus oft, reclined at ease, I lose an hour At evening, till at length the freezing blast, That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons home

The recollected powers, and snapping short

The glassy threads with which the Fancy

Her brittle toys, restores me to myself. How calm is my recess, and how the frost, Raging abroad, and the rough wind, endear The silence and the warmth enjoyed within.

I saw the woods and fields at close of day A variegated show; the meadows green Though faded; and the lands where lately waved

The golden harvest, of a mellow brown, Upturned so lately by the forceful share, 315 I saw far off the weedy fallows smile With verdure not unprofitable, grazed By flocks, fast feeding and selecting each His favourite herb; while all the leafless

groves

That skirt the horizon, wore a sable hue, 320 Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve.

To-morrow brings a change, a total change! Which even now, though silently performed And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face Of universal nature undergoes.

Fast falls a fleecy shower; the downy flakes Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse Softly alighting upon all below, Assimilate all objects. Earth receives Gladly the thickening mantle, and the

And tender blade, that feared the chilling

Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

In such a world, so thorny, and where

Finds happiness unblighted, or if found, Without some thistly sorrow at its side, It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin Against the law of love, to measure lots With less distinguished than ourselves, that thus

We may with patience bear our moderate ills, And sympathise with others suffering more. 340

Ill fares the traveller now, and he that stalks In ponderous boots beside his reeking team. The wain goes heavily, impeded sore

By congregating loads adhering close
To the clogged wheels; and in its sluggish

Noiseless, appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While every breath, by respiration strong
Forced downward, is consolidated soon

Upon their jutting chests. He, formed to bear 350

The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night, With half-shut eyes, and puckered cheeks, and teeth

Presented bare against the storm, plods on. One hand secures his hat, save when with both

He brandishes his pliant length of whip, 355 Resounding oft, and never heard in vain. Oh happy! and, in my account, denied That sensibility of pain with which Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou!

Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed

360

The piercing cold, but feels it unimpaired.
The learned finger never need explore
Thy vigorous pulse, and the unhealthful
East.

That breathes the spleen, and searches every bone

Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee. 365 Thy days roll on exempt from household care:

Thy waggon is thy wife, and the poor beasts
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
Ah, treat them kindly! rude as thou appearest.

Yet show that thou hast mercy, which the

With needless hurry whirled from place to place,

Humane as they would seem, not always show.

Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat, Such claim compassion in a night like this, 375

And have a friend in every feeling heart.
Warmed, while it lasts, by labour, all day
long

They brave the season, and yet find at

Ill-clad and fed but sparely, time to cool.

The frugal housewife trembles when she lights 380
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear.

But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
The few small embers left she nurses well;
And while her infant race, with outspread
hands

And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks, 385
Retires, content to quake, so they be

warmed.

The man feels least, as more inured than she To winter, and the current in his veins More briskly moved by his severer toil; Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs. 390 The taper soon extinguished, which I saw Dangled along at the cold finger's end Just when the day declined, and the brown

loaf

Lodged on the shelf, half-eaten without sauce Of savoury cheese, or butter costlier still, 395 Sleep seems their only refuge: for, alas! Where penury is felt the thought is chained, And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few. With all this thrift they thrive not. All the

Ingenious parsimony takes, but just 400
Saves the small inventory, bed and stool,
Skillet and old carved chest, from public sale.
They live, and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands, but other boast have
none

To soothe their honest pride, that scorns to

Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love. I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair, For ye are worthy; choosing rather far A dry but independent crust, hard earned And eaten with a sigh, than to endure 410 The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs Of knaves in office, partial in their work Of distribution; liberal of their aid To elamorous importunity in rags, But oft-times deaf to suppliants who would

blush

To wear a tattered garb however coarse,
Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth;

These ask with painful shyness, and, refused Because deserving, silently retire.

But be ye of good courage. Time itself 420 Shall much befriend you. Time shall give

increase, And all your numerous progeny, well trained, But helpless, in few years shall find their

And labour too. Meanwhile ye shall not want

hands.

What, conscious of your virtues, we can spare, 425

Nor what a wealthier than ourselves may send.

I mean the man who, when the distant poor Need help, denies them nothing but his name.

But poverty with most, who whimper forth

Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe, 430

The effect of laziness or sottish waste. Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad For plunder, much solicitous how best He may compensate for a day of sloth,

By works of darkness and nocturnal wrong.

435

Woe to the gardener's pale, the farmer's hedge

Plashed neatly, and secured with driven stakes

Deep in the loamy bank. Uptorn by strength,
Resistless in so bad a cause, but lame

To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil, 440 An ass's burden, and when laden most And heaviest, light of foot steals fast away. Nor does the boarded hovel better guard The well-stacked pile of riven logs and roots

The well-stacked pile of riven logs and roots
From his pernicious force. Nor will he
leave
445

Unwrenched the door, however well secured, Where chanticleer amidst his harem sleeps In unsuspecting pomp. Twitched from the perch,

He gives the princely bird, with all his wives, To his voracious bag, struggling in vain, 450 And loudly wondering at the sudden change. Nor this to feed his own! 'T were some ex-

Did pity of their sufferings warp aside
His principle, and tempt him into sin
For their support, so destitute. But they 455
Neglected pine at home, themselves, as more
Exposed than others, with less scruple made
His victims, robbed of their defenceless all.
Cruel is all he does. 'T is quenchless thirst
Of ruinous ebriety that prompts

460
His every action, and imbrutes the man.

Oh for a law to noose the villain's neck Who starves his own, who persecutes the blood

He gave them in his children's veins, and hates

And wrongs the woman he has sworn to love.

465

Pass where we may, through city or through town,

Village or hamlet, of this merry land, Though lean and beggared, every twentieth pace Conducts the unguarded nose to such a

Of stale debauch, forth-issuing from the

That law has licensed, as makes Temperance

There sit involved and lost in curling clouds Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the

The lackey, and the groom; the craftsman

there

Takes a Lethean leave of all his toil; Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,

And he that kneads the dough; all loud alike, All learned, and all drunk. The fiddle

Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wailed Its wasted tones, and harmony unheard: 480 Fierce the dispute, whate'er the theme; while she,

Fell Discord, arbitress of such debate.

Perched on the signpost, holds with even hand

Her undecisive scales. In this she lays A weight of ignorance; in that, of pride; 485 And smiles delighted with the eternal poise. Dire is the frequent curse, and its twin

The cheek-distending oath, not to be praised As ornamental, musical, polite,

Like those which modern senators employ, 490

Whose oath is rhetoric, and who swear for

Behold the schools in which plebeian minds, Once simple, are initiated in arts,

Which some may practise with politer grace, But none with readier skill! - 'T is here they learn

The road that leads from competence and

To indigence and rapine; till at last Society, grown weary of the load, Shakes her encumbered lap, and casts them

out. But censure profits little: vain the at-

To advertise in verse a public pest,

That like the filth with which the peasant

His hungry acres, stinks and is of use. The excise is fattened with the rich result Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks, 505 For ever dribbling out their base contents, Touched by the Midas finger of the state, Bleed gold for ministers to sport away. Drink and be mad then; 't is your country

bids!

Gloriously drunk, obey the important call!

Her cause demands the assistance of your throats;

Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more. Would I had fallen upon those happier

That poets celebrate; those golden times And those Arcadian scenes that Maro sings.

And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.

Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had

That felt their virtues; Innocence, it seems, From courts dismissed, found shelter in the groves;

The footsteps of simplicity, impressed Upon the yielding herbage (so they sing), Then were not all effaced; then speech pro-

fane,

And manners profligate, were rarely found, Observed as prodigies, and soon reclaimed. Vain wish! those days were never: airy dreams

Sat for the picture; and the poet's hand, Imparting substance to an empty shade, Imposed a gay delirium for a truth.

Grant it: — I still must envy them an age That favoured such a dream, in days like these

Impossible, when Virtue is so scarce, That to suppose a scene where she presides Is tramontane, and stumbles all belief. No: we are polished now! The rural lass. Whom once her virgin modesty

Her artless manners, and her neat attire, So dignified, that she was hardly less Than the fair shepherdess of old romance, Is seen no more. The character is lost!

Her head adorned with lappets pinned aloft

And ribbons streaming gay, superbly raised, And magnified beyond all human size, Indebted to some smart wig-weaver's hand For more than half the tresses it sustains: Her elbows ruffled, and her tottering

form Ill propped upon French heels; she might be deemed

But that the basket dangling on her arm Interprets her more truly) of a rank Too proud for dairy work, or sale of eggs. Expect her soon with footboy at her

No longer blushing for her awkward load, Her train and her umbrella all her care.

The town has tinged the country; and the stain

Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe, The worse for what it soils. The fashion runs

Down into scenes still rural; but, alas, Scenes rarely graced with rural manners now! Time was when in the pastoral retreat The unguarded door was safe; men did not

watch

To invade another's right, or guard their own.

Then sleep was undisturbed by Fear, unscared

By drunken howlings; and the chilling tale Of midnight murder was a wonder heard With doubtful credit, told to frighten babes. But farewell now to unsuspicious nights, 565 And slumbers unalarmed! Now, ere you sleep,

See that your polished arms be primed with

care,

And drop the night-bolt; — ruffians are abroad;

And the first larum of the cock's shrill throat May prove a trumpet, summoning your ear 570

To horrid sounds of hostile feet within. Even daylight has its dangers; and the walk Through pathless wastes and woods, unconscious once

Of other tenants than melodious birds
Or harmless flocks, is hazardous and
bold. 575

Lamented change! to which full many a cause

Inveterate, hopeless of a cure, conspires.
The course of human things from good to ill,
From ill to worse, is fatal, never fails.
Increase of power begets increase of
wealth;
580

Wealth luxury, and luxury excess;
Excess, the scrofulous and itchy plague
That seizes first the opulent, descends
To the next rank contagious, and in time
Taints downward all the graduated scale 585
Of order, from the chariot to the plough.
The rich, and they that have an arm to check
The licence of the lowest in degree,
Desert their office; and themselves intent
On pleasure, haunt the capital, and thus 590
To all the violence of lawless hands
Resign the scenes their presence might protect.

Authority herself not seldom sleeps, Though resident, and witness of the wrong. The plump convivial parson often bears 595 The magisterial sword in vain, and lays His reverence and his worship both to rest On the same cushion of habitual sloth. Perhaps timidity restrains his arm; When he should strike, he trembles and sets free.

Himself enslaved by terror of the band, The audacious convict, whom he dares not

bind.
Perhaps, though by profession ghostly pure,
He too may have his vice, and sometimes

Less dainty than becomes his grave out-

side,

In lucrative concerns. Examine well
His milkwhite hand; the palm is hardly
clean

But here and there an ugly smutch appears. Foh! 't was a bribe that left it: he has touched

Corruption! Whoso seeks an audit here 610 Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fish, Wildfowl or venison, and his errand speeds.

But faster far, and more than all the rest, A noble cause, which none who bears a spark Of public virtue ever wished removed, 615 Works the deplored and mischievous effect. 'T is universal soldiership has stabbed The heart of merit in the meaner class.

Arms, through the vanity and brainless rage
Of those that bear them, in whatever
cause. 620

Seem most at variance with all moral good, And incompatible with serious thought. The clown, the child of nature, without guile, Blest with an infant's ignorance of all But, his own simple pleasures now and

But his own simple pleasures, now and then 625

A wrestling match, a footrace, or a fair, Is balloted, and trembles at the news: Sheepish he doffs his hat, and mumbling swears

A Bible-oath to be whate'er they please,
To do he knows not what. The task performed,
630

That instant he becomes the serjeant's care, His pupil, and his torment, and his jest. His awkward gait, his introverted toes,

Bent knees, round shoulders, and dejected looks,

Procure him many a curse. By slow degrees, 635

Unapt to learn, and formed of stubborn stuff, He yet by slow degrees puts off himself, Grows conscious of a change, and likes it

well:

He stands erect, his slouch becomes a walk; He steps right onward, martial in his air, 640 His form and movement; is as smart above As meal and larded locks can make him; wears

His hat, or his plumed helmet with a grace; And his three years of heroship expired, Returns indignant to the slighted plough. 645 He hates the field in which no fife or drum Attends him, drives his cattle to a march, And sighs for the smart comrades he has left.

'T were well if his exterior change were all, But with his clumsy port the wretch has

His ignorance and harmless manners too.
To swear, to game, to drink; to show at home
By lewdness, idleness, and sabbath-breach,
The great proficiency he made abroad;
To astonish and to grieve his gazing

friends; 655
To break some maiden's and his mother's heart:

To be a pest where he was useful once; Are his sole aim, and all his glory now.

Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed; 't is there alone 660
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper use.
But man associated and leagued with man
By regal warrant, or self-joined by bond
For interest sake, or swarming into clans 665
Beneath one head for purposes of war,
Like flowers selected from the rest, and

And bundled close to fill some crowded vase, Fades rapidly, and by compression marred, Contracts defilement not to be endured. 670 Hence chartered boroughs are such public

plagues;
And burghers, men immaculate perhaps
In all their private functions, once combined,
Become a loathsome body, only fit
For dissolution, hurtful to the main.
Hence merchants, unimpeachable of sin
Against the charities of domestic life,
Incorporated, seem at once to lose
Their nature, and, disclaiming all regard
For mercy and the common rights of

Build factories with blood, conducting trade At the sword's point, and dyeing the white robe

Of innocent commercial Justice red.
Hence, too, the field of glory, as the world
Misdeems it, dazzled by its bright array, 685
With all its majesty of thundering pomp,
Enchanting music, and immortal wreaths,
Is but a school where thoughtlessness is
taught

On principle, where foppery atones

For folly, gallantry for every vice.

But slighted as it is, and by the great
Abandoned, and which still I more regret,
Infected with the manners and the modes
It knew not once, the country wins me still.

I never framed a wish, or formed a plan, 695 That flattered me with hopes of earthly bliss, But there I laid the scene. There early strayed

My Fancy, ere yet liberty of choice
Had found me, or the hope of being free.
My very dreams were rural; rural too 700
The firstborn efforts of my youthful Muse,
Sportive, and jingling her poetic bells,
Ere yet her ear was mistress of their powers.
No bard could please me but whose lyre was

tuned Nature's praises. Heroes and their

feats
Fatigued me, never weary of the pipe
Of Tityrus, assembling, as he sang,

The rustic throng beneath his favourite beech.

Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms: New to my taste his Paradise surpassed 710 The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue To speak its excellence; I danced for joy; I marvelled much that, at so ripe an age As twice seven years, his beauties had then

Engaged my wonder, and admiring still, 715 And still admiring, with regret supposed The joy half lost, because not sooner found. Thee too enamoured of the life I loved, Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit Determined, and possessing it at last 720 With transports such as favoured lovers

With transports such as favoured lovers feel,
I studied, prized, and wished that I had

known, Ingenious Cowley! and though now re-

claimed

Ry modern lights from an erroneous teste

By modern lights from an erroneous taste, I cannot but lament thy splendid wit 725 Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools, I still revere thee, courtly though retired; Though stretched at ease in Chertsey's silent bowers.

Not unemployed, and finding rich amends For a lost world in solitude and verse. 730 'T is born with all: the love of Nature's works

Is an ingredient in the compound, man,
Infused at the creation of the kind.
And though the Almighty Maker has
throughout

Discriminated each from each, by strokes 735
And touches of his hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points — yet this obtains in all,
That all discern a beauty in his works,
And all can taste them: minds that have

740

been formed And tutored with a relish more exact, But none without some relish, none unmoved.

It is a flame that dies not even there Where nothing feeds it. Neither business,

Nor habits of luxurious city-life, 745 Whatever else they smother of true worth

In human bosoms, quench it or abate. The villas with which London stands begirt, Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads, Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air, 750 The glimpse of a green pasture, how they

The citizen, and brace his languid frame! Even in the stifling bosom of the town,

A garden in which nothing thrives, has charms

That soothe the rich possessor; much con-

That here and there some sprigs of mournful

Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the well These serve him with a hint He cultivates. That Nature lives; that sight-refreshing green

Is still the livery she delights to wear, Though sickly samples of the exuberant

What are the casements lined with creeping herbs.

The prouder sashes fronted with a range Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed The Frenchman's darling? are they not all

That man immured in cities, still retains His inborn inextinguishable thirst Of rural scenes, compensating his loss By supplemental shifts, the best he may? The most unfurnished with the means of

And they that never pass their brick-wall bounds

To range the fields and treat their lungs with

Yet feel the burning instinct: over-head Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick, And watered duly. There the pitcher stands

A fragment, and the spoutless teapot there; Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets The country, with what ardour he contrives A peep at Nature, when he can no more.

Hail, therefore, patroness of health and

And contemplation, heart-consoling joys And harmless pleasures, in the thronged

Of multitudes unknown! hail, rural life! Address himself who will to the pursuit Of honours, or emolument, or fame, 785 I shall not add myself to such a chase, Thwart his attempts, or envy his success. Some must be great. Great offices will have Great talents: and God gives to every man The virtue, temper, understanding, taste, 790 That lifts him into life, and lets him fall Just in the niche he was ordained to fill. To the deliverer of an injured land

He gives a tongue to enlarge upon, a heart To feel, and courage to redress 795 wrongs;

To monarchs dignity; to judges sense; To artists ingenuity and skill; To me an unambitious mind, content

In the low vale of life, that early felt A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long 800 Found here that leisure and that ease I wished.

1785

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

OH that those lips had language! Life has passed

With me but roughly since I heard thee last. Those lips are thine — thy own sweet smile I

The same that oft in childhood solaced me: Voice only fails, else how distinct they say, 5 'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes (Blessed be the Art that can immortalize, — The Art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear. O welcome guest, though unexpected, here! Who bidst me honor with an artless song, Affectionate, a mother lost so long,

I will obey, not willingly alone, 15 But gladly, as the precept were her own: And while that face renews my filial grief, Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief, — Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,

A momentary dream, that thou art she. 20 My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead.

Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed? Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son, Wretch even then, life's journey just begun? Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a

Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss — Ah, that maternal smile! It answers—'Yes.'

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day, I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away, And, turning from my nursery window, drew

A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu! But was it such? — It was. — Where thou

art gone

Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown; May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore, The parting word shall pass my lips no more!

Thy maidens grieved themselves at my con-

cern

Oft gave me promise of thy quick return. What ardently I wished, I long believed, And, disappointed still, was still deceived; By expectation every day beguiled, 40 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child. Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went, Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent, I learned at last submission to my lot, But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no

more,

Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;

And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and
wrapped 50

In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped, 'T is now become a history little known,

That once we called the pastoral house our own.

Shortlived possession! but the record fair, That memory keeps of all thy kindness

Still outlives many a storm that has effaced A thousand other themes less deeply traced. Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,

That thou mightest know me safe and warmly laid:

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home, 60

The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and

glowed:

All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no
fall,
65

Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and

brakes,

That humor interposed too often makes; All this still legible in Memory's page, And still to be so to my latest age, Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay 70 Such honors to thee as my numbers may; Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere, Not scorned in Heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours

When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers, 75

The violet, the pink, and jassamine, I pricked them into paper with a pin,

(And thou wast happier than myself the while,

Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),

Could those few pleasant days again appear, 80

Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?

I would not trust my heart—the dear delight

Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—But no—what here we call our life is such, So little to be loved, and thou so much, 85 That I should ill requite thee, to constrain Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's

coast

(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)

Shoots into port at some well-havened isle, 90

Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,

There sits quiescent on the floods that show Her beauteous form reflected clear below, While airs impregnated with incense play

Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;—
95

So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore,

'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar';

And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide Of life, long since has anchored by thy side. But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest, 100 Always from port withheld, always distressed—

Me howling blasts drive devious, tempesttost.

Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,

And day by day some current's thwarting force

Sets me more distant from a prosperous course. 105

Yet, oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!

That thought is joy, arrive what may to me. My boast is not, that I deduce my birth From loins enthroned, and rulers of the

earth:

rise — 110 And	
	plough the distant main.
His	empenfelt is gone, victories are o'er;
His wonted course yet what I wished is done. And H	e and his Eight Hundred 3 t plough the wave no more. 1803
To have renewed the joys that once were SOI	NNET TO MRS. UNWIN
And while the wings of Fancy still are free, And I can view this mimic show of thee, Time has but half succeeded in his theft— An eloque And unde	want a lyre with other strings from heaven as some have feigned drew, ence scarce given to mortals, new based by praise of meaner things through age or woe I shed my
7100	ord thy worth with honor due, s musical as thou art true,
ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL But thou !	t immortalizes whom it sings! hast little need. There is a book has writ with beams of heavenly
Toll for the brave! The brave that are no more! All sunk beneath the wave. There all the control of the cont	the eyes of God not rarely look, the of actions just and bright; thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine the thou ownest that praise, I spare mine.
Eight hundred of the brave, Whose courage well was tried,	1803
Had made the vessel heel, And laid her on her side.	THE CASTAWAY
A land-breeze shook the shrouds, And she was overset; Down went the Royal George, With all her grown approach. When such Washed	T night involved the sky, antic billows roared, h a destined wretch as I, headlong from on board, of horse of all heareft
Of ITICHUS,	of hope, of all bereft, ag home forever left.
His work of glory done. Than he Nor ever s	chief could Albion boast with whom he went, ship left Albion's coast
No tempest gave the shock; She sprang no fatal leak; He loved to Nor him be	armer wishes sent. them both, but both in vain, beheld, nor her again.
She ran upon no rock. 20 Not long b	peneath the whelming brine, to swim, he lay;
T 1	
His sword was in the sheath; His fingers held the pen, When Kempenfelt went down With twice four hundred men. Expert to Nor soon to Or course. Or course But waged	he felt his strength decline, age die away: I with Death a lasting strife,
His sword was in the sheath; His fingers held the pen, When Kempenfelt went down With twice four hundred men. Weigh the vessel up, Once dreaded by our foes, And mingle with our cup The tears that England owes. Expert of Nor soon of Or cours But waged Supported The shoute To check But so the That, pi	he felt his strength decline, age die away: I with Death a lasting strife, by despair of life. d; nor his friends had failed k the vessel's course, e furious blast prevailed,
His sword was in the sheath; His fingers held the pen, When Kempenfelt went down With twice four hundred men. Weigh the vessel up, Once dreaded by our foes, And mingle with our cup The tears that England owes. Expert of Nor soon of Or cours But waged Supported To check the shoute To check the shoute That, pi	he felt his strength decline, age die away: I with Death a lasting strife, by despair of life. d; nor his friends had failed k the vessel's course,

Some succor vet they could afford: And, such as storms allow. The cask, the coop, the floated cord. Delayed not to bestow: But he, they knew, nor ship nor shore, Whate'er they gave, should visit more. Nor, cruel as it seemed, could be Their haste himself condemn. Aware that flight, in such a sea, Alone could rescue them: Yet bitter felt it still to die Deserted, and his friends so nigh. He long survives, who lives an hour In ocean, self-upheld: And so long he, with unspent power, His destiny repelled: 40 And ever, as the minutes flew, Entreated 'Help!' or cried — 'Adieu!' At length, his transient respite past, His comrades, who before Had heard his voice in every blast, 45 Could catch the sound no more: For then, by toil subdued, he drank The stifling wave, and then he sank. No poet wept him; but the page Of narrative sincere, 50 That tells his name, his worth, his age, Is wet with Anson's tear: And tears by bards or heroes shed Alike immortalize the dead. 55 I therefore purpose not, or dream, Descanting on his fate. To give the melancholy theme A more enduring date: But misery still delights to trace 60 Its semblance in another's case. No voice divine the storm allayed, No light propitious shone: When, snatched from all effectual aid, We perished, each alone: But I beneath a rougher sea, 65

George Crabbe (1754-1832)

1803

And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

THE VILLAGE

BOOK I

THE Village Life, and every care that reigns O'er youthful peasants and declining swains; What labor yields, and what, that labor past,

25 Age, in its hour of languor, finds at last;
What form the real Picture of the Poor, 5
Demand a song—the Muse can give no
more.

Fled are those times, when, in harmonious strains,

The rustic poet praised his native plains: No shepherds now, in smooth alternate verse,

Their country's beauty or their nymphs' rehearse:

Yet still for these we frame the tender strain, Still in our lays fond Corydons complain, And shepherds' boys their amorous pains reveal,

The only pains, alas! they never feel.

On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign, 15 If Tityrus found the Golden Age again,

Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,

Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?
From Truth and Nature shall we widely

Where Virgil, not where Fancy, leads the way?

Yes, thus the Muses sing of happy swains, Because the Muses never knew their pains: They boast their peasant's pipes; but peasants now

Resign their pipes and plod behind the plough;

And few, amid the rural-tribe, have time 25 To number syllables, and play with rime; Save honest Duck, what son of verse could

share
The poet's rapture, and the peasant's care?
Or the great labors of the field degrade.

With the new peril of a poorer trade? 30
From this chief cause these idle praises spring,

That themes so easy few forbear to sing; For no deep thought the trifling subjects

To sing of shepherds is an easy task:

The happy youth assumes the common strain, 35

A nymph his mistress, and himself a swain; With no sad scenes he clouds his tuneful prayer,

But all, to look like her, is painted fair.

I grant indeed that fields and flocks have charms

For him that grazes or for him that farms; 40 But when amid such pleasing scenes I trace The poor laborious natives of the place,

And see the mid-day sun, with fervid ray, On their bare heads and dewy temples play; While some, with feebler heads, and fainter hearts 45

Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their parts: Then shall I dare these real ills to hide In tinsel trappings of poetic pride?

No; cast by Fortune on a frowning coast, Which neither groves nor happy valleys

boast; 50
Where other cares than those the Muse relates.

And other shepherds dwell with other mates; By such examples taught, I paint the Cot, As Truth will paint it, and as Bards will not: Nor you, ye poor, of lettered scorn com-

plain, 55 To you the smoothest song is smooth in

vain;

O'ercome by labor, and bowed down by time, Feel you the barren flattery of a rime?

Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,

By winding myrtles round your ruined shed?

Can their light tales your weighty griefs o'erpower,

Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour? Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,

Lends the light turf that warms the neigh-

boring poor; From thence a length of burning sand ap-

Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears;

Rank weeds, that every art and care defy, Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted

rye:
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war; 70
There poppies nodding, mock the hope of

There poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil;
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,

The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade.

And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;

With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound, And a sad splendor vainly shines around.

So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,

Betrayed by man, then left for man to scorn:

Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose, While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose;

Whose outward splendor is but folly's dress, Exposing most when most it gilds distress. Here joyless roam a wild amphibious race, 85

With sullen woe displayed in every face; Who, far from civil arts and social fly,

And scowl at strangers with suspicious eye.

Here too the lawless merchant of the main
Draws from his plough the intoxicated
swain;

90

Want only claimed the labor of the day, But vice now steals his nightly rest away.

Where are the swains, who, daily labor done,

With rural games played down the setting

Who struck with matchless force the bounding ball, 95

Or made the pond'rous quoit obliquely fall; While some huge Ajax, terrible and strong, Engaged some artful stripling of the throng, And fell beneath him, foiled, while far around

Hoarse triumph rose, and rocks returned the sound?

Where now are these? — Beneath you cliff they stand,

To show the freighted pinnace where to land; To load the ready steed with guilty haste, To fly in terror o'er the pathless waste,

Or, when detected, in their straggling course,

To foil their foes by cunning or by force; Or, yielding part (which equal knaves demand),

To gain a lawless passport through the land. Here, wand'ring long, amid these frowning fields.

I sought the simple life that Nature yields; 110

Rapine and Wrong and Fear usurped her place,

And a bold, artful, surly, savage race; Who, only skilled to take the finny tribe, The yearly dinner, or septennial bribe,

Wait on the shore, and, as the waves run high,

On the tossed vessel bend their eager eve.

Which to their coast directs its vent'rous way;

Theirs or the ocean's miserable prey.

As on their neighbouring beach you swallows stand,

And wait for favoring winds to leave the land; 120

While still for flight the ready wing is spread: So waited I the favoring hour, and fled;

Fled from these shores where guilt and famine reign,

And cried, Ah! hapless they who still remain; Who still remain to hear the ocean roar, 125

Whose greedy waves devour the lessening Till some fierce tide, with more imperious

Sweeps the low hut and all it holds away; When the sad tenant weeps from door to door.

And begs a poor protection from the poor! 130 But these are scenes where Nature's nig-

gard hand

Gave a spare portion to the famished land: Hers is the fault, if here mankind complain Of fruitless toil and labor spent in vain; But yet in other scenes more fair in view, 135 When Plenty smiles — alas! she smiles for

And those who taste not, yet behold her

Are as the slaves that dig the golden ore, — The wealth around them makes them doubly

Or will you deem them amply paid in health, 140 Labor's fair child, that languishes with

wealth?

Go then! and see them rising with the sun, Through a long course of daily toil to run; See them beneath the Dog-star's raging heat, When the knees tremble and the temples

Behold them, leaning on their scythes, look

o'er

The labor past, and toils to come explore; See them alternate suns and showers engage, And hoard up aches and anguish for their

Through fens and marshy moors their steps pursue,

When their warm pores imbibe the evening dew;

Then own that labor may as fatal be

To these thy slaves, as thine excess to thee. Amid this tribe too oft a manly pride

Strives in strong toil the fainting heart to

There may you see the youth of slender frame

Contend with weakness, weariness, and shame;

Yet, urged along, and proudly loth to yield, He strives to join his fellows of the field.

Till long-contending nature droops last.

Declining health rejects his poor repast, His cheerless spouse the coming danger sees, And mutual murmurs urge the slow disease. Yet grant them health, 't is not for us to

tell.

Though the head droops not, that the heart

Or will you praise that homely, healthy fare, Plenteous and plain, that happy peasants share!

Oh! trifle not with wants you cannot feel, Nor mock the misery of a stinted meal:

Homely, not wholesome, plain, not plenteous, such

As you who praise, would never deign to

touch.

Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease, Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please:

Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share, Go look within, and ask if peace be there: 175 If peace be his - that drooping weary sire, Or theirs, that offspring round their feeble

Or hers, that matron pale, whose trembling

Turns on the wretched hearth the expiring brand!

Nor yet can Time itself obtain for these

Life's latest comforts, due respect and ease; For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age Can with no cares except its own engage;

Who, propped on that rude staff, looks up to

The bare arms broken from the withering

On which, a boy, he climbed the loftiest bough,

Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now. He once was chief in all the rustic trade: His steady hand the straightest furrow

Full many a prize he won, and still is To find the triumphs of his youth allowed;

A transient pleasure sparkles in his eyes,

He hears and smiles, then thinks again and

For now he journeys to his grave in pain; The rich disdain him; nay, the poor disdain:

Alternate masters now their slave command, Urge the weak efforts of his feeble hand,

And, when his age attempts its task in vain, With ruthless taunts, of lazy poor complain. Oft may you see him, when he tends the

sheep, His winter charge, beneath the hillock weep;

Oft hear him murmur to the winds that blow

O'er his white locks and bury them in snow, When, roused by rage and muttering in the morn,

He mends the broken hedge with icy thorn:-

'Why do I live, when I desire to be At once from life and life's long labour

Like leaves in spring, the young are blown

away,

Without the sorrows of a slow decay: I, like you withered leaf, remain behind, 210 Nipped by the frost, and shivering in the wind;

There it abides till younger buds come on, As I, now all my fellow-swains are gone; Then, from the rising generation thrust,

It falls, like me, unnoticed to the dust. 215 'These fruitful fields, these numerous

flocks I see,

Are others' gain, but killing cares to me; To me the children of my youth are lords, Cool in their looks, but hasty in their words: Wants of their own demand their care; and who

Feels his own want and succours others too? A lonely, wretched man, in pain I go,

None need my help, and none relieve my

Then let my bones beneath the turf be laid, And men forget the wretch they would not aid.

Thus groan the old, till, by disease oppressed.

They taste a final wo, and then they rest. Theirs is you house that holds the parish-

Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken

There, where the putrid vapours, flagging,

And the dull wheel hums doleful through the

There children dwell who know no parents'

Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there!

Heartbroken matrons on their joyless bed. Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed: 235 Dejected widows with unheeded tears,

And crippled age with more than childhood fears:

The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!

The moping idiot and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom re-

Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,

Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,

Mixed with the clamours of the crowd below;

Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow

And the cold charities of man to man: Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide, And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from

But still that scrap is bought with many a

sigh.

And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say ye, oppressed by some fantastic woes.

Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose: Who press the downy couch, while slaves ad-

With timid eye, to read the distant glance; Who with sad prayers the weary doctor

To name the nameless ever-new disease; 255 Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,

Which real pain and that alone can cure; How would ye bear in real pain to lie, Despised, neglected, left alone to die?

How would ye bear to draw your latest breath.

Where all that's wretched paves the way for

Such is that room which one rude beam divides.

And naked rafters form the sloping sides: Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen.

And lath and mud are all that lie between;

Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives way

To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day: Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,

The drooping wretch reclines his languid

head;

For him no hand the cordial cup applies, 270 Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes: No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,

Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile. But soon a loud and hasty summons calls, Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls:

Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat, All pride and business, bustle and conceit;

With looks unaltered by these scenes of wo, With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go,

He bids the gazing throng around him 280

And carries fate and physic in his eye: A potent quack, long versed in human ills Who first insults the victim whom he kills, Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy Bench protect,

And whose most tender mercy is neglect. 285 Paid by the parish for attendance here,

He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer; In haste he seeks the bed where Misery lies,

Impatience marked in his averted eyes; And, some habitual queries hurried o'er, 290 Without reply, he rushes on the door: His drooping patient, long inured to pain,

And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;

He ceases now the feeble help to crave Of man; and silent sinks into the grave. 295

But ere his death some pious doubts arise, Some simple fears, which 'bold bad' men despise:

Fain would he ask the parish-priest to prove His title certain to the joys above:

For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls

The holy stranger to these dismal walls: And doth not he, the pious man, appear, He, 'passing rich with forty pounds a year'? Ah! no; a shepherd of a different stock, And far unlike him, feeds this little flock: 305 A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task As much as God or man can fairly ask; The rest he gives to loves and labors light,

To fields the morning, and to feasts the night;

None better skilled the noisy pack to guide, 310

To urge their chase, to cheer them or to chide;

A sportsman keen, he shoots through half the day.

And, skilled at whist, devotes the night to play:

Then, while such honors bloom around his

Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed, 315 To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal To combat fears that e'en the pious feel?

Up yonder hill, behold how sadly slow
The bier moves winding from the vale be-

There lie the happy dead, from trouble free, And the glad parish pays the frugal fee:

No more, O Death! thy victim starts to hear 325

Churchwarden stern, or kingly overseer; No more the farmer claims his humble bow, Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou! Now to the church behold the mourners come,

Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb; 330
The village children now their games suspend,

To see the bier that bears their ancient friend;

For he was one in all their idle sport,

And like a monarch ruled their little court; The pliant bow he formed, the flying ball, 335 The bat, the wicket, were his labours all;

Him now they follow to his grave, and stand Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand; While bending low, their eager eyes explore The mingled relics of the parish poor: 340 The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round, Fear marks the flight and magnifies the sound;

The busy priest, detained by weightier care, Defers his duty till the day of prayer;

And, waiting long, the crowd retire distressed, 345

To think a poor man's bones should lie unblessed.

1783

Robert Burns (1759–1796)

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

My loved, my honoured, much respected friend!

No mercenary bard his homage pays; With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end, My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:

To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays, 5
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;

The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;

What Aiken in a cottage would have been; Ah, though his worth unknown, far happier there I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;

The short'ning winter-day is near a close; The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh; The black'ning trains o' craws to their re-

The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes—
This night his weekly moil is at an end, 15
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend, And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend. At length his lonely cot appears in view, Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;

Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through

To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,

His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,

The lisping infant, prattling on his knee, 25

Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile, And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in, At service out, amang the farmers roun'; Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin 30

A cannie errand to a neebor town:

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-

In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e, Comes hame; perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,

Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee, 35 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,

And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers: The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet:

Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.

The parents partial eye their hopeful years; Anticipation forward points the view;

The mother, wi' her needle and her sheers, Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new; The father mixes a' wi' admonition due. 45

Their master's and their mistress's command The younkers a' are warned to obey;

And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand, And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play:

'And O be sure to fear the Lord alway, 50 And mind your duty, duly, morn and night:

Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray, Implore His counsel and assisting might:

They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.'

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door; 55 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,

Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor, To do some errands, and convoy her hame. The wily mother sees the conscious flame Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek; 60

With heart-struck anxious care, enquires his name.

While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;

Weel-pleased the mother hears, it 's nae wild, worthless rake.

With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben; A strappin' youth, he takes the mother's eye; 65

eye; 65
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and

kye.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi'

But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
70
What worked the worth can health? and can

What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;

Weel-pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found:
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!

I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round, 75

And sage experience bids me this declare:—

'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,

"T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair, In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale 80

Reneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart, A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!

That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting
youth?

85

Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling, smooth!

Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?

Is there no pity, no relenting ruth.

Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?

Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,

The healsome parrich, chief o' Scotia's food:

The soupe their only hawkie does afford,

That 'yout the hallan snugly chows her cood:

The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck.

And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid: The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,

How 't was a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The chearfu' supper done, wi' serious

They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,

The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride. His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,

His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare; 105 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide.

He wales a portion with judicious care, And 'Let us worship God!' he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise. They tune their hearts, by far the noblest

Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures

Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name; Or noble Elgin beets the heaven-ward flame,

The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:

Compared with these, Italian trills are

The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise: Nae unison hae they, with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page, How Abram was the friend of God on high:

Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage With Amalek's ungracious progeny;

Or, how the royal Bard did groaning lie Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire:

Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry; Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire; Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme: How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;

How He, who bore in Heaven the second

Had not on earth whereon to lay His head: How His first followers and servants sped; The precepts sage they wrote to many a

How he, who lone in Patmos banished. Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,

And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,

The saint, the father, and the husband prays:

Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,' That thus they all shall meet in future days,

There, ever bask in uncreated rays. No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,

Together hymning their Creator's praise.

In such society, yet still more dear; While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's

In all the pomp of method, and of art: When men display to congregations wide

Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart, The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert.

The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole: 150 But haply, in some cottage far apart,

May hear, well-pleased, the language of the

And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral

The youngling cottagers retire to rest: 155 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,

And proffer up to Heaven the warm re-

That He who stills the raven's clam'rous

And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,

Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,

For them and for their little ones provide; But, chiefly in their hearts with Grace Divine preside.

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur

That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,

'An honest man 's the noblest work of God':

And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road, The cottage leaves the palace far behind;

What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load, Disguising oft the wretch of human kind, 170 Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refined! O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent! Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content! And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile! Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent, A virtuous populace may rise the while, And stand a wall of fire around their muchloved Isle. O Thou, who poured the patriotic tide, That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart, Who dared to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride, Or nobly die, the second glorious part: (The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art, Tist friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!) O never, never Scotia's realm desert; But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!	An' bleak December's win's ensuin, Baith snell an' keen! Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste, An' weary winter comin fast, An' cozie here, beneath the blast, Thou thought to dwell, Till, crash! the cruel coulter passed Out through thy cell. That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble, Has cost thee monie a weary nibble! Now thou 's turned out, for a' thy trouble, But house or hald, To thole the winter's sleety dribble, An' cranreuch cauld! But Mousie, thou art no thy lane, In proving foresight may be vain: The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men Gang aft agley, An' lea'e us naught but grief an' pain, For promised joy! Still thou art blest, compared wi' me! The present only toucheth thee: But och! I backward cast my e'e, On prospects drear! An' forward, though I canna see, I guess an' fear!
1786	TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY
TO A MOUSE Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie, O, what a panic's in thy breastie! Thou need na start awa sae hasty Wi' bickering brattle! I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee, Wi' murdering pattle! I'm truly sorry man's dominion Has broken Nature's social union, An' justifies that ill opinion Which makes thee startle At me, thy poor, earth-born companion An' fellow-mortal! I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve; What then? poor beastie, thou maun live: A daimen icker in a thrave 'S a sma' request; I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,	Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r, Thou 's met me in an evil hour; For I maun crush amang the stoure Thy slender stem: To spare thee now is past my pow'r, Thou bonie gem. Alas! it 's no thy neebor sweet, The bonie lark, companion meet, Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet, Wi' spreckled breast! When upward-springing, blythe, to greet The purpling east. Cauld blew the bitter-biting north Upon thy early, humble birth; Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth Amid the storm, Scarce reared above the parent-earth Thy tender form.
An' never miss 't! Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin! Its silly wa's the win's are strewin! 20	The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield, High shelt'ring woods and wa's maur shield;
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,	But thou, beneath the random bield

O' clod or stane, Adorns the histic stibble-field, Unseen, alane.	It thirled the heart-strings through the breast, A' to the life.
There, in thy scanty mantle clad, Thy snawie bosom sunward spread, Thou lifts thy unassuming head In humble guise; But now the share uptears thy bed, And low thou lies!	I've scarce heard ought described sae weel, What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel; 20 Thought I, 'Can this be Pope or Steele, Or Beattie's wark?' They tauld me 't was an odd kind chiel About Muirkirk.
Such is the fate of artless maid, Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade! By love's simplicity betrayed, And guileless trust; Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid Low i' the dust.	It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't, An' sae about him there I spier't; Then a' that kent him round declared He had ingine; That name excelled it, few cam near't, It was sae fine: 25 26 27 28 29 30
Such is the fate of simple Bard, On Life's rough ocean luckless starred! Unskilful he to note the card Of prudent lore, Till billows rage, and gales blow hard, And whelm him o'er!	That, set him to a pint of ale, An' either douce or merry tale, Or rhymes an' sangs he 'd made himsel, Or witty catches, 'Tween Inverness an' Teviotdale, He had few matches.
Such fate to suffering Worth is giv'n, Who long with wants and woes has strive, By human pride or cunning driv'n To mis'ry's brink; Till, wrenched of ev'ry stay but Heav'n, He, ruined, sink!	Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith, Though I should pawn my pleugh an' graith, Or die a cadger pownie's death, At some dyke-back, A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith, To hear your crack.
Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate, That fate is thine — no distant date; Stern Ruin's plough-share drives elate, Full on thy bloom, Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight Shall be thy doom!	But, first an' foremost, I should tell, Amaist as soon as I could spell, I to the crambo-jingle fell; Though rude an' rough— Yet crooning to a body's sel, Does weel eneugh.
EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK, AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD While briers an' woodbines budding green,	I am nae poet, in a sense; But just a rhymer like by chance, An' hae to learning nae pretence; Yet, what the matter? Whene'er my Muse does on me glance, I jingle at her.
And paitricks scraichin loud at e'en, An' morning poussie whiddin seen, Inspire my Muse,	Your critic-folk may cock their nose, And say, 'How can you e'er propose,
This freedom, in an unknown frien' I pray excuse. On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin, To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;	You wha ken hardly verse frae prose, To mak a sang?' But, by your leaves, my learned foes, Ye 're maybe wrang. 60
And there was muckle fun and jokin, Ye need na doubt; At length we had a hearty yokin, At 'sang about.' There was ae sang, amang the rest, Aboon them a' it pleased me best,	What's a' your jargon o' your Schools, Your Latin names for horns an' stools? If honest Nature made you fools, What sairs your grammars? Ye'd better taen up spades and shools, Or knappin-hammers.
That some kind husband had addrest To some sweet wife:	A set o' dull, conceited hashes Confuse their brains in college-classes,

They gang in stirks, and come out asses, Plain truth to speak; An' syne they think to climb Parnassus By dint o' Greek! Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,	But ye whom social pleasure charms, Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms, Who hold your being on the terms, 'Each aid the others,' Come to my bowl, come to my arms, My friends, my brothers!
That's a' the learning I desire; Then, though I drudge through dub an' mire At pleugh or cart, My Muse, though hamely in attire, May touch the heart.	But, to conclude my lang epistle, As my auld pen's worn to the grissle, Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle, Who am most fervent, While I can either sing or whistle, Your friend and servant.
O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the bauld an' slee, Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,	1786 .
If I can hit it! That would be lear eneugh for me,	OF A' THE AIRTS
Inat would be lear eneugh for the, If I could get it. Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow, Though real friends I b'lieve are few; Yet, if your catalogue be fow, I' se no insist: But, gif ye want ae friend that 's true, I'm on your list. 90	Or a' the airts the wind can blaw I dearly like the west, For there the bonie lassie lives, The lassie I lo'e best. There wild woods grow, and rivers row, And monie a hill between, But day and night my faney's flight Is ever wi' my Jean.
I winna blaw about mysel, As ill I like my fauts to tell; But friends, an' folks that wish me well, They sometimes roose me; Though, I maun own, as monie still As far abuse me.	I see her in the dewy flowers — I see her sweet and fair. 10 I hear her in the tunefu' birds — I hear her charm the air: There's not a bonie flower that springs
There's ae wee faut they whyles lay to me, I like the lasses — Gude forgie me! For monie a plack they wheedle frae me At dance or fair;	By fountain, shaw, or green, There's not a bonie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean. 1790
Maybe some ither thing they gie me, They weel can spare.	MY HEART'S IN THE HIGH-
But Mauchline Race or Mauchline Fair, I should be proud to meet you there; We'se gie ae night's discharge to care, If we forgather; And hae a swap o' rhymin-ware Wi' ane anither.	My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer, A-chasing the wild deer and following the
The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter, An' kirsen him wi' reekin' water; Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter, To cheer our heart; An' faith, we'se be acquainted better Before we part. Awa ye selfish warly race, 115	roe — My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go! Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North, The birthplace of valour, the country of worth! Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
What hink that havins, sense, an' grace, Ev'n love an' friendship should give place To Catch-the-Plack! I dinna like to see your face, Nor hear your crack. 120	The hills of the Highlands for ever I love. Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow, Farewell to the straths and green valleys below,

Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer and following the roe—

15

My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go!

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo!

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo!

1790

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And auld lang syne!

CHORUS. — For auld lang syne, my dear, 5
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine,
But we've wandered monie a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidled in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne.

1796

TAM O' SHANTER

When chapman billies leave the street. And drouthy neebors neebors meet; As market-days are wearing late, An' folk begin to tak the gate; While we sit bousing at the nappy. 5 An' getting fou and unco happy, We think na on the lang Scots miles, The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles, That lie between us and our hame, Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame, Gathering her brows like gathering storm, 10 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm. This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter. As he frae Ayr ae night did canter: (Auld Avr. wham ne'er a town surpasses, 15 For honest men and bonie lasses). O Tam, had'st thou but been sae wise, As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice! She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum, blethering, blustering, drunken blellum: That frae November till October, Ae market-day thou was nae sober; That ilka melder wi' the miller, Thou sat as lang as thou had siller: That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on. 25 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. She prophesied, that, late or soon, Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon, 30 Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk By Alloway's auld, haunted kirk. Ah! gentle dames, it gars me greet, To think how monie counsels sweet, How monie lengthened, sage advices 35 The husband frae the wife despises! But to our tale: Ae market-night, Tam had got planted unco right, Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely; And at his elbow, Souter Johnie, His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronie: Tam lo'ed him like a very brither; They had been fou for weeks thegither. The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter; 45

And av the ale was growing better:

20

The landlady and Tam grew gracious

Wi' secret favours, sweet and precious:

The Souter tauld his queerest stories; The landlord's laugh was ready chorus: The storm without might rair and rustle, Tam did na mind the storm a whistle. Care, mad to see a man sae happy, E'en drowned himsel amang the nappy. As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure: Kings may be blest but Tam was glorious, O'er a' the ills o' life victorious! But pleasures are like poppies spread: You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed; 60 Or like the snow falls in the river, A moment white — then melts forever; Or like the borealis race, That flit ere you can point their place; Or like the rainbow's lovely form 65 Evanishing amid the storm. Nae man can tether time or tide; The hour approaches Tam maun ride: That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane, That dreary hour Tam mounts his beast And sic a night he take the road in, As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in. The wind blew as 't wad blawn its last: The rattling showers rose on the blast; The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed: Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed: That night, a child might understand, The Deil had business on his hand. Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg, A better never lifted leg. 80 Tam skelpit on through dub and mire. Despising wind, and rain, and fire: Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet. Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet, Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares, 85 Lest bogles catch him unawares: Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh, Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. By this time he was cross the ford, Whare in the snaw the chapman smoored; 90 And past the birks and meikle stane, Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane; And through the whins, and by the cairn, Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn; And near the thorn, aboon the well, 95 Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel. Before him Doon pours all his floods; The doubling storm roars through the woods; The lightnings flash from pole to pole; Near and more near the thunders roll: 100 When, glimmering through the groaning trees, Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze, Through ilka bore the beams were glancing. And loud resounded mirth and dancing. Inspiring bold John Barleycorn, What dangers thou canst make us scorn! Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil; Wi' usquebae, we'll face the Devil! The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle, Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle. But Maggie stood, right sair astonished, Till, by the heel and hand admonished, She ventured forward on the light; And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight! Warlocks and witches in a dance: 115 Nae cotillion, brent new frae France, But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels, Put life and mettle in their heels. A winnock-bunker in the east, There sat Auld Nick, in shape o' beast; 120 A tousie tyke, black, grim, and large, To gie them music was his charge: He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl, Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. Coffins stood round, like open presses, That shawed the dead in their last dresses; And, by some devilish cantraip sleight, Each in its cauld hand held a light: By which heroic Tam was able To note upon the haly table, 130 A murderer's banes, in gibbet-airns; Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns; A thief, new-cutted frae a rape — Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape; Five tomahawks wi' bluid red-rusted; Five scimitars wi' murder crusted; A garter which a babe had strangled; A knife a father's throat had mangled — Whom his ain son o' life bereft -The grey-hairs yet stack to the heft; 140 Wi' mair of horrible and awefu' Which even to name wad be unlawfu' As Tammie glowered, amazed, and curi-The mirth and fun grew fast and furious; The piper loud and louder blew, 145 The dancers quick and quicker flew, They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit. Till ilka carlin swat and reekit, And coost her duddies to the wark, And linket at it in her sark! 150 Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans, A' plump and strapping in their teens! Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen, Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen! — Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, 155 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair, I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies For ae blink o' the bonie burdies! But withered beldams, auld and droll, Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,

Louping and flinging on a crummock, I wonder didna turn thy stomach!

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie: There was ae winsome wench and wawlie. That night enlisted in the core. Lang after kend on Carrick shore (For monie a beast to dead she shot, An' perished monie a bonie boat. And shook baith meikle corn and bear, And kept the country-side in fear). 170 Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn, That while a lassie she had worn. In longitude though sorely scanty. It was her best, and she was vauntie. . . . Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie, That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, Wi' twa pund Scots ('t was a' her riches). Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour, Sic flights are far beyond her power: 180 To sing how Nannie lap and flang (A souple jad she was and strang), And how Tam stood like ane bewitched, And thought his very een enriched: Even Satan glowered, and fidged fu' fain, 185 And hotched and blew wi' might and main; Till first ae caper, syne anither, Tam tint his reason a' thegither, And roars out: 'Weel done, Cutty-sark!' And in an instant all was dark; 190 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied, When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When 'Catch the thief!' resounds aloud:
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,

Wi' monie an eldritch skriech and hollo. 200 Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin! In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin! In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin! Kate soon will be a woefu' woman! Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg, 205 And win the key-stane of the brig; There, at them thou thy tail may toss, A running stream they dare na cross! But ere the key-stane she could make, The fient a tail she had to shake; 210 For Nannie, far before the rest, Hard upon noble Maggie prest, And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle; But little wist she Maggie's mettle! Ae spring brought off her master hale,

The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.
Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,

But left behind her ain grey tail:

Ilk man, and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear:
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

SWEET AFTON

Frow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes!

Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise!

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—

Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream!

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen, 5

Ye wild whistling blackbirds in you thorny den,

Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear—

I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair!

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,

Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills! 10

There daily I wander, as noon rises high, My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,

Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!

There oft, as mild Evening weeps over the lea,

15

The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how levely it glides,

And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!

How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave! 20

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes!

Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lavs!

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream —

Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream!

1792

AE FOND KISS

Ar fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae farewell, and then forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy:
Naething could resist my Nancy!
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met — or never parted —
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love, and Pleasure! 20
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae farewell, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

HIGHLAND MARY

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel,
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom, 10
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life, 15
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But O! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

1799

YE FLOWERY BANKS

YE flowery banks o' bonie Doon, How can ye blume sae fair? How can ye chant, ye little birds, And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonie bird, 5
That sings upon the bough:
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause Luve was true!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate:

10
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate!

Aft hae I roved by bonie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree,
And my fause luver staw my rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

1792

A RED, RED ROSE

O, MY luve is like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June. O, my luve is like the melodie, That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I,
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun!
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile!

1796

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Contract .			
SCOTS, WHA HAE SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,		A prince can mak a belted knight, A marquis, duke, an' a' that! But an honest man's aboon his might —	25
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led, Welcome to your gory bed, Or to victorie!		Guid faith, he mauna fa' that! For a' that, an' a' that,	
Now's the day, and now's the hour: See the front o' battle lour,	5	Their dignities, an' a' that, The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth Are higher rank than a' that.	30
See approach proud Edward's power - Chains and slaverie!	-	Then let us pray that come it may (As come it will for a' that)	
Wha will be a traitor knave? Wha can fill a coward's grave?	10	That Sense and Worth o'er a' the earth Shall bear the gree an' a' that! For a' that, an' a' that,	35
Wha sae base as be a slave? — Let him turn, and flee!		It's comin yet for a' that, That man to man the world o'er	
Wha for Scotland's King and Law Freedom's sword will strongly draw,		Shall brithers be for a' that.	40 5
Freeman stand or freeman fa', Let him follow me!	15	William Blake (1757–1827),	XXX.
By Oppression's woes and pains,		William Blake (1757–1827)	·w
By your sons in servile chains, We will drain our dearest veins		song	
But they shall be free!	20	How sweet I roamed from field to field, And tasted all the summer's pride,	
Lay the proud usurpers low! Tyrants fall in every foe! Liberty's in every blow!		Till I the Prince of Love beheld Who in the sunny beams did glide.	
Let us do, or die!	1704	He showed me lilies for my hair,	5
A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' TH.	1794 AT	And blushing roses for my brow; He led me through his gardens fair, Where all his golden pleasures grow.	
Is there for honest poverty		With sweet May-dews my wings were v	vet.
That hings his head, an' a' that? The coward slave, we pass him by— We dare be poor for a' that!		And Phœbus fired my vocal rage; He caught me in his silken net, And shut me in his golden cage.	1Ó
For a' that, an' a' that,	5	He loves to sit and hear me sing,	
Our toils obscure, an' a' that, The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.		Then, laughing, sports and plays with a Then stretches out my golden wing, And mocks my loss of liberty.	me; 15
What though on hamely fare we dine, Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that?	10	178	3
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their w A man's a man for a' that, For a' that, an' a' that,		PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD	
Their tinsel show, an' a' that, 'The honest man, though e'er sae poor. Is king o' men for a' that.	, 15	Piping down the valleys wild, Piping songs of pleasant glee, On a cloud I saw a child,	
Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,		And he laughing said to me:	
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that? Though hundreds worship at his word. He's but a cuif for a' that.	, 20	'Pipe a song about a Lamb!' So I piped with merry cheer. 'Piper, pipe that song again';	5
For a' that, an' a' that, His ribband, star, an' a' that,		So I piped: he wept to hear.	
The man o' independent mind, He looks an' laughs at a' that.		'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe; Sing thy songs of happy cheer!'	10

15

So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write In a book, that all may read.' So he vanished from my sight; And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.
20
1789

INFANT JOY

'I HAVE no name;
I am but two days old.'
What shall I call thee?
'I happy am,
Joy is my name.'
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy, but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while;
Sweet joy befall thee!

A DREAM

ONCE a dream did weave a shade O'er my angel-guarded bed, That an emmet lost its way Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, wildered, and forlorn, Dark, benighted, travel-worn, Over many a tangled spray, All heart-broke, I heard her say:

'Oh my children! do they cry, Do they hear their father sigh? Now they look abroad to see, Now return and weep for me.'

Pitying, I dropped a tear; But I saw a glow-worm near, Who replied, 'What wailing wight 1 Calls the watchman of the night?

'I am set to light the ground, While the beetle goes his round: Follow now the beetle's hum; Little wanderer, hie thee home!' 2

A CRADLE SONG

SLEEP, sleep, beauty bright, Dreaming in the joys of night; Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face Soft desires I can trace, Secret joys and secret smiles, Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart does rest.

Oh the cunning wiles that creep In thy little heart asleep! When thy little heart does wake, 15 Then the dreadful light shall break.

THE TIGER

TIGER, Tiger, burning bright In the forest of the night, What immortal hand or eye Framed thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned that fire within thine eyes?
On what wings dared he aspire?
What the hand dared seize the fire?

5

5

And what shoulder, and what art, Could twist the sinews of thy heart? 10 When thy heart began to beat, What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain, Knit thy strength and forged thy brain? What the anvil? What dread grasp 18 Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears, And watered heaven with their tears, Did he smile his work to see? Did he who made the lamb make thee? 20 1794

THE DEFILED SANCTUARY

I saw a chapel all of gold,
That none did dare to enter in,
And many weeping stood without,
Weeping, mourning, worshipping.

I saw a serpent rise between The white pillars of the door,

And he forced and forced and forced The bleat, the bark, bellow, and roar, Till he the golden hinges tore: Are waves that beat on heaven's shore. And along the pavement sweet. The bat that flits at close of eve 45 Set with pearls and rubies bright, 10 Has left the brain that won't believe: All his shining length he drew, -The owl that calls upon the night Till upon the altar white Speaks the unbeliever's fright. The gnat that sings his summer song He vomited his poison out Poison gets from Slander's tongue; 50 On the bread and on the wine. The poison of the snake and newt So I turned into a sty, Is the sweat of Envy's foot: And laid me down among the swine. The poison of the honey-bee Is the artist's jealousy: The strongest poison ever known 55 Came from Cæsar's laurel crown. AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE Nought can deform the human race To see a world in a grain of sand, Like to the armourer's iron brace; And a heaven in a wild flower; The soldier armed with sword and gun Hold infinity in the palm of your hand, Palsied strikes the summer's sun. 60 And eternity in an hour. When gold and gems adorn the plough, A Robin Redbreast in a cage To peaceful arts shall Envy bow. Puts all Heaven in a rage; The beggar's rags fluttering in the air A dove-house filled with doves and pigeons Do to rags the heavens tear; Shudders hell through all its regions. The prince's robes and beggar's rags 65 Are toadstools on the miser's bags. A dog starved at his master's gate Predicts the ruin of the state; One mite wrung from the labourer's hands A game-cock clipped and armed for fight Shall buy and sell the miser's lands, Doth the rising sun affright; Or, if protected from on high, A horse misused upon the road Shall that whole nation sell and buy; 70 Calls to Heaven for human blood. The poor man's farthing is worth more Every wolf's and lion's howl 15 Than all the gold on Afric's shore. The [bawd] and gambler, by the state Raises from hell a human soul: Each outcry of the hunted hare Licensed, build that nation's fate; A fibre from the brain doth tear: The harlot's cry from street to street Shall weave old England's winding sheet; A skylark wounded on the wing Doth make a cherub cease to sing. The winner's shout, the loser's curse, 20 Shall dance before dead England's hearse. He who shall hurt the little wren He who mocks the infant's faith Shall never be beloved by men; Shall be mocked in age and death; He who the ox to wrath has moved 80 Shall never be by woman loved; He who shall teach the child to doubt He who shall train the horse to war The rotting grave shall ne'er get out; Shall never pass the Polar Bar. He who respects the infant's faith The wanton boy that kills the fly Triumphs over hell and death. The babe is more than swaddling-bands Shall feed the spider's enmity; Throughout all these human lands; He who torments the chafer's sprite Tools were made, and born were hands, Weaves a bower in endless night. 30 Every farmer understands. The caterpillar on the leaf The questioner who sits so sly Repeats to thee thy mother's grief; Shall never know how to reply. The wild deer wandering here and there 90 Keep the human soul from care: He who replies to words of doubt Doth put the light of knowledge out; The lamb misused breeds public strife, 35 And yet forgives the butcher's knife. A puddle, or the cricket's cry, Is to doubt a fit reply. Kill not the moth nor butterfly, The child's toys and the old man's reasons 95 For the last judgment draweth nigh; Are the fruits of the two seasons. The beggar's dog and widow's cat, The emmet's inch and eagle's mile Feed them and thou shalt grow fat. 40 Make lame philosophy to smile. Every tear from every eye

Becomes a babe in eternity;

A truth that's told with bad intent

Beats all the lies you can invent. He who doubts from what he sees Will ne'er believe, do what you please; If the sun and moon should doubt, They'd immediately go out.	100	'Two of us in the church-yard lie, My sister and my brother; And, in the church-yard cottage, I Dwell near them with my mother.' 'You say that two at Conway dwell, 25
Every night and every morn Some to misery are born; Every morn and every night Some are born to sweet delight;	105	And two are gone to sea, Yet ye are seven! — I pray you tell, Sweet maid, how this may be.'
Some are born to sweet delight, Some are born to endless night. Joy and woe are woven fine, A clothing for the soul divine;	110	Then did the little maid reply, 'Seven boys and girls are we; Two of us in the church-yard lie, Beneath the church-yard tree.'
Under every grief and pine Runs a joy with silken twine. It is right it should be so; Man was made for joy and woe; And, when this we rightly know,	115	'You run about, my little maid, Your limbs they are alive; If two are in the church-yard laid, Then ye are only five.'
Safely through the world we go. We are led to believe a lie		'Their graves are green, they may be seen,' The little maid replied,
When we see with not through the eye, Which was born in a night to perish in a n	120	'Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
When the soul slept in beams of light. God appears and God is light	18110	And they are side by side. (My stackings there I often knit
To those poor souls who dwell in night; But doth a human form display To those who dwell in realms of day.	125 83	'My stockings there I often knit, My kerchief there I hem; And there upon the ground I sit, And sing a song to them.
William Wordsworth (1770–1856		'And often after sunset, sir, When it is light and fair, I take my little porringer, And eat my supper there.
WE ARE SEVEN		'The first that died was sister Jane; In bed she moaning lay, 50
That lightly draws its breath, And feels its life in every limb,		Till God released her of her pain; And then she went away.
What should it know of death? I met a little cottage girl: She was eight years old, she said;	5	'So in the church-yard she was laid; And, when the grass was dry, Together round her grave we played, 55
Her hair was thick with many a curl That clustered round her head.		And when the ground was white with snow, And I could run and slide,
She had a rustic, woodland air, And she was wildly clad: Her eyes were fair, and very fair;	10	My brother John was forced to go, And he lies by her side.'
— Her beauty made me glad. 'Sisters and brothers, little maid,		'How many are you, then,' said I, 'If they two are in heaven?' Quick was the little maid's reply,
How many may you be?' 'How many? Seven in all,' she said, And wondering looked at me.	15	'O master! we are seven.' 'But they are dead; those two are dead! 65
'And where are they? I pray you tell.' She answered, 'Seven are we; And two of us at Conway dwell		Their spirits are in heaven!' 'T was throwing words away; for still The little maid would have her will,
And two of us at Conway dwell, And two are gone to sea.	20	And said, 'Nay, we are seven!'

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

I HEARD a thousand blended notes, While in a grove I sate reclined, In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower, The periwinkle trailed its wreaths; 10 And 't is my faith that every flower Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played, Their thoughts I cannot measure:— But the least motion which they made, 18 It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan, To catch the breezy air; And I must think, do all I can, That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent, If such be Nature's holy plan, Have I not reason to lament What man has made of man?

1798

15

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY

'Why, William, on that old grey stone, Thus for the length of half a day, Why, William, sit you thus alone, And dream your time away?

'Where are your books?—that light bequeathed 5
To Beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

'You look round on your Mother Earth, As if she for no purpose bore you; As if you were her first-born birth, And none had lived before you!'

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake, When life was sweet, I knew not why, To me my good friend Matthew spake, And thus I made reply:

'The eye — it cannot choose but see; We cannot bid the ear be still; Our bodies feel, where'er they be, Against or with our will. 'Nor less I deem that there are Powers Which of themselves our minds impress; That we can feed this mind of ours In a wise passiveness.

'Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

'— Then ask not wherefore, here, alone, Conversing as I may, 30 I sit upon this old grey stone, And dream my time away.'

.

THE TABLES TURNED

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books; Or surely you'll grow double: Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks; Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 't is a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher;
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your Teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth, Our minds and hearts to bless — Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health, Truth breathed by cheerfulness. 20

One impulse from a vernal wood May teach you more of man, Of moral evil and of good, Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings; 25 Our meddling intellect Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things: — We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art; Close up those barren leaves; 30 Come forth, and bring with you a heart That watches and receives.

LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY

Five years have past; five summers, with the length

Of five long winters! and again I hear These waters, rolling from their mountain-

springs
With a soft inland murmur. — Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs, 5
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect

The landscape with the quiet of the sky. The day is come when I again repose Here, under this dark sycamore, and view 10 These plots of cottage ground, these orchard-tufts.

Which at this season, with their unripe fruits, Are clad in one green hue, and lose them-

selves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little

Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral

farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of

Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless
woods,

Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms. Through a long absence, have not been to me As is a landscape to a blind man's eve: But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din 25 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them. In hours of weariness, sensations sweet, Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart: And passing even into my purer mind, With tranquil restoration: — feelings too 30 Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps. As have no slight or trivial influence On that best portion of a good man's life. His little, nameless, unremembered, acts Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust, 35 To them I may have owed another gift, Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood, In which the burthen of the mystery, In which the heavy and the weary weight Of all this unintelligible world, Is lightened: — that serene and blessèd mood, In which the affections gently lead us on, — Until, the breath of this corporeal frame

And even the motion of our human blood

Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft — 50
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee, 55
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the
woods,

How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,

With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
60
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing
thoughts

That in this moment there is life and food For future years. And so I dare to hope, 65 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first

I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man 70
Flying from something that he dreads than
one

Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days, And their glad animal movements all gone

To me was all in all. — I cannot paint 75
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy
wood,

Their colours and their forms, were then to

An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is

And all its aching joys are now no more, And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this 85 Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts Have followed; for such loss, I would be-

lieve,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes

The still, sad music of humanity. Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample

To chasten and subdue. And I have felt A presence that disturbs me with the joy Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime Of something far more deeply interfused. Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns. And the round ocean and the living air, And the blue sky, and in the mind of man: A motion and a spirit, that impels All thinking things, all objects of all thought, And rolls through all things. Therefore am

A lover of the meadows and the woods, And mountains; and of all that we behold From this green earth; of all the mighty world

Of eye, and ear, — both what they half

create.

And what perceive; well pleased to recognise In nature and the language of the sense The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse, The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul 110

Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance, If I were not thus taught, should I the more Suffer my genial spirits to decay For thou art with me here upon the banks this fair river; thou my dearest Friend. My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I

The language of my former heart, and read My former pleasures in the shooting lights Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while May I behold in thee what I was once, My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I

Knowing that Nature never did betray The heart that loved her; 't is her privilege, Through all the years of this our life, to lead From joy to joy: for she can so inform The mind that is within us, so impress With quietness and beauty, and so feed With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,

Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor 130

The dreary intercourse of daily life, Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon Shine on thee in thy solitary walk; And let the misty mountain-winds be free To blow against thee: and, in after years,

When these wild ecstasies shall be matured Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms. Thy memory be as a dwelling-place For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then, If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief, Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts

Of tender joy wilt thou remember me, 145 And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance -

If I should be where I no more can hear Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams

Of past existence — wilt thou then forget That on the banks of this delightful stream

We stood together; and that I, so long A worshipper of Nature, hither came Unwearied in that service: rather say With warmer love — oh! with far deeper zeal Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget 155 That after many wanderings, many years Of absence, these steep woods and lofty

And this green pastoral landscape, were to

More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

1798

20

LUCY POEMS

STRANGE FITS OF PASSION HAVE I KNOWN

STRANGE fits of passion have I known: And I will dare to tell. But in the Lover's ear alone. What once to me befell.

When she I loved looked every day Fresh as a rose in June. I to her cottage bent my way, Beneath an evening-moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye, All over the wide lea; With quickening pace my horse drew nigh Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard-plot; And, as we climbed the hill, The sinking moon to Lucy's cot 15 Came near, and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept, Kind Nature's gentlest boon! And all the while my eyes I kept On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
He raised, and never stopped:
When down behind the cottage roof,
At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will
slide 25

Into a Lover's head!
'O mercy!' to myself I cried,
'If Lucy should be dead!'

1800

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

1800

I TRAVELLED AMONG UNKNOWN MEN

I TRAVELLED among unknown men, In lands beyond the sea; Nor, England! did I know till then What love I bore to thee.

T is past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed,
The bowers where Lucy played;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

15

1807

THREE YEARS SHE GREW

THREE years she grew in sun and shower, Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower On earth was never sown; This Child I to myself will take; She shall be mine, and I will make A Lady of my own.

'Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower, 10
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

'She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

'The floating clouds their state shall lend To her; for her the willow bend; 20 Nor shall she fail to see Even in the motions of the Storm Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form By silent sympathy.

'And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.'

Thus Nature spake — The work was done — How soon my Lucy's race was run! She died, and left to me This heath, this calm, and quiet scene; 40 The memory of what has been,

1800

15

A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

And never more will be.

No motion has she now, no force; 5
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

LUCY GRAY OR, SOLITUDE

Off I had heard of Lucy Gray: And, when I crossed the wild,

WILLIAM	. WE	ORDSWORTH &
I chanced to see at break of day The solitary child.		They followed from the snowy bank Those footmarks, one by one, Into the middle of the plant.
No mate, no comrade Lucy knew; She dwelt on a wide moor,	5	Into the middle of the plank; And further there were none!
The sweetest thing that ever grew Beside a human door!		— Yet some maintain that to this day She is a living child;
You yet may spy the fawn at play, The hare upon the green;	10	That you may see sweet Lucy Gray Upon the lonesome wild.
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray Will never more be seen.		O'er rough and smooth she trips alone And never looks behind;
'To-night will be a stormy night — You to the town must go;		And sings a solitary song That whistles in the wind.
And take a lantern, Child, to light Your mother through the snow.'	15	- 10 / 10 / 10 m
'That, Father! will I gladly do:		MICHAEL ///
'T is scarcely afternoon — The minster-clock has just struck two,		If from the public way you turn your Up the tumultuous brook of Green
And yonder is the moon!'	20	Ghyll,
At this the Father raised his hook,		You will suppose that with an upright
And snapped a faggot-band; He plied his work; — and Lucy took		Your feet must struggle; in such bold The pastoral mountains front you, f
The lantern in her hand.		face. But, courage! for around that bois
Not blither is the mountain roe:	25	brook
With many a wanton stroke Her feet disperse the powdery snow,		The mountains have all opened out selves,
That rises up like smoke.		And made a hidden valley of their ow
The storm came on before its time:		No habitation can be seen; but they Who journey thither find themselves ale
She wandered up and down;	30	With a few sheep, with rocks and s
And many a hill did Lucy climb: But never reached the town.		and kites That overhead are sailing in the sky.
The wretched parents all that night		It is in truth an utter solitude;
Went shouting far and wide;		Nor should I have made mention of the But for one object which you migh
But there was neither sound nor sight To serve them for a guide.	35	by,
		Might see and notice not. Beside the Appears a straggling heap of unhewn s
At day-break on a hill they stood That overlooked the moor;		And to that simple object appertains
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,	40	A story — unenriched with strange e
A furlong from their door.	40	Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside, Or for the summer shade. It was the
They wept — and, turning homeward, crie 'In heaven we all shall meet';	ed,	Of those domestic tales that spake to
- When in the snow the mother spied	1	Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, whom I already loved; — not verily
The print of Lucy's feet.		For their own sakes, but for the field
Then downwards from the steep hil		hills Where was their occupation and abode
edge They tracked the footmarks small;	45	And hence this Tale, while I was yet
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,		Careless of books, yet having felt the
And by the long stone-wall;		Of Nature, by the gentle agency Of natural objects, led me on to feel
And then an open field they crossed:		For passions that were not my own
The marks were still the same;	50	think (At random and imperfectly indeed)
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;		On man the heart of man and huma

And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank Those footmarks, one by one, Into the middle of the plank; And further there were none!	55
— Yet some maintain that to this day She is a living child; That you may see sweet Lucy Gray Upon the lonesome wild.	60
O'er rough and smooth she trips along, And never looks behind; And sings a solitary song That whistles in the wind.	
18	00

MICHAEL IN Come om the public way you turn your steps the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghvll. will suppose that with an upright path feet must struggle; in such bold ascent pastoral mountains front you, face to courage! for around that boisterous brookmountains have all opened out themselves, made a hidden valley of their own. abitation can be seen: but they journey thither find themselves alone 10 a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites overhead are sailing in the sky. in truth an utter solitude; should I have made mention of this Dell for one object which you might pass at see and notice not. Beside the brook ears a straggling heap of unhewn stones! to that simple object appertains ory — unenriched with strange events, not unfit, I deem, for the fireside, r the summer shade. It was the first nose domestic tales that spake to me hepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men m I already loved; — not verily their own sakes, but for the fields and re was their occupation and abode. hence this Tale, while I was vet a Boy less of books, yet having felt the power

passions that were not my own, and

On man, the heart of man, and human life.

Therefore, although it be a history
Homely and rude, I will relate the same
For the delight of a few natural hearts;
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
Of youthful Poets, who among these hills
Will be my second self when I am gone.

Then the forest-side in Grasmere Vale 40

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale 40 There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his

name;

An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.

His bodily frame had been from youth to

age

Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen, Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs, 45 And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt And watchful more than ordinary men. Hence had he learned the meaning of all

winds,

Of blasts of every tone; and oftentimes, When others heeded not, He heard the South 50

Make subterraneous music, like the noise Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills. The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock Bethought him, and he to himself would say, 'The winds are now devising work for me!'

And, truly, at all times, the storm, that drives

The traveller to a shelter, summoned him Up to the mountains: he had been alone Amid the heart of many thousand mists, That came to him, and left him, on the

heights. 60
So lived he till his eightieth year was past.

And grossly that man errs, who should suppose

That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,

Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.

Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed 65

The common air; hills, which with vigorous step

He had so often climbed; which had impressed

So many incidents upon his mind Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear; Which, like a book, preserved the memory 70 Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved, Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts The certainty of honourable gain;

Those fields, those hills — what could they less? had laid

Strong hold on his affections, were to him 75 A pleasurable feeling of blind love, The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in singleness. His Helpmate was a comely matron, old—Though younger than himself full twenty years.

She was a woman of a stirring life,

Whose heart was in her house: two wheels she had

Of antique form; this large, for spinning wool;

That small, for flax; and, if one wheel had rest.

It was because the other was at work.

The Pair had but one inmate in their house.
An only Child, who had been born to them
When Michael, telling o'er his years, began
To deem that he was old, — in shepherd's
phrase,

With one foot in the grave. This only Son,

With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,

The one of an inestimable worth,

Made all their household. I may truly say, That they were as a proverb in the vale For endless industry. When day was

gone,
And from their occupations out of doors
The Son and Father were come home, even

Their labour did not cease; unless when all Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there.

Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk,

Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes, And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when the meal

Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named)
And his old Father both betook themselves
To such convenient work as might employ

105

Their hands by the fire-side; perhaps to card Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe, Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's edge, 110

That in our ancient uncouth country style With huge and black projection overbrowed Large space beneath, as duly as the light Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a

lamp;
An aged utensil, which had performed
Service beyond all others of its kind.
Early at evening did it burn — and late,

Surviving comrade of uncounted hours, Which, going by from year to year, had found.

And left, the couple neither gay perhaps 120

Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes.

Living a life of eager industry.

And now, when Luke had reached his eight-

eenth year,

There by the light of this old lamp they sate, Father and Son, while far into the night 125 The Housewife plied her own peculiar work. Making the cottage through the silent hours Murmur as with the sound of summer flies. This light was famous in its neighbourhood, And was a public symbol of the life That thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced.

Their cottage on a plot of rising ground Stood single, with large prospect, north and

south,

High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise, And westward to the village near the 135

And from this constant light, so regular, And so far seen, the House itself, by all Who dwelt within the limits of the vale, Both old and young, was named The Evening

Thus living on through such a length of

The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs

Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael's

This son of his old age was yet more dear — Less from instinctive tenderness, the same Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood

of all -Than that a child, more than all other gifts That earth can offer to declining man,

Brings hope with it, and forward-looking

thoughts, And stirrings of inquietude, when they By tendency of nature needs must fail. Exceeding was the love he bare to him, His heart and his heart's joy! For often-

Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms, Had done him female service, not alone For pastime and delight, as is the use 155 Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand.

And in a later time, ere yet the Boy Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love,

Albeit of a stern unbending mind, To have the Young-one in his sight, when he Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool

Sate with a fettered sheep before him

stretched

Under the large old oak, that near his

Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade.

Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun. Thence in our rustic dialect was called

The Clipping Tree, a name which yet it bears. There, while they two were sitting in the shade.

With others round them, earnest all and blithe,

Would Michael exercise his heart with looks Of fond correction and reproof bestowed Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep By catching at their legs, or with his

shouts Scared them, while they lay still beneath the

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up

A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek Two steady roses that were five years old; Then Michael from a winter coppice cut 180 With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped

With iron, making it throughout in all Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff, And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt He as a watchman oftentimes was placed 185 At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock: And, to his office prematurely called, There stood the urchin, as you will divine, Something between a hindrance and a help; And for this cause not always, I believe, 190 Receiving from his Father hire of praise; Though nought was left undone which staff, or voice,

Or looks, or threatening gestures, could per-

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand

Against the mountain blasts; and to the heights,

Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways, He with his Father daily went, and they Were as companions, why should I relate That objects which the Shepherd loved be-

Were dearer now? that from the Boy there

Feelings and emanations — things which

Light to the sun and music to the wind:

And that the old Man's heart seemed born again?

Thus in his Father's sight the Boy grew

And now, when he had reached his eighteenth year, 205 He was his comfort and his daily hope. While in this sort the simple household From day to day, to Michael's ear there came Distressful tidings. Long before the time Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been 210 In surety for his brother's son, a man Of an industrious life, and ample means; But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly Had prest upon him; and old Michael now summoned to discharge the forfeiture, 215 A grievous penalty, but little less Than half his substance. This unlooked-for At the first hearing, for a moment took More hope out of his life than he supposed That any old man ever could have lost. 220 As soon as he had armed himself with strength To look his trouble in the face, it seemed The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at once A portion of his patrimonial fields. Such was his first resolve; he thought again. And his heart failed him. 'Isabel,' said he. Two evenings after he had heard the news, 'I have been toiling more than seventy And in the open sunshine of God's love Have we all lived; yet, if these fields of Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think That I could not lie quiet in my grave. Our lot is a hard lot; the sun himself Has scarcely been more diligent than I: And I have lived to be a fool at last To my own family. An evil man That was, and made an evil choice, if he Were false to us; and, if he were not false, There are ten thousand to whom loss like this Had been no sorrow. I forgive him; —

thrift

He quickly will repair this loss, and then He may return to us. If here he stay, What can be done? Where every one is poor, What can be gained?' At this the old Man paused, 255 And Isabel sat silent, for her mind Was busy, looking back into past times. There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself. He was a parish-boy — at the church-door They made a gathering for him, shillings, And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought A basket, which they filled with pedlar's wares: And, with this basket on his arm, the lad Went up to London, found a master there, Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy 265 To go and overlook his merchandise Beyond the seas; where he grew wondrous And left estates and monies to the poor, And, at his birth-place, built a chapel floored With marble, which he sent from foreign lands. These thoughts, and many others of like sort, Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel, And her face brightened. The old Man was glad, And thus resumed: — 'Well, Isabel! this scheme These two days has been meat and drink to Far more than we have lost is left us yet. 'We have enough — I wish indeed that I Were younger; — but this hope is a good Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best Buy for him more, and let us send him To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night: If he could go, the Boy should go to-night.' Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth 'T were better to be dumb than to talk thus. With a light heart. The Housewife for five 'When I began, my purpose was to speak Of remedies and of a cheerful hope. Was restless morn and night, and all day Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land Shall not go from us, and it shall be free; 245 Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare He shall possess it, free as is the wind Things needful for the journey of her son. That passes over it. We have, thou know'st, Another kinsman — he will be our friend But Isabel was glad when Sunday came To stop her in her work: for, when she lay In this distress. He is a prosperous man, By Michael's side, she through the last two Thriving in trade — and Luke to him shall nights Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep: And with his kinsman's help and his own And when they rose at morning she could That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon

She said to Luke, while they two by themselves

Were sitting at the door, 'Thou must not go: 295

We have no other Child but thee to lose, None to remember — do not go away, For if thou leave thy Father he will die.'

The Youth made answer with a jocund

voice;

And Isabel, when she had told her fears, 300 Recovered heart. That evening her best fare

Did she bring forth, and all together sat Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work;
And all the ensuing week the house appeared 305

As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length The expected letter from their kinsman came, With kind assurances that he would do

His utmost for the welfare of the Boy; To which, requests were added, that forth-

He might be sent to him. Ten times or more

The letter was read over; Isabel

Went forth to show it to the neighbours round:

Nor was there at that time on English land A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel

Had to her house returned, the old Man said,

'He shall depart to-morrow.' To this word The Housewife answered, talking much of

Which, if at such short notice he should go, Would surely be forgotten. But at length 320

She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-head

In that deep valley, Michael had designed To build a Sheep-fold; and, before he heard The tidings of his melancholy loss, 325 For this same purpose he had gathered up

A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's edge

Lay thrown together, ready for the work.
With Luke that evening thitherward he
walked:

And soon as they had reached the place he stopped,

And thus the old Man spake to him: — 'My son.

To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full heart

I look upon thee, for thou art the same That wert a promise to me ere thy birth, And all thy life hast been my daily joy. 335 I will relate to thee some little part

Of our two histories; 't will do thee good
When thou art from me, even if I should
touch

On things thou canst not know of. — After thou

First cam'st into the world—as oft befalls 340

To new-born infants—thou didst sleep away .

Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue

Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on, And still I loved thee with increasing love. Never to living ear came sweeter sounds 345 Than when I heard thee by our own fireside First uttering, without words, a natural time:

While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy

Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed month,

And in the open fields my life was passed 350 And on the mountains; else I think that thou

Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.

But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills.

As well thou knowest, in us the old and young

Have played together, nor with me didst thou 355

Lack any pleasure which a boy can know.'
Luke had a manly heart; but at these words
He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped his
hand.

And said, 'Nay, do not take it so — I see That these are things of which I need not speak.

— Even to the utmost I have been to thee A kind and a good Father: and herein

I but repay a gift which I myself Received at others' hands; for, though now

old
Beyond the common life of man, I still 365
Remember them who loved me in my youth.

Remember them who loved me in my youth. Both of them sleep together: here they lived, As all their Forefathers had done; and, when At length their time was come, they were not loth

To give their bodies to the family mould. 370 I wished that thou shouldst live the life they lived.

But 't is a long time to look back, my Son, And see so little gain from threescore years. These fields were burthened when they came

to me;

Till I was forty years of age, not more 375 Than half of my inheritance was mine. I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my

work,

And till these three weeks past the land was

— It looks as if it never could endure Another Master. Heaven forgive me,

Luke, 380
If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good

That thou shouldst go.'

At this the old Man paused; Then, pointing to the stones near which they

stood,

Thus, after a short silence, he resumed:
'This was a work for us; and now, my
Son. 385

It is a work for me. But, lay one stone—Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.

Nay, Boy, be of good hope; — we both may live

To see a better day. At eighty-four

I still am strong and hale; — do thou thy part;

I will do mine. — I will begin again With many tasks that were resigned to thee: Up to the heights, and in among the storms, Will I without thee go again, and do

All works which I was wont to do alone, 395 Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless thee, Boy!

Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast

With many hopes; it should be so — yes — ves —

I knew that thou couldst never have a wish To leave me, Luke: thou hast been bound to me

Only by links of love: when thou art gone, What will be left to us! — But I forget My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone, As I requested; and honoritar, Luke.

As I requested; and hereafter, Luke, When thou art gone away, should evil

Be thy companions, think of me, my Son, And of this moment; hither turn thy thoughts.

And God will strengthen thee: amid all fear And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived,

Who, being innocent, did for that cause
Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee
well—

When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see

A work which is not here: a covenant 'T will be between us; but, whatever fate 415 Befall thee, I shall love thee to that last,

And bear thy memory with me to the grave.'
The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped down.

And, as his Father had requested, laid
The first stone of the Sheep-fold. At the
sight

The old Man's grief broke from him; to his heart

He pressed his Son, he kissed him and wept; And to the house together they returned.

Hushed was that House in peace, or seeming peace,

Ere the night fell: — with morrow's dawn the Boy 425

Began his journey, and, when he had reached The public way, he put on a bold face; And all the neighbours, as he passed their

doors,

Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,

That followed him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their Kinsman come,

Of Luke and his well-doing: and the Boy Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news, Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were throughout

'The prettiest letters that were ever seen.'

Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts. So, many months passed on: and once again The Shepherd went about his daily work With confident and cheerful thoughts; and

Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour 440

He to that valley took his way, and there Wrought at the Sheep-fold. Meantime Luke began

To slacken in his duty; and, at length, He in the dissolute city gave himself To evil courses: ignominy and shame 445 Fell on him, so that he was driven at last To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;

'T will make a thing endurable, which else Would overset the brain, or break the heart:

I have conversed with more than one who well

Remember the old Man, and what he was Years after he had heard this heavy news. His bodily frame had been from youth to

age

Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks

He went, and still looked up to sun and

cloud.

And listened to the wind; and, as before, Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep, And for the land, his small inheritance.

And to that hollow dell from time to time 460 Did he repair, to build the Fold of which His flock had need. "T is not forgotten vet

The pity which was then in every heart
For the old Man—and 'tis believed by all
That many and many a day he thither
went,
465

And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheep-fold, sometimes was he seen

Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
The length of full seven years, from time to
time.

470

He at the building of this Sheep-fold wrought,

And left the work unfinished when he

Three years, or little more, did Isabel Survive her Husband: at her death the estate

Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand.

The Cottage which was named the Evening Star

Is gone — the ploughshare has been through the ground

On which it stood; great changes have been wrought

In all the neighbourhood: — yet the oak is left

That grew beside their door; and the remains 480

Of the unfinished Sheep-fold may be seen Beside the boisterous brook of Green-head Ghyll.

1800

MY HEART LEAPS UP

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

RESOLUTION AND INDEPEND-ENCE

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;

5

The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters:

And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors; The sky rejoices in the morning's birth; The grass is bright with rain-drops;—on the moors

The hare is running races in her mirth; And with her feet she from the plashy earth Raises a mist; that, glittering in the sun, Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor; 15 I saw the hare that raced about with joy; I heard the woods and distant waters roar; Or heard them not, as happy as a boy: The pleasant season did my heart employ: My old remembrances went from me wholly; 20

And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might

Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low;
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness — and blind thoughts, I knew
not, nor could name.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky; And I bethought me of the playful hare: 30 Even such a happy Child of earth am I; Even as these blissful creatures do I fare; Far from the world I walk, and from all care:

But there may come another day to me—Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought.

As if life's business were a summer mood; As if all needful things would come unsought To genial faith, still rich in genial good; But how can He expect that others should 40 Build for him, sow for him, and at his call Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy, The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride; Of Him who walked in glory and in joy Following his plough, along the mountainside:

By our own spirits are we deified: We Poets in our youth begin in gladness; But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace, 50 A leading from above, a something given, Yet it befell that, in this lonely place, When I with these untoward thoughts had striven.

Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven I saw a Man before me unawares: 55 The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grev hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie Couched on the bald top of an eminence; Wonder to all who do the same espy, By what means it could thither come, and

So that it seems a thing endued with sense: Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf

Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself;

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead, Nor all asleep — in his extreme old age: 65 His body was bent double, feet and head Coming together in life's pilgrimage; As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage Of sickness felt by him in times long past, A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale

Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood: And, still as I drew near with gentle pace, Upon the margin of that moorish flood Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood, 75 That heareth not the loud winds when they

And moveth all together, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look Upon the muddy water, which he conned, 80 As if he had been reading in a book: And now a stranger's privilege I took; And, drawing to his side, to him did say. 'This morning gives us promise of a glorious day.'

A gentle answer did the old Man make. 85 In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew:

And him with further words I thus bespake, 'What occupation do you there pursue? This is a lonesome place for one like you.' Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest, But each in solemn order followed each, With something of a lofty utterance drest — Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach

Of ordinary men; a stately speech; Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use, Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had come To gather leeches, being old and poor: Employment hazardous and wearisome! And he had many hardships to endure: From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor:

Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance;

And in this way he gained an honest main-

The old Man still stood talking by my side; But now his voice to me was like a stream Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;

And the whole body of the Man did seem Like one whom I had met with in a dream:

Or like a man from some far region sent, To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

My former thoughts returned: the fear that

And hope that is unwilling to be fed; Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills:

And mighty Poets in their misery dead. - Perplexed, and longing to be comforted. My question eagerly did I renew,

'How is it that you live, and what is it you do?'

He with a smile did then his words repeat; And said that, gathering leeches, far and

He travelled; stirring thus about his feet The waters of the pools where they abide.

'Once I could meet with them on every side;

But they have dwindled long by slow de-Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.'

While he was talking thus, the lonely place, The old Man's shape, and speech - all troubled me:

In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace About the weary moors continually, Wandering about alone and silently.

While I these thoughts within myself pur-

He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended. Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind.

But stately in the main; and, when he ended, I could have laughed myself to scorn to find In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.

'God,' said I, 'be my help and stay secure; I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!

1807

TO H. C. SIX YEARS OLD

O THOU! whose fancies from afar are brought; Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel, And fittest to unutterable thought The breeze-like motion and the self-born

Thou faery voyager! that dost float In such clear water, that thy boat May rather seem

To brood on air than on an earthly stream; Suspended in a stream as clear as sky, Where earth and heaven do make one im-

O blessèd vision! happy child! Thou art so exquisitely wild, I think of thee with many fears For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might be thy

Lord of thy house and hospitality; And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest But when she sate within the touch of thee. O too industrious folly! O vain and causeless melancholy! Nature will either end thee quite; Or, lengthening out thy season of delight, Preserve for thee, by individual right, A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.

What hast thou to do with sorrow. 25 Or the injuries of to-morrow? Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings forth. Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,

Or to be trailed along the soiling earth; A gem that glitters while it lives, And no forewarning gives;

But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife Slips in a moment out of life.

1807

5

30

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS

I SHIVER, Spirit fierce and bold, At thought of what I now behold: As vapours breathed from dungeons cold Strike pleasure dead,

So sadness comes from out the mould Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near, And thou forbidden to appear? As if it were thyself that's here I shrink with pain; 10 And both my wishes and my fear Alike are vain.

Off weight — nor press on weight! — away Dark thoughts! - they came, but not to

stay; With chastened feelings would I pay 15 The tribute due

To him, and aught that hides his clay From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth He sang, his genius 'glinted' forth, 20 Rose like a star that touching earth, For so it seems,

Doth glorify its humble birth With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow, The struggling heart, where be they now? — Full soon the Aspirant of the plough, The prompt, the brave,

Slept, with the obscurest, in the low And silent grave.

I mourned with thousands, but as one More deeply grieved, for He was gone Whose light I hailed when first it shone, And showed my youth

How Verse may build a princely throne 35 On humble truth.

Alas! where'er the current tends, Regret pursues and with it blends, — Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends

By Skiddaw seen,— Neighbours we were, and loving friends We might have been;		Their utmost bounty on thy head: And these grey rocks; that househeavn;	ıold 5
True friends though diversely inclined; But heart with heart and mind with mind	d,	Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn; This fall of water that doth make A murmur near the silent lake; This little bay; a quiet road	
Through Nature's skill, May even by contraries be joined More closely still.		That holds in shelter thy Abode — In truth together do ye seem Like something fashioned in a dream; Such Forms as from their covert peep	10
At this dread moment — even so — Might we together	50	When earthly cares are laid asleep! But, O fair Creature! in the light Of common day, so heavenly bright, I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,	15
Have sate and talked where gowans blow. Or on wild heather.		I bless thee with a human heart; God shield thee to thy latest years!	90
Within my reach; of knowledge graced By fancy what a rich repast!	55	Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers; And yet my eyes are filled with tears. With earnest feeling I shall pray For thee when I am far away: For never saw I mien, or face,	20
But why go on? — Oh! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast, His grave grass-grown.	30	In which more plainly I could trace Benignity and home-bred sense Ripening in perfect innocence.	25
	35	Here scattered, like a random seed, Remote from men, Thou dost not need The embarrassed look of shy distress, And maidenly shamefacedness: Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear	30
Some sad delight.		The freedom of a Mountaineer: A face with gladness overspread!	
For he is safe, a quiet bed		Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!	35
Hath early found among the dead,		And seemliness complete, that sways	
Harboured where none can be misled,		Thy courtesies, about thee plays;	
		With no restraint, but such as springs	
And surely here it may be said That such are blest.		From quick and eager visitings Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach	40
		Of thy few words of English speech:	40
And oh for Thee, by pitying grace		A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife	
Checked oft-times in a devious race, May He, who halloweth the place 7	5	That gives thy gestures grace and life!	
Where Man is laid,		So have I, not unmoved in mind,	
Receive thy Spirit in the embrace		Seen birds of tempest-loving kind — Thus beating up against the wind.	45
For which it prayed!		What hand but would a garland cull	
Sighing I turned away; but ere		For thee who art so beautiful?	
	80	O happy pleasure! here to dwell Beside thee in some heathy dell;	50
Music that sorrow comes not near, A ritual hymn,		Adopt your homely ways, and dress.	00
Chanted in love that casts out fear		A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!	
By Seraphim.		But I could frame a wish for thee	
1842		More like a grave reality: Thou art to me but as a wave	==
		Of the wild sea; and I would have	55
TO A HIGHLAND GIRL		Some claim upon thee, if I could,	
•		Though but of common neighbourhood.	
Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower Of beauty is thy earthly dower!		What joy to hear thee, and to see!	0
Twice seven consenting years have shed		Thy elder Brother I would be, Thy Father — anything to thee!	60
		• 0	

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace Hath led me to this lonely place. Joy have I had; and going hence I bear away my recompense. In spots like these it is we prize Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes: Then, why should I be loth to stir? I feel this place was made for her; To give new pleasure like the past, Continued long as life shall last. Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart, Kweet Highland Girl from thee to part; For I, methinks, till I grow old, As I are before me shall behold, As I do now, the cabin small. The lake, the bay, the waterfall; And Thee, the Spirit of them all! THE SOLITARY REAPER BEHOLD her, single in the field, Yon solitary Highland Lass! Resping and singing by herself; Stop here, or gently pass! Alone she cuts and binds the grain, And sings a melancholy strain; O listen! for the Vale profound Is overflowing with the sound. No Nightingale did ever chaunt More welcome notes to weary bands of travellers in some shady haunt, Among Arabian sands: A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird, Breaking the silence of the seas Among the farthest Hebrides. Will no one tell me what she sings?—Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow For old, unhappy, far-off things, And battles long ago: Or is it some more humble lay, Familiar matter of to-day? Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain, That has been, and may be again? Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang as if her song could have no ending; I saw her singing at her work, And o'er the sickle bending; —I listened, motionless and still; And, as I mounted up the hill, The music in my heart I bore, Long after it was heard no more. Hat Park Mem Ceuckoo shall I call thee Bird. Or but a wandering Voice? O'unkeol shall I call thee Bird. Or but a wandering Voice? While I am lying on the grass. Thy twofold shout I hear; Thom hill to hill it seems to pass. At one of the origin and enarch. Though babbling only to the Vale, O's unshine and of flowers, I hou by it is seem of five spring the spring that the past. Though babbling only to			/	
Hath led me to this lonely place. Joy have I had; and going hence I bear away my recompense. In spots like these it is we prize Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes: Then, why should I be loth to stir? I feel this place was made for her; To give new pleasure like the past, Continued long as life shall last. Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart, Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part; For I, methinks, till I grow old, As fair before me shall behold, As I do now, the eabin small, The lake, the bay, the waterfall; And Thee, the Spirit of them all! THE SOLITARY REAPER BEHOLD her, single in the field, Yon solitary Highland Lass! Reaping and singing by herself; Stop here, or gently pass! Alone she cuts and binds the grain, And sings a melancholy strain; O listen! for the Vale profound Is overflowing with the sound. No Nightingale did ever chaunt More welcome notes to weary bands Of travellers in some shady haunt, Among Arabian sands: A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird, Breaking the silence of the seas Among the farthest Hebrides. Will no one tell me what she sings?— Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow For old, unhappy, far-off things, And battles long ago: Or is it some more humble lay, Familiar matter of to-day? Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain, That has been, and may be again? Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang As if her song could have no ending; I saw her singing at her work, And o'er the sickle bending;— I listened, motionless and still; And, as I mounted up the hill, The music in my heart I bore, Long after tit was heard no more.		its	TO THE CUCKOO	
Our Memory, feel that she hash eyes: Then, why should I be loth to stir? I feel this place was made for her; To give new pleasure like the past, Continued long as life shall last. Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart, Sweet Highland Girlf from thee to part; For I, methinks, till I grow old, As I do now, the cabin small, The lake, the bay, the waterfall: And Thee, the Spirit of them all! THE SOLITARY REAPER Benold her, single in the field, Yon solitary Highland Lass! Reaping and singing by herself; Stop here, or gently pass! Alone she cuts and binds the grain, And sings a melancholy strain; O listent for the Vale profound Is overflowing with the sound. No Nightingale did ever chaunt More welcome notes to weary bands of travellers in some shady haunt, Among Arabian sands: A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird, Breaking the silence of the seas Among the farthest Hebrides. Will no one tell me what she sings?—Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow For old, unhappy, far-off things, And battles long ago: Or is it some more humble lay, Familiar matter of to part; From hill to hill it seems to pass At once far off, and near. Though babbling only to the Vale, Of sunshine and of flowers, Thou bringset unto me a tale Of visionary hours. Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring! Even yet thou art to me No bird, but an invisible thing, A voice, a mystery; The same whom in my schooloby days I listened to; that Cry Which made me look a thousand ways In bush, and tree, and sky. To seek thee did I often rove Through woods and on the greas. And to use welcome, darling of the Spring! Even yet thou art to me No bird, but an invisible thing, A voice, a mystery; The same whom in my schooloby days I listened to; that Cry Which made me look a thousand ways In bush, and tree, and sky. To seek thee did I often rove Through woods and on the greas. And I can listen to the eyet; Can lie upon the plain And listen, the filed, Yor yet thou arting the wind may. SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT SHE Was a Plan	Hath led me to this lonely place. Joy have I had; and going hence I bear away my recompense.	65	I hear thee and rejoice. O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird.	
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	And, as I mounted up the hill, The music in my heart I bore, Long after it was heard no more.		A Spirit, yet a Woman too! Her household motions light and free,	

A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
smiles
20

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

30
1807

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

ODE TO DUTY

1807

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God! O Duty! if that name thou love Who art a light to guide, a rod To check the erring, and reprove; Thou, who art victory and law When empty terrors overawe; From vain temptations dost set free; And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power!
around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.

And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to
their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly,
if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

40

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee,
are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;

The confidence of reason give; 55
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

1807

ELEGIAC STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE, IN A STORM, PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT

I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile! Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee: I saw thee every day; and all the while Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air! 5 So like, so very like, was day to day! Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was there;

It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! it seemed no sleep:

No mood, which season takes away, or brings:

I could have fancied that the mighty Deep Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

Ah! then, if mine had been the Painter's hand,

To express what then I saw; and add the gleam.

The light that never was, on sea or land, 15 The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile Amid a world how different from this! Beside a sea that could not cease to smile; On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss. 20

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine

Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;— Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease, 25 Elysian quiet, without toil or strife; No motion but the moving tide, a breeze, Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart, Such Picture would I at that time have made: 30

And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betraved.

So once it would have been, —'t is so no more;

I have submitted to a new control:

A power is gone, which nothing can restore;

A deep distress hath humanised my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

40

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the Friend,

If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore, This work of thine I blame not, but commend;

This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 't is a passionate Work!—yet wise and well,

Well chosen is the spirit that is here;

That Hulk which labours in the deadly swell, This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime, I love to see the look with which it braves, 50 Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time, The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone, Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!

Such happiness, wherever it be known, 55 Is to be pitied; for 't is surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer, And frequent sights of what is to be borne! Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.—

Not without hope we suffer and we mourn. 60

1807

ODE

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOL-LECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,

The earth, and every common sight,

To me did seem Apparelled in celestial light,

The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore;—

Turn wheresoe'er I may, By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes, And lovely is the Rose,	Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting: The Soul that rises with us, our life's
The Moon doth with delight Look round her when the heavens are bare, Waters on a starry night Are beautiful and fair; 15	Star, Hath had elsewhere its setting, And cometh from afar: Not in entire forgetfulness,
The sunshine is a glorious birth; But yet I know, where'er I go,	And not in utter nakedness, But trailing clouds of glory do we come
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.	From God, who is our home: Heaven lies about us in our infancy! Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song, And while the young lambs bound 20 As to the tabor's sound,	Upon the growing Boy, But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
To me alone there came a thought of grief: A timely utterance gave that thought relief,	He sees it in his joy; 70 The Youth, who daily farther from the east
And I again am strong: The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep; 25	Must travel, still is Nature's Priest, And by the vision splendid Is on his way attended;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong; I hear the Echoes through the mountains	At length the Man perceives it die away, 75 And fade into the light of common day.
throng, The Winds come to me from the fields of	Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
sleep, And all the earth is gay; Land and sea 30	Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind, And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
Give themselves up to jollity, And with the heart of May	And no unworthy aim, The homely Nurse doth all she can
Doth every Beast keep holiday; — Thou Child of Joy, Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,	To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man, Forget the glories he hath known, And that imperial palace whence he came.
thou happy Shepherd-boy! 35	Behold the Child among his new-born
Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call Ye to each other make; I see The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;	blisses, A six years' Darling of a pigmy size! See, where 'mid work of his own hand he
My heart is at your festival, My head hath its coronal, 40	lies, Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.	With light upon him from his father's eyes. See, at his feet, some little plan or chart, 90
Oh evil day! if I were sullen While Earth herself is adorning, This sweet May-morning,	Some fragment from his dream of human life, Shaped by himself with newly-learned art; A wedding or a festival,
And the Children are culling 45 On every side, In a thousand valleys far and wide,	A mourning or a funeral; And this hath now his heart, And unto this he frames his song:
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,	Then will he fit his tongue To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:— I hear, I hear, with joy I hear! 50	But it will not be long Ere this be thrown aside,
— But there's a Tree, of many, one, A single Field which I have looked upon,	And with new joy and pride The little Actor cons another part; Filling from time to time his 'humorous
Both of them speak of something that is gone: The Pansy at my feet	stage' With all the Persons, down to palsied Age. That Life brings with her in her equi-
Doth the same tale repeat: 55 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?	page; 105 As if his whole vocation
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?	Were endless imitation.

160

170

180

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie Thy Soul's immensity; Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind, That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal Haunted for ever by the eternal mind. — Mighty Prophet! Seer blest! On whom those truths do rest, 115 Which we are toiling all our lives to find, In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave: Thou, over whom thy Immortality Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave. A Presence which is not to be put by; Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height, Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke The years to bring the inevitable yoke, Thus blindly with thy blessedness at Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight. And custom lie upon thee with a weight, Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life! O joy! that in our embers Is something that doth live, That nature yet remembers What was so fugitive! The thought of our past years in me doth breed Perpetual benediction: not indeed For that which is most worthy to be blest: 135 Delight and liberty, the simple creed Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest, With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast: -Not for these I raise The song of thanks and praise; 140 But for those obstinate questionings Of sense and outward things, Fallings from us, vanishings: Blank misgivings of a Creature Moving about in worlds not realised, High instincts before which our mortal Na-Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised: But for those first affections, Those shadowy recollections, 150 Which, be they what they may, Are yet the fountain-light of all our day, Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;

make

130 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake, 155 To perish never: Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeav-Nor Man nor Boy, Nor all that is at enmity with joy, Can utterly abolish or destroy! Hence in a season of calm weather Though inland far we be. Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea Which brought us hither, Can in a moment travel thither, And see the Children sport upon the shore. And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song! And let the young Lambs bound As to the tabor's sound! We in thought will join your throng, Ye that pipe and ye that play, Ye that through your hearts to-day Feel the gladness of the May! What though the radiance which was once so bright Be now for ever taken from my sight, Though nothing can bring back the hour Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the We will grieve not, rather find Strength in what remains behind: In the primal sympathy Which having been must ever be: In the soothing thoughts that spring Out of human suffering; the faith that looks through death. In years that bring the philosophic mind. And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves, they; The innocent brightness of a new-born Day Is lovely yet;

Forebode not any severing of our loves! Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might; I only have relinquished one delight To live beneath your more habitual sway. I love the Brooks which down their channels Even more than when I tripped lightly as

The Clouds that gather round the setting

Do take a sober colouring from an eye That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality; Another race hath been, and other palms are

Thanks to the human heart by which we live. 200

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears, To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
1807

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOUR AND BEAUTY

HAD this effulgence disappeared With flying haste, I might have sent, Among the speechless clouds, a look Of blank astonishment; But 't is endued with power to stay, And sanctify one closing day, That frail Mortality may see -What is? — ah no, but what can be! Time was when field and watery cove With modulated echoes rang, 10 While choirs of fervent Angels sang Their vespers in the grove; Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign Warbled, for heaven above and earth below, Strains suitable to both. — Such holy rite, 15 Methinks, if audibly repeated now From hill or valley, could not move Sublimer transport, purer love, Than doth this silent spectacle—the gleam -The shadow — and the peace supreme!

No sound is uttered, — but a deep And solemn harmony pervades The hollow vale from steep to steep, And penetrates the glades. Far-distant images draw nigh, 25 Called forth by wondrous potency Of beamy radiance, that imbues Whate'er it strikes with gem-like hues! In vision exquisitely clear, Herds range along the mountain side; 30 And glistening antlers are descried: And gilded flocks appear. Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve! But long as god-like wish, or hope divine, Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe That this magnificence is wholly thine! -From worlds not quickened by the sun A portion of the gift is won; An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread On ground which British shepherds tread! 40

And if there be whom broken ties Afflict, or injuries assail, You hazy ridges to their eyes Present a glorious scale,

To stop - no record hath told where! And tempting Fancy to ascend, And with immortal Spirits blend! — Wings at my shoulders seem to play; But, rooted here, I stand and gaze On those bright steps that heavenward raise Their practicable way. Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad. And see to what fair countries ve are bound! And if some traveller, weary of his road, 55 Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground, Ye Genii! to his covert speed; And wake him with such gentle heed As may attune his soul to meet the dower Bestowed on this transcendent hour! 60 Such hues from their celestial Urn Were wont to stream before mine eye, Where'er it wandered in the morn Of blissful infancy. This glimpse of glory, why renewed? 65 Nay, rather speak with gratitude; For, if a vestige of those gleams Survived, 't was only in my dreams. Dread Power! whom peace and calmness No less than Nature's threatening voice, 70 If aught unworthy be my choice, From Thee if I would swerve: Oh, let Thy grace remind me of the light Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored; Which, at this moment, on my waking sight Appears to shine, by miracle restored; My soul, though yet confined to earth, Rejoices in a second birth! — 'T is past, the visionary splendour fades: And night approaches with her shades.

Climbing suffused with sunny air,

45

TO A SKYLARK

1820

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!

Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?

Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?

Thy nest which thou canst drop into at

will,
Those quivering wings composed, that
music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood; A privacy of glorious light is thine; Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood Of harmony, with instinct more divine; 10 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam; True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

1827

No more of old romantic sorrows,
For slaughtered Youth or love-lorn Maid!
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet
dead.

1835

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG

When first, descending from the moorlands, I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide Along a bare and open valley, The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered, Through groves that had begun to shed Their golden leaves upon the pathways, My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer, 'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies; And death upon the braes of Yarrow, Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes:

Nor has the rolling year twice measured, From sign to sign, its steadfast course, Since every mortal power of Coleridge 15 Was frozen at its marvellous source;

The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits, Or waves that own no curbing hand, How fast has brother followed brother, From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
'Who next will drop and disappear?'

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness, Like London with its own black wreath, 30 On which with thee, O Crabbe! forthlooking, I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou too art gone before; but why,
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

40

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit, Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep; For Her who, ere her summer faded, Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

SONNETS

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1802

EARTH has not anything to show more fair: Dull would he be of soul who could pass by A sight so touching in its majesty: This City now doth, like a garment, wear The beauty of the morning; silent, bare, 5 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples like

Open unto the fields, and to the sky; All bright and glittering in the smokeless air. Never did sun more beautifully steep In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill; 10 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep! The river glideth at his own sweet will: Dear God! the very houses seem asleep; And all that mighty heart is lying still!

IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the
Sea:

5

Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder — everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me
here.

If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,

Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner
shrine,

God being with thee when we know it not.

LONDON, 1802

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour: England hath need of thee: she is a fen Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen, Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower, Have forfeited their ancient English dower 5
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the
sea;

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free, So didst thou travel on life's common way, In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

1807

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

THE world is too much with us; late and

Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:

Little we see in Nature that is ours;

We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon; 5
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping
flowers:

For this, for everything, we are out of tune; It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather

A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn; 10 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea, Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn:

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea; Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

1807

TO SLEEP

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by, One after one; the sound of rain, and bees Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and

Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;

I have thought of all by turns, and yet do

Sleepless! and soon the small birds' melodies Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;

And the first euckoo's melancholy cry. Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay

And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:

So do not let me wear to-night away:

Without Thee what is all the morning's

Come, blessèd barrier between day and day, Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

1807

NUNS FRET NOT

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room:

And hermits are contented with their cells; And students with their pensive citadels; Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom, Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for

bloom,
High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
In truth the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence for me,
In sundry moods, 't was pastime to be
bound

Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground; Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)

Who have felt the weight of too much liberty, Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

1807

SCORN NOT THE SONNET

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,

Mindless of its just honours; with this key Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;

A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;

With it Camöens' soothed an exile's grief; The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp, It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-

To struggle through dark ways; and when a

Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew

Soul-animating strains — alas, too few!

AFTER-THOUGHT

I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide,

As being past away. — Vain sympathies!

For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes, I see what was, and is, and will abide; Still glides the Stream, and shall forever glide:

The Form remains, the Function never dies; While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,

We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish; — be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have
bower

To live, and act, and serve the future hour; And if, as toward the silent tomb we go, Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,

We feel that we are greater than we know.
1820

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834)

DOMESTIC PEACE

Tell me, on what holy ground May Domestic Peace be found? Halcyon daughter of the skies, Far on fearful wings she flies, From the pomp of Sceptered State, From the Rebel's noisy hate. In a cottaged vale She dwells, Listening to the Sabbath bells! Still around her steps are seen Spotless Honour's meeker mien, 10 Love, the sire of pleasing fears, Sorrow smiling through her tears, And conscious of the past employ Memory, bosom-spring of joy. 1794

TO A FRIEND WHO ASKED,
HOW I FELT WHEN THE
NURSE FIRST PRESENTED MY
INFANT TO ME

Charles! my slow heart was only sad, when first

I scanned that face of feeble infancy:
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my child might be!
But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile)
Then I was thrilled and melted, and most
warm

Impressed a father's kiss: and all beguiled Of dark remembrance and presageful fear, 10 I seemed to see an angel-form appear — 'T was even thine, belovèd woman mild! So for the mother's sake the child was dear, And dearer was the mother for the child.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

PART I

It is an ancient Mariner, And he stoppeth one of three. So 'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye, Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide, 5 And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand,
'There was a ship,' quoth he.
'Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

'The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared, Merrily did we drop Below the kirk, below the hill, Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—' 30
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall, Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast, Yet he cannot choose but hear; And thus spake on that ancient man, The bright-eyed Mariner.

'And now the Storm-blast came, and he Was tyrannous and strong:

702 NINETEENT	1 CENTURI
He struck with his o'ertaking wings, And chased us south along.	Nor any day for food or play Came to the mariners' hollo! 9
With sloping masts and dipping prow, As who pursued with yell and blow Still treads the shadow of his foe, And forward bends his head, The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast, And southward aye we fled. 50	And I had done a hellish thing, And it would work 'em woe: For all averred, I had killed the bird That made the breeze to blow. Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay, That made the breeze to blow!
And now there came both mist and snow, And it grew wondrous cold: And ice, mast-high, came floating by, As green as emerald. And through the drifts the snowy clifts 55	Nor dim nor red, like God's own head, The glorious Sun uprist: Then all averred, I had killed the bird That brought the fog and mist. 'T was right, said they, such birds to slay,
Did send a dismal sheen: Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken— The ice was all between. The ice was here, the ice was there,	That bring the fog and mist. The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew, The furrow followed free; We were the first that ever burst Into that silent sea.
The ice was all around: It cracked and growled, and roared and howled, Like noises in a swound! At length did cross an Albatross,	Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down 'T was sad as sad could be; And we did speak only to break The silence of the sea!
Thorough the fog it came; As if it had been a Christian soul, We hailed it in God's name. 65	All in a hot and copper sky, The bloody Sun, at noon, Right up above the mast did stand,
It ate the food it ne'er had eat, And round and round it flew. The ice did split with a thunder-fit; The helmsman steered us through! 70 And a good south wind sprung up behind;	No bigger than the Moon. Day after day, day after day, We stuck, nor breath nor motion; As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean.
The Albatross did follow, And every day, for food or play, Came to the mariner's hollo! In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, 75	Water, water, every where, And all the boards did shrink; Water, water, every where,
It perched for vespers nine; Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white, Glimmered the white Moon-shine.'	Nor any drop to drink. The very deep did rot: O Christ! That ever this should be! Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs 12.
'God save thee, ancient Mariner! From the fiends, that plague thee thus! — 80 Why look'st thou so?' — With my cross- bow I shot the Albatross.	About, about, in reel and rout The death-fires danced at night; The water, like a witch's oils,
PART II The Sun now rose upon the right: Out of the sea came he,	And some in dreams assured were Of the Spirit that plagued us so; Nine fathom deep he had followed us From the land of mist and snow.
Still hid in mist, and on the left Went down into the sea. And the good south wind still blew behind, But no sweet bird did follow,	And every tongue, through utter drought, 13 Was withered at the root; We could not speak, no more than if We had been choked with soot.

140

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks Had I from old and young! Instead of the cross, the Albatross About my neck was hung.

PART III

There passed a weary time. Each throat Was parched, and glazed each eye. A weary time! a weary time! 145 How glazed each weary eye, When looking westward, I beheld A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked, We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked, Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more! Hither to work us weal; Without a breeze, without a tide, She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly 175
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars, (Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

180

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud) How fast she nears and nears! Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun, Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun 185 Did peer, as through a grate? And is that Woman all her crew? Is that a Death? and are there two? Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I 've won! I 've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!

The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;

From the sails the dew did drip — Till clomb above the eastern bar The hornèd Moon, with one bright star 210 Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon, Too quick for groan or sigh, Each turned his face with a ghastly pang, And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men, (And I heard nor sigh nor groan) With heavy thump, a lifeless lump, They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,— 220
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART IV

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye, And thy skinny hand, so brown.'— Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest! 230 This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone, Alone on a wide wide sea! And never a saint took pity on My soul in agony.

235

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close, And the balls like pulses beat; For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky 250 Lay like a load on my weary eye, And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs, Nor rot nor reek did they: The look with which they looked on me 255 Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside —

Her beams bemocked the sultry main, Like April hoar-frost spread; But where the ship's huge shadow lay, The charmèd water burnt alway 270 A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship, I watched the water-snakes: They moved in tracks of shining white, And when they reared, the elfish light 275 Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship I watched their rich attire: Blue, glossy green, and velvet black, They coiled and swam; and every track 280 Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue Their beauty might declare: A spring of love gushed from my heart, And I blessed them unaware: Sure my kind saint took pity on me, And I blessed them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole! To Mary Queen the praise be given! She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, 295 That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold, My garments all were dank; Sure I had drunken in my dreams, And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs: 305 I was so light — almost I thought that I had died in sleep, And was a blessèd ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black
cloud;
320
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship, Yet now the ship moved on! Beneath the lightning and the Moon The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose, Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;

It had been strange, even in a dream, To have seen those dead men rise.	The sails at noon left off their tune, And the ship stood still also.
The helmsman steered, the ship moved on; 335 Yet never a breeze up-blew; The mariners all 'gan work the ropes, Where they were wont to do; They raised their limbs like lifeless tools— We were a ghastly crew. 340	The Sun, right up above the mast, Had fixed her to the ocean: But in a minute she 'gan stir, With a short uneasy motion— Backwards and forwards half her length With a short uneasy motion.
The body of my brother's son Stood by me, knee to knee: The body and I pulled at one rope, But he said nought to me.	Then like a pawing horse let go, She made a sudden bound: It flung the blood into my head, And I fell down in a swound.
'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!' Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest! 'T was not those souls that fled in pain, Which to their corses came again, But a troop of spirits blest:	How long in that same fit I lay, I have not to declare; But ere my living life returned, I heard and in my soul discerned Two voices in the air.
For when it dawned—they dropped their arms, 350 And clustered round the mast; Sweet sounds rose slowly through their	'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man? By him who died on cross, With his cruel bow he laid full low The harmless Albatross. 400
mouths, And from their bodies passed. Around, around, flew each sweet sound, Then darted to the Sun; Slowly the sounds came back again,	The spirit who bideth by himself In the land of mist and snow, He loved the bird that loved the man Who shot him with his bow.' The other was a sefter value.
Now mixed, now one by one. Sometimes a-dropping from the sky I heard the sky-lark sing; Sometimes all little birds that are, 360	The other was a softer voice, As soft as honey-dew: Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done, And penance more will do.'
How they seemed to fill the sea and air With their sweet jargoning!	PART VI
And now 't was like all instruments, Now like a lonely flute; And now it is an angel's song, That makes the heavens be mute.	First voice 'But tell me, tell me! speak again, Thy soft response renewing — What makes that ship drive on so fast? What is the ocean doing?'
It ceased; yet still the sails made on A pleasant noise till noon, A noise like of a hidden brook In the leafy month of June, That to the sleeping woods all night	Second voice 'Still as a slave before his lord, The ocean hath no blast; His great bright eye most silently
Singeth a quiet tune. Till noon we quietly sailed on, Yet never a breeze did breathe: Slowly and smoothly went the ship, Moved onward from beneath.	Up to the Moon is cast — If he may know which way to go; For she guides him smooth or grim. See, brother, see! how graciously She looketh down on him.'
Under the keel nine fathom deep, From the land of mist and snow, The spirit slid: and it was he That made the ship to go. 380	First voice 'But why drives on that ship so fast, Without or wave or wind?'

Second Voice	So smoothly it was strough	
'The air is cut away before, And closes from behind. 425	So smoothly it was strewn! And on the bay the moonlight lay, And the shadow of the Moon. 42	7
Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high! Or we shall be belated: For slow and slow that ship will go, When the Mariner's trance is abated.'	The rock shone bright, the kirk no less, That stands above the rock: The moonlight steeped in silentness The steady weathercock.	
I woke, and we were sailing on As in a gentle weather: 'T was night, calm night, the moon was high; The dead men stood together.	And the bay was white with silent light, 48 Till rising from the same, Full many shapes, that shadows were, In crimson colours came.	80
All stood together on the deck, For a charnel-dungeon fitter: All fixed on me their stony eyes, That in the Moon did glitter.	A little distance from the prow Those crimson shadows were: I turned my eyes upon the deck— Oh, Christ! what saw I there!	88
The pang, the curse, with which they died, Had never passed away: I could not draw my eyes from theirs, 440 Nor turn them up to pray.	Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat, And, by the holy rood! A man all light, a seraph-man, On every corse there stood.	90
And now this spell was snapt: once more I viewed the ocean green, And looked far forth, yet little saw Of what had else been seen — 445	This seraph-band, each waved his hand: It was a heavenly sight! They stood as signals to the land, Each one a lovely light; 49	95
Like one, that on a lonesome road Doth walk in fear and dread, And having once turned round walks on, And turns no more his head;	This seraph-band, each waved his hand, No voice did they impart— No voice; but oh! the silence sank Like music on my heart.	
Because he knows, a frightful fiend 250 Doth close behind him tread. But soon there breathed a wind on me,	But soon I heard the dash of oars, I heard the Pilot's cheer; My head was turned perforce away And I saw a boat appear.	OC
Nor sound nor motion made: Its path was not upon the sea, In ripple or in shade. 455 It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek	The Pilot and the Pilot's boy, I heard them coming fast: Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy The dead men could not blast.	D&
Like a meadow-gale of spring— It mingled strangely with my fears, Yet it felt like a welcoming.	I saw a third — I heard his voice: It is the Hermit good! He singeth loud his godly hymns 55	10
Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, Yet she sailed softly too: Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze— On me alone it blew.	That he makes in the wood. He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away The Albatross's blood.	
Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed The light-house top I see? Is this the hill? is this the kirk? Is this mine own countree?	This Hermit good lives in that wood Which slopes down to the sea. How loudly his sweet voice he rears!	15
We drifted o'er the harbour-bar, And I with sobs did pray — O let me be awake, my God! 470	He loves to talk with marineres That come from a far countree.	
Or let me sleep alway.	He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve— He hath a cushion plump: 52	20

It is the moss that wholly hides The rotted old oak-stump.	And now, all in my own countree, I stood on the firm land! The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk, 'Why, this is strange, I trow!	And scarcely he could stand.
Where are those lights so many and fair, 525 That signal made but now?'	'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!' The Hermit crossed his brow. 'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say —
'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said— 'And they answered not our cheer!	What manner of man art thou?'
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,	Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched With a woful agony,
How thin they are and sere! 530 I never saw aught like to them, Unless perchance it were	Which forced me to begin my tale; 580 And then it left me free.
Brown skeletons of leaves that lag	Since then, at an uncertain hour, That agony returns:
My forest-brook along; When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow, 535	And till my ghastly tale is told, This heart within me burns. 585
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below, That eats the she-wolf's young.'	I pass, like night, from land to land;
'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look —	I have strange power of speech; That moment that his face I see,
(The Pilot made reply) I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on!' 540 Said the Hermit cheerily.	I know the man that must hear me: To him my tale I teach. 590
The boat came closer to the ship,	What loud uproar bursts from that door! The wedding-guests are there:
But I nor spake nor stirred; The boat came close beneath the ship,	But in the garden-bower the bride And bride-maids singing are:
And straight a sound was heard. 545	And hark the little vesper bell, Which biddeth me to prayer!
Under the water it rumbled on, Still louder and more dread:	O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
It reached the ship, it split the bay; The ship went down like lead.	Alone on a wide wide sea: So lonely 't was, that God himself
Stunned by that loud and dreadful	Scarce seemed there to be. 600
sound, 550 Which sky and ocean smote,	O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned My body lay afloat;	'T is sweeter far to me, To walk together to the kirk With a goodly company!—
But swift as dreams, myself I found Within the Pilot's boat. 555	To walk together to the kirk, 605
Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,	And all together pray, While each to his great Father bends,
The boat spun round and round; And all was still, save that the hill Was telling of the sound.	Old men, and babes, and loving friends And youths and maidens gay!
I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked 560	Farewell, farewell! but this I tell To thee, thou Wedding-Guest! 610
And fell down in a fit; The holy Hermit raised his eyes,	He prayeth well, who loveth well Both man and bird and beast.
And prayed where he did sit.	He prayeth best, who loveth best
I took the oars: the Pilot's boy, Who now doth crazy go, 565	All things both great and small; For the dear God who loveth us,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while	He made and loveth all.
His eyes went to and fro. 'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see, The Devil knows how to row.'	The Mariner, whose eye is bright, Whose beard with age is hoar,

Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest 620 Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned, And is of sense forlorn: A sadder and a wiser man, He rose the morrow morn. 625

1798

CHRISTABEL

PART I

'T is the middle of night by the castle clock, And the owls have awakened the crowing cock; Tu — whit! — Tu — whoo!

And hark, again! the crowing cock, How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich, Hath a toothless mastiff bitch; From her kennel beneath the rock She maketh answer to the clock, Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour: 10 Ever and aye, by shine and shower, Sixteen short howls, not over loud; Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark? The night is chilly, but not dark. 15 The thin gray cloud is spread on high, It covers but not hides the sky. The moon is behind, and at the full; And yet she looks both small and dull. The night is chill, the cloud is gray: 20 'T is a month before the month of May, And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel, Whom her father loves so well, What makes her in the wood so late, 25 A furlong from the castle gate? She had dreams all yesternight Of her own betrothèd knight: And she in the midnight wood will pray For the weal of her lover that's far away, 30

She stole along, she nothing spoke, The sighs she heaved were soft and low, And naught was green upon the oak But moss and rarest misletoe: She kneels beneath the huge oak tree, And in silence prayeth she.

40

The lady sprang up suddenly, The lovely lady, Christabel! It moaned as near, as near can be, But what it is she cannot tell. -

On the other side it seems to be. Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare; Is it the wind that moaneth bleak? There is not wind enough in the air 45 To move away the ringlet curl From the lovely lady's cheek -There is not wind enough to twirl The one red leaf, the last of its clan, That dances as often as dance it can, 50 Hanging so light, and hanging so high, On the topmost twig that looks up at the

Hush, beating heart of Christabel! Jesu, Maria, shield her well! She folded her arms beneath her cloak, And stole to the other side of the oak. What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright, Drest in a silken robe of white, That shadowy in the moonlight shone: The neck that made that white robe wan, Her stately neck, and arms were bare; Her blue-veined feet unsandaled were, And wildly glittered here and there The gems entangled in her hair. I guess, 't was frightful there to see A lady so richly clad as she-Beautiful exceedingly!

Mary mother, save me now! (Said Christabel,) And who art thou? 70

The lady strange made answer meet, And her voice was faint and sweet: — Have pity on my sore distress, I scarce can speak for weariness: Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear! 75 Said Christabel, How camest thou here? And the lady, whose voice was faint and

Did thus pursue her answer meet: —

My sire is of a noble line, And my name is Geraldine: 80 Five warriors seized me yestermorn, Me, even me, a maid forlorn: They choked my cries with force and fright, And tied me on a palfrey white. The palfrey was as fleet as wind, 85 And they rode furiously behind.

They spurred amain, their steeds were white: And once we crossed the shade of night. As sure as Heaven shall rescue me, I have no thought what men they be; 90 Nor do I know how long it is (For I have lain entranced I wis)

Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some muttered words his comrades spoke:
He placed me underneath this oak;
He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past, 100
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,
And comforted fair Geraldine: 105
O well, bright dame! may you command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall.

She rose: and forth with steps they passed That strove to be, and were not, fast.

Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:
All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth,
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched
out.

The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear, 135
They crossed the court: right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side,
Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress! 140
Alas, alas! said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for weariness.
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.

The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!

The brands were flat, the brands were dying,

Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline
tall,

Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall. O softly tread, said Christabel, My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And jealous of the listening air
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death, with stifled breath!
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.

She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?
Christabel answered — Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the grey-haired friar tell
How on her death-bed she did say,

That she should hear the castle-bell Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.	200	A sight to dream of, not to tell! O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!
O mother dear! that thou wert here! I would, said Geraldine, she were!		Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs; Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
But soon with altered voice, said she— 'Off, wandering mother! Peak pine! I have power to bid thee flee.' Alas! what ails poor Geraldine? Why stares she with unsettled eye? Can she the bodiless dead espy? And why with hollow voice cries she,	and 205	Deep from within she seems half-way To lift some weight with sick assay, And eyes the maid and seeks delay; Then suddenly, as one defied, Collects herself in scorn and pride, And lay down by the Maiden's side! And in her arms the maid she took, Ah wel-a-day!
'Off, woman, off! this hour is mine— Though thou her guardian spirit be, Off, woman, off! 't is given to me.'		And with low voice and doleful look These words did say: 'In the touch of this bosom there worketh a
Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side And raised to heaven her eyes so blue — Alas! said she, this ghastly ride — Dear lady! it hath wildered you! The lady wiped her moist cold brow, And faintly said, ''t is over now!'		spell, Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabell Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to- morrow, This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow; 270
Again the wild-flower wine she drank: Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright, And from the floor whereon she sank, The lofty lady stood upright: She was most beautiful to see, Like a lady of a far countrée.	220 225	But vainly thou warrest, for this is alone in Thy power to declare, That in the dim forest Thou heard'st a low moaning, And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair; And didst bring her home with thee in love
And thus the lofty lady spake — 'All they who live in the upper sky, Do love you, holy Christabel! And you love them, and for their sake And for the good which me befel,	230	and in charity, To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.'
Even I in my degree will try, Fair maiden, to requite you well. But now unrobe yourself; for I Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.'	-00	THE CONCLUSION TO PART I It was a lovely sight to see The lady Christabel, when she Was praying at the old oak tree.
Quoth Christabel, So let it be! And as the lady bade, did she. Her gentle limbs did she undress, And lay down in her loveliness.	235	Amid the jaggèd shadows Of mossy leafless boughs, Kneeling in the moonlight, To make her gentle vows; Her slender palms together prest,
But through her brain of weal and woe So many thoughts moved to and fro, That vain it were her lids to close; So half-way from the bed she rose, And on her elbow did recline To look at the lady Geraldine.	240	Heaving sometimes on her breast; Her face resigned to bliss or bale — Her face, oh call it fair not pale, And both blue eyes more bright than clear, 290 Each about to have a tear.
Beneath the lamp the lady bowed, And slowly rolled her eyes around; Then drawing in her breath aloud, Like one that shuddered, she unbound The cincture from beneath her breast: Her silken robe, and inner vest, Dropt to her feet, and full in view, Behold! her bosom and half her side—	245	With open eyes (ah woe is me!) Asleep, and dreaming fearfully, Fearfully dreaming, yet, I wis, Dreaming that alone, which is — 295 O sorrow and shame! Can this be she, The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree? And lo! the worker of these harms, That holds the maiden in her arms,

Seems to slumber still and mild. 300 In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair, 350 As a mother with her child. And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent, With ropes of rock and bells of air A star hath set, a star hath risen. Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent, O Geraldine! since arms of thine Who all give back, one after t'other, Have been the lovely lady's prison. The death-note to their living brother: O Geraldine! one hour was thine -305 And oft too, by the knell offended, Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill, Just as their one! two! three! is ended, The night-birds all that hour were still. The devil mocks the doleful tale But now they are jubilant anew, With a merry peal from Borodale. From cliff and tower, tu - whoo! tu -The air is still! through mist and cloud whoo! 360 That merry peal comes ringing loud; Tu - whoo! tu - whoo! from wood and And Geraldine shakes off her dread. fell! 310 And rises lightly from the bed; And see! the lady Christabel Puts on her silken vestments white, Gathers herself from out her trance: And tricks her hair in lovely plight. 365 Her limbs relax, her countenance And nothing doubting of her spell Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids Awakens the lady Christabel. Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds — 315 'Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel? Large tears that leave the lashes bright! I trust that you have rested well.' And oft the while she seems to smile As infants at a sudden light! And Christabel awoke and spied 370 The same who lay down by her side -Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep, O rather say, the same whom she Like a vouthful hermitess. 320 Raised up beneath the old oak tree! Beauteous in a wilderness, Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair! Who, praying always, prays in sleep. For she belike hath drunken deep 375 And, if she move unquietly, Of all the blessedness of sleep! Perchance, 't is but the blood so free And while she spake, her looks, her air Comes back and tingles in her feet. Such gentle thankfulness declare, No doubt, she hath a vision sweet. That (so it seemed) her girded vests What if her guardian spirit 't were, Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts. 380 What if she knew her mother near? 'Sure I have sinned!' said Christabel, 'Now heaven be praised if all be well!' But this she knows, in joys and woes,.. That saints will aid if men will call: 330 And in low faltering tones, yet sweet, For the blue sky bends over all! Did she the lofty lady greet With such perplexity of mind 385 As dreams too lively leave behind. PART II So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed Each matin bell, the Baron saith, Her maiden limbs, and having prayed Knells us back to a world of death. That He, who on the cross did groan, These words Sir Leoline first said, Might wash away her sins unknown. 390 When he rose and found his lady dead: 335 She forthwith led fair Geraldine These words Sir Leoline will say To meet her sire, Sir Leoline. Many a morn to his dying day! The lovely maid and the lady tall And hence the custom and law began Are pacing both into the hall, That still at dawn the sacristan, And pacing on through page and groom, 395 Who duly pulls the heavy bell, 340 Enter the Baron's presence-room. Five and forty beads must tell Between each stroke — a warning knell, The Baron rose, and while he prest Which not a soul can choose but hear His gentle daughter to his breast, From Bratha Head to Wyndermere. With cheerful wonder in his eyes The lady Geraldine espies, 400 Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell! 345 And gave such welcome to the same, And let the drowsy sacristan As might beseem so bright a dame! Still count as slowly as he can! There is no lack of such, I ween, But when he heard the lady's tale,

And when she told her father's name,

As well fill up the space between.

405 Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale, Murmuring o'er the name again, Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas! they had been friends in youth; But whispering tongues can poison truth; And constancy lives in realms above; 410 And life is thorny; and youth is vain; And to be wroth with one we love Doth work like madness in the brain. And thus it chanced, as I divine, With Roland and Sir Leoline. 415 Each spake words of high disdain And insult to his heart's best brother: They parted - ne'er to meet again! But never either found another To free the hollow heart from paining — 420 They stood aloof, the scars remaining, Like cliffs which had been rent asunder; A dreary sea now flows between; — But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder, Shall wholly do away, I ween, 425 The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space, Stood gazing on the damsel's face: And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine 430 Came back upon his heart again. O then the Baron forgot his age, His noble heart swelled high with rage; He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side He would proclaim it far and wide, With trump and solemn heraldry. That they, who thus had wronged the dame, Were base as spotted infamy! 'And if they dare deny the same, My herald shall appoint a week, And let the recreant traitors seek 440 My tourney court — that there and then I may dislodge their reptile souls From the bodies and forms of men!' He spake: his eye in lightning rolls! For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he kenned In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!

And now the tears were on his face. And fondly in his arms he took Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace, Prolonging it with joyous look. 450 Which when she viewed, a vision fell Upon the soul of Christabel, The vision of fear, the touch and pain! She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again -(Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee, 455 Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)

Again she saw that bosom old, Again she felt that bosom cold, And drew in her breath with a hissing sound:

wildly Knight turned Whereat the round. 460 And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid With eves upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away, And in its stead that vision blest, Which comforted her after-rest 465 While in the lady's arms she lay, Had put a rapture in her breast, And on her lips and o'er her eyes Spread smiles like light!

With new surprise, 'What ails then my beloved child?' 470 The Baron said — His daughter mild Made answer, 'All will yet be well!' I ween, she had no power to tell Aught else: so mighty was the spell.

Yet he, who saw this Geraldine, 475 Had deemed her sure a thing divine: Such sorrow with such grace she blended, As if she feared she had offended Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid! And with such lowly tones she prayed She might be sent without delay Home to her father's mansion.

'Nay! Nay, by my soul!' said Leoline. 'Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine! Go thou, with music sweet and loud, And take two steeds with trappings proud, And take the youth whom thou lov'st best To bear thy harp, and learn thy song, And clothe you both in solemn vest, And over the mountains haste along, 490 Lest wandering folk, that are abroad, Detain you on the valley road.

'And when he has crossed the Irthing flood, My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood, And reaches soon that castle good Which stands and threatens Scotland's

'Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are

wastes.

Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,

More loud than your horses' echoing 500

And loud and loud to Lord Roland call, Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall! Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free — Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me! He bids thee come without delay 505 With all thy numerous array And take thy lovely daughter home:

And he will meet thee on the way
With all his numerous array
White with their panting palfreys' foam: 510
And, by mine honour! I will say,
That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of fierce disdain
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine! —
— For since that evil hour hath flown,
Many a summer's sun hath shone;
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine.'

The lady fell, and clasped his knees. Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing; 520 And Bracy replied, with faltering voice, His gracious Hail on all bestowing! — 'Thy words, thou sire of Christabel, Are sweeter than my harp can tell; Yet might I gain a boon of thee, This day my journey should not be, So strange a dream hath come to me, That I had vowed with music loud To clear you wood from thing unblest, Warned by a vision in my rest! 530 For in my sleep I saw that dove, That gentle bird, whom thou dost love, And call'st by thy own daughter's name -Sir Leoline! I saw the same Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan, 535 Among the green herbs in the forest alone. Which when I saw and when I heard, I wondered what might ail the bird; For nothing near it could I see, Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree.

'And in my dream methought I went To search out what might there be found; And what the sweet bird's trouble meant, That thus lay fluttering on the ground. I went and peered, and could descry 545 No cause for her distressful cry; But yet for her dear lady's sake I stooped, methought, the dove to take, When lo! I saw a bright green snake Coiled around its wings and neck. 550 Green as the herbs on which it couched, Close by the dove's its head it crouched; And with the dove it heaves and stirs, Swelling its neck as she swelled hers! I woke; it was the midnight hour, 555 The clock was echoing in the tower; But though my slumber was gone by, This dream it would not pass away -It seems to live upon my eye! And thence I vowed this self-same day 560 With music strong and saintly song To wander through the forest bare, Lest aught unholy loiter there.'

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while, Half-listening heard him with a smile; 565 Then turned to Lady Geraldine, His eyes made up of wonder and love: And said in courtly accents fine. 'Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove, With arms more strong than harp Thy sire and I will crush the snake!' He kissed her forehead as he spake. And Geraldine in maiden wise Casting down her large bright eyes, With blushing cheek and courtesy fine 575 She turned her from Sir Leoline: Softly gathering up her train. That o'er her right arm fell again; And folded her arms across her chest. And couched her head upon her breast, And looked askance at Christabel -Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy;
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
585
And with somewhat of malice, and more of
dread,
At Christabel she looked askance!—
One moment—and the sight was fled!
But Christabel in dizzy trance
Stumbling on the unsteady ground
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turned round,

And like a thing, that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She rolled her large bright eyes divine 595
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone. She nothing sees — no sight but one! The maid, devoid of guile and sin, I know not how, in fearful wise, 600 So deeply had she drunken in That look, those shrunken serpent eyes, That all her features were resigned To this sole image in her mind: And passively did imitate 605 That look of dull and treacherous hate! And thus she stood, in dizzy trance, Still picturing that look askance With forced unconscious sympathy Full before her father's view -610 As far as such a look could be In eyes so innocent and blue!

And when the trance was o'er, the maid Paused awhile, and inly prayed:
Then falling at the Baron's feet,
'By my mother's soul do I entreat
That thou this woman send away!'

She said: and more she could not say:
For what she knew she could not tell,
O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.
620

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
Sir Leoline? Thy only child
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
So fair, so innocent, so mild;
The same, for whom thy lady died!
O by the pangs of her dear mother
Think thou no evil of thy child!
For her, and thee, and for no other,
She prayed the moment ere she died:
Prayed that the babe for whom she died, 630
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,

Sir Leoline!
And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,
Her child and thine?
635

Within the Baron's heart and brain If thoughts, like these, had any share, They only swelled his rage and pain, And did but work confusion there. His heart was cleft with pain and rage, His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild, Dishonoured thus in his old age; Dishonoured by his only child, And all his hospitality To the wronged daughter of his friend 645 By more than woman's jealousy Brought thus to a disgraceful end — He rolled his eye with stern regard Upon the gentle minstrel bard, And said in tones abrupt, austere -650 'Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here? I bade thee hence!' The bard obeyed; And turning from his own sweet maid, The agèd knight, Sir Leoline, Led forth the lady Geraldine! 655

THE CONCLUSION TO PART II

A little child, a limber elf, Singing, dancing to itself, A fairy thing with red round cheeks, That always finds, and never seeks, Makes such a vision to the sight 660 As fills a father's eyes with light; And pleasures flow in so thick and fast Upon his heart, that he at last Must needs express his love's excess With words of unmeant bitterness. 665 Perhaps 't is pretty to force together Thoughts so all unlike each other: To mutter and mock a broken charm. To dally with wrong that does no harm. Perhaps 't is tender too and pretty 670 At each wild word to feel within

A sweet recoil of love and pity.

And what, if in a world of sin
(O sorrow and shame should this be true!)
Such giddiness of heart and brain
675
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
So talks as it 's most used to do.

KUBLA KHAN

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan A stately pleasure-dome decree: Where Alph, the sacred river, ran Through caverns measureless to man Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous
rills

Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;

And here were forests ancient as the hills, 10 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted

Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted

As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted

By woman wailing for her demon-lover!

And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,

As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,

A mighty fountain momently was forced: Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst 20 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail, Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail: And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and

It flung up momently the sacred river. Five miles meandering with a mazy motion

Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to

And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure

The shadow of the dome of pleasure Floated midway on the waves; Where was heard the mingled measure From the fountain and the caves. It was a miracle of rare device,

A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

35

A damsel with a dulcimer In a vision once I saw: It was an Abyssinian maid, And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,

To such a deep delight 't would win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

1816

FROST AT MIDNIGHT

The Frost performs its secret ministry, Unhelped by any wind. The owlet's cry Came loud — and hark, again! loud as before.

The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits 5
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'T is calm indeed! so calm, that it disurbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and
wood.

This populous village! Sea, and hill, and

wood,

With all the numberless goings-on of life, Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not; Only that film, which fluttered on the

grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,

Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit 20

By its own moods interprets, every where Echo or mirror seeking of itself,

And makes a toy of Thought.

But O! how oft, How oft, at school, with most believing mind, Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars, 25 To watch that fluttering stranger! and as oft With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt Of my sweet birth-place, and the old churchtower.

Whose bells, the poor man's only music,

From morn to evening, all the hot Fairday, 30 So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear Most like articulate sounds of things to come! So gazed I, till the soothing things, I dreamt, Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams!

And so I brooded all the following morn, Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye Fixed with mock study on my swimming

Save if the door half opened, and I snatched A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up.

For still I hoped to see the stranger's face, Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved, My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,

Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,

45

Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other

And in far other scenes! For I was reared In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim, And saw nought lovely but the sky and

But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze

By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags 55
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and

And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear

The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible Of that eternal language, which thy God 60 Utters, who from eternity doth teach Himself in all, and all things in himself. Great universal Teacher! he shall mould Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee, 65

Whether the summer clothe the general earth With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch Of mossy apple-tree, while the night hatch Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-

drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

1798

FRANCE: AN ODE

YE Clouds! that far above me float and pause.

Whose pathless march no mortal may con-

troul!

Ye Ocean-Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,

Yield homage only to eternal laws!

Ye Woods! that listen to the night-birds singing, 5

Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,

Save when your own imperious branches swinging,

Have made a solemn music of the wind! Where, like a man beloved of God,

Through glooms, which never woodman trod, 10

How oft, pursuing fancies holy, My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I

Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable

sound!

O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high! 15

And O ye Clouds that far above me soared!

Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!

Yea, every thing that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still
adored 20

The spirit of divinest Liberty.

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,

And with that oath, which smote air, earth, and sea,

Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,

Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared! 25

With what a joy my lofty gratulation Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:

And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
The Monarchs marched in evil day, 30
And Britain joined the dire array;

Though dear her shores and circling ocean, Though many friendships, many youthful loves

Had swoln the patriot emotion

And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;

Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat

To all that braved the tyrant-quelling

And shame too long delayed and vain retreat!

For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy
flame:
40

But blessed the peans of delivered France,

And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

'And what,' I said, 'though Blasphemy's loud scream

With that sweet music of deliverance strove!

Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove 45

A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream!

Ye storms, that round the dawning East assembled,

The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light!'
And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped

and trembled,

The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright;

When France her front does seewed and

When France her front deep-scarred and gory

Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory;

When, insupportably advancing, Her arm made mockery of the warrior's

While timid looks of fury glancing, 55 Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,

Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore; Then I reproached my fears that would not flee;

'And soon,' I said, 'shall Wisdom teach her lore

In the low huts of them that toil and groan!

And conquering by her herricas along

And, conquering by her happiness alone, Shall France compel the nations to be

Till Love and Joy look round, and call the Earth their own.'

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!

I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,

From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent— I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams!

Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,

And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountainsnows

With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that I cherished 70

One thought that ever blessed your cruel

To scatter rage, and traitorous guilt, Where Peace her jealous home had built:

A patriot-race to disinherit

Of all that made their stormy wilds so 75

And with inexpiable spirit

To taint the bloodless freedom of the moun-

O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous,

And patriot only in pernicious toils!

Are these thy boasts, Champion of human

To mix with Kings in the low lust of

Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous

To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray?

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in

Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad

They burst their manacles and wear the

Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain! O Liberty! with profitless endeavour

Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour; 90 But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever

Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human

Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee, (Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee)

Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions.

And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves, Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,

The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!

And there I felt thee! — on that sea-cliff's

Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze

Had made one murmur with the distant surge!

Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples

And shot my being through earth, sea, and

Possessing all things with intensest love, O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there. 105

DEJECTION: AN ODE

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon. With the old Moon in her arms: And I fear, I fear, my Master dear! We shall have a deadly storm. -Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence

Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made

The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence, This night, so tranquil now, will not go

Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade Than those which mould you cloud in lazy

Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes

Upon the strings of this Æolian lute. Which better far were mute. For lo! the New-moon winter-bright! And overspread with phantom light, (With swimming phantom light o'erspread

But rimmed and circled by a silver thread) I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling The coming-on of rain and squally blast.

And oh! that even now the gust were swell-And the slant night-shower driving loud

and fast!

Those sounds which oft have raised me. whilst they awed, And sent my soul abroad,

Might now perhaps their wonted impulse

Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and

A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief, Which finds no natural outlet, no relief, In word, or sigh, or tear-

O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood, 25 To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed.

All this long eve, so balmy and serene, Have I been gazing on the western sky,

And its peculiar tint of yellow green: And still I gaze — and with how blank an

And those thin clouds above, in flakes and

That give away their motion to the stars: Those stars, that glide behind them or be-

Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always

Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew 35

In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue; I see them all so excellently fair, I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

My genial spirits fail;
And what can these avail
40
To lift the smothering weight from off my
breast?

It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to
win
45
The passion and the life, whose fountains are

within.

O Lady! we receive but what we give, And in our life alone does Nature live: Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!

And would we aught behold, of higher worth, 50

Than that inanimate cold world allowed To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd, Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth

A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud Enveloping the Earth —

And from the soul itself must there be sent A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth, Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me What this strong music in the soul may be! 60

What, and wherein it doth exist,

This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,

This beautiful and beauty-making power.

Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was
given.

Save to the pure, and in their purest hour, 65 Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,

Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower
A new Earth and new Heaven.

Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud — 70

Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud —

We in ourselves rejoice!

And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,

All melodies the echoes of that voice, All colours a suffusion from that light. 75

There was a time when, though my path was rough,

This joy within me dallied with distress, And all misfortunes were but as the stuff Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness:

For hope grew round me, like the twining vine, 80
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed

mine.

But now afflictions bow me down to earth: Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth; But oh! each visitation

Suspends what nature gave me at my birth, 85

My shaping spirit of Imagination.

For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient, all I can;

And haply by abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural
man — 90

This was my sole resource, my only plan: Till that which suits a part infects the whole, And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,

Reality's dark dream! 95

I turn from you, and listen to the wind, Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream

Of agony by torture lengthened out

That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that rav'st without,

Bare crag, of mountain-tairn, or blasted tree,

Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,

Or lonely house, long held the witches' home, Methinks were fitter instruments for thee, Mad Lutanist! who in this month of showers,

Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,

Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,

The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.

Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold!
What tall'et thou pow about?

What tell'st thou now about? 110
'T is of the rushing of an host in rout,
With groans, of trampled men, with smart-

ing wounds —

once they groan with pain, and shudder

At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!

But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!
And all that noise, as of a rushing
crowd,
115

With groans, and tremulous shudderings all is over—

It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!

A tale of less affright,

And tempered with delight, As Otway's self had framed the tender lay, —
"T is of a little child

Upon a lonesome wild,

Not far from home, but she hath lost her

And now moans low in bitter grief and fear, And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

'T is midnight, but small thoughts have I of

Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep! Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of heal-

And may this storm be but a mountain-

May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,

Silent as though they watched the sleeping

With light heart may she rise, Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,

Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice; To her may all things live, from pole to

Their life the eddying of her living soul! O simple spirit, guided from above, Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice, Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

1802

HYMN BEFORE SUN-RISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star In his steep course? So long he seems to pause

On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc, The Arve and Arveiron at thy base Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful

Form! Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines, How silently! Around thee and above Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black, An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it, As with a wedge! But when I look again, 10 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine, Thy habitation from eternity!

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee, Till thou, still present to the bodily sense, Didst vanish from my thought: entranced

in prayer I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody, So sweet, we know not we are listening to it, Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,

Yea, with my Life and Life's own secret iov:

Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused, Into the mighty vision passing — there

As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise Thou owest! not alone these swelling

Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake, Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!

Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn. Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the

O struggling with the darkness all the night,

And visited all night by troops of stars, Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:

Companion of the morning-star at dawn, Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter

praise! Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth? Who filled thy countenance with rosy light? Who made thee parent of perpetual streams? And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely

glad!

Who called you forth from night and utter death, From dark and icy caverns called you forth,

Down those precipitous, black, jaggèd rocks, For ever shattered and the same for ever? Who gave you your invulnerable life,

Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,

Unceasing thunder and eternal foam? And who commanded (and the silence came). Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye Ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's

Adown enormous ravines slope amain — 50 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,

And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven

Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the

Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your

God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,

Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God! God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds! And they too have a voice, you piles of snow, And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God! Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost! Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest! Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds! Ye signs and wonders of the element! Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise! Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks, Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard, Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou That as I raise my head, awhile bowed In adoration, upward from thy base Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,

Earth! 80
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to
Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,

Rise like a cloud of incense from the

To rise before me — Rise, O ever rise,

Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell you rising sun
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises
God.

85

1802

THE PAINS OF SLEEP

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to Love compose,
In humble trust mine eye-lids close,
With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought exprest,
Only a sense of supplication;
A sense o'er all my soul imprest
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, every where
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

But yester-night I prayed aloud In anguish and in agony, 15 Up-starting from the fiendish crowd Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me: A lurid light, a trampling throng, Sense of intolerable wrong, And whom I scorned, those only strong! 20 Thirst of revenge, the powerless will Still baffled, and yet burning still! Desire with loathing strangely mixed On wild or hateful objects fixed. Fantastic passions! maddening brawl! 25 And shame and terror over all! Deeds to be hid which were not hid, Which all confused I could not know Whether I suffered, or I did: For all seemed guilt, remorse or woe, My own or others still the same 30 Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.

So two nights passed: the night's dismay Saddened and stunned the coming day. Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me Distemper's worst calamity. The third night, when my own loud scream Had waked me from the fiendish dream. O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild, I wept as I had been a child; And having thus by tears subdued My anguish to a milder mood, Such punishments, I said, were due To natures deepliest stained with sin, -For aye entempesting anew 45 The unfathomable hell within, The horror of their deeds to view, To know and loathe, yet wish and do! 1816

YOUTH AND AGE

Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying, Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee— Both were mine! Life went a-maying With Nature, Hope, and Poesy, When I was young!

When I was young? — Ah, woful When! Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then! This breathing house not built with hands, This body that does me grievous wrong, O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands, 10 How lightly then it flashed along: — Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore, On winding lakes and rivers wide, That ask no aid of sail or oar, That fear no spite of wind or tide! 15 Nought cared this body for wind or weather When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like; Friendship is a sheltering tree; O! the joys, that came down shower-like, 20 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty, Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah woful Ere, Which tells me, Youth's no longer here! O Youth! for years so many and sweet, 'T is known, that Thou and I were one, I'll think it but a fond conceit -It cannot be that Thou art gone! Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled: — And thou wert aye a masker bold! 30 What strange disguise hast now put on, To make believe, that thou art gone? I see these locks in silvery slips, This drooping gait, this altered size: But Spring-tide blossoms on thy lips. And tears take sunshine from thine eyes! Life is but thought: so think I will That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old:

That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismist;
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

1

WORK WITHOUT HOPE

ALL Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair —

The bees are stirring - birds are on the

wing—
And Winter slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor
sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,

Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.

Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye

For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams,

With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll:

And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?

Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve, And Hope without an object cannot live.

1828

EPITAPH

Stop, Christian passer-by! — Stop, child of God,

And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod

A poet lies, or that which once seemed he.
O, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.;
That he who many a year with toil of breath

Found death in life, may here find life in death!

Mercy for praise — to be forgiven for fame He asked, and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the same!

1834

Walter Scott (1771-1832)

LOCHINVAR

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west, Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;

And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,

He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone. So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war, 5 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,

He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;

But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,

The bride had consented, the gallant came late:

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war, Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall, Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,

(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)

'O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war, Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?' 'I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied: -Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its And now am I come, with this lost love of To lead but one measure, drink one cup of There are maidens in Scotland more levely by far. That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar. The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup. She looked down to blush, and she looked up With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eve. He took her soft hand, ere her mother could 'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar. So stately his form, and so lovely her face, That never a hall such a galliard did grace; While her mother did fret, and her father did fume, And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume; And the bride-maidens whispered, "T were better by far, To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar. One touch to her hand, and one word in her When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near; So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung, So light to the saddle before her he sprung! 'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur; They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar. There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan; Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran: There was racing and chasing on Cannobie But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see. So daring in love, and so dauntless in war, Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

MARMION

15 (will canto vi. - THE BATTLE WHILE great events were on the gale, And each hour brought a varying tale, And the demeanour, changed and cold, Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold, And, like the impatient steed of war, 5 He snuffed the battle from afar: And hopes were none, that back again Herald should come from Terouenne, Where England's king in leaguer lay, Before decisive battle-day; 10 Whilst these things were, the mournful Clare Did in the Dame's devotions share: For the good Countess ceaseless prayed To Heaven and Saints, her sons to aid, And, with short interval, did pass From prayer to book, from book to mass, And all in high Baronial pride, — A life both dull and dignified: Yet as Lord Marmion nothing pressed Upon her intervals of rest, 20 Dejected Clara well could bear The formal state, the lengthened prayer, Though dearest to her wounded heart The hours that she might spend apart. I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep Hung o'er the margin of the deep. Many a rude tower and rampart there Repelled the insult of the air, Which, when the tempest vexed the sky, Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by. 30 Above the rest, a turret square Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear, Of sculpture rude, a stony shield; The Bloody Heart was in the Field. And in the chief three mullets stood. The cognizance of Douglas blood. The turret held a narrow stair, Which, mounted, gave you access where A parapet's embattled row Did seaward round the castle go. 40 Sometimes in dizzy steps descending, Sometimes in narrow circuit bending, Sometimes in platform broad extending, Its varying circle did combine Bulwark, and bartizan, and line, 45 And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign; Above the booming ocean leant The far-projecting battlement; The billows burst, in ceaseless flow, Upon the precipice below. Where'er Tantallon faced the land, 50

and walls, were strongly

Gate-works,

1808

manned;

No need upon the sea-girt side;

Approach of human step denied; And thus these lines and ramparts rude Were left in deepest solitude.	55
And, for they were so lonely, Clare Would to these battlements repair, And muse upon her sorrows there,	60
And list the sea-bird's cry; Or slow, like noontide ghost, would glide Along the dark-grey bulwarks' side, And ever on the heaving tide	
Look down with weary eye. Oft did the cliff and swelling main Recall the thoughts of Whitby's fane,— A home she ne'er might see again;	65
For she had laid adown, So Douglas bade, the hood and veil, And frontlet of the cloister pale,	70
And Benedictine gown: It were unseemly sight, he said, A novice out of convent shade.	1
Now her bright locks, with sunny glow, Again adorned her brow of snow; Her mantle rich, whose borders, round, A deep and fretted broidery bound,	7.5
In golden foldings sought the ground; Of holy ornament, alone Remained a cross with ruby stone;	80
And often did she look On that which in her hand she bore, With velvet bound, and broidered o'er, Her breviary book.	95
In such a place, so lone, so grim, At dawning pale, or twilight dim, It fearful would have been	00
To meet a form so richly dressed With book in hand, and cross on breast, And such a woful mien.	90
Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his bow, To practise on the gull and crow, Saw her, at distance, gliding slow,	95
And did by Mary swear Some love-lorn Fay she might have been Or, in Romance, some spell-bound Queen For ne'er in work-day world was seen A form so witching fair.	1,
Once walking thus, at evening tide,	100
It chanced a gliding sail she spied, And, sighing, thought—'The Abbess, the Perchance, does to her home repair;	
Her peaceful rule, where Duty, free, Walks hand in hand with Charity; Where oft Devotion's tranced glow	105

Can such a glimpse of heaven bestow,

110

That the enraptured sisters see

High vision and deep mystery; The very form of Hilda fair,

The steeny rock and frontic tide

Hovering upon the sunny air, And smiling on her votaries' prayer. O! wherefore, to my duller eye. Did still the Saint her form deny! Was it, that, seared by sinful scorn, 115 My heart could neither melt nor burn? Or lie my warm affections low, With him, that taught them first to glow? Yet, gentle Abbess, well I knew, To pay thy kindness grateful due, 120 And well could brook the mild command. That ruled thy simple maiden band. How different now! condemned to bide My doom from this dark tyrant's pride. But Marmion has to learn, ere long, 125 That constant mind, and hate of wrong, Descended to a feeble girl, From Red De Clare, stout Gloster's Earl: Of such a stem, a sapling weak, He ne'er shall bend, although he break. 130 'But see! what makes this armour here?'— For in her path there lay Targe, corslet, helm; she viewed them near. 'The breast-plate pierced! — Ay, much I Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's spear. That hath made fatal entrance here, As these dark blood-gouts say. Thus Wilton — oh! not corslet's ward, Nor truth, as diamond pure and hard, Could be thy manly bosom's guard, On you disastrous day!' She raised her eyes in mournful mood, — Wilton himself before her stood! It might have seemed his passing ghost, For every youthful grace was lost; And joy unwonted, and surprise, Gave their strange wildness to his eyes. Expect not, noble dames and lords, That I can tell such scene in words: What skilful limner e'er would choose 150 To paint the rainbow's varying hues, Unless to mortal it were given To dip his brush in dyes of heaven? Far less can my weak line declare Each changing passion's shade; 155 Brightening to rapture from despair, Sorrow, surprise, and pity there, And joy, with her angelic air, And hope, that paints the future fair, Their varying hues displayed: 160 Each o'er its rival's ground extending, Alternate conquering, shifting, blending, Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield, And mighty Love retains the field. Shortly I tell what then he said, 165 By many a tender word delayed,

And modest blush, and bursting sigh,	I will not name his name!
And question kind, and fond reply:	Vengeance to God alone belongs;
THE QUONIQUE ALLEGE CONTROL OF THE PARTY OF	But, when I think on all my wrongs, 225
'Forget we that disastrous day,	My blood is liquid flame!
When senseless in the lists I lay. 170	
Thence dragged, - but how I cannot	
know,	Dark looks we did exchange:
For sense and recollection fled, —	What were his thoughts I cannot tell; 230
I found me on a pallet low,	But in my bosom mustered Hell
Within my ancient beadsman's shed.	Its plans of dark revenge.
Austin, - remember'st thou, my Clare, 175	
How thou didst blush, when the old man,	'A word of vulgar augury,
When first our infant love began,	That broke from me, I scarce knew why,
Said we would make a matchless pair? —	
Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled	Which wrought upon his moody sprite,
From the degraded traitor's bed, — 180	
He only held my burning head,	I borrowed steed and mail,
And tended me for many a day,	And weapons, from his sleeping band;
While wounds and fever held their sway.	And, passing from a postern door, 240
But far more needful was his care,	We met, and countered hand to hand, -
When sense returned to wake despair; 185	TT 0 11 0100 1
For I did tear the closing wound,	For the death-stroke my brand I drew,
And dash me frantic on the ground,	(O then my helmèd head he knew,
If e'er I heard the name of Clare.	The Palmer's cowl was gone,) 245
At length, to calmer reason brought,	Then had three inches of my blade
Much by his kind attendance wrought, 190	CD3 1 114 6 71
With him I left my native strand,	My hand the thought of Austin staid;
And, in a Palmer's weeds arrayed,	I left him there alone.
My hated name and form to shade,	O good old man! even from the grave 250
I journeyed many a land;	Thy spirit could thy master save:
No more a lord of rank and birth, 195	If I had slain my foeman, ne'er
But mingled with the dregs of earth.	Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear,
Oft Austin for my reason feared,	Given to my hand this packet dear,
When I would sit, and deeply brood	Of power to clear my injured fame, 255
On dark revenge, and deeds of blood,	And vindicate De Wilton's name.
Or wild mad schemes upreared. 200	Perchance you heard the Abbess tell
My friend at length fell sick, and said,	Of the strange pageantry of Hell,
God would remove him soon:	That broke our secret speech —
And, while upon his dying bed,	It rose from the infernal shade, 260
He begged of me a boon —	Or featly was some juggle played,
If e'er my deadliest enemy 205	A tale of peace to teach.
Beneath my brand should conquered lie,	Appeal to Heaven I judged was best,
Even then my mercy should awake,	When my name came among the rest.
And spare his life for Austin's sake.	
(0) 11	'Now here, within Tantallon Hold, 265
'Still restless as a second Cain,	To Douglas late my tale I told,
To Scotland next my route was ta'en, 210	To whom my house was known of old.
Full well the paths I knew.	Won by my proofs, his falchion bright
Fame of my fate made various sound,	This eve anew shall dub me knight.
That death in pilgrimage I found,	These were the arms that once did turn 270
That I had perished of my wound,	The tide of fight on Otterburne,
None cared which tale was true: 215	And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,
And living eye could never guess	When the Dead Douglas won the field.
De Wilton in his Palmer's dress;	These Angus gave — his armourer's care,
For now that sable slough is shed,	Ere morn shall every breach repair; 275
And trimmed my shaggy beard and head,	For nought, he said, was in his halls,
I scarcely know me in the glass. 220	But ancient armour on the walls,
A chance most wondrous did provide,	And agèd chargers in the stalls,
That I should be that baron's guide—	And women, priests, and grey-haired men,

				•
The rest were all in Twisel glen.	900	1	Decide him ancient Assure at a 3	
And now I watch my armour here,	280	3	Beside him ancient Angus stood,	
Pro low of armed till midwight to		1	Doffed his furred gown, and sable hood:	
By law of arms, till midnight's near;			O'er his huge form and visage pale,	
Then, once again a belted knight,		1	He wore a cap and shirt of mail;	
Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of light.			And leaned his large and wrinkled hand	340
			Upon the huge and sweeping brand	
'There soon again we meet, my Clare!	285		Which wont of yore, in battle fray,	
This Baron means to guide thee there:		17	His foeman's limbs to shred away,	
Douglas reveres his King's command,		j	As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.	
Else would he take thee from his band.		-	He seemed of from the tamber and	0.48
And there the kingman Commercial			He seemed as, from the tombs around	345
And there thy kinsman, Surrey, too,			Rising at judgment-day,	
Will give De Wilton justice due.	290		Some giant Douglas may be found	
Now meeter far for martial broil,			In all his old array;	
Firmer my limbs, and strung by toil,			So pale his face, so huge his limb,	
Once more' - 'O Wilton! must we then	ı	Ý	So old his arms, his look so grim.	350
Risk new-found happiness again,			,	
Trust fate of arms once more?	295	5.	Then at the altar Wilton kneels,	
And is there not an humble glen,			And Clare the spurs bound on his heels;	
Where we, content and poor,			And think what next he must have felt,	
Might build a cottage in the shade,			At buckling of the falchion belt!	
				255
A shepherd thou, and I to aid	000		And judge how Clara changed her hue,	999
Thy task on dale and moor?	300		While fastening to her lover's side	
That reddening brow! — too well I know	w,		A friend, which, though in danger tried,	
Not even thy Clare can peace bestow,			He once had found untrue!	
While falsehood stains thy name:			Then Douglas struck him with his blade	:
Go then to fight! Clare bids thee go!			'Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,	360
Clare can a warrior's feelings know,	305		I dub thee knight.	
And weep a warrior's shame,			Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir!	
Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,			For King, for Church, for Lady fair,	
Buckle the spurs upon thy heel,			See that thou fight.'—	
And belt thee with thy brand of steel,			And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,	365
	010		Said — 'Wilton! grieve not for thy woe	
And send thee forth to fame!'	310			10,
mb - t winkt owner the make and have			Disgrace, and trouble;	
That night, upon the rocks and bay,			For He who honour best bestows,	
The midnight moonbeam slumbering la	ıy,		May give thee double.'—	
And poured its silver light, and pure,			De Wilton sobbed, for sob he must—	370
Through loop-hole, and through embraz	zure		'Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust	
Upon Tantallon's tower and hall;	315		That Douglas is my brother!'—	
But chief where arched windows wide			'Nay, nay,' old Angus said, 'not so;	
Illuminate the chapel's pride,			To Surrey's camp thou now must go,	
The sober glances fall.			Thy wrongs no longer smother.	375
Much was there need; though, seamed v	with		I have two sons in yonder field;	
scars,	, 2042		And, if thou meet'st them under shield,	
Two veterans of the Douglas' wars,	320		Upon them bravely — do thy worst;	
	040		And foul fall him that blenches first!	
Though two grey priests were there,			And four fair filling that plentines in st.	
And each a blazing torch held high,			Not for advanced man manning day	000
You could not by their blaze descry			Not far advanced was morning day,	380
The chapel's carving fair.			When Marmion did his troop array	
Amid that dim and smoky light,	325		To Surrey's camp to ride;	
Chequering the silvery moonshine bright	t,		He had safe conduct for his band,	
A bishop by the altar stood,			Beneath the royal seal and hand,	
A noble lord of Douglas blood,			And Douglas gave a guide:	385
With mitre sheen, and rocquet white.			The ancient Earl, with stately grace,	
Yet showed his meek and thoughtful eye	330		Would Clara on her palfrey place,	
But little pride of prelacy;			And whispered in an under tone,	
More pleased that, in a barbarous age,			'Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.'	
				390
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,			But Marmion stopped to bid adieu: —	
Than that beneath his rule he held	995		'Though something I might plain,' he sa	bie
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.	335		Though someoning I might plant, he so	all,

'Of cold respect to stranger guest, Sent hither by your king's behest, While in Tantallon's towers I staid; Part we in friendship from your land, And, noble Earl, receive my hand. But Douglas round him drew his cloak, Folded his arms, and thus he spoke: 'My manors, halls, and bowers shall still 400 Be open, at my Sovereign's will, To each one whom he lists, howe'er Unmeet to be the owner's peer. My castles are my King's alone, 405 From turret to foundation-stone -The hand of Douglas is his own; And never shall in friendly grasp The hand of such as Marmion clasp.'

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire, And shook his very frame for ire, And 'This to me!' he said; 'An 't were not for thy hoary beard, Such hand as Marmion's had not spared To cleave the Douglas' head! And, first I tell thee, haughty Peer, 415 He who does England's message here, Although the meanest in her state, May well, proud Angus, be thy mate: And, Douglas, more I tell thee here, Even in thy pitch of pride, 420 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near — (Nay, never look upon your lord, And lay your hands upon your sword!) I tell thee, thou'rt defied! And if thou said'st I am not peer 425 To any lord in Scotland here, Lowland or Highland, far or near, Lord Angus, thou hast lied!' On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage O'ercame the ashen hue of age: 430 Fierce he broke forth, 'And dar'st thou then To beard the lion in his den, The Douglas in his hall? And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go? No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no! Up drawbridge, grooms — what, warder, ho! Let the portcullis fall.' Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need. And dashed the rowels in his steed, Like arrow through the archway sprung, 440 The ponderous grate behind him rung: To pass there was such scanty room, The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,

He halts, and turns with clenched hand, And shout of loud defiance pours, And shook his gauntlet at the towers. 'Horse! horse!' the Douglas cried, chase!' But soon he reined his fury's pace: 'A royal messenger he came, Though most unworthy of the name. - 455 A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed! Did ever knight so foul a deed! At first in heart it liked me ill, When the king praised his clerkly skill. Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine, 460 Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line: So swore I, and I swear it still. Let my boy-bishop fret his fill. Saint Mary mend my fiery mood! Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood, I thought to slay him where he stood. 'T is pity of him too,' he cried: 'Bold can he speak, and fairly ride, I warrant him a warrior tried. With this his mandate he recalls, 470 And slowly seeks his castle halls.

The day in Marmion's journey wore: Yet, ere his passion's gust was o'er, They crossed the heights of Stanrig-moor. His troop more closely there he scanned, 475 And missed the Palmer from the band. 'Palmer or not,' young Blount did say, 'He parted at the peep of day; Good sooth, it was in strange array.' 'In what array?' said Marmion quick. 480 'My lord, I ill can spell the trick; But all night long, with clink and bang, Close to my couch did hammers clang; At dawn the falling drawbridge rang, And from a loop-hole while I peep. 485 Old Bell-the-Cat came from the Keep, Wrapped in a gown of sables fair, As fearful of the morning air; Beneath, when that was blown aside, A rusty shirt of mail I spied, 490 By Archibald won in bloody work, Against the Saracen and Turk: Last night it hung not in the hall; I thought some marvel would befall. And next I saw them saddled lead 495 Old Cheviot forth, the Earl's best steed, A matchless horse, though something old. Prompt in his paces, cool and bold. I heard the Sheriff Sholto say, The Earl did much the Master pray 500 To use him on the battle-day; But he preferred' -- 'Nay, Henry, cease! Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace. Eustace, thou bear'st a brain — I pray, What did Blount see at break of day?'

	WALIER	SCOTT
	'In brief, my lord, we both descried (For then I stood by Henry's side) The Palmer mount, and outwards ride, Upon the Earl's own favourite steed: All sheathed he was in armour bright, And much resembled that same knight, Subdued by you in Cotswold fight: Lord Angus wished him speed.'	The eastern sunbeam shines. Their front now deepening, no Their flank inclining, wheeling, Now drawing back, and now de The skilful Marmion well could They watched the motions of so Who traversed on the plain bel
	The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke, A sudden light on Marmion broke; 'Ah! dastard fool, to reason lost!'	Even so it was. From Flodden The Scots beheld the English Leave Barmore-wood, their
	He muttered; ''t was nor fay nor ghost I met upon the moonlight wold, But living man of earthly mould. O dotage blind and gross! 520	And heedful watched the crossed The Till by Twisel Bridge. High sight it is and haughty,
	Had I but fought as wont, one thrust Had laid De Wilton in the dust, My path no more to cross. How stand we now? — he told his tale	They dive into the deep defi Beneath the caverned cliff th Beneath the castle's airy wal By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-
	To Douglas; and with some avail; 525 'T was therefore gloomed his rugged brow. Will Surrey dare to entertain,	Troop after troop are disapped Troop after troop their being,
	'Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and vain? Small risk of that, I trow.	Upon the eastern bank you see Still pouring down the rocky do Where flows the sullen Till,
	Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun, 530 Must separate Constance from the Nun — O what a tangled web we weave,	And rising from the dim-wood Standards on standards, men o In slow succession still,
	When first we practise to deceive! A Palmer too! — no wonder why I felt rebuked beneath his eye: I might have known there was but one, Whose look could quell Lord Marmion.'	And, sweeping o'er the Gothic: And pressing on, in ceaseless m To gain the opposing hill. That morn, to many a trumpet Twisel! thy rock's deep echo ra
,	Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed His troop, and reached at eve the Tweed,	And many a chief of birth and Saint Helen! at thy fountain di Thy hawthorn glade, which no
	Where Lennel's convent closed their march; 540 (There now is left but one frail arch,	In spring-tide bloom so lavish Had then from many an axe its To give the marching columns
	Yet mourn thou not its cells; Our time a fair exchange has made; Hard by, in hospitable shade,	And why stands Scotland idly Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow
	A reverend pilgrim dwells, 545 Well worth the whole Bernardine brood, That e'er wore sandal, frock, or hood.) Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there	Since England gains the pass th And struggles through the deep What checks the fiery soul of J Why sits that champion of the
	Give Marmion entertainment fair, And lodging for his train and Clare. 550 Next morn the Baron climbed the tower, To view afar the Scottish power,	Inactive on his steed, And sees, between him and his Between him and Tweed strand,
	Encamped on Flodden edge: The white pavilions made a show, Like remnants of the winter snow, 555	His host Lord Surrey lead? What 'vails the vain knight-en O, Douglas, for thy leading wa
	Along the dusky ridge. Long Marmion looked: at length his eye Unusual movement might descry	Fierce Randolph, for thy spec O! for one hour of Wallace wig! Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule th
	Amid the shifting lines: The Scottish host drawn out annears 560	And cry, 'Saint Andrew and ou

For, flashing on the hedge of spears

g, now extending; ing, bending, w descending, 565 ould know of some foe. below. dden ridge glish host 570 neir evening post, them as they ghty, while defile; 575 iff they fall, wall; orn-tree, sappearing; ir banners rear-580 see; cy den, ïill, rood glen, en on men, 585 thic arch, ss march. mpet clang, 590 o rang; and rank, in drank. now we see vishly, 595 ke its doom, nns room. idly now, brow, ss the while, 600 deep defile? of James? the dames his land, 605 weed's southern d? it-errant's brand? wand! speed! 610 wight, le the fight, d our right!' t morn, From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn, 615

And Flodden had been Bannockbourne!	A caution not in vain;
The precious hour has passed in vain,	Deep need that day that every string,
And England's host has gained the plain;	By wet unharmed, should sharply ring.
Wheeling their march, and circling still,	A moment then Lord Marmion staid,
Around the base of Flodden hill. 620	And breathed his steed, his men arrayed, 675 Then forward moved his band,
Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye	Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
	He halted by a Cross of Stone,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,	That, on a hillock standing lone,
'Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!	Did all the field command. 680
And see ascending squadrons come	Did an the neid command.
Between Tweed's river and the hill, 625	TT : 1 / 47 47 . C. 11
Foot, horse, and cannon: hap what hap,	Hence might they see the full array
My basnet to a prentice cap,	Of either host, for deadly fray;
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!	Their marshaled lines stretched east and
Yet more! yet more! — how fair arrayed	west,
They file from out the hawthorn shade, 630	And fronted north and south,
And sweep so gallant by!	And distant salutation passed 685
With all their banners bravely spread,	From the loud cannon mouth;
And all their armour flashing high,	Not in the close successive rattle,
Saint George might waken from the dead,	That breathes the voice of modern battle,
To see fair England's standards fly.' 635	But slow and far between.
'Stint in thy prate,' quoth Blount, 'thou 'dst	The hillock gained, Lord Marmion staid: 690
best,	'Here, by this Cross,' he gently said,
And listen to our lord's behest.'	'You well may view the scene.
	Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare:
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,	
'This instant be our band arrayed;	O! think of Marmion in thy prayer!
The river must be quickly crossed, 640	Thou wilt not? — well, no less my care 695
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.	Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.
If fight King James, — as well I trust,	You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
That fight he will, and fight he must, —	With ten picked archers of my train;
The Lady Clare behind our lines	With England if the day go hard,
Shall tarry, while the battle joins.' 645	To Berwick speed amain. 700
TTP 10.1 10. 1 1 1 1 1	But if we conquer, cruel maid,
Himself he swift on horseback threw,	My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu;	When here we meet again.'
Far less would listen to his prayer	He waited not for answer there,
To leave behind the helpless Clare.	And would not mark the maid's despair, 705
Down to the Tweed his band he drew, 650	Nor heed the discontented look
And muttered as the flood they view,	From either squire; but spurred amain,
'The pheasant in the falcon's claw,	And, dashing through the battle plain,
He scarce will yield to please a daw:	His way to Surrey took.
Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,	January Control of the Control of th
So Clare shall bide with me.' 655	'The good Lord Marmion, by my life! 710
Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,	Welcome to danger's hour!
Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,	Short greeting serves in time of strife:
He ventured desperately:	Thus have I ranged my power:
And not a moment will he bide,	Myself will rule this central host,
Till squire, or groom, before him ride; 660	01 1 01 1 0 1 13 1 13 1
Headmost of all he stems the tide,	
And stems it gallantly.	My sons command the va'ward post,
Eustace held Clare upon her horse,	With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;
Old Hubert led her rein	Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
Old Hubert led her rein,	Shall be in rearward of the fight,
Stoutly they braved the current's course, 665	And succour those that need it most. 720
And, though far downward driven per	Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
force,	Would gladly to the vanguard go;
The southern bank they gain;	Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,
Behind them, straggling, came to shore,	With thee their charge will blithely share;
As best they might, the train:	There fight thine own retainers too, 725
Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore, 670	Beneath De Burg, thy steward true.'

'Thanks, noble Surrey!' Marmion said,	
Non farther greating there he will	
Nor farther greeting there he paid;	
But, parting like a thunderbolt,	
First in the vanguard made a halt,	730
Where such a shout there rose	
Of Marmion! Marmion! that the arre	
Of Marmion! Marmion! that the cry,	
Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,	
Startled the Scottish foes.	
Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still	735
With Lady Clare upon the hill!	100
On 1° 1 (6 6 d)	
On which (for far the day was spent),	
The western sunbeams now were bent.	
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,	
Could plain their distant comrades view:	740
Codic to Diant did Front to and	140
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,	
'Unworthy office here to stay!	
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.	
But see! look up — on Flodden bent	
The Scottish for has fixed his tent?	FIAE
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.'	745
And sudden, as he spoke,	
From the sharp ridges of the hill,	
All downward to the banks of Till,	
Was wreathed in sable smoke.	
	W No.
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,	750
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,	
As down the hill they broke;	
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,	
Announced their march; their tread ale	one
	755
At times a stifled hum,	
Told England, from his mountain-throne)
King James did rushing come.	
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,	760
Until at weapon-point they close.	760
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,	
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrus	t:
And such a yell was there,	,
Of sudden and portentous birth,	
As if men fought upon the earth,	765
And fiends in upper air;	
O life and death were in the shout,	
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,	
Necon and rany, charge and rout,	
And triumph and despair.	
Long looked the anxious squires; ti	heir
eye	770
Could in the darkness nought descry.	
Could in the darkness hought desery.	
At 1 and the familiaries and the black	
At length the freshening western blast	
Aside the shroud of battle cast;	
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears	
Above the brightening cloud appears;	775
Thought of the principle of the dipolition	

And in the smoke the pennons flew,

As in the storm the white sea-mew.

And plumèd crests of chieftains brave

Floating like foam upon the wave;

But nought distinct they see:

The broken billows of the war,

Fell England's arrow-flight like rain; Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again, Wild and disorderly. Amid the scene of tumult, high They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly: And stainless Tunstall's banner white. 790 And Edmund Howard's lion bright. Still bear them bravely in the fight: Although against them come, Of gallant Gordons many a one, And many a stubborn Badenoch-man. 795 And many a rugged Border clan, With Huntly, and with Home. Far on the left, unseen the while, Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle; Though there the western mountaineer Rushed with bare bosom on the spear, And flung the feeble targe aside, And with both hands the broadsword plied. 'T was vain: - But Fortune, on the right, fickle smile, cheered Scotland's With fight. 805 Then fell that spotless banner white, The Howard's lion fell; Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew With wavering flight, while fiercer grew Around the battle-yell. 810 The Border slogan rent the sky! A Home! a Gordon! was the cry: Loud were the clanging blows: Advanced, forced back, now low, now high, The pennon sunk and rose; 815 As bends the bark's mast in the gale, When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail, It wavered mid the foes. No longer Blount the view could bear: 'By Heaven, and all its saints! I swear I will not see it lost! Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare May bid your beads, and patter prayer, -I gallop to the host. And to the frav he rode amain. 825 Followed by all the archer train. The fiery youth, with desperate charge, Made for a space an opening large, The rescued banner rose, But darkly closed the war around, 830 Like pine-tree rooted from the ground, It sank among the foes. Then Eustace mounted too: — yet staid As loath to leave the helpless maid, 835 Then marked they, dashing broad and far, When, fast as shaft can fly. Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread, The loose rein dangling from his head, 780 Housing and saddle bloody red, Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;

Wide raged the battle on the plain; Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain:

And Eustace, maddening at the sight, A look and sign to Clara cast To mark he would return in haste, Then plunged into the fight.	840	Clare drew her from the sight away, Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan, And half he murmured, 'Is there none, Of all my halls have nurst, Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring	895
	845	Of blessèd water from the spring, To slake my dying thirst!'	900
Perchance her reason stoops or reels; Perchance a courage, not her own, Braces her mind to desperate tone.		O Woman! in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,	
The scattered van of England wheels;	050	And variable as the shade	005
She only said, as loud in air The tumult roared, 'Is Wilton there?'	850	By the light quivering aspen made; When pain and anguish wring the brow,	905
They fly, or, maddened by despair,		A ministering angel thou!	
Fight but to die, — 'Is Wilton there?'		Scarce were the piteous accents said,	
With that, straight up the hill there rode		When, with the Baron's casque, the maid	
1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	855	To the nigh streamlet ran:	910
And in their arms, a helpless load, A wounded knight they bore.		Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears; The plaintive voice alone she hears,	
His hand still strained the broken brand;		Sees but the dying man.	
His arms were smeared with blood a	and	She stooped her by the runnel's side,	
sand:			915
	860	For, oozing from the mountain's side,	
With dinted shield, and helmet beat, The falcon-crest and plumage gone,		Where raged the war, a dark-red tide Was curdling in the streamlet blue.	
Can that be haughty Marmion!		Where shall she turn? — behold her mark	k
Young Blount his armour did unlace,		A little fountain cell,	920
	865	Where water, clear as diamond spark,	
Said, 'By Saint George, he's gone! That spear-wound has our master sped,		In a stone basin fell.	
And see the deep cut on his head!		Above, some half-worn letters say,	
Good-night to Marmion.'		Drink, weary, pilgrim, drink, and, pray, for, the, kind, soul, of, Sibyl, Grey,	095
'Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:	870	Who, built, this, cross, and, well,	925
He opes his eyes,' said Eustace; 'peace!'		She filled the helm, and back she hied,	
When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,		And with surprise and joy espied	
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—		A monk supporting Marmion's head:	
'Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eusta			930
where?		To dubious verge of battle fought,	
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare! Redeem my pennon, — charge again!	875	To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.	
Cry 'Marmion to the rescue!' — Vain!		Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,	
Last of my race, on battle-plain		And, as she stooped his brow to lave —	
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!		'Is it the hand of Clare,' he said,	935
Yet my last thought is England's; fly, 8	380	'Or injured Constance, bathes my head?'	
To Dacre bear my signet-ring: Tell him his squadrons up to bring.		Then, as remembrance rose,— 'Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!	
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;		I must redress her woes.	
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,		Short space, few words, are mine to spare:	940
His lifeblood stains the spotless shield: 8 Edmund is down; — my life is reft;	385	Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!	
The Admiral alone is left.		'Alas!' she said, 'the while, —	
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire, —		O, think of your immortal weal! In vain for Constance is your zeal;	
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,		CI II I TT I T I I	945
Full upon Scotland's central host,		Lord Marmion started from the ground,	
Or victory and England's lost. Must I bid twice? — hence, varlets! fly!		As light as if he felt no wound;	
Leave Marmion here alone — to die.'		Though in the action burst the tide, In torrents, from his wounded side.	
They parted, and alone he lay;		(CCS) 21 12 13 13 17 17 1	950

That the dark presage must be true.

I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!

For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be! this dizzy trance —
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand.'
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound: 965
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear; 970
For that she ever sung,
'In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the
dying!'
So the notes rung;—
'Avoid thee, Fiend! with cruel hand.

'Avoid thee, Fiend! with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!
O, look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O, think on faith and bliss!
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this.'

The war, that for a space did fail,

Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,

And — Stanley! was the cry;

A light on Marmion's visage spread,

And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted 'Victory! 990
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'
Were the last words of Marmion.

By this though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their King,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor va'ward wing,
Where Huntly, and where Home?

O, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,

That to King Charles did come, When Rowland brave, and Olivier, And every paladin and peer, On Roncesvalles died!

Such blast might warn them, not in vain,

To quit the plunder of the slain, And turn the doubtful day again, While yet on Flodden side, Afar, the Royal Standard flies,

And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies, 1010
Our Caledonian pride!
In vain the wish for for away

In vain the wish — for far away,
While spoil and havoe mark their way,
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.
'Oh, lady,' cried the monk, 'away!'
And placed her on her steed

And placed her on her steed, And led her to the chapel fair, Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.

There all the night they spent in prayer, And at the dawn of morning, there 1020 She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

But as they left the dark'ning heath, More desperate grew the strife of death. The English shafts in volleys hailed, In headlong charge their horse assailed; 1025 Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep

To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds

Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring:

The stubborn spear-men still made good Their dark impenetrable wood,

Each stepping where his comrade stood, 1035
The instant that he fell.

No thought was there of dastard flight; Linked in the serried phalanx tight, Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,

As fearlessly and well; 1040
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they draw.

And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.

Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
1050
When streams are swoln and south winds
blow,

Dissolves in silent dew.

Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash, While many a broken band,

Disordered, through her currents dash, 1055
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,

1060

And raise the universal wail.

Tradition, legend, tune, and song,

Shall many an age that wail prolong: Still from the sire the son shall hear Of the stern strife, and carnage drear, Of Flodden's fatal field, fair Scotland's shivered was spear,

And broken was her shield!

Day dawns upon the mountain's side: There, Scotland! lay thy bravest pride, Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one: 1070 The sad survivors all are gone. View not that corpse mistrustfully, Defaced and mangled though it be; Nor to you Border castle high Look northward with upbraiding eye: Nor cherish hope in vain, That, journeying far on foreign strand, The Royal Pilgrim to his land May yet return again. He saw the wreck his rashness wrought; Reckless of life, he desperate fought, And fell on Flodden plain: And well in death his trusty brand, Firm clenched within his manly hand, Beseemed the Monarch slain. But, O! how changed since you blithe night! 1085 Gladly I turn me from the sight, Unto my tale again.

Short is my tale: Fitz-Eustace' care A pierced and mangled body bare To moated Lichfield's lofty pile; 1090 And there, beneath the southern aisle, A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair, Did long Lord Marmion's image bear. (Now vainly for its sight you look; "T was levelled when fanatic Brook 1095 The fair cathedral stormed and took; But, thanks to Heaven and good Saint Chad, A guerdon meet the spoiler had!) There erst was martial Marmion found, His feet upon a couchant hound, 1100 His hands to heaven upraised; And all around, on scutcheon rich, And tablet carved, and fretted niche, His arms and feats were blazed. And yet, though all was carved so fair, 1105 And priest for Marmion breathed the prayer, The last Lord Marmion lay not there. From Ettrick woods a peasant swain

Followed his lord to Flodden plain, -One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay 1110 In Scotland mourns as 'wede away': Sore wounded, Sybil's Cross he spied, And dragged him to its foot, and died, Close by the noble Marmion's side.

The spoilers stripped and gashed 1115 And thus their corpses were mista'en; And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb, The lowly woodsman took the room. Less easy task it were, to show Lord Marmion's nameless grave, and 1120 They dug his grave e'en where he lay, But every mark is gone: Time's wasting hand has done away The simple cross of Sybil Grey, And broke her font of stone; 1125 But yet out from the little hill Oozes the slender springlet still; Oft halts the stranger there, For thence may best his curious eye The memorable field descry; 1130 And shepherd boys repair To seek the water-flag and rush, And rest them by the hazel bush, And plait their garlands fair; Nor dream they sit upon the grave, 1135 That holds the bones of Marmion brave. When thou shalt find the little hill, With thy heart commune, and be still. If ever, in temptation strong, Thou left'st the right path for the 1140 If every devious step, thus trod, Still led thee farther from the road; Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom On noble Marmion's lowly tomb;

I do not rhyme to that dull elf, Who cannot image to himself, That all through Flodden's dismal night, Wilton was foremost in the fight; That, when brave Surrey's steed was slain,

With sword in hand, for England's right.'

But say, 'He died a gallant knight,

'T was Wilton mounted him again; 'T was Wilton's brand that deepest hewed, Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood: Unnamed by Holinshed or Hall, 1155 He was the living soul of all: That, after fight, his faith made plain. He won his rank and lands again; And charged his old paternal shield With bearings won on Flodden Field. 1160 Nor sing I to that simple maid, To whom it must in terms be said, That King and kinsmen did agree, To bless fair Clara's constancy; Who cannot, unless I relate, 1165 Paint to her mind the bridal's state: That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,

	76	ນບ
More, Sands, and Denny, passed the joke: That bluff King Hal the curtain drew, And Catherine's hand the stocking threw; 1170 And afterwards, for many a day, That it was held enough to say,	When our need was the sorest. The font, reappearing, From the rain-drops shall borrow, But to us comes no cheering, To Duncan no morrow!	5
In blessing to a wedded pair, 'Love they like Wilton and like Clare!' 1808	But the voice of the weeper Wails manhood in glory.	10
SOLDIER, REST! Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;	The autumn winds rushing Waft the leaves that are searest, But our flower was in flushing, When blighting was nearest.	15
Dream of battled fields no more, Days of danger, nights of waking. In our isle's enchanted hall, Hands unseen thy couch are strewing, Fairy strains of music fall, Every sense in slumber dewing. Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, Dream of fighting fields no more: 10	Fleet foot on the correi, Sage counsel in cumber, Red hand in the foray, How sound is thy slumber! Like the dew on the mountain, Like the foam on the river, Like the bubble on the fountain, Thou art gone, and forever!	20
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking, Morn of toil, nor night of waking. No rude sound shall reach thine ear,	1810	
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing, Trump nor pibroch summon here Mustering clan, or squadron tramping. Yet the lark's shrill fife may come At the day-break from the fallow, And the bittern sound his drum,	O, Brignal banks are wild and fair, And Greta woods are green, And you may gather garlands there	
Booming from the sedgy shallow. 20 Ruder sounds shall none be near, Guards nor warders challenge here, Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing, Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.	Would grace a summer queen. And as I rode by Dalton-hall, Beneath the turrets high, A maiden on the castle wall Was singing merrily,— 'O, Brignal banks are fresh and fair,	5
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done; 25 While our slumbrous spells assail ye, Dream not, with the rising sun,	And Greta woods are green; I'd rather rove with Edmund there, Than reign our English queen.'	10
Bugles here shall sound reveillé. Sleep! the deer is in his den; Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying; 30 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen, How thy gallant steed lay dying. Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done, Think not of the rising sun,	'If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me, To leave both tower and town, Thou first must guess what life lead we, That dwell by dale and down. And if thou canst that riddle read, As read full well you may, Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,	15
For at dawning to assail ye, 35 Here no bugles sound reveillé. 1810		20
CORONACH HE is gone on the mountain, He is lost to the forest, Like a summer-dried fountain,	'I read you, by your bugle-horn, And by your palfrey good, I read you for a ranger sworn, To keep the king's greenwood.'	25

'A ranger, lady, winds his horn, And 't is at peep of light; His blast is heard at merry morn,	George Gordon (Lord) Byron (1788–1824)
And mine at dead of night.' Yet sung she, 'Brignal banks are fair,	THE PRAYER OF NATURE
And Greta woods are gay; I would I were with Edmund there, To reign his Queen of May!	FATHER of Light! great God of Heaven! Hear'st thou the accents of despair? Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven? Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?
'With burnished brand and musketoon, So gallantly you come,	Father of Light, on thee I call! 5
1 read you for a bold dragoon, That lists the tuck of drum.' 40 'I list no more the tuck of drum, No more the trumpet hear;	Thou seest my soul is dark within; Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall, Avert from me the death of sin.
But when the beetle sounds his hum,	No shrine I seek, to sects unknown;
My comrades take the spear. And O! though Brignal banks be fair, And Greta woods be gay,	Oh, point to me the path of truth! 10 Thy dread omnipotence I own; Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.
Yet mickle must the maiden dare, Would reign my Queen of May!	Let bigots rear a gloomy fane, Let superstition hail the pile,
'Maiden! a nameless life I lead, A nameless death I'll die; The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,	Let priests, to spread their sable reign, 15
Were better mate than I! And when I'm with my comrades met	Shall man confine his Maker's sway To Gothic domes of mouldering stone? Thy temple is the face of day;
Beneath the greenwood bough, What once we were we all forget, Nor think what we are now. Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair,	
And Greta woods are green, And you may gather garlands there Would grace a summer queen.' 60 1812	Shall man condemn his race to hell, Unless they bend in pompous form? Tell us that all, for one who fell, Must perish in the mingling storm?
PROUD MAISIE	Shall each pretend to reach the skies, Yet doom his brother to expire, Whose soul a different hope supplies,
Proud Maisie is in the wood, Walking so early;	Or doctrines less severe inspire?
Sweet Robin sits on the bush, Singing so rarely.	Shall these, by creeds they can't expound, Prepare a fancied bliss or woe? Shall reptiles, grovelling on the ground, Their great Creator's purpose know?
'Tell me, thou bonny bird, When shall I marry me?' 'When six braw gentlemen	Shall those, who live for self alone,
Kirkward shall carry ye.'	Whose years float on in daily crime — Shall they by Faith for guilt atone, And live beyond the bounds of Time?
'Who makes the bridal bed, Birdie, say truly?'	
'The grey-headed sexton That delves the grave duly.	Thy laws in Nature's works appear; — I own myself corrupt and weak, Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear! 40
'The glow-worm o'er grave and stone Shall light thee steady.	Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
The owl from the steeple sing, "Welcome, proud lady."	
1818	Whose hand from hole to hole I trace.

50

55

30

5

Thou, who in wisdom placed me here, 45
Who, when thou wilt, canst take me hence,
Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me thy wide defence.

To Thee, my God, to thee I call!
Whatever weal or woe betide,
By thy command I rise or fall,
In thy protection I confide.

If, when this dust to dust's restored,
My soul shall float on airy wing,
How shall thy glorious name adored
Inspire her feeble voice to sing!

But, if this fleeting spirit share
With clay the grave's eternal bed,
While life yet throbs I raise my prayer,
Though doomed no more to quit the
dead.

60

To Thee I breathe my humble strain, Grateful for all thy mercies past, And hope, my God, to thee again This erring life may fly at last.

1830

5

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25

WHEN WE TWO PARTED

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame:
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well:—
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met —
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.

If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
With silence and tears.

1816

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART

Ζώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ

Maid of Athens, ere we part, Give, oh give me back my heart! Or, since that has left my breast, Keep it now, and take the rest! Hear my vow before I go, $Z\dot{\omega}\eta \ \mu o\hat{v}$, $\sigma \hat{a}s \ \dot{a}\gamma a\pi \hat{\omega}$.

By those tresses unconfined, Wooed by each Ægean wind; By those lids whose jetty fringe Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge; 10 By those wild eyes like the roe, $Z\omega\eta \ \mu o\hat{v}$, $\sigma \hat{a}s \ \dot{a}\gamma a\pi \hat{\omega}$.

By that lip I long to taste; By that zone-encircled waist; By all the token-flowers that tell What words can never speak so well; By love's alternate joy and woe, $Z\omega\eta~\mu\sigma\hat{v},~\sigma\hat{\alpha}s~\dot{\alpha}\gamma\alpha\pi\hat{\omega}.$

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No! $Z\omega\eta \ \mu\omega\hat{v}, \ \sigma\hat{a}s \ \dot{a}\gamma a\pi\hat{\omega}.$

1812

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow, 15

But tell of days in goodness spent, A mind at peace with all below, A heart whose love is innocent!

1815

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold.

And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold:

And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea.

When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is

That host with their banners at sunset were

Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown.

That host on the morrow lay withered and

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast.

And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;

And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,

And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,

But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;

And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,

And cold as the spray of the rock-beating

And there lay the rider distorted and pale, With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:

And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,

The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown. 20

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail.

And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal; And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,

Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

THERE's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away, When the glow of early thought declines in

feeling's dull decay;

'T is not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so fast,

But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness

Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:

The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain

The shore to which their shivered sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down:

It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own; That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain

of our tears.

And though the eye may sparkle still, 't is where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast.

Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest;

'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined turret wreath.

All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt, — or be what I have been,

Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanished scene;

As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,

So, midst the withered waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

1816

FARE THEE WELL

FARE thee well! and if for ever, Still for ever, fare thee well: Even though unforgiving, never 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee 5 Where thy head so oft hath lain, While that placid sleep came o'er thee Which thou ne'er canst know again:

1815

	01,	(HOLD) DII(OI)	10
Would that breast, by thee glanced over, Every inmost thought could show! Then thou wouldst at last discover 'T was not well to spurn it so.	10	Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted More than this I scarce can die.	l, 6 1816
Though the world for this commend thee Though it smile upon the blow, Even its praises must offend thee,	15	SO, WE'LL GO NO MORE A RO'So, we'll go no more a roving	VINC
Founded on another's woe: Though my many faults defaced me,		So late into the night, Though the heart be still as loving, And the moon be still as bright.	
Could no other arm be found, Than the one which once embraced me, To inflict a cureless wound?	20	For the sword outwears its sheath, And the soul wears out the breast	,
Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not; Love may sink by slow decay,		And the heart must pause to breath And love itself have rest.	
But by sudden wrench, believe not Hearts can thus be torn away:		Though the night was made for lovi And the day returns too soon, Yet we'll go no more a roving	ng,
Still thine own its life retaineth, Still must mine, though bleeding, beat And the undying thought which paineth Is — that we no more may meet.	25 ;	By the light of the moon.	1830
These are words of deeper sorrow		TO THOMAS MOORE	
Than the wail above the dead; Both shall live, but every morrow Wake us from a widowed bed.	30	My boat is on the shore, And my bark is on the sea; But, before I go, Tom Moore, Here's a double health to thee!	
And when thou wouldst solace gather, When our child's first accents flow, Wilt thou teach her to say 'Father!' Though his care she must forego? When her little hands shall press thee,	35	Here's a sigh to those who love me, And a smile to those who hate; And, whatever sky's above me, Here's a heart for every fate.	
When her lip to thine is pressed, Think of him whose prayer shall bless th Think of him thy love had blessed!	ee, 40	Though the ocean roar around me, Yet it still shall bear me on; Though a desert should surround me	10
Should her lineaments resemble Those thou never more may'st see, Then thy heart will softly tremble		It hath springs that may be won. Were 't the last drop in the well,	
With a pulse yet true to me. All my faults perchance thou knowest,	45	As I gasped upon the brink, Ere my fainting spirit fell, 'T is to thee that I would drink.	1
All my madness none can know; All my hopes, where'er thou goest, Wither, yet with thee they go.		With that water, as this wine, The libation I would pour Should be — peace with thine and m	ina
Every feeling hath been shaken; Pride, which not a world could bow, Bows to thee — by thee forsaken, Even my soul forsakes me now:	50	And a health to thee, Tom Moore	
But 't is done — all words are idle — Words from me are vainer still; But the thoughts we cannot bridle	55	STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FLORENCE AND PISA	
Force their way without the will.		OH, talk not to me of a name great in	story

Fare thee well! thus disunited,

Torn from every nearer tie,

AND PISA

OH, talk not to me of a name great in story; The days of our youth are the days of our glory;

And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-andtwenty

Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?

'T is but as a dead-flower with May-dew besprinkled.

Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!

What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory!

Oh Fame!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,

"T was less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases, 10

Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover,

She thought that I was not unworthy to love her. \cdot

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee:

Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;

When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story, 15

I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

CANTO III

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child! Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart? When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled.

And then we parted, — not as now we part, But with a hope. —

Awaking with a start, 5
The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve
or glad mine eye.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!

And the waves bound beneath me as a steed That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!

Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead! Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed.

And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,

Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to

Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

In my youth's summer I did sing of One, The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;

Again I seize the theme, then but begun, And bear it with me, as the rushing wind Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I

The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears.

Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,

O'er which all heavily the journeying years Plod the last sands of life, — where not a flower appears.

Since my young days of passion — joy, or pain,

Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,

And both may jar: it may be, that in vain 30 I would essay as I have sung to sing.

Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling;

So that it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief or gladness — so it fling
Forgetfulness around me — it shall seem 35
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful
theme.

He, who grown agèd in this world of woe, In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life.

So that no wonder waits him; nor below Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife, 40 Cut to his heart again with the keen knife Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife

With airy images, and shapes which dwell
Still unimpaired, though old, in the soul's
haunted cell.

45

"T is to create, and in creating live
A being more intense that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image, even as I do now.
What am I? Nothing: but not so art
thou,
50
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse

earth, Invisible but gazing, as I glow

Mixed with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,

And feeling still with thee in my crushed feelings' dearth.

Yet must I think less wildly:— I have thought

Too long and darkly, till my brain became, In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,

A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to
tame,

My springs of life were poisoned. 'T is too late! 'T

Yet am I changed; though still enough the same

In strength to bear what time cannot abate, And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

Something too much of this: — but now 't is past,

And the spell closes with its silent seal.

Long absent Harold re-appears at last;

He of the breast which fain no more would feel,

Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er heal:

Yet Time, who changes all, had altered him In soul and aspect as in age: years steal 70 Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb; And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

His had been quaffed too quickly, and he found

The dregs were wormwood; but he filled

And from a purer fount, on holier ground, 75
And deemed its spring perpetual; but in
vain!

Still round him clung invisibly a chain Which galled for ever, fettering though unseen.

And heavy though it clanked not; worn with

Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen.

Entering with every step he took through many a scene.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mixed Again in fancied safety with his kind, And deemed his spirit now so firmly fixed And sheathed with an invulnerable mind, 85 That, if no joy, no sorrow lurked behind; And he, as one, might 'midst the many stand Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find

Fit speculation; such as in strange land He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's hand.

But who can view the ripened rose, nor seek To wear it? who can curiously behold The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,

Nor feel the heart can never all grow old? Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold 95

The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb? Harold, once more within the vortex, rolled On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,

Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond prime.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit 100 Of men to herd with Man; with whom he held

Little in common; untaught to submit His thoughts to others, though his soul was quelled

In youth by his own thoughts; still uncompelled,

He would not yield dominion of his mind 105 To spirits against whom his own rebelled; Proud though in desolation; which could find A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends:

Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home;

Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,

He had the passion and the power to roam; The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam, Were unto him companionship; they spake A mutual language, clearer than the tome 115 Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake

For Nature's pages glassed by sunbeams on the lake.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars, Till he had peopled them with beings bright As their own beams; and earth, and earthborn jars,

And human frailties, were forgotten quite: Could he have kept his spirit to that flight He had been happy; but this clay will sink Its spark immortal, envying it the light

To which it mounts, as if to break the link 125

That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its brink.

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome, Drooped as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,

To whom the boundless air alone were home:

Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,

As eagerly the barred-up bird will beat His breast and beak against his wiry dome Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat In vain fair cheeks were furrowed with hot Of his impeded soul would through his 135 bosom eat.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again, With nought of hope left, but with less of gloom;

The very knowledge that he lived in vain, That all was over on this side the tomb, Which, though 't were wild, — as on the plundered wreck

When mariners would madly meet their doom

With draughts intemperate on the sinking And Belgium's capital had gathered then

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's

An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below! Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake Is the spot marked with no colossal bust? Nor column trophied for triumphal show?

be:

How that red rain hath made the harvest

And is this all the world has gained by thee, Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls, The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!

How in an hour the power which gave annuls Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too! In 'pride of place' here last the eagle flew, Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain, Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;

Ambition's life and labours all were vain; He wears the shattered links of the world's broken chain.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit And foam in fetters; — but is Earth more free?

Did nations combat to make One submit; 165 Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty? What! shall reviving Thraldom again be The patched-up idol of enlightened days? Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly

And servile knees to thrones? No; prove before ye praise!

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!

For Europe's flowers long rooted up before The trampler of her vineyards; in vain

Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears, Have all been borne, and broken by the accord

Of roused-up millions; all that most endears Had made Despair a smilingness assume, 140 Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

> There was a sound of revelry by night, Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright

Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to . The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:

A thousand hearts beat happily; 185 when

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,

again,

And all went merry as a marriage bell; As the ground was before, thus let it But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a be:—

Did ye not hear it? - No; 't was but the wind,

Or the car rattling o'er the stony street; On with the dance! let joy be unconfined; No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet

To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet -

But hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,

As if the clouds its echo would repeat: And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! Arm! Arm! it is — it is — the cannon's open-

ing roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear

That sound the first amidst the festival, And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;

And when they smiled because he deemed it

His heart more truly knew that peal too well

Which stretched his father on a bloody

And roused the vengeance blood alone could

He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro, And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress.

And cheeks all pale, which but an hour

Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness; And there were sudden partings, such as

The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess

If ever more should meet those mutual

Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the

The mustering squadron, and the clattering

Went pouring forward with impetuous speed, And swiftly forming in the ranks of war; 220 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar; And near, the beat of the alarming drum

Roused up the soldier ere the morning star; While thronged the citizens with terror dumb.

Or whispering, with white lips - 'The foe! mercu. they come! they come!

And wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering'

The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon

How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills, Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills

Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers With the fierce native daring which instils The stirring memory of a thousand years, And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves.

clansman's ears!

Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass, Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves, Over the unreturning brave, — alas! Ere evening to be trodden like the grass Which now beneath them, but above shall 240

In its next verdure, when this fiery mass Of living valour, rolling on the foe And burning with high hope shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life. Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay, 245 The midnight brought the signal-sound of

The morn the marshalling in arms, — the day

Battle's magnificently stern array!

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when

The earth is covered thick with other clay,

Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and

Rider and horse, - friend, foe, - in one red burial blent!

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine:

Yet one I would select from that proud throng,

Partly because they blend me with his line.

And partly that I did his sire some wrong, And partly that bright names will hallow

And his was of the bravest, and when showered

The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,

Even where the thickest of war's tempest lowered,

They reached no nobler breast than thine, young gallant Howard! A your of Law

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,

And mine were nothing had I such to give: But when I stood beneath the fresh green

Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,

And saw around me the wide field revive With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring

Came forth her work of gladness to contrive, With all her reckless birds upon the wing,

I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring.

I turned to thee, to thousands, of whom each

And one as all a ghastly gap did make In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;

The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must awake

Those whom they thirst for; though the sound of Fame

May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake The fever of vain longing, and the name So honoured but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

They mourn, but smile at length; and, smiling, 280

The tree will wither long before it fall;

The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn;

The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall In massy hoariness; the ruined wall Stands when its wind-worn battlements are

stands when its wind-worn patthements are gone; 285

The bars survive the captive they enthral; The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun;

And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on:

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass In every fragment multiplies; and makes 290

A thousand images of one that was,

The same, and still the more, the more it breaks:

And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,

Living in shattered guise; and still, and cold, And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches, 295

Yet withers on till all without is old, Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

There is a very life in our despair, Vitality of poison, — a quick root Which feeds these deadly branches; for it were 300

As nothing did we die; but Life will suit Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit, Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore, All ashes to the taste: Did man compute Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er 305 Such hours 'gainst years of life, — say, would he name threescore?

The Psalmist numbered out the years of man:

They are enough; and if thy tale be *true*, Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleeting span,

More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo! 310 Millions of tongues record thee, and anew Their children's lips shall echo them, and say—

'Here, where the sword united nations drew, Our countrymen were warring on that day!' And this is much, and all which will not pass away.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,

Whose spirit, antithetically mixt, One moment of the mightiest, and again On little objects with like firmness fixt; Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt, 320

Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;

For daring made thy rise as fall: thou seek'st Even now to re-assume the imperial mien, And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the scene!

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou! 325

She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now

That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame, Who wooed thee once, thy vassal, and became

The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert 330

A god unto thyself; nor less the same To the astounded kingdoms all inert,

Who deemed thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low, Battling with nations, flying from the field;
335
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool,

now

More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield;

An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,

But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor, However deeply in men's spirits skilled, 340 Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of

Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.

Yet well thy soul hath brooked the turning tide

With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep
pride,
345

Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou
hast smiled

With a sedate and all-enduring eye; —
When Fortune fled her spoiled and favourite

He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him piled.

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them Ambition steeled thee on too far to show That just habitual scorn, which could contemn Men and their thoughts; 't was wise to feel, not so

To wear it ever on thy lip and brow, And spurn the instruments thou wert to use Till they were turned unto thine overthrow:

'T is but a worthless world to win or lose; So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who choose.

If, like a tower upon a headland rock,
Thou hast been made to stand or fall alone,
Such scorn of man had helped to brave the
shock;

But men's thoughts were the steps which

paved thy throne,

Their admiration thy best weapon shone; 365
The part of Philip's son was thine, not then
(Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)
Like stern Diogenes to mock at men;
For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a
den.

Within its own er
Maternal Nature!

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell, 370 And there hath been thy bane; there is a fire

And motion of the soul which will not dwell In its own narrow being, but aspire

Beyond the fitting medium of desire; And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore.

Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire Of aught but rest; a fever at the core, Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

This makes the madmen who have made men mad

By their contagion; Conquerors and Kings,

Founders of sects and systems, to whom add

Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things

Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,

And are themselves the fools to those they fool;

Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings 385 Are theirs! One breast laid open were a school

Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule:

Their breath is agitation, and their life A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last, And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife, 390 That should their days, surviving perils past,

Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast With sorrow and supineness, and so die; Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste

Their breath is smitstion and their life

With its own flickering, or a sword laid by, 395 Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;

He who surpasses or subdues mankind, Must look down on the hate of those below.

Though high above the sun of glory glow, And far beneath the earth and ocean spread, Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow Contending tempests on his naked head,

And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

Away with these! true Wisdom's world will be

Within its own creation, or in thine,
Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee,
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,

And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells

From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind, 415

Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd, All tenantless, save to the crannying wind, Or holding dark communion with the crowd. There was a day when they were young and proud;

Banners on high, and battles passed below; 420

But they who fought are in a bloody shroud, And those which waved are shredless dust

And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

Beneath those battlements, within those walls,

Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state 425

Each robber chief upheld his armèd halls, Doing his evil will, nor less elate

Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws conquerors should have

But history's purchased page to call them great?

A wider space, an ornamented grave? Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave. In their baronial feuds and single fields, What deeds of prowess unrecorded died! And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields. With emblems well devised by amorous

pride,

Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide:

But still their flame was fierceness, and drew

Keen contest and destruction near allied, And many a tower for some fair mischief

Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin

But Thou, exulting and abounding river! Making thy waves a blessing as they flow Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever

Could man but leave thy bright creation

Nor its fair promise from the surface mow With the sharp scythe of conflict, — then to

Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know Earth paved like Heaven: and to seem such to me,

Even now what wants thy stream? — that it should Lethe be.

A thousand battles have assailed thy banks, But these and half their fame have passed away,

And Slaughter heaped on high his weltering

ranks;

Their very graves are gone, and what are thev?

Thy tide washed down the blood of yester-

And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream Glassed, with its dancing light, the sunny ray;

But o'er the blackened memory's blighting dream

Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem.

Thus Harold inly said, and passed along, 460 Yet not insensible to all which here Awoke the jocund birds to early song In glens which might have made even exile

dear:

Though on his brow were graven lines austere, And tranquil sternness, which had ta'en the place

Of feelings fierier far but less severe. Joy was not always absent from his face. But o'er it in such scenes would steal with

transient trace.

Nor was all love shut from him, though his

Of passion had consumed themselves to dust.

It is in vain that we would coldly gaze On such as smile upon us: the heart must Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust Hath weaned it from all worldlings: thus he felt.

For there was soft remembrance, and sweet

In one fond breast, to which his own would

And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt.

And he had learned to love, - I know not why,

For this in such as him seems strange of mood, -

The helpless looks of blooming infancy, 480 Even in its earliest nurture; what subdued, To change like this, a mind so far imbued With scorn of man, it little boots to know; But thus it was; and though in solitude

Small power the nipped affections have to

In him this glowed when all beside had ceased to glow.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been

Which unto his was bound by stronger ties Than the church links withal; and, though unwed.

That love was pure, and, far above dis-

Had stood the test of mortal enmities Still undivided, and cemented more By peril, dreaded most in female eyes; But this was firm, and from a foreign shore Well to that heart might his these absent greetings pour! 495

The castled crag of Drachenfels Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine, Whose breast of waters broadly swells Between the banks which bear the vine, And hills all rich with blossomed trees, 500 And fields which promise corn and wine. And scattered cities crowning these. Whose far white walls along them shine, Have strewed a scene, which I should

With double joy wert thou with me. 505 And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes, And hands which offer early flowers.

Walk smiling o'er this paradise; Above, the frequent feudal towers Through green leaves lift their walls of gray; And many a rock which steeply lowers. And noble arch in proud decay. Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers; But one thing want these banks of Rhine,-Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine! 515

I send the lilies given to me; Though long before thy hand they touch. I know that they must withered be, But yet reject them not as such; For I have cherished them as dear, Because they yet may meet thine eye, And guide thy soul to mine even here, When thou behold'st them drooping nigh, And know'st them gathered by the Rhine, And offered from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows, The charm of this enchanted ground, And all its thousand turns disclose Some fresher beauty varying round: The haughtiest breast its wish might bound Through life to dwell delighted here: Nor could on earth a spot be found To nature and to me so dear, Could thy dear eyes in following mine Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground, There is a small and simple pyramid, Crowning the summit of the verdant mound; Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid, Our enemy's — but let not that forbid Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb Tears, big tears, gushed from the rough soldier's lid,

Lamenting and yet envying such a doom, Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career, His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes:

And fitly may the stranger lingering here Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose; For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,

The few in number, who had not o'er-

The charter to chastise which she bestows On such as wield her weapons; he had

The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

Here Elizabreitstein, with her shattered

Black with the miner's blast, upon her height

Yet shows of what she was, when shell and

Rebounding idly on her strength did light: A tower of victory! from whence the flight Of baffled foes was watched along the plain:

But Peace destroyed what War could never blight,

And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain -

On which the iron shower for years had poured in vain.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted

The stranger fain would linger on his way! Thine is a scene alike where souls united 565 Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray: And could the ceaseless vultures cease to

On self-condemning bosoms, it were here, Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too gay, Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere, 570 Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the vear.

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu! There can be no farewell to scene like thine; The mind is coloured by thy every hue; And if reluctantly the eyes resign Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!

'Tis with the thankful heart of parting praise:

More mighty spots may rise, more glaring shine,

But none unite in one attaching maze The brilliant, fair, and soft, — the glories of old days.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen, The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom, The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between.

The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets In mockery of man's art; and these withal

A race of faces happy as the scene, Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,

Still springing o'er thy banks, though Empires near them fall.

Above me are the But these recede. Alps.

The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,

Coffeel or greater? 1794

And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of
snow!
595
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,

Gather around these summits, as to show How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan.

There is a spot should not be passed in vain,—

Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where

May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain, Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain;

Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless

A bony heap, through ages to remain, 605 Themselves their monument; — the Stygian coast

Unsepulched they roamed, and shrieked each wandering ghost.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies, Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand;

They were true Glory's stainless victories.

Won by the unambitious heart and hand Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band, All unbought champions in no princely cause Of vice-entailed Corruption; they no land Doomed to bewail the blasphemy of laws 615 Making kings' rights divine, by some Draconic clause.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days;
'T is the last remnant of the wreck of
years,

And looks as with the wild-bewildered gaze 620

Of one to stone converted by amaze, Yet still with consciousness; and there it

stands
Making a marvel that it not decays,
When the coeval pride of human hands,
Levelled Adventicum, hath strewed her sub-

Levelled Adventicum, hath strewed her subject lands. 625

And there — oh! sweet and sacred be the name! —

Julia — the daughter, the devoted — gave Her youth to Heaven; her heart, beneath a claim

Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.

Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would erave 630

The life she lived in; but the judge was just, And then she died on him she could not save. Their tomb was simple, and without a bust, And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust.

But these are deeds which should not pass away, 635

And names that must not wither, though the earth

Forgets her empires with a just decay,
The enslavers and the enslaved, their death
and birth:

The high, the mountain-majesty of worth Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe, 640 And from its immortality look forth

In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow, Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face, The mirror where the stars and mountains view 645

The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and
hue:

There is too much of man here, to look through

With a fit mind the might which I behold;
But soon in me shall Loneliness renew 650
Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old,

Ere mingling with the herd had penned me in their fold.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind: All are not fit with them to stir and toil, Nor is it discontent to keep the mind 655 Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil

In the hot throng, where we become the spoil

Of our infection, till too late and long

We may deplore and struggle with the coil, In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong 660

Midst a contentious world, striving where none are strong.

There, in a moment we may plunge our years In fatal penitence, and in the blight

Of our own soul turn all our blood to tears, And colour things to come with hues of Night; 665

The race of life becomes a hopeless flight To those that walk in darkness: on the sea The boldest steer but where their ports invite; But there are wanderers o'er Eternity

Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored ne'er shall be. 670 Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
Which feeds it as a mother who doth
make
675
A fair but froward infant her own care,
Kissing its cries away as these awake;
—Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
Than join the crushing crowd, doomed to in-

I live not in myself, but I become 680
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture: I can see
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain, 685
Classed among creatures, when the soul can
flee,

And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in

vain.

flict or bear?

And thus I am absorbed, and this is life:
I look upon the peopled desert past, 690
As on a place of agony and strife,
Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,
To act and suffer, but remount at last
With a fresh pinion; which I feel to spring,
Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the
blast 695

Which it would cope with, on delighted wing, Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being cling.

our being cing.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free

From what it hates in this degraded form,
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be 700
Existent happier in the fly and worm,—
When elements to elements conform,
And dust is as it should be, shall I not
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?
The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each
spot? 705

Of which, even now, I share at times the im-

mortal lot?

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part

Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion? should I not contemn
710

All objects, if compared with these? and stem

stem

A tide of suffering, rather than forego Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm Of those whose eyes are only turned below, Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow?

But this is not my theme; and I return To that which is immediate, and require Those who find contemplation in the urn, To look on One, whose dust was once all fire,

A native of the land where I respire 720
The clear air for a while—a passing guest,
Where he became a being,—whose desire
Was to be glorious; 't was a foolish quest,
The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all
rest.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau, 725

The apostle of affliction, he who threw Enchantment over passion, and from woe Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew The breath which made him wretched; yet he knew

How to make madness beautiful, and cast 730

O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue

Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past

The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

His love was passion's essence:—as a tree On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame 735 Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be Thus, and enamoured, were in him the same.

But his was not the love of living dame, Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams, But of ideal beauty, which became 740 In him existence, and o'erflowing teems Along his burning page, distempered though

it seems.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, this Invested her with all that's wild and sweet:

This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss 745 Which every morn his fevered lip would greet.

From hers, who but with friendship his would meet:

But to that gentle touch through brain and breast

Flashed the thrilled spirit's love-devouring heat;

In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest 750

Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possest.

His life was one long war with self-sought

foes

Or friends by him self-banished; for his mind Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose, For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind, 755 'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.

But he was phrensied, — wherefore, who may know?

Since cause might be which skill could never find:

But he was phrensied by disease or woe,

To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show. 760

For then he was inspired, and from him came, As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore, Those oracles which set the world in flame, Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more:

Did he not this for France? which lay before 765

Bowed to the inborn tyranny of years? Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore, Till by the voice of him and his compeers Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'ergrown fears?

They made themselves a fearful monument! 770

The wreck of old opinions — things which grew.

Breathed from the birth of time: the veil they rent,

they rent,
And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.
But good with ill they also overthrew,
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild 775
Upon the same foundation, and renew

Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour refilled.

As heretofore, because ambition was selfwilled.

But this will not endure, nor be endured!

Mankind have felt their strength, and made it felt.

780

They might have used it better, but, allured By their new vigour, sternly have they dealt On one another: pity ceased to melt

With her once natural charities. But they, Who in oppression's darkness caved had dwelt, 785

They were not eagles, nourished with the day; What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their prey?

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?

The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear

That which disfigures it; and they who war 790

With their own hopes, and have been vanquished, bear

Silence, but not submission: in his lair
Fixed Passion holds his breath, until the

Which shall atone for years; none need despair:

It came, it cometh, and will come, — the power 795

To punish or forgive — in one we shall be slower.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer
spring.

800

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have
been so moved.

805

It is the hush of night, and all between Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,

Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen, Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights ap-

Precipitously steep; and drawing near, 810
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore.

Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the

Drops the light drip of the suspended oar, Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her
hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the
fate

Of men and empires, —'t is to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create

830

In us such love and reverence from afar, That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still — though not in sleep,

All heaven and earth are still: From the high host

Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountaincoast.

All is concentered in a life intense, Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost, But hath a part of being, and a sense 840 Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt In solitude, where we are *least* alone; A truth, which through our being then doth

And purifies from self: it is a tone, 845
The soul and source of music, which makes

Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,

Binding all things with beauty; — 't would disarm

The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm. 850

Not vainly did the early Persian make His altar the high places, and the peak Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take A fit and unwalled temple, there to seek The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are

weak, 855 Upreared of human hands. Come, and com-

pare

Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek, With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,

Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy pray'r!

The sky is changed!—and such a change!
Oh night,
860

And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,

Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,

From peak to peak, the rattling crags among Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,

But every mountain now hath found a tongue,

And Jura answers, through her misty shroud, Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud! And this is in the night: — Most glorious night!

Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be 870

A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, — A portion of the tempest and of thee!

How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea, And the big rain comes dancing to the earth! And now again 't is black, — and now, the 'glee'

Of the loud hills shakes with its mountainmirth,

As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between

Heights which appear as lovers who have parted

In hate, whose mining depths so intervene, 880
That they can meet no more, though broken-

hearted;

Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,

Love was the very root of the fond rage Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed:

Itself expired, but leaving them an age 885 Of years all winters, — war within themselves to wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way.

The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:

For here, not one, but many, make their play, And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand, 890

Flashing and cast around; of all the band, The brightest through these parted hills hath forked

His lightnings, — as if he did understand, That in such gaps as desolation worked,

There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!

With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a

To make these felt and feeling, well may be Things that have made me watchful; the far roll

Of your departing voices, is the knoll Of what in me is sleepless, — if I rest.

But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal? Are ye like those within the human breast? Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high

nest?

Could I embody and unbosom now 905 That which is most within me, — could I wreak

My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw

Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,

All that I would have sought, and all I seek, Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into one word,

And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;

But as it is, I live and die unheard,

With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With braeth all incense, and with cheek all
bloom,
915
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no temb.

And living as if earth contained no tomb,—
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence; and thus I

The march of our existence: and thus I, Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room 920

And food for meditation, nor pass by Much, that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.

Clarens! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep Love!

Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;

Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above

The very Glaciers have his colours caught,
And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the
rocks,

The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought

In them a refuge from the worldly shocks, 930

Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod, —

Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne To which the steps are mountains; where the god

Is a pervading life and light, — so shown 935 Not on those summits solely, nor alone

In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,

His soft and summer breath, whose tender power

Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

All things are here of him; from the black pines,

Which are his shade on high, and the loud

Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines

Which slope his green path downward to the shore.

Where the bowed waters meet him, and adore, 945

Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood,

The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,

But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,

Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

A populous solitude of bees and birds, 950 And fairy-formed and many-coloured things, Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,

And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs,
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend 955
Of stirring branches, and the bud which
brings

The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend, Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty end.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that lore,

And make his heart a spirit; he who knows 960

That tender mystery, will love the more; For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes.

And the world's waste, have driven him far from those,

For 't is his nature to advance or die;

He stands not still, but or decays, or grows 965

Into a boundless blessing, which may vie With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

"T was not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,

Peopling it with affections; but he found It was the scene which Passion must allot 970

To the mind's purified beings; 't was the ground

Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound, And hallowed it with loveliness: 't is lone,

And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound, And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone

Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a throne.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the abodes

Of names which unto you bequeathed a name; Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,

A path to perpetuity of fame: 980 They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile Thoughts which should call down thunder,

and the flame

Of Heaven again assailed, if Heaven the while

On man and man's research could deign do more than smile.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child Most mutable in wishes, but in mind A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—

Historian, bard, philosopher, combined; He multiplied himself among mankind, 990 The Proteus of their talents: But his own Breathed most in ridicule, — which, as the

Blew where it listed, laying all things prone.—

Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought, 995

And hiving wisdom with each studious year, In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought, And shaped his weapon with an edge severe, Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer; The lord of irony, — that master-spell, 1000 Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,

And doomed him to the zealot's ready Hell, Which answers to all doubts so eloquently

well.

Yet, peace be with their ashes, — for by them,

If merited, the penalty is paid; 1005 It is not ours to judge, — far less condemn; The hour must come when such things shall be made

Known unto all, or hope and dread allayed By slumber, on one pillow, in the dust,

Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decayed;

And when it shall revive, as is our trust,

'T will be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

But let me quit man's works, again to read His Maker's, spread around me, and suspend This page, which from my reveries I feed, Until it seems prolonging without end.

The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,
And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er

May be permitted, as my steps I bend
To their most great and growing region,
where 1020

The earth to her embrace compels the powers of air.

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee, Full flashes on the soul the light of ages, Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,

To the last halo of the chiefs and sages 1025 Who glorify thy consecrated pages;

Thou wert the throne and grave of empires; still,

The fount at which the panting mind assuages

Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,

Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill.

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme Renewed with no kind auspices:—to feel We are not what we have been, and to deem We are not what we should be, and to steel The heart against itself; and to conceal, 1035 With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught.—

Passion or feeling, purpose, grief or zeal, — Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought, Is a stern task of soul: — No matter, — it is taught.

And for these words, thus woven into song, 1040
It may be that they are a harmless wile, —
The colouring of the scenes which fleet along, Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile My breast, or that of others, for a while.

Fame is the thirst of youth, but I am not 1045
So young as to regard men's frown or smile,

As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;
I stood and stand alone, — remembered or forgot.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me; I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed 1050

To its idolatries a patient knee,

Nor coined my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud

In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them; in a
shroud
1055

752 Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could, Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued. I have not loved the world, nor the world But let us part fair foes; I do believe, Though I have found them not, that there may be Words which are things, hopes which will not deceive, And virtues which are merciful, nor weave Snares for the failing; I would also deem O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve; That two, or one, are almost what they That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream. My daughter! with thy name this song be-My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end; I see thee not, I hear thee not, but none Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the To whom the shadows of far years extend: Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold, My voice shall with thy future visions blend, And reach into thy heart, when mine is cold, A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould. To aid thy mind's development, to watch Thy dawn of little joys, to sit and see Almost thy very growth, to view thee catch Knowledge of objects, — wonders yet to To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee, 1080 And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss, -This, it should seem, was not reserved for Yet this was in my nature: as it is, I know not what is there, yet something like to this. Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be taught, I know that thou wilt love me; though my Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught With desolation, and a broken claim: Though the grave closed between us, -'t were the same, I know that thou wilt love me; though to

My blood from out thy being were an aim,

And an attainment, - all would be in vain, -Still thou wouldst love me, still that more than life retain. The child of love, though born in bitterness, And nurtured in convulsion. These were the elements, and thine no less. As yet such are around thee, but thy fire Shall be more tempered, and thy hope far higher. Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the And from the mountains where I now respire. Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee, As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been to me. 1816 THE PRISONER OF CHILLON My hair is grey, but not with years, Nor grew it white In a single night, As men's have grown from sudden fears: My limbs are bowed, though not with toil, 5 But rusted with a vile repose, For they have been a dungeon's spoil, And mine has been the fate of those To whom the goodly earth and air Are banned. and barred — forbidden 10 But this was for my father's faith I suffered chains and courted death; That father perished at the stake For tenets he would not forsake; And for the same his lineal race 15 In darkness found a dwelling-place; We were seven - who now are one, Six in youth, and one in age, Finished as they had begun, Proud of Persecution's rage; 20 One in fire, and two in field, Their belief with blood have sealed. Dying as their father died, For the God their foes denied: Three were in a dungeon cast, Of whom this wreck is left the last. There are seven pillars of Gothic mould, In Chillon's dungeons deep and old. There are seven columns, massy and grey, Dim with a dull imprisoned ray, A sunbeam which hath lost its way. And through the crevice and the cleft Of the thick wall is fallen and left;

Creeping o'er the floor so damp,

50

55

60

65

Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score,
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chained us each to a column stone. And we were three — yet, each alone: We could not move a single pace, We could not see each other's face, But with that pale and livid light That made us strangers in our sight: And thus together - yet apart, Fettered in hand, but joined in heart, 'T was still some solace, in the dearth Of the pure elements of earth, To hearken to each other's speech. And each turn comforter to each With some new hope, or legend old, Or song heroically bold; But even these at length grew cold. Our voices took a dreary tone, An echo of the dungeon stone, A grating sound, not full and free, As they of yore were wont to be:

It might be fancy, but to me

They never sounded like our own. I was the eldest of the three. And to uphold and cheer the rest 70 I ought to do — and did my best — And each did well in his degree. The youngest, whom my father loved, Because our mother's brow was given To him, with eyes as blue as heaven -75 For him my soul was sorely moved; And truly might it be distressed To see such bird in such a nest; For he was beautiful as day -(When day was beautiful to me 80 As to young eagles, being free) -A polar day, which will not see A sunset till its summer's gone, Its sleepless summer of long light, The snow-clad offspring of the sun:

And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorred to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood, 95
And perished in the foremost rank
With joy: — but not in chains to pine:
His spirit withered with their clank,
I saw it silently decline —
And so perchance in sooth did mine:
100
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had followed there the deer and wolf:

Had followed there the deer and wolf;
To him his dungeon was a gulf,
And fettered feet the worst of ills.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls: A thousand feet in depth below Its massy waters meet and flow; Thus much the fathom-line was sent 110 From Chillon's snow-white battlement. Which round about the wave inthrals: A double dungeon wall and wave Have made — and like a living grave Below the surface of the lake 115 The dark vault lies wherein we lay, We heard it ripple night and day; Sounding o'er our heads it knocked; And I have felt the winter's spray Wash through the bars when winds were high

high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free. 125

I said my nearer brother pined, I said his mighty heart declined, He loathed and put away his food; It was not that 't was coarse and rude. For we were used to hunter's fare, 130 And for the like had little care: The milk drawn from the mountain goat Was changed for water from the moat, Our bread was such as captives' tears Have moistened many a thousand years, 135 Since man first pent his fellow men Like brutes within an iron den; But what were these to us or him? These wasted not his heart or limb; My brother's soul was of that mould 140 Which in a palace had grown cold, Had his free breathing been denied The range of the steep mountain's side; But why delay the truth? — he died. I saw, and could not hold his head, Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead, -Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,

To rend and gnash my bonds in twain. He died, and they unlocked his chain, And scooped for him a shallow grave Even from the cold earth of our cave, I begged them as a boon to lay His corse in dust whereon the day Might shine — it was a foolish thought But then within my brain it wrought,	150 , 155	I called, for I was wild with fear; I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread Would not be thus admonished; I called, and thought I heard a sound— I burst my chain with one strong bound, And rushed to him:— I found him not, I only stirred in this black spot, I only lived, I only drew	210
That even in death his freeborn breast In such a dungeon could not rest. I might have spared my idle prayer— They coldly laughed, and laid him there The flat and turfless earth above The being we so much did love;	: 160	The accursed breath of dungeon-dew; The last, the sole, the dearest link Between me and the eternal brink, Which bound me to my failing race, Was broken in this fatal place. One on the earth, and one beneath—	215
His empty chain above it leant, Such murder's fitting monument! But he, the favourite and the flower, Most cherished since his natal hour,	165	My brothers—both had ceased breathe: I took that hand which lay so still, Alas! my own was full as chill; I had not strength to stir, or strive,	to 220
His mother's image in fair face, The infant love of all his race, His martyred father's dearest thought, My latest care, for whom I sought To hoard my life, that his might be	170	But felt that I was still alive — A frantic feeling, when we know That what we love shall ne'er be so. I know not why I could not die,	225
Less wretched now, and one day free; He, too, who yet had held untired A spirit natural or inspired — He, too, was struck, and day by day Was withered on the stalk away.	175	I had no earthly hope but faith, And that forbade a selfish death. What next befell me then and there I know not well—I never knew—	230
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing To see the human soul take wing In any shape, in any mood: I've seen it rushing forth in blood, I've seen it on the breaking ocean Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,	180	First came the loss of light, and air, And then of darkness too: I had no thought, no feeling — none — Among the stones I stood a stone, And was, scarce conscious what I wist, As shrubless crags within the mist;	235
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed Of Sin delirious with its dread; But these were horrors—this was woe Unmixed with such—but sure and slow: He faded, and so calm and meek, So softly worn, so sweetly weak,	185	For all was blank, and bleak, and grey; It was not night, it was not day; It was not even the dungeon-light, So hateful to my heavy sight, But vacancy absorbing space,	240
So tearless, yet so tender, kind, And grieved for those he left behind; With all the while a cheek whose bloom Was as a mockery of the tomb, Whose tints as gently sunk away	190	And fixedness without a place; There were no stars, no earth, no time, No check, no change, no good, no crime, But silence, and a stirless breath Which neither was of life nor death; A sea of stagnant idleness,	245
As a departing rainbow's ray; An eye of most transparent light, That almost made the dungeon bright,	195	Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless! A light broke in upon my brain,—	250
And not a word of murmur, not A groan o'er his untimely lot, — A little talk of better days, A little hope my own to raise,	000	It was the carol of a bird; It ceased, and then it came again, The sweetest song ear ever heard, And mine was thankful till my eyes	255
For I was sunk in silence — lost In this last loss, of all the most; And then the sighs he would suppress Of fainting nature's feebleness. More slowly drawn, graw loss, and loss.	200	Ran over with the glad surprise, And they that moment could not see I was the mate of misery; But then by dull degrees came back	
More slowly drawn, grew less and less: I listened, but I could not hear:	205	My senses to their wonted track; I saw the dungeon walls and floor	260

Close slowly round me as before,	I made a footing in the wall,
I saw the glimmer of the sun	It was not therefrom to escape,
Creeping as it before had done,	For I had buried one and all 320
But through the crevice where it came 265	Who loved me in a human shape;
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,	And the whole earth would henceforth be
And tamer than upon the tree; A lovely bird, with azure wings,	A wider prison unto me:
And song that said a thousand things,	No child, no sire, no kin had I,
And seemed to say them all for me! 270	No partner in my misery; 328
I never saw its like before,	I thought of this, and I was glad, For thought of them had made me mad;
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:	But I was curious to ascend
It seemed like me to want a mate,	To my barred windows, and to bend
But was not half so desolate,	Once more, upon the mountains high, 330
And it was come to love me when 275	
None lived to love me so again,	1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,	I saw them, and they were the same,
Had brought me back to feel and think.	They were not changed like me in frame;
I know not if it late were free,	I saw their thousand years of snow
Or broke its cage to perch on mine, 280	
But knowing well captivity,	And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!	I heard the torrents leap and gush
Or if it were, in winged guise,	O'er channelled rock and broken bush;
A visitant from Paradise;	I saw the white-walled distant town,
For — Heaven forgive that thought! the	
Which made we both to meen and smile	
Which made me both to weep and smile —	
I sometimes deemed that it might be My brother's soul come down to me;	The only one in view;
But then at last away it flew,	A small green isle, it seemed no more, Scarce broader than my dungeon floor, 348
And then 't was mortal well I knew, 290	
For he would never thus have flown,	And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And left me twice so doubly lone,	And by it there were waters flowing,
Lone as the corse within its shroud,	And on it there were young flowers growing
Lone as a solitary cloud, —	Of gentle breath and hue. 350
A single cloud on a sunny day, 295	error 0 1 1 17 17 17 17
While all the rest of heaven is clear,	And they seemed joyous each and all;
A frown upon the atmosphere,	The eagle rode the rising blast,
That hath no business to appear	Methought he never flew so fast
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.	As then to me he seemed to fly; 358
A lind of them we come in more facts	And then new tears came in my eye,
A kind of change came in my fate, 300	
My keepers grew compassionate;	I had not left my recent chain;
I know not what had made them so, They were inured to sights of woe,	And when I did descend again,
But so it was: — my broken chain	The darkness of my dim abode
With links unfastened did remain, 305	
And it was liberty to stride	Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
Along my cell from side to side,	And yet my glance, too much opprest,
And up and down, and then athwart,	Had almost need of such a rest. 368
And tread it over every part;	
And round the pillars one by one, 310	
Returning where my walk begun,	I kept no count, I took no note,
Avoiding only, as I trod,	I had no hope my eyes to raise,
My brothers' graves without a sod;	And clear them of their dreary mote;
For if I thought with heedless tread	At last men came to set me free; 370
My step profaned their lowly bed, 315	
My breath came gaspingly and thick,	It was at length the same to me,
And my crushed heart fell blind and	Fettered or fetterless to be, I learned to love despair.
sick.	r learned to love despair.

And thus when they appeared at last, And all my bonds aside were cast, These heavy walls to me had grown	For what is	sing, suffuse my face; left the poet here? a blush — for Greece a tear.	35
A hermitage — and all my own! And half I felt as they were come To tear me from a second home: With spiders I had friendship made, And watched them in their sullen trade, Had seen the mice by moonlight play, And why should I feel less than they?	Must we Earth! rend A remnan Of the three	t weep o'er days more blest? but blush? — Our fathers ble er back from out thy breast t of our Spartan dead! hundred grant but three, new Thermopylæ!	ed. 40
We were all inmates of one place, And I, the monarch of each race, Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell! In quiet we had learned to dwell; My very chains and I grew friends, So much a long communion tends To make us what we are:—even I	Ah! no; — Sound like a And answ But one aris	still? and silent all? the voices of the dead distant torrent's fall, er, 'Let one living head, e, — we come, we come!' e living who are dumb.	45
Regained my freedom with a sigh. 1816	Fill high t Leave battle And shed	es to the Turkish hordes, the blood of Scio's vine!	50
THE ISLES OF GREECE The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece! Where burning Sappho loved and sung, Where grew the arts of war and peace, Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung! Eternal summer gilds them yet,	You have the Where is Of two such The noble	the Pyrrhic phalanx gone? lessons, why forget or and the manlier one?	55
But all, except their sun, is set. The Scian and the Teian muse, The hero's harp, the lover's lute, Have found the fame your shores refuse:	Think ye he Fill high the We will n	bowl with Samian wine! ot think of themes like these!	60
Their place of birth alone is mute To sounds which echo further west Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.' The mountains look on Marathon —	He served A tyrant; b	acreon's song divine: 1 — but served Polycrates — tut our masters then t least, our countrymen.	65
And Marathon looks on the sea; And musing there an hour alone, I dreamed that Greece might still be free For standing on the Persians' grave, I could not deem myself a slave.	Was freed That tyrant Oh! that Another des	of the Chersonese lom's best and bravest friend; was Miltiades! the present hour would lend pot of the kind! as his were sure to bind.	7 0
A king sate on the rocky brow Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis; And ships, by thousands, lay below, And men in nations;—all were his! He counted them at break of day— And when the sun set where were they?	On Suli's Exists the r Such as the And there,	ne Doric mothers bore; perhaps, some seed is sown,	75
And where are they? and where art thou, 26 My country? On thy voiceless shore The heroic lay is tuneless now — The heroic bosom beats no more! And must thy lyre, so long divine, Degenerate into hands like mine?	Trust not for They have In native so The only But Turkish	words, and native ranks, hope of courage dwells: a force, and Latin fraud,	80
'Tis something, in the dearth of fame, Though linked among a fettered race, To feel at least a patriot's shame,	Fill high th	k your shield, however broad. e bowl with Samian wine! as dance beneath the shade—	85

40

I see their glorious black eyes shine; But gazing on each glowing maid, My own the burning tear-drop laves, To think such breasts must suckle slaves. 90

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;

There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

DON JUAN

CANTO IV, STANZAS I-LXXII

Northing so difficult as a beginning
In poesy, unless perhaps the end;
For oftentimes when Pegasus seems winning
The race, he sprains a wing, and down we
tend.

Like Lucifer when hurled from heaven for sinning:

Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend, Being pride, which leads the mind to soar too far,

Till our own weakness shows us what we are.

But time, which brings all beings to their level.

And sharp Adversity, will teach at last 10 Man,—and, as we would hope,—perhaps the devil.

That neither of their intellects are vast:
While youth's hot wishes in our red veins
revel,

We know not this — the blood flows on too fast:

But as the torrent widens towards the ocean, 15

We ponder deeply on each past emotion.

As boy, I thought myself a clever fellow, And wished that others held the same opinion;

They took it up when my days grew more mellow,

And other minds acknowledged my dominion: 20

Now my sere fancy 'falls into the yellow Leaf,' and Imagination droops her pinion, And the sad truth which hovers o'er my desk Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing, 25
'T is that I may not weep; and if I weep,
'T is that our nature cannot always bring
Itself to apathy, for we must steep

Our hearts first in the depths of Lethe's spring,

Ere what we least wish to behold will sleep: 30

Thetis baptized her mortal son in Styx; A mortal mother would on Lethe fix.

Some have accused me of a strange design
Against the creed and morals of the land,
And trace it in this poem every line;
I don't pretend that I quite understand

My own meaning when I would be very fine;
But the fact is that I have nothing
planned,

Unless it were to be a moment merry, A novel word in my vocabulary.

To the kind reader of our sober clime
This way of writing will appear exotic;
Pulci was sire of the half-serious rhyme,
Who sang when chivalry was more Quixotic.

And revelled in the fancies of the time, 45
True knights, chaste dames, huge giant kings despotic:

But all these, save the last, being obsolete, I chose a modern subject as more meet.

How I have treated it, I do not know;

Perhaps no better than they have treated
me,

50

Who have imputed such designs as show Not what they saw, but what they wished to see;

But if it gives them pleasure, be it so,
This is a liberal age, and thoughts are free:
Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear, 55
And tells me to resume my story here.

Young Juan and his lady-love were left
To their own hearts' most sweet society;
Even Time the pitiless in sorrow cleft

With his rude scythe such gentle bosoms; he 60

Sighed to behold them of their hours bereft,
Though foe to love; and yet they could
not be

Meant to grow old, but die in happy spring, Before one charm or hope had taken wing.

Their faces were not made for wrinkles,
their
65

Pure blood to stagnate, their great hearts to fail:

The blank grey was not made to blast their hair.

But like the climes that know nor snow nor hail,

They were all summer; lightning might assail

And shiver them to ashes, but to trail 70 A long and snake-like life of dull decay Was not for them — they had too little clay.

They were alone once more; for them to be Thus was another Eden; they were never Weary, unless when separate: the tree 75 Cut from its forest root of years — the

river

Dammed from its fountain — the child from the knee

And breast maternal weaned at once for ever. -

Would wither less than these two torn apart; Alas! there is no instinct like the heart - 80

The heart — which may be broken: happy they!

Thrice fortunate! who of that fragile mould,

The precious porcelain of human clay,

Break with the first fall: they can ne'er

The long year linked with heavy day on

And all which must be borne, and never told:

While life's strange principle will often lie Deepest in those who long the most to die.

'Whom the gods love die young' was said of yore,

And many deaths do they escape by

The death of friends, and that which slavs even more -

The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is, Except mere breath; and since the silent

shore Awaits at last even those who longest

The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early

Which men weep over may be meant to save.

Haidée and Juan thought not of the dead. The heavens, and earth, and air, seemed made for them:

They found no fault with Time, save that he

They saw not in themselves aught to condemn;

Each was the other's mirror, and but read Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem,

And knew such brightness was but the reflection

Of their exchanging glances of affection.

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch.

The least glance better understood than words,

Which still said all, and ne'er could say too

A language, too, but like to that of birds. Known but to them, at least appearing such As but to lovers a true sense affords; 110 Sweet playful phrases, which would seem absurd

To those who have ceased to hear such, or ne'er heard.

All these were theirs, for they were children

And children still they should have ever been:

They were not made in the real world to

A busy character in the dull scene, But like two beings born from out a rill,

A nymph and her beloved, all unseen To pass their lives in fountains and on

flowers, And never know the weight of human hours.

Moons changing had rolled on, and changeless found

Those their bright rise had lighted to such

As rarely they beheld throughout their round;

And these were not of the vain kind which cloys,

For theirs were buoyant spirits, never bound

By the mere senses; and that which destroys

Most love, possession, unto them appeared A thing which each endearment more endeared.

Oh beautiful! and rare as beautiful!

But theirs was love in which the mind delights

To lose itself, when the old world grows dull. And we are sick of its hack sounds and sights.

Intrigues, adventures of the common school. Its petty passions, marriages, and flights,

Where Hymen's torch but brands one strumpet more,

Whose husband only knows her not a wh—re.

Hard words; harsh truth; a truth which many know.

Enough. — The faithful and the fairy pair,

Who never found a single hour too slow. What was it made them thus exempt from care?

Young innate feelings all have felt below, Which perish in the rest, but in them were Inherent; what we mortals call romantic, And always envy, though we deem it frantic.

This is in others a factitious state, An opium dream of too much youth and reading.

But was in them their nature or their fate: No novels e'er had set their young hearts bleeding,

For Haidée's knowledge was by no means great.

And Juan was a boy of saintly breeding;

So that there was no reason for their loves More than for those of nightingales or doves.

They gazed upon the sunset; 't is an hour Dear unto all, but dearest to their eyes, For it had made them what they were: the

Of love had first o'erwhelmed them from such skies,

When happiness had been their only dower, And twilight saw them linked in passion's

Charmed with each other, all things charmed that brought

The past still welcome as the present thought.

I know not why, but in that hour to-night, Even as they gazed, a sudden tremor came,

And swept, as 't were, across their hearts' delight,

Like the wind o'er a harp-string, or a flame,

When one is shook in sound, and one in sight:

And thus some boding flashed through either frame.

And called from Juan's breast a faint low

While one new tear arose in Haidée's eye.

That large black prophet eye seemed to dilate And follow far the disappearing sun, 170 As if their last day of a happy date

With his broad, bright, and dropping orb were gone.

Juan gazed on her as to ask his fate — He felt a grief, but knowing cause for none,

His glance inquired of hers for some ex-

For feelings causeless, or at least abstruse.

She turned to him, and smiled, but in that

Which makes not others smile; then turned aside:

Whatever feeling shook her, it seemed short, And mastered by her wisdom or her pride;

When Juan spoke, too—it might be in sport -

Of this their mutual feeling, she replied — 'If it should be so, — but — it cannot be — Or I at least shall not survive to see.'

Juan would question further, but she pressed His lips to hers, and silenced him with

And then dismissed the omen from her

Defying augury with that fond kiss, And no doubt of all methods 't is the best:

Some people prefer wine—'t is not amiss:

I have tried both; so those who would a part take

May choose between the headache and the heartache.

One of the two according to your choice,

Woman or wine, you'll have to undergo; Both maladies are taxes on our joys: But which to choose, I really hardly know; And if I had to give a casting voice,

For both sides I could many reasons show, And then decide, without great wrong to either,

It were much better to have both than neither. 200

Juan and Haidée gazed upon each other With swimming looks of speechless tender-

Which mixed all feelings, friend, child, lover, brother:

All that the best can mingle and express When two pure hearts are poured in one an-

And love too much, and yet cannot love less:

But almost sanctify the sweet excess By the immortal wish and power to bless.

Mixed in each other's arms, and heart in

Why did they not then die? — they had lived too long

Should an hour come to bid them breathe

Years could but bring them cruel things or wrong;

The world was not for them, nor the world's

For beings passionate as Sappho's song; Love was born with them, in them, so intense, 215

It was their very spirit — not a sense.

They should have lived together deep in woods.

Unseen as sings the nightingale; they were Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes

Called social, haunts of Hate, and Vice, and Care; 220

How lonely every freeborn creature broods!

The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair;

The eagle soars alone; the gull and crow Flock o'er their carrion, just like men below.

Now pillowed cheek to cheek, in loving sleep, 225

Haidée and Juan their siesta took, A gentle slumber, but it was not deep, For ever and anon a something shook

Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep;

And Haidèe's sweet lips murmured like a brook 230

A wordless music, and her face so fair Stirred with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air;

Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream • Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind Walks o'er it, was she shaken by the dream,

The mystical usurper of the mind —
O'erpowering us to be whate'er may seem
Good to the soul which we no more can

bind: Strange state of being! (for 't is still to be), Senseless to feel, and with sealed eyes to

She dreamed of being alone on the sea-

Chained to a rock; she knew not how, but

240

She could not from the spot, and the loud roar

Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threatening her;

And o'er her upper lip they seemed to pour, 245

Until she sobbed for breath, and soon they were

Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high —

Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die.

Anon—she was released, and then she strayed

O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding feet, 250

And stumbled almost every step she made; And something rolled before her in a sheet, Which she must still pursue howe'er afraid:

"T was white and indistinct, nor stopped to meet

Her glance nor grasp, for still she gazed and grasped, 255

And ran, but it escaped her as she clasped.

The dream changed: — in a cave she stood, its walls

Were hung with marble icicles; the work Of ages on its water-fretted halls,

Where waves might wash, and seals might breed and lurk; 260

Her hair was dripping, and the very balls
Of her black eyes seemed turned to tears,
and mirk

The sharp rocks looked below each drop they caught,

Which froze to marble as it fell,—she thought.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet, 265

Pale as the foam that frothed on his dead brow,

Which she essayed in vain to clear, (how sweet

Were once her cares, how idle seemed they now!)

Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat
Of his quenched heart; and the sea dirges
low
270

Rang in her sad ears like a mermaid's song, And that brief dream appeared a life too long.

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face Faded, or altered into something new —

Like to her father's features, till each trace 275

More like and like to Lambro's aspect

With all his keen worn look and Grecian grace;

And starting, she awoke, and what to view?

Oh! Powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets she there?

'T is — 't is her father's — fixed upon the pair! 280

Then shricking, she arose, and shricking fell, With joy and sorrow, hope and fear, to see Him whom she deemed a habitant where dwell

761 NY 1

The ocean-buried, risen from death, to be Perchance the death of one she loved too well:

Dear as her father had been to Haidée,
It was a moment of that awful kind —
I have seen such — but must not call to
mind.

Up Juan sprang to Haidée's bitter shriek, And caught her falling, and from off the wall 290

Snatched down his sabre, in hot haste to wreak

Vengeance on him who was the cause of all:

Then Lambro, who till now forebore to speak,

Smiled scornfully, and said, 'Within my call,

A thousand scimitars await the word; 295 Put up, young man, put up your silly sword.'

And Haidée clung around him; 'Juan, 't is —

"T is Lambro — 't is my father! Kneel with me —

He will forgive us — yes — it must be — yes.

Oh! dearest father, in this agony 300

Of pleasure and of pain — even while I kiss

Thy garment's hem with transport, can it

That doubt should mingle with my filial joy? Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy.'

High and inscrutable the old man stood, 305 Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye —

Not always signs with him of calmest mood: He looked upon her, but gave no reply;

Then turned to Juan, in whose cheek the blood

Oft came and went, as there resolved to die; 310

In arms, at least, he stood, in act to spring On the first foe whom Lambro's call might bring.

'Young man, your sword'; so Lambro once more said:

Juan replied, 'Not while this arm is free.'
The old man's cheek grew pale, but not with dread,
315

And drawing from his belt a pistol, he Replied, 'Your blood be then on your own

Then looked close at the flint, as if to see
"T was fresh — for he had lately used the
lock —

And next proceeded quietly to cock. 320

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to

Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so; A gentlemanly distance, not too near, 325 If you have got a former friend for foe; But after being fired at once or twice, The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

Lambro presented, and one instant more
Had stopped this Canto, and Don Juan's
breath,
330

When Haidée threw herself her boy before; Stern as her sire: 'On me,' she cried, 'let death

Descend — the fault is mine; this fatal shore
He found — but sought not. I have
pledged my faith;

I love him — I will die with him: I knew 335 Your nature's firmness — know your daughter's too.'

A minute past, and she had been all tears, And tenderness, and infancy; but now She stood as one who championed human fears—

Pale, statue-like, and stern, she wooed the blow; 340

And tall beyond her sex, and their compeers, She drew up to her height, as if to show A fairer mark; and with a fixed eye scanned Her father's face — but never stopped his hand.

He gazed on her, and she on him; 't was strange 345

How like they looked! the expression was the same;

Serenely savage, with a little change

In the large dark eye's mutual-darted flame;

For she, too, was as one who could avenge,
If cause should be—a lioness, though
tame;
350

Her father's blood before her father's face Boiled up, and proved her truly of his race.

I said they were alike, their features and Their stature, differing but in sex and years:

Even to the delicacy of their hand 355
There was resemblance, such as true blood
wears.

And now to see them, thus divided, stand In fixed ferocity, when joyous tears,

And sweet sensations, should have welcomed both,

Show what the passions are in their full growth.

The father paused a moment, then withdrew His weapon, and replaced it; but stood

And looking on her, as to look her through, 'Not I,' he said, 'have sought this stran-

ger's ill:

Not I have made this desolation: few Would bear such outrage, and forbear to

But I must do my duty — how thou hast Done thine, the present vouches for the past.

'Let him disarm; or, by my father's head, His own shall roll before you like a ball!'

He raised his whistle as the word he said, And blew; another answered to the call, And rushing in disorderly, though led,

And armed from boot to turban, one and

Some twenty of his train came, rank on

He gave the word, 'Arrest or slay the Frank.'

Then, with a sudden movement, he withdrew His daughter; while compressed within

his clasp,
"Twixt her and Juan interposed the crew; In vain she struggled in her father's grasp -

His arms were like a serpent's coil: then flew Upon their prey, as darts an angry asp,

The file of pirates: save the foremost, who Had fallen, with his right shoulder half cut through.

The second had his cheek laid open; but 385 The third, a wary, cool old sworder, took The blows upon his cutlass, and then put

His own well in; so well, ere you could

look.

His man was floored, and helpless at his foot, With the blood running like a little

From two smart sabre gashes, deep and red-One on the arm, the other on the head.

And then they bound him where he fell, and

Juan from the apartment: with a sign Old Lambro bade them take him to the

Where lay some ships which were to sail at nine.

They laid him in a boat, and plied the oar Until they reached some galliots, placed

On board of one of these, and under hatches, They stowed him, with strict orders to the watches.

The world is full of strange vicissitudes, And here was one exceedingly unpleasant:

A gentleman so rich in the world's goods, Handsome and young, enjoying all the present,

Just at the very time when he least broods

On such a thing, is suddenly to sea sent, Wounded and chained, so that he cannot

And all because a lady fell in love.

Here I must leave him, for I grow pathetic, Moved by the Chinese nymph of tears, green tea!

Than whom Cassandra was not more prophetic:

For if my pure libations exceed three, I feel my heart become so sympathetic,

That I must have recourse to black Bohea: 'T is pity wine should be so deleterious, 415 For tea and coffee leave us much more seri-

Unless when qualified with thee, Cogniac! Sweet Naïad of the Phlegethontic rill! Ah! why the liver wilt thou thus attack,

And make, like other nymphs, thy lovers

I would take refuge in weak punch, but

(In each sense of the word), whene'er I

My mild and midnight beakers to the brim. Wakes me next morning with its synonym.

I leave Don Juan for the present, safe — 425 Not sound, poor fellow, but severely wounded:

Yet could his corporal pangs amount to half Of those with which his Haidée's bosom bounded!

She was not one to weep, and rave, and chafe, And then give way, subdued because surrounded: 430

Her mother was a Moorish maid from Fez, Where all is Eden, or a wilderness.

There the large olive rains its amber store In marble fonts; there grain, and flour, and fruit.

Gush from the earth until the land runs 435

But there, too, many a poison-tree has root,

And midnight listens to the lion's roar, And long, long deserts scorch the camel's

Or heaving whelm the helpless caravan:

And as the soil is, so the heart of man. 440 Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth

Her human clay is kindled; full of power For good or evil, burning from its birth,

The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour.

And like the soil beneath it will bring forth:

Beauty and love were Haidée's mother's dower;

But her large dark eye showed deep Passion's force.

Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

Her daughter, tempered with a milder ray, Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair, 450

Till slowly charged with thunder they display Terror to earth, and tempest to the air, Had held till now her soft and milky way;

But overwrought with passion and despair,
The fire burst forth from her Numidian
veins,
455

Even as the Simoom sweeps the blasted plains.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
And he himself o'ermastered and cut
down;

His blood was running on the very floor
Where late he trod, her beautiful, her
own:
460

Thus much she viewed an instant and no more,—

Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan;

On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held Her writhing, fell she like a cedar felled.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes

465
Were dabbled with the deep blood which

ran o'er;

And her head drooped, as when the lily lies O'ercharged with rain: her summoned handmaids bore

Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes; Of herbs and cordials they produced their store, 470

But she defied all means they could employ, Like one life could not hold, nor death destroy.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chill —

With nothing livid, still her lips were red; She had no pulse, but death seemed absent still;

No hideous sign proclaimed her surely dead;

Corruption came not in each mind to kill

All hope; to look upon her sweet face bred New thoughts of life, for it seemed full of soul—

She had so much, earth could not claim the whole.

480

The ruling passion, such as marble shows
When exquisitely chiselled, still lay there,
But fixed as marble's unchanged aspect
throws

O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair; O'er the Laocoön's all eternal throes, And ever-dying Gladiator's air,

Their energy like life forms all their fame, Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.

She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake, Rather the dead, for life seemed something new, 490

A strange sensation which she must partake Perforce, since whatsoever met her view

Struck not on memory, though a heavy ache
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat still
true

Brought back the sense of pain without the cause, 495

For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

She looked on many a face with vacant eye, On many a token without knowing what; She saw them watch her without asking why, And recked not who around her pillow

sat; 500
Not speechless, though she spoke not; not a

sigh
Relieved her thoughts; dull silence and

quick chat Were tried in vain by those who served; she

No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not; 505

Her father watched, she turned her eyes away;

She recognised no being, and no spot,

However dear or cherished in their day; They changed from room to room, but all forgot.

Gentle, but without memory she lay; 510 At length those eyes, which they would fain be weaning

Back to old thoughts, waxed full of fearful meaning.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp; The harper came, and tuned his instru-

ment;
At the first notes, irregular and sharp, 515
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent,

Then to the wall she turned as if to warp Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-sent;

And he began a long low island song

grew Of ancient days, ere tyranny 520 strong.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall In time to his old tune: he changed the theme,

And sung of love; the fierce name struck

through all

Her recollection; on her flashed the dream Of what she was, and is, if ye could call 525

To be so being; in a gushing stream The tears rushed forth from her o'erclouded brain.

Like mountain mists at length dissolved in

Short solace, vain relief! - thought came too quick,

And whirled her brain to madness; she

As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick, And flew at all she met, as on her foes;

But no one ever heard her speak or shriek, Although her paroxysm drew towards its close: -

Hers was a phrensy which disdained to

Even when they smote her, in the hope to save.

Yet she betrayed at times a gleam of sense; Nothing could make her meet her father's

Though on all other things with looks intense She gazed, but none she ever could re-

Food she refused, and raiment; no pretence Availed for either; neither change of place.

Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give her Senses to sleep — the power seemed gone for

Twelve days and nights she withered thus; at last,

Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show

A parting pang, the spirit from her passed: And they who watched her nearest could not know

The very instant, till the change that cast Her sweet face into shadow, dull and 550

Glazed o'er her eyes — the beautiful, the

Oh! to possess such lustre — and then lack!

She died, but not alone; she held within A second principle of life, which might

Have dawned a fair and sinless child of But closed its little being without light,

And went down to the grave unborn, wherein Blossom and bough lie withered with one blight:

In vain the dews of Heaven descend above The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of

Thus lived — thus died she; never more on

Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made

Through years or moons the inner weight to

Which colder hearts endure till they are

By age in earth; her days and pleasures

Brief but delightful -- such as had not staved

Long with her destiny: but she sleeps well By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.

The isle is now all desolate and bare, Its dwellings down, its tenants passed

None but her own and father's grave is

And nothing outward tells of human clay: Ye could not know where lies a thing so

No stone is there to show, no tongue to say What was: no dirge, except the hollow sea's,

Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades. 1821

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR

'T is time this heart should be unmoved, Since others it hath ceased to move; Yet, though I cannot be beloved, Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf; The flowers and fruits of love are gone; The worm, the canker, and the grief Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys Is lone as some volcanic isle; 10 No torch is kindled at its blaze — A funeral pile.

The exalted portion of the pain And power of love, I cannot share, But 'tis not thus — and 'tis not here— Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now, Where glory decks the hero's bier, Or binds his brow. The sword, the banner, and the field, Glory and Greece, around me see! The Spartan, borne upon his shield, Was not more free. Awakel (not Greece — she is awake!) Awake, my spirit! Think through Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake, And then strike home! Tread those reviving passions down, Unworthy manhood!— unto thee Indifferent should the smile or frown Of beauty be. If thou regrett'st thy youth, why live? The land of honourable death Is here: — up to the field, and give Away thy breath! Seek out — less often sought than found— A soldier's grave, for thee the best; Then look around, and choose thy ground, And take thy rest. Perry Pressite Shelley (1792–1822) HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY The awful shadow of some unseen Power Floats though unseen among us, — visiting This various world with as inconstant wing As summer winds that creep from flower to flower, — With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon Of human thought or form, — where art thou gone? Why deat shoul pass away and leave our state, This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate? Ask why the sunlight not for ever Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain- river, Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown, 20 Why fear and dream and death and birth Cast on the daylight of this earth Such gloom, — why man has such a scope For love and hate, despondency and hope? No voice from some sublimer world hath ever The land of honourable death Shell and fade that once is shown, 20 Why fear and dream and death and birth Cast on the daylight of this earth Such gloom, — why man has such a scope For love and hate, despondency and hope? No voice from some sublimer world hath ever The land of honourable death Shell and choose thy ground, And take thy rest. Or moonlight on a midnight stream, 35 Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream. Love, Hop		
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As summer winds that creep from flower to flower,— Thou messenger of sympathies, That wax and wane in lovers' eyes—	Floats though unseen among us, — visiting	Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art, 40
flower,— That wax and wane in lovers' eyes—	wing	within his heart.

Like hues and harmonies of evening, -Depart not — lest the grave should be, Like clouds in starlight widely Like life and fear, a dark reality. spread, Like memory of music fled, -Like aught that for its grace may be

mountain shower,

It visits with inconstant glance

Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Each human heart and countenance;

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,

Like darkness to a dying flame!

Depart not as thy shadow came,

And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing

Hopes of high talk with the departed dead. I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed;

I was not heard — I saw them not —
When musing deeply on the lot 55
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are
wooing

All vital things that wake to bring News of birds and blossoming, — Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;

I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy! 60

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine — have I not kept the
yow?

With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now

I called the phantoms of a thousand hours Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers 65

Of studious zeal or love's delight Outwatched with me the envious

night —
They know that never joy illumed my brow
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst

This world from its dark slavery,
That thou — O awful Loveliness,

Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past—there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
75
Which through the summer is not heard or
seen,

As if it could not be, as if it had not been! Thus let thy power, which like the truth Of nature on my passive youth

Descended, to my onward life supply

Its calm—to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind

To fear himself, and love all human kind.

OZYMANDIAS

I met a traveller from an antique land Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone

Stand in the desert . . . Near them, on the sand,

Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,

And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command, 5

Tell that its sculptor well those passions read

Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,

The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:

And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: 10
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

1219

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might,
The breath of the moist earth is light, 5
Around its unexpanded buds;

Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself, is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,

Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:

I sit upon the sands alone, —
The lightning of the noontide ocean 15
Is flashing round me, and a tone

Arises from its measured motion, How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth

The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory
crowned —

Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.

Others I see whom these surround — 25
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure; —
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me.

And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea 35
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown
old.

Insults with this untimely moan; 40
They might lament — for I am one
Whom men love not, — and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,

Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

45

1824

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,

Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead

Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,

Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou, Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,

Each like a corpse within its grave, until Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill 10
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)

With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere; Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion, 15

Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are

Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread

On the blue surface of thine aery surge, Like the bright hair uplifted from the head 20 Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge

Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou
dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre, 25 Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh, hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams

The blue Mediterranean, where he lay, 30 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay, And saw in sleep old palaces and towers Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers 35

So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou

For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below

The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear

The sapless foliage of the ocean, know 40

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear, And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear, If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee; A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven, As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed 50 Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need. Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud! I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed 55

One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud:

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is: What if my leaves are falling like its own! The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone, 60

Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,

My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth! And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind! Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

70
1820

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers.

From the seas and the streams;

I bear light shade for the leaves when laid In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken 5

The sweet buds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast, As she dances about the sun.

I wield the fail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I discluse it in min.

And then again I dissolve it in rain, And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below, And their great pines groan aghast;

And all the night 't is my pillow white, 18 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skiev bowers.

Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers, Lightning my pilot sits;

In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
2

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion, This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that move In the depths of the purple sea;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills, 25 Over the lakes and the plains,

Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,

The Spirit he loves remains:

And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,

Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes, And his burning plumes outspread,

Leaps on the back of my sailing rack, When the morning star shines dead;

As on the jag of a mountain crag, 35
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,

An eagle alit one moment may sit In the light of its golden wings.

And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,

Its ardours of rest and of love, And the crimson pall of eve may fall From the depth of Heaven above,

With wings folded I rest, on mine aëry nest, As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden, 45 Whom mortals call the Moon,

Gildes glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;

And wherever the beat of her unseen feet, Which only the angels hear,

May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,

The stars peep behind her and peer; And I laugh to see them whirl and flee, Like a swarm of golden bees,

When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent, 55

Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas, Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high.

Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone, And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl; 60 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim.

When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl. From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape, Over a torrent sea,

Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof, — The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch through which I march With hurricane, fire, and snow,

When the Powers of the air are chained to

my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow; 70

The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove, While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water, And the nursling of the Sky;

I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores; 75

I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain when with never a stain The pavilion of Heaven is bare,

And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams

Build up the blue dome of air. 80 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph, And out of the caverns of rain, Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb. I arise and unbuild it again. 1820 TO A SKYLARK HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit! Bird thou never wert, That from Heaven, or near it, Pourest thy full heart In profuse strains of unpremeditated art. 5 Higher still and higher From the earth thou springest Like a cloud of fire: The blue deep thou wingest, And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. In the golden lightning Of the sunken sun, O'er which clouds are bright'ning, Thou dost float and run; Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun. The pale purple even Melts around thy flight; Like a star of Heaven, In the broad daylight .Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight, Keen as are the arrows Of that silver sphere, Whose intense lamp narrows In the white dawn clear Until we hardly see — we feel that it is there. All the earth and air With thy voice is loud, As, when night is bare, From one lonely cloud The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is overflowed. What thou art we know not; What is most like thee? From rainbow clouds there flow not Drops so bright to see As from thy presence showers a rain of melody. Like a Poet hidden In the light of thought,

769 Singing hymns unbidden. Till the world is wrought To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not: Like a high-born maiden In a palace-tower, Soothing her love-laden Soul in secret hour With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower: Like a glow-worm golden In a dell of dew, Scattering unbeholden Its aëreal hue Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view! Like a rose embowered In its own green leaves, By warm winds deflowered, Till the scent it gives Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-wingèd thieves: Sound of vernal showers On the twinkling grass, Rain-awakened flowers. All that ever was Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth Teach us, Sprite or Bird, What sweet thoughts are thine: I have never heard Praise of love or wine That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine. Chorus Hymeneal, Or triumphal chant, Matched with thine would be all But an empty vaunt, A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden What objects are the fountains Of thy happy strain? What fields, or waves, or mountains? What shapes of sky or plain? What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain? 75 With thy clear keen joyance Languor cannot be: Shadow of annoyance Never came near thee: Thou lovest — but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,	TO NIGHT
Thou of death must deem	Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
Things more true and deep	Spirit of Night!
Than we mortals dream,	Out of the misty eastern cave,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal	Where, all the long and lone daylight,
stream?	Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear, 5
We look before and after,	Which make thee terrible and dear,—
And pine for what is not:	Swift be thy flight!
Our sincerest laughter	****
With some pain is fraught;	Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of	Star-inwrought!
saddest thought.	Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day; 10
Yet if we could scorn	Kiss her until she be wearied out,
	Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land, Touching all with thine opiate wand —
Hate, and pride, and fear; If we were things born	Come, long-sought!
Not to shed a tear,	, 6 8
I know not how thy joy we ever should come	When I arose and saw the dawn, 15
near. 95	I sighed for thee:
	When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
Better than all measures	And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
Of delightful sound,	And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Better than all treasures	Lingering like an unloved guest, 20
That in books are found,	I sighed for thee.
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!	Thy brother Death came, and cried,
ground:	Wouldst thou me?
Teach me half the gladness	Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
That thy brain must know,	Murmured like a noontide bee, 25
Such harmonious madness	Shall I nestle near thy side?
From my lips would flow	Wouldst thou me? — And I replied,
The world should listen then—as I am	No, not thee!
listening now. 105 1820	Death will come when thou art dead,
1020	Soon, too soon — 30
	Sleep will come when thou art fled;
TIME LONG PAST	Of neither would I ask the boon
	I ask of thee, beloved Night —
Like the ghost of a dear friend dead	Swift be thine approaching flight,
Is Time long past.	Come soon, soon! 35
A tone which is now forever fled,	1824
A hope which is now forever past,	
A love so sweet it could not last,	TIME
Was Time long past.	
There were sweet dreams in the night	Unfathomable Sea! whose waves are
Of Time long past:	years,
And, was it sadness or delight,	Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep
Each day a shadow onward cast 10	And has alrich with the solt of hymnon toom!
Which made us wish it yet might last —	Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
That Time long past.	Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
There is regret, almost remorse,	Claspest the limits of mortality, 5
For Time long past.	And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
'T is like a child's belovèd corse 15	Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable
A father watches, till at last	shore;
Beauty is like remembrance, cast	Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
From Time long past.	Who shall put forth on thee,
	Unfathomable Sea?
1824	1824

ТО		As is quiet wise and good.	
Music, when soft voices die, Vibrates in the memory — Odours, when sweet violets sicken,		As is quiet, wise, and good; Between thee and me What difference? but thou dost possess The things I seek, not love them less.	40
Live within the sense they quicken. Rose leaves, when the rose is dead, Are heaped for the beloved's bed; And so thy thoughts, when thou art gos Love itself shall slumber on. 18	5 ne, 324	I love Love — though he has wings, And like light can flee, But above all other things, Spirit, I love thee — Thou art love and life! Oh, come, Make once more my heart thy home. 182-	45
SONG		MUTABILITY	
RARELY, rarely, comest thou, Spirit of Delight! Wherefore hast thou left me now Many a day and night? Many a weary night and day 'T is since thou art fled away. How shall ever one like me	5	The flower that smiles to-day To-morrow dies; All that we wish to stay Tempts and then flies. What is this world's delight? Lightning that mocks the night, Brief even as bright.	5
Win thee back again? With the joyous and the free Thou wilt scoff at pain. Spirit false! thou hast forgot All but those who need thee not. As a lizard with the shade Of a trembling leaf,	10	Virtue, how frail it is! Friendship how rare! Love, how it sells poor bliss For proud despair! But we, though soon they fall, Survive their joy, and all Which ours we call.	10
Thou with sorrow art dismayed; Even the sighs of grief Reproach thee, that thou art not near, And reproach thou wilt not hear.	15	Whilst skies are blue and bright, Whilst flowers are gay, Whilst eyes that change ere night Make glad the day; Whilst yet the calm bown crops	15
Let me set my mournful ditty To a merry measure; Thou wilt never come for pity, Thou wilt come for pleasure; Pity then will cut away Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.	20	Whilst yet the calm hours creep, Dream thou — and from thy sleep Then wake to weep. 182-	20 4
I love all that thou lovest, Spirit of Delight! The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed, And the starry night;	25	O WORLD! O life! O time! On whose last steps I climb, Trembling at that where I had stood	be-
Autumn evening, and the morn When the golden mists are born.	30	When will return the glory of your prime' No more — Oh, never more!	? 5
I love snow, and all the forms Of the radiant frost; I love waves, and winds, and storms, Everything almost Which is Nature's, and may be Untainted by man's misery.	35	Out of the day and night A joy has taken flight; Fresh spring, and summer, and win hoar, Move my faint heart with grief, but we delight	ıter
I love tranquil solitude, And such society		182	

10

15

REMEMBRANCE

Swifter far than summer's flight — Swifter far than youth's delight — Swifter far than happy night,

Art thou come and gone —
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left lone, alone.

The swallow summer comes again —
The owlet night resumes her reign —
But the wild-swan youth is fain
To fly with thee, false as thou. —
My heart each day desires the morrow;
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow;
Vainly would my winter borrow
Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed —
Roses for a matron's head —
Violets for a maiden dead —
Pansies let my flowers be: 20
On the living grave I bear
Scatter them without a tear —
Let no friend, however dear,
Waste one hope, one fear for me.

TO ----

One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it;
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

Leap give not what ween call lave.

Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not,—
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

ADONAIS

I WEEP for Adonais — he is dead!
O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure com-

peers,

And teach them thine own sorrow, say:
'With me
Died Adonais; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be

An echo and a light unto eternity!'

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which

In darkness? where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veilèd eyes,
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamous

She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath, 15
Rekindled all the fading melodies.

With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,

He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of Death.

Oh, weep for Adonais — he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and
weep!

Yet wherefore? Quench within their burn-

ing bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone, where all things wise and fair

Descend; — oh, dream not that the amorous
Deep
25
Will yet restore him to the vital air:

Will yet restore him to the vital air; Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania! — He died,
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain, 30
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's
pride,

The priest, the slave, and the liberticide, Trampled and mocked with many a loathed rite

Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified, Into the gulf of death; but his clear Sprite 35 Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to climb;
And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of
time

40

In which suns perished; others more sublime,

Struck by the envious wrath of man or god, Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime; And some yet live, treading the thorny road, Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

45

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has perished —

The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew, Like a pale flower by some sad maiden

cherished,

And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep anew! 50
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom, whose petals nipped before they
blew

Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste; The broken lily lies — the storm is overpast.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death 55 Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay, He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,

A grave among the eternal. — Come away! Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still 60 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;

Awake him not! surely he takes his fill Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more! — Within the twilight chamber spreads apace 65

The shadow of white Death, and at the door Invisible Corruption waits to trace

The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface

So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law Of change, shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

Oh, weep for Adonais! — The quick Dreams, The passion-winged Ministers of thought, Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams

Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he

taught

The love which was its music, wander not, — Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there, whence they sprung; and

mourn their let

mourn their lot
Round the cold heart, where, after their
sweet pain,
80

They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head.

And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries:

'Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead; See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes, 85 Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain.'

Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!

She knew not 't was her own; as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept
its rain.

90

One from a lucid urn of starry dew

Washed his light limbs as if embalming them; Another clipped her profuse locks, and threw The wreath upon him, like an anadem,

Which frozen tears instead of pearls begen; 95

Another in her wilful grief would break Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem A greater loss with one which was more

weak;

And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen cheek.

Another Splendour on his mouth alit, 100 That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath

Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,

And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp
death

Quenched its caress upon his icy lips; 105 And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night

Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips,

It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse.

And others came . . . Desires and Adorations,

Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies, 110

Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations

Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies; And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,

And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam

Of her own dying smile instead of eyes, 115 Came in slow pomp; — the moving pomp might seem

Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought, From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,

Lamented Adonais. Morning sought 120 Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,

Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,

Dimmed the aëreal eyes that kindle day;

Afar the melancholy thunder moaned, Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay, 125 And the wild Winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains, And feeds her grief with his remembered lay, And will no more reply to winds or fountains, Or amorous birds perched on the young green

Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day; Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear Than those for whose disdain she pined away Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear

Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down

Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were, Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,

For whom should she have waked the sullen vear?

To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear 140
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou, Adonais: wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears; odour, to
sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale 145 Mourns not her, mate with such melodious pain;

Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain

Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,

Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,

As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,

And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone, Winter But grief returns with the revolving year;

The airs and streams renew their joyous tone; The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;

Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier;

The amorous birds now pair in every brake, And build their mossy homes in field and brere:

And the green lizard, and the golden snake, Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake. Through wood and stream and field and hill and Ocean

A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst

As it has ever done, with change and motion, 165

From the great morning of the world when first

God dawned on Chaos; in its stream immersed.

The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;

All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst; Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight,

The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit tender,

Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath; Like incarnations of the stars, when splen-

Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death 175

And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath;

Nought we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows

Be as a sword consumed before the sheath By sightless lightning? — the intense atom

A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be, But for our grief, as if it had not been, And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me! Whence are we, and why are we? of what

The actors or spectators? Great and mean 185
Meet massed in death, who lends what life

must borrow.

As long as skies are blue, and fields are green, Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow.

Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

He will awake no more, oh, never more! 190 'Wake thou,' cried Misery, 'childless Mother, rise

Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,

A wound more fierce than his, with tears and sighs.'

And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,

And all the Echoes whom their sister's song

Had held in holy silence, cried: 'Arise!' Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung.

From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs
Out of the East, and follows wild and
drear
200

The golden Day, which, on eternal wings, Even as a ghost abandoning a bier.

Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear

So struck, so roused, so rapped Urania; So saddened round her like an atmosphere 205

Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way
Even to the mournful place where Adonais
lay.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,

Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,

And human hearts, which to her aery tread 210

Yielding not, wounded the invisible

Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell:

And barbed tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they,

Rent the soft Form they never could repel, Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,

Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death-chamber for a moment Death, Shamed by the presence of that living Might, Blushed to annihilation, and the breath Revisited those lips, and Life's pale light 220 Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.

'Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,

As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
Leave me not!' cried Urania: her distress
Roused Death: Death rose and smiled, and
met her vain caress.

225

'Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again; Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live; And in my heartless breast and burning brain

That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive,

With food of saddest memory kept alive, 230 Now thou art dead, as if it were a part Of thee, my Adonais! I would give All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!

'O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert, 235 Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men

Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart

Dare the unpastured dragon in his den? Defenceless as thou wert, oh, where was then

Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear? 240

Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,

The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

'The herded wolves, bold only to pursue; The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead; 245

The vultures to the conqueror's banner true Who feed where Desolation first has fed, And whose wings rain contagion; — how

they fled,

When, like Apollo, from his golden bow
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped 250
And smiled! — The spoilers tempt no second blow.

They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

'The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;

He sets, and each ephemeral insect then Is gathered into death without a dawn, 255 And the immortal stars awake again; So is it in the world of living men:

A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when

It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light 260

Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful

Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night.'

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,

Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;

The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame Over his living head like Heaven is bent, 265 An early but enduring monument, Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song

In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,

And Love taught Grief to fall like music from his tongue. 270

Midst others of less note, came one frail Form.

A phantom among men; companionless As the last cloud of an expiring storm Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess, Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness, 275 Actaeon-like, and now he fled astray With feeble steps o'er the world's wilder-

And his own thoughts, along that rugged

way, Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift — 280 A Love in desolation masked; — a Power Girt round with weakness; - it can scarce

The weight of the superincumbent hour; It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,

breaking billow; — even whilst we speak 285

Is it not broken? On the withering flower The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies overblown, And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue:

And a light spear topped with a cypress cone. Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses

Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,

er's dart.

Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of

that crew He came the last, neglected and apart; A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunt-

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan Smiled through their tears; well knew that gentle band

Who in another's fate now wept his own, 300 As in the accents of an unknown land

He sung new sorrow; sad Urania scanned The Stranger's mien, and murmured: 'Who art thou?'

He answered not, but with a sudden hand Made bare his branded and ensanguined

Which was like Cain's or Christ's - oh! that it should be so!

What softer voice is hushed over the dead? Athwart what brow is that dark mantle

What form leans sadly o'er the white deathbed,

310 In mockery of monumental stone, The heavy heart heaving without a moan? If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise, Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the de-

parted one.

Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs, The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison - oh! What deaf and viperous murderer could

Life's early cup with such a draught of woe? The nameless worm would now itself dis-

It felt, yet could escape, the magic tone 320 Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,

But what was howling in one breast alone, Silent with expectation of the song,

Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame! 325 Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me, Thou noteless blot on a remembered name! But be thyself, and know thyself to be! And ever at thy season be thou free

To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow:

Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to

Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow. And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt - as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled

Far from these carrion kites that scream be-

He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead; Thou canst not soar where he is sitting

Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall

Back to the burning fountain whence it came.

A portion of the Eternal, which must

Through time and change, unquenchably the

Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep -

He hath awakened from the dream of life -'T is we, who lost in stormy visions, keep 345 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,

And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife

Invulnerable nothings. — We decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day, 350
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our
living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night; Envy and calumny and hate and pain, And that unrest which men miscall delight, Can touch him not and torture not again;

From the contagion of the world's slow stain He is secure, and now can never mourn A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in

Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn.

With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn. 360

He lives, he wakes — 't is Death is dead, not he;

Mourn not for Adonais. — Thou young Dawn,

Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;

Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan! 365 Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,

Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown

O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is heard 370

His voice in all her music, from the moan Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird; He is a presence to be felt and known

In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,

Spreading itself where'er that Power may move 375

Which has withdrawn his being to its own; Which wields the world with never-wearied love,

Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness

Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear 380

His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there,

All new successions to the forms they wear; Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight To its own likeness, as each mass may bear; 385

And bursting in its beauty and its might From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The splendours of the firmament of time May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not; Like stars to their appointed height they—elimb,

And death is a low mist which cannot blot The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought

Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair, And love and life contend in it, for what Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there

And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,

Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton Rose pale, — his solemn agony had not 400 Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought And as he fell and as he lived and loved Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,

Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved: Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,

But whose transmitted effluence cannot die So long as fire outlives the parent spark, Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.

'Thou art become as one of us,' they cry, 410
'It was for thee you kingless sphere has long

Swung blind in unascended majesty, Silent alone amid an Heaven of Song.

Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng!'

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh, come forth,

Also and the second seco

Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.

Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth;

As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiate the void circumference: then
shrink
420

Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light lest it make thee
sink

When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre, Oh, not of him, but of our joy: 't is nought 425

That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend, — they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their
prey;

And he is gathered to the kings of thought 430

Who waged contention with their time's decay,

And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome, — at once the Paradise, The grave, the city, and the wilderness;

And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,

435

And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress

The bones of Desolation's nakedness
Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
Where, like an infant's smile, over the
dead

440

A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread;

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time

Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand; And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime, Pavilioning the dust of him who planned 445 This refuge for his memory, doth stand Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath.

A field is spread, on which a newer band Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death.

Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

450

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet

To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned

Its charge to each; and if the seal is set, Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind, Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou

Thine own well full, if thou returnest home, Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind

Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb. What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;

Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass, Stains the white radiance of Eternity, Until Death tramples it to fragments. — Die, If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost

t thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek! 465

Follow where all is fled! — Rome's azure sky,

Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak

The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?

Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here 470

They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!

A light is passed from the revolving year, And man, and woman; and what still is

Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither. The soft sky smiles, — the low wind whispers

"T is Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can joi

No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe, That Beauty in which all things work and move,

That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse 480

Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love

Which through the web of being blindly wove

By man and beast and earth and air and sea,

Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,

485

Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song

Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven, Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng

Whose sails were never to the tempest given; 490

The massy earth and sphered skies are riven! I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;

Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,

The soul of Adonais, like a star,

Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

1821

WITH A GUITAR, TO JANE ARIEL to Miranda: — Take This slave of Music, for the sake Of him who is the slave of thee, And teach it all the harmony In which thou canst, and only thou. Make the delighted spirit glow, Till joy denies itself again, And, too intense, is turned to pain; For by permission and command Of thine own Prince Ferdinand, 10 Poor Ariel sends this silent token Of more than ever can be spoken: Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who, From life to life, must still pursue Your happiness: - for thus alone 15 Can Ariel ever find his own. From Prospero's enchanted cell, As the mighty verses tell, To the throne of Naples, he Lit you o'er the trackless sea, 20 Flitting on, your prow before, Like a living meteor. When you die, the silent Moon, In her interlunar swoon, Is not sadder in her cell 25 Than deserted Ariel. When you live again on earth, Like an unseen star of birth, Ariel guides you o'er the sea Of life from your nativity. 30 Many changes have been run Since Ferdinand and you begun Your course of love, and Ariel still Has tracked your steps, and served your will; Now, in humbler, happier lot, This is all remembered not; And now, alas! the poor sprite is Imprisoned, for some fault of his. In a body like a grave; -From you he only dares to crave, 40 For his service and his sorrow, A smile to-day, a song to-morrow. The artist who this idol wrought, To echo all harmonious thought, Felled a tree, while on the steep 45 The woods were in their winter sleep, Rocked in that repose divine On the wind-swept Apennine; And dreaming, some of Autumn past, And some of Spring approaching fast, 50 And some of April buds and showers, And some of songs in July bowers, And all of love; and so this tree, O that such our death may be! -Died in sleep, and felt no pain, 55 To live in happier form again:

From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star. The artist wrought this loved Guitar, And taught it justly to reply, To all who question skilfully, 60 In language gentle as thine own; Whispering in enamoured tone Sweet oracles of woods and dells. And summer winds in sylvan cells: For it had learned all harmonies 65 Of the plains and of the skies, Of the forests and the mountains, And the many-voiced fountains: The clearest echoes of the hills, The softest notes of falling rills, 70 The melodies of birds and bees. The murmuring of summer seas. And pattering rain, and breathing dew. And airs of evening; and it knew That seldom-heard mysterious sound. 75 Which, driven on its diurnal round. As it floats through boundless day, Our world enkindles on its way. All this it knows, but will not tell To those who cannot question well 80 The Spirit that inhabits it; It talks according to the wit Of its companions; and no more Is heard than has been felt before. By those who tempt it to betray 85 These secrets of an elder day: But, sweetly as its answers will Flatter hands of perfect skill, It keeps its highest, holiest tone For our beloved Jane alone. 90 1832

A DIRGE

ROUGH wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long;
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Bare woods, whose branches strain,
Deep caves and dreary main,—
Wail, for the world's wrong!

John Keats (1795-1821)

SONNETS

KEEN, FITFUL GUSTS

KEEN, fitful gusts are whisp'ring here and there Among the bushes half leafless, and dry;

The stars look very cold about the sky,

And I have many miles on foot to fare. Yet feel I little of the cool bleak air, Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily, Or of those silver lamps that burn on

Or of the distance from home's pleasant

For I am brimfull of the friendliness That in a little cottage I have found; Of fair-haired Milton's eloquent distress, And all his love for gentle Lycid drowned; Of lovely Laura in her light green dress, And faithful Petrarch gloriously crowned.

TO ONE WHO HAS BEEN LONG IN CITY PENT

To one who has been long in city pent, 'T is very sweet to look into the fair And open face of heaven, -- to breathe a prayer

Full in the smile of the blue firmament. Who is more happy, when, with heart's con-

Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair And gentle tale of love and languishment? Returning home at evening, with an ear Catching the notes of Philomel, — an eye 10 Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career, He mourns that day so soon has glided by: E'en like the passage of an angel's tear That falls through the clear ether silently.

& Into ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I travelled in the realms of

And many goodly states and kingdoms seen; Round many western islands have I been Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold. Oft of one wide expanse had I been told That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies When a new planet swims into his ken; Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes He stared at the Pacific — and all his men Looked at each other with a wild surmise — Silent, upon a peak in Darien. 1817

ON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS AT AN EARLY HOUR

GIVE me a golden pen, and let me lean On heaped up flowers, in regions clear, and

Bring me a tablet whiter than a star, Or hand of hymning angel, when 't is seen The silver strings of heavenly harp atween: 5 And let there glide by many a pearly car, Pink robes, and wavy hair, and diamond jar, And half discovered wings, and glances keen. The while let music wander round my ears, And as it reaches each delicious ending, Let me write down a line of glorious tone, And full of many wonders of the spheres: For what a height my spirit is contending! 'T is not content so soon to be alone.

1817

ADDRESSED TO [HAYDON]

GREAT spirits now on earth are sojourning; He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake, Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake, Catches his freshness from Archangel's wing: He of the rose, the violet, the spring, The social smile, the chain for Freedom's sake: And lo! - whose stedfastness would never

A meaner sound than Raphael's whispering. And other spirits there are standing apart Upon the forehead of the age to come; These, these will give the world another heart. And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum Of mighty workings? -Listen awhile ye nations, and be dumb.

1817

WHEN I HAVE FEARS

When I have fears that I may cease to be Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain, Before high-pilèd books, in charactery, Hold like rich garners the full ripened grain; When I behold, upon the night's starred face,

Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance, And think that I may never live to trace Their shadows, with the magic hand of

chance: And when I feel, fair creature of an hour, That I shall never look upon thee more, 10 Never have relish in the faery power Of unreflecting love; — then on the shore Of the wide world I stand alone, and think Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

1848

BRIGHT STAR

Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art—

Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night And watching, with eternal lids apart, Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite, The moving waters at their priestlike task 5 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores, Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask Of snow upon the mountains and the

No — yet still stedfast, still unchangeable, Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,

To feel for ever its soft fall and swell, Awake for ever in a sweet unrest, Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath, And so live ever — or else swoon to death.

3)

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

St. AGNES' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was! The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold; The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,

And silent was the flock in woolly fold:

Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while
he told

5

His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven, without a
death,

Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;

Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,

And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan, Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:

The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to

The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze,

Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails: 15 Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries, He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door, And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue

Flattered to tears this agèd man and poor; But no — already had his deathbell rung: The joys of all his life were said and sung: His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve: Another way he went, and soon among 25 Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve, And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft:

And so it chanced, for many a door was wide, From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft, 30 The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide: The level chambers, ready with their pride, Were glowing to receive a thousand guests: The carvèd angels, ever eager-eyed,

Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,

With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry, With plume, tiara, and all rich array, Numerous as shadows haunting faerily The brain, new stuffed, in youth, with

triumphs gay

Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry

On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care, As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve, Young virgins might have visions of delight, And soft adorings from their loves receive Upon the honeyed middle of the night, If ceremonies due they did aright; 50 As, supperless to bed they must retire, And couch supine their beauties, lily white; Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline: 55

The music, yearning like a God in pain, She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine, Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train

Pass by — she heeded not at all: in vain Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier, 60 And back retired; not cooled by high disdain,

But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere: She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danced along with vague, regardless

Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:

The hallowed hour was near at hand: she

Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort

Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;

'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn, Hoodwinked with faery fancy; all amort, 70 Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn, And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire, She lingered still. Meantime, across the

Had come young Porphyro, with heart on

For Madeline. Beside the portal doors. Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores

All saints to give him sight of Madeline, But for one moment in the tedious hours, That he might gaze and worship all unseen:

Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things have been.

He ventures in: let no buzzed whisper tell: All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel: For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,

Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords, Whose very dogs would execrations howl Against his lineage: not one breast affords Him any mercy, in that mansion foul, Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came, Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand, To where he stood, hid from the torch's

Behind a broad hall-pillar, far bevond The sound of merriment and chorus bland:

He startled her; but soon she knew his face, And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand, Saying, 'Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place:

They are all here to-night, the whole bloodthirsty race!

'Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand:

He had a fever late, and in the fit

He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:

Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a

More tame for his gray hairs — Alas me! flit!

Flit like a ghost away.'—'Ah, Gossip We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair

And tell me how' — 'Good Saints! not here,

not here;

Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier.'

He followed through a lowly arched way, Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume, And as she muttered 'Well-a — well-a-day!' He found him in a little moonlight room, Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb. 'Now tell me where is Madeline,' said he, 'O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom Which none but secret sisterhood may see, When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously.'

'St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve — Yet men will murder upon holy days: Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve. 120 And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Favs. To venture so: it fills me with amaze To see thee, Porphyro! — St. Agnes' Eve! God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays This very night: good angels her deceive! But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon, While Porphyro upon her face doth look, Like puzzled urchin on an agèd crone Who keepeth closed a wond'rous riddlebook, 130

grieve.'

As spectacled she sits in chimney nook. But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she

His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook

Tears, at the thought of those enchantments

And Madeline asleep in lap of legends

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose, Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart Made purple riot: then doth he propose A stratagem, that makes the beldame start: 'A cruel man and impious thou art: Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream

Alone with her good angels, far apart From wicked men like thee. Go, go! — I

Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem.'

'I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,' 145
Quoth Porphyro: 'O may I ne'er find grace

When my weak voice shall whisper its last

prayer,

If one of her soft ringlets I displace, Or look with ruffian passion in her face: Good Angela, believe me by these tears; 150 Or I will, even in a moment's space,

Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears, And beard them, though they be more fanged

than wolves and bears.'

'Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul? A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing, 155 Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight

toll:

Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,

Were never missed.'—Thus plaining, doth she bring

A gentler speech from burning Porphyro; So woful, and of such deep sorrowing, 1

That Angela gives promise she will do Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or

woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
165
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legioned faeries paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
170
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

'It shall be as thou wishest,' said the Dame:
'All cates and dainties shall be stored there
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour
frame

Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,

For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare On such a catering trust my dizzy head. Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel

in prayer
The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady

wed, Or may I never leave my grave among the dead.'

So saving, she hobbled off with busy fear. The lover's endless minutes slowly passed; The dame returned, and whispered in his ear To follow her; with agèd eyes aghast From fright of dim espial. Safe at last, 185 Through many a dusky gallery, they gain

The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed, and chaste;

Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain. His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade, 190 Old Angela was feeling for the stair, When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmèd 'maid, Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware: With silver taper's light, and pious care, She turned, and down the agèd gossip led 195 To a safe level matting. Now prepare, Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed; She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in; Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died: 200 She closed the door, she panted, all akin

To spirits of the air, and visions wide: No uttered syllable, or, woe betide! But to her heart, her heart was voluble, Paining with eloquence her balmy side; 205 As though a tongueless nightingale should

Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,

All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knotgrass,
210

And diamonded with panes of quaint device, Innumerable of stains and spiendid dyes, As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked

And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings.

215

A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,

And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,

As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon:

Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest, 220

And on her silver cross soft amethyst, And on her hair a glory, like a saint:

She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest, Save wings, for heaven: — Porphyro grew

She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done, Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she

Unclasps her warmèd jewels one by one; Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees Her rich attire creeps rustling to her

Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed, Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees, In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,

But dares not look behind, or all the charm

is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,

In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she

Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppressed Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away; Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day; Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;

Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims

Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain, As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced, Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress, And listened to her breathing, if it chanced To wake into a slumberous tenderness: Which when he heard, that minute did he

And breathed himself: then from the closet

Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness, And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept, And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo! — how fast she slept.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set A table, and, half anguished, threw there-A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet: — O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!

The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion, The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarinet,

Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:

The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep, In blanched linen, smooth, and lavendered, While he from forth the closet brought a

Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;

With jellies soother than the creamy curd, And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon; Manna and dates, in argosy transferred From Fez; and spicèd dainties, every one, From silken Samarcand to cedared Leba-270 non.

These delicates he heaped with glowing hand On golden dishes and in baskets bright Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand In the retired quiet of the night,

Filling the chilly room with perfume light. —

'And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake! Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite: Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake, Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache.

Thus whispering. his warm, unnervèd Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream By the dusk curtains: — 't was a midnight

charm

Impossible to melt as icèd stream: The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam: Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies: 285

It seemed he never, never could redeem From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes; So mused awhile, entoiled in woofed phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute, -Tumultuous, — and, in chords that tenderest

He played an ancient ditty, long since mute, In Provence called, 'La belle dame sans mercy':

Close to her ear touching the melody;— Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft

He ceased — she panted quick — and sud-

Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone: Upon his knees he sank, pale as smoothsculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld, Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep: There was a painful change, that nigh expelled

The blisses of her dream so pure and deep At which fair Madeline began to weep,

And moan forth witless words with many a

While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep; Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous 305

Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

'Ah, Porphyro!' said she, 'but even now Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear, Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;

And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:

How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!

Give me that voice again, my Porphyro, Those looks immortal, those complainings

dear!
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe.

For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go.'

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far At these voluptuous accents, he arose, Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose; Into her dream he melted, as the rose 320 Blendeth its odour with the violet,— Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind

blows

Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

"T is dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet: 325

'This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!'
'T is dark: the icèd gusts still rave and beat:
'No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and

Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?

I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned
wing.'

'My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride! Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest? 335 Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and ver-

meil dyed?

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famished pilgrim, — saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy
nest
340

Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well

To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

'Wark!'t is an elfin storm from facry land.

'Hark! 't is an elfin-storm from faery land, Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed: Arise — arise! the morning is at hand; — 345 The bloated wassaillers will never heed: — Let us away, my love, with happy speed; There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see, — Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead: Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be, 350 For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee.'

She hurried at his words, beset with fears, For there were sleeping dragons all around, At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—

Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.— 355

In all the house was heard no human sound. A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door;

The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,

Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar; And the long carpets rose along the gusty

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall:

Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;

Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl, With a huge empty flaggon by his side:

The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide, 365

But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:
The chains lie silent on the footworn
stones:—

The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone: aye, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.

That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe.

And all his warrior-guests, with shade and

Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm, Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old 375

Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform:

The Beadsman, after thousand aves told, For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

1820

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains

My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,

Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk: 'T is not through envy of thy happy lot, 5 But being too happy in thine happiness, — That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the

trees,

In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows numberless, Singest of summer in full-throated

ease. 10

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth, Tasting of Flora and the country green,

Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt

mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm South, 15
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the
brim,

And purple-stained mouth:

That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,

And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never
known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret Here, where men sit and hear each other

groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs, 25

Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow And leaden-eyed despairs,

Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eves.

Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow. 30

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,

Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards, But on the viewless wings of Poesy,

Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:

Already with thee! tender is the night, 35
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,

Clustered around by all her starry Fays; But here there is no light,

Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown

Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways. 40

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the
boughs,

But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet

Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree
wild;
45

White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;

Fast fading violets covered up in leaves; And mid-May's eldest child,

The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine, The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves. 50

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful
Death,

Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,

To take into the air my quiet breath;

Now more than ever seems it rich to die, 55
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul
abroad

In such an ecstasy!

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —

To thy high requiem become a sod. 60

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee down; The voice I hear this passing night was heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown: Perhaps the self-same song that found a path 65

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn; The same that oft-times hath

Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell

To toll me back from thee to my sole
self,

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades 75
Past the near meadows, over the still
stream,

Up the hill-side; and now 't is buried deep

In the next valley-glades: Was it a vision, or a waking dream?

Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

1820

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravished bride of quietness. Thou foster-child of silence and slow time. Sylvan historian, who canst thus express

A flowery tale more sweetly than our

rhyme:

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy

Of deities or mortals, or of both, In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

What men or gods are these? What maid-

ens loth?

What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape? What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those un-

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play

Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared. Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare: Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss, Though winning near the goal — yet, do not

> She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,

For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu; And, happy melodist, unwearièd,

For ever piping songs for ever new; More happy love! more happy, happy love!

For ever warm and still to be enjoyed, For ever panting, and for ever young:

All breathing human passion far above, That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,

A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

To what green altar, O mysterious priest, Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies, And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?

What little town by river or sea shore, Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel, Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?

And, little town, thy streets for evermore Will silent be; and not a soul to tell

Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede Of marble men and maidens overwrought,

With forest branches and the trodden weed: Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought

As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral! When old age shall this generation waste,

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other

Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou

say'st, 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,' — that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to

1820

ODE TO PSYCHE

O Goddess! hear these tuneless numbers. wrung

By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,

And pardon that thy secrets should be sung Even into thine own soft-conchèd ear:

Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see The wingèd Psyche with awakened eyes? I wandered in a forest thoughtlessly,

And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise, Saw two fair creatures, couchèd side by side

In deepest grass, beneath the whisp'ring

Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran

A brooklet, scarce espied:

'Mid hushed, cool-rooted flowers, fragranteved.

Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian, They lay calm-breathing on the bedded

Their arms embraced, and their pinions

Their lips touched not, but had not bade adieu.

As if disjoined by soft-handed slumber, And ready still past kisses to outnumber

At tender eye-dawn of aurorean love: 20 The wingèd boy I knew;

But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?

His Psyche true! O latest born and loveliest vision far

Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy! Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-regioned star, Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the

Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,

Nor altar heaped with flowers; Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan 30 Upon the midnight hours;

No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet From chain-swung censer teeming;

No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.

O brightest! though too late for antique vows.

Too, too late for the fond believing lyre, When holy were the haunted forest boughs, Holy the air, the water, and the fire;

Yet even in these days so far retired 40 From happy pieties, thy lucent fans, Fluttering among the faint Olympians, I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.

So let me be thy choir, and make a moan Upon the midnight hours;

Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet

From swingèd censer teeming;

Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane 50 In some untrodden region of my mind,

Where branched thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,

Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind: Far, far around shall those dark-clustered

Fledge the wild-ridgèd mountains steep by steep;

And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees.

The moss-lain Dryads shall be lulled to sleep:

And in the midst of this wide quietness

A rosy sanctuary will I dress

With the wreathed trellis of a working

With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,

With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign, Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same:

And there shall be for thee all soft delight That shadowy thought can win, A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,

To let the warm Love in!

1820

TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness. Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun: Conspiring with him how to load and bless With fruit the vines that round the thatcheves run:

To bend with apples the mossed cottage-

And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core; To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel

With a sweet kernel; to set budding more, And still more, later flowers for the bees,

Until they think warm days will never cease.

For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store? Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,

Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing

Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep, Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook

Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep Steady thy laden head across a brook; 20 Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,

> Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,

While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying

And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn Among the river sallows, borne aloft

Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies: And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;

Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble

The red-breast whistles from a garden-

And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

1820

ODE ON MELANCHOLY

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine:

Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine; Make not your rosary of yew-berries,

15

20

1820

Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl A partner in your sorrow's mysteries; For shade to shade will come too drowsily, And drown the wakeful anguish of the But when the melancholy fit shall fall Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud. That fosters the droop-headed flowers all, And hides the green hill in an April shroud: Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose, 15 Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave. Or on the wealth of globèd peonies; Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows, Emprison her soft hand, and let her And feed deep, deep upon her peerless She dwells with Beauty — Beauty that must And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh, Turning to Poison while the bee-mouth sips: Ay, in the very temple of delight Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine, Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine: His soul shall taste the sadness of her might, And be among her cloudy trophies hung. 1820

BARDS OF PASSION AND OF MIRTH

Bards of Passion and of Mirth, Ye have left your souls on earth! Have ye souls in heaven too, Double-lived in regions new? Yes, and those of heaven commune With the spheres of sun and moon; With the noise of fountains wond'rous, And the parle of voices thund'rous; With the whisper of heaven's trees And one another, in soft ease 10 Seated on Elysian lawns Browsed by none but Dian's fawns; Underneath large blue-bells tented, Where the daisies are rose-scented, 15 And the rose herself has got Perfume which on earth is not; Where the nightingale doth sing

Not a senseless, trancèd thing. But divine melodious truth; Philosophic numbers smooth: 20 Tales and golden histories Of heaven and its mysteries. Thus ye live on high, and then On the earth ye live again; And the souls ye left behind you 25 Teach us, here, the way to find you, Where your other souls are joying, Never slumbered, never cloying. Here, your earth-born souls still speak To mortals, of their little week: 30 Of their sorrows and delights; Of their passions and their spites; Of their glory and their shame; What doth strengthen and what maim. Thus ye teach us, every day, 35 Wisdom, though fled far away. Bards of Passion and of Mirth, Ye have left your souls on earth!

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN

Ye have souls in heaven too,

Doubled-lived in regions new!

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story,
Said he saw you in your glory,
'Underneath a new old sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Z diac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

AH, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
Alone and palely loitering;
The sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

And no birds sing.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight, 5
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lilly on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew; 10
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful, a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faery's song.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
I love thee true.

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she gazed and sighèd deep, 30
And there I shut her wild sad eyes —
So kissed to sleep.

And there we slumbered on the moss,
And there I dreamed, ah woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too, Pale warriors, death-pale were they all; Who cried—'La belle Dame sans merci Hath thee in thrall!'

I saw their starved lips in the gloam With horrid warning gapèd wide, And I awoke, and found me here On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

HYPERION

BOOK I

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered

But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.

A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more

By reason of his fallen divinity Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went, 15 No further than to where his feet had

strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground

His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead.

Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;

While his bowed head seemed list'ning to the Earth, 20

His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seemed no force could wake him from his place:

But there came one, who with a kindred hand Touched his wide shoulders, after bending

With reverence, though to one who knew it not.

She was a Goddess of the infant world; By her in stature the tall Amazon

Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en

Achilles by the hair and bent his neck; Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel. 30 Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,

Pedestaled haply in a palace court, When sages looked to Egypt for their lore. But oh! how unlike marble was that face: How beautiful, if sorrow had not made as Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self. There was a listening fear in her regard, As if calamity had but begun:

As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen

rear mance, and the sullen

1820

Was with its stored thunder labouring up. One hand she pressed upon that aching spot Where beats the human heart, as if just there.

Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain: The other upon Saturn's bended neck She laid, and to the level of his ear Leaning with parted lips, some words she

spake

In solemn tenour and deep organ tone: Some mourning words, which in our feeble

Would come in these like accents; O how

To that large utterance of the early Gods! 'Saturn, look up! — though wherefore, poor

old King?

I have no comfort for thee, no not one: I cannot say, "O wherefore sleepest thou?" For heaven is parted from thee, and the

Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God; And ocean too, with all its solemn noise, Has from thy sceptre passed; and all the air Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.

Thy thunder, conscious of the new com-

Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house; And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands Scorches and burns our once serene domain. O aching time! O moments big as years!

All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,

And press it so upon our weary griefs That unbelief has not a space to breathe. Saturn, sleep on: — O thoughtless, why did I Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude? Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes? 70 Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep.'

As when, upon a trancèd summer-night, Those green-robed senators of mighty woods, Tall oaks, branch-charmèd by the earnest

stars, Dream, and so dream all night without a

Save from one gradual solitary gust Which comes upon the silence, and dies off, As if the ebbing air had but one wave;

So came these words and went; the while in

She touched her fair large forehead to the ground,

Just where her falling hair might be outspread

A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet. One moon, with alteration slow, had shed Her silver seasons four upon the night, And still these two were postured motionless,

Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern; The frozen God still couchant on the earth, And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet: Until at length old Saturn lifted up

His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone, 90 And all the gloom and sorrow of the place, And that fair kneeling Goddess; and then

As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard Shook horrid with such aspen-malady: 'O tender spouse of gold Hyperion, 95

Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face; Look up, and let me see our doom in it:

Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape Is Saturn's; tell me, if thou hear'st the voice Of Saturn; tell me, if this wrinkling brow,

Naked and bare of its great diadem, Peers like the front of Saturn. Who had power

To make me desolate? whence came the strength?

How was it nurtured to such bursting forth, While Fate seemed strangled in my nervous

But it is so; and I am smothered up, And buried from all godlike exercise Of influence benign on planets pale, Of admonitions to the winds and seas.

Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting,

And all those acts which Deity supreme Doth ease its heart of love in. — I am gone Away from my own bosom: I have left My strong identity, my real self,

Somewhere between the throne, and where I

Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search!

Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them

Upon all space: space starred, and lorn of light:

Space regioned with life-air; and barren

Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell. — 120 Search, Thea, search! and tell me, if thou

A certain shape or shadow, making way With wings or chariot fierce to repossess A heaven he lost erewhile: it must—it

Be of ripe progress — Saturn must be 125

Yes, there must be a golden victory; There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets blown

Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival Upon the gold clouds metropolitan,

Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir 130 Of strings in hollow shells; and there shall be

Beautiful things made new, for the surprise Of the sky-children; I will give command: Thea! Thea! Thea! where is Saturn?'

This passion lifted him upon his feet, 135 And made his hands to struggle in the air, His Druid locks to shake and ooze with sweat.

His eyes to fever out, his voice to cease. He stood, and heard not Thea's sobbing

A little time, and then again he snatched 140 Utterance thus. — 'But cannot I create? Cannot I form? Cannot I fashion forth Another world, another universe,

To overbear and crumble this to naught?
Where is another chaos? Where?'—That
word

145

Found way unto Olympus, and made quake The rebel three. — Thea was startled up, And in her bearing was a sort of hope, As thus she quick-voiced spake, yet full of awe.

'This cheers our fallen house: come to our friends,

O Saturn! come away, and give them heart; I know the covert, for thence came I hither.' Thus brief; then with beseeching eyes she went

With backward footing through the shade a

He followed, and she turned to lead the way 155

Through agèd boughs, that yielded like the mist

Which eagles cleave upmounting from their nest.

Meanwhile in other realms big tears were shed,

More sorrow like to this, and such like woe, Too huge for mortal tongue or pen of scribe:

The Titans fierce, self-hid, or prison-bound, Groaned for the old allegiance once more, And listened in sharp pain for Saturn's voice. But one of the whole mammoth-brood still

kept
His sov'reignty, and rule, and maj-

esty; — 165
Blazing Hyperion on his orbèd fire
Still sat, still snuffed the incense, teeming up
From man to the sun's God; yet unsecure:
For as among us mortals omens drear

Fright and perplex, so also shuddered he—

Not at dog's howl, or gloom-bird's hated screech,

Or the familiar visiting of one Upon the first toll of his passing-bell, Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp; But horrors, portioned to a giant nerve, 175 Oft made Hyperion ache. His palace bright Bastioned with pyramids of glowing gold, And touched with shade of bronzèd obelisks, Glared a blood-red through all its thousand courts,

Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries; 180 And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds Flushed angerly: while sometimes eagle's

Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
Darkened the place; and neighing steeds
were heard,

Not heard before by Gods or wondering men. 185

Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths Of incense, breathed aloft from sacred hills, Instead of sweets, his ample palate took Savour of poisonous brass and metal sick: And so, when harboured in the sleepy

west.

After the full completion of fair day,—
For rest divine upon exalted couch
And slumber in the arms of melody,
He paced away the pleasant hours of ease
With stride colossal, on from hall to hall; 195
While far within each aisle and deep recess,
His wingèd minions in close clusters stood,
Amazed and full of fear; like anxious men
Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,
When earthquakes jar their battlements
and towers.

Even now, while Saturn, roused from icy trance,

Went step for step with Thea through the woods,

Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear, Came slope upon the threshold of the west; Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope 205

In smoothest silence, save what solemn tubes,

Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet

And wandering sounds, slow-breathèd melodies;

And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape, In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye, 210

That inlet to severe magnifience

Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.

He entered, but he entered full of wrath:

His flaming robes streamed out beyond his heels,

And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
That scared away the meek ethereal Hours

And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared,

From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,

Through bowers of fragrant and enwreathed light,

And diamond-pavèd lustrous long arcades, 220

Until he reached the great main cupola; There standing fierce beneath, he stamped his foot.

And from the basements deep to the high towers

Jarred his own golden region; and before The quavering thunder thereupon had ceased, 225

His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb, To this result: 'O dreams of day and night! O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain! O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom!

O lank-eared Phantoms of black-weeded pools! 230 Why do I know ye? why have I seen ye? why Is my eternal essence thus distraught

To see and to behold these horrors new?
Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
Am I to leave this haven of my rest,
This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
This calm luxuriance of blissful light,

These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes, Of all my lucent empire? It is left
Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine. 240

The blaze, the splendor, and the symmetry, I cannot see — but darkness, death and darkness.

Even here, into my centre of repose, The shady visions come to domineer,

Insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp.— 245
Fall!—No, by Tellus and her briny robes!

Over the fiery frontier of my realms I will advance a terrible right arm Shall scare that infant thunderer, rebel

Jove,
And bid old Saturn take his throne
again.'—
250
250

He spake, and ceased, the while a heavier threat

Held struggle with his throat but came not forth;

For as in theatres of crowded men

Hubbub increases more they call out 'Hush!'
So at Hyperion's words the Phantoms
pale

255
Bestirred themselves thrice horrible and

Bestirred themselves, thrice horrible and cold;

And from the mirrored level where he stood A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh. At this, through all his bulk an agony Crept gradual, from the feet unto the crown, 260

Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular Making slow way, with head and neck convulsed

From over-strainèd might. Released, he fled

To the eastern gates, and full six dewy hours Before the dawn in season due should blush, 265

He breathed fierce breath against the sleepy portals,

Cleared them of heavy vapours, burst them wide

Suddenly on the ocean's chilly streams. The planet orb of fire, whereon he rode

Each day from east to west the heavens through,

Spun round in sable curtaining of clouds; Not therefore veiled quite, blindfold, and hid, But ever and anon the glancing spheres,

Circles, and arcs, and broad-belting colure, Glowed through, and wrought upon the muffling dark 275

Sweet-shapèd lightnings from the nadir deep Up to the zenith, — hieroglyphics old Which sages and keen-eyed astrologers

Then living on the earth, with labouring thought

Won from the gaze of many centuries: 280 Now lost, save what we find on remnants huge

Of stone, or marble swart; their import gone, Their wisdom long since fled. — Two wings this orb

Possessed for glory, two fair argent wings, Ever exalted at the God's approach: 285 And now, from forth the gloom their plumes immense

Rose, one by one, till all outspreaded were; While still the dazzling globe maintained eclipse.

Awaiting for Hyperion's command.

Fain would he have commanded, fain took throne 290

And bid the day begin, if but for change. He might not: — No, though a primeval

God:
The sacred seasons might not be disturbed.
Therefore the operations of the dawn

Stayed in their birth, even as here 't is told.

Those silver wings expanded sisterly, Eager to sail their orb; the porches wide Opened upon the dusk demesnes of night; And the bright Titan, phrenzied with new

Woes,
Unused to bend, by hard compulsion
bent 300

His spirit to the sorrow of the time; And all along a dismal rack of clouds, Upon the boundaries of day and night, He stretched himself in grief and radiance faint.	Ere half this region-whisper had come down Hyperion arose, and on the stars 38 Lifted his curved lids, and kept them wide Until it ceased; and still he kept them wide And still they were the same bright, patien
There as he lay, the Heaven with its stars 305 Looked down on him with pity, and the voice Of Coelus, from the universal space, Thus whispered low and solemn in his ear. 60 brightest of my children dear, earth-born And sky-engendered. Son of Mysteries 310	stars. Then with a slow incline of his broad breas Like to a diver in the pearly seas, Forward he stooped over the airy shore, And plunged all noiseless into the deep nigh
And sky-engendered, Son of Mysteries 310 All unrevealed even to the powers Which met at thy creating; at whose joys And palpitations sweet, and pleasures soft, I, Cœlus, wonder, how they came and	James Hogg (1770–1835)
whence;	
And at the fruits thereof what shapes they be, 315	WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME
Distinct, and visible; symbols divine,	Come, all ye jolly shepherds That whistle through the glen,
Manifestations of that beauteous life Diffused unseen throughout eternal space:	I'll tell ye of a secret
Of these new-formed art thou, oh brightest	That courtiers dinna ken:
child! Of these, thy brethren and the God-	What is the greatest bliss That the tongue o' man can name?
desses! 320	'T is to woo a bonnie lassie
There is sad feud among ye, and rebellion	When the kye comes hame,
Of son against his sire. I saw him fall, I saw my first-born tumbled from his throne!	When the kye comes hame, When the kye comes hame,
To me his arms were spread, to me his voice	'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
Found way from forth the thunders round	When the kye comes hame.
his head! 325 Pale wox I, and in vapours hid my face.	'T is not beneath the coronet,
Art thou, too, near such doom? vague fear	Nor canopy of state,
there is:	'T is not on couch of velvet, Nor arbour of the great —
For I have seen my sons most unlike Gods. Divine ye were created, and divine	'T is beneath the spreading birk,
In sad demeanour, solemn, undisturbed, 330	In the glen without the name,
Unruffled, like high Gods, ye lived and ruled:	Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie, When the kye comes hame, 2
Now I behold in you fear, hope, and wrath; Actions of rage and passion; even as	When the kye comes hame, 2 When the kye comes hame, etc.
I see them, on the mortal world beneath,	
In men who die. — This is the grief, O	There the blackbird bigs her nest For the mate he lo'es to see,
Son! 335 Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and fall!	And on the topmost bough,
Yet do thou strive; as thou art capable,	Oh, a happy bird is he; 2
As thou canst move about, an evident God;	Where he pours his melting ditty, And love is a' the theme,
And canst oppose to each malignant hour Ethereal presence: — I am but a voice; 340	And he'll woo his bonnie lassie
My life is but the life of winds and tides,	When the kye comes hame,
No more than winds and tides can I avail: —	When the kye comes hame, etc. 3
But thou canst. — Be thou therefore in the van	When the blewart bears a pearl,
Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's barb	And the daisy turns a pea, And the bonnie lucken-gowan
Before the tense string murmur. — To the	Has fauldit up her ee,
earth! 345 For there thou wilt find Saturn, and his woes.	Then the laverock frae the blue lift Drops down an' thinks not shows
Meantime I will keep watch on thy bright	Drops down, an' thinks nae shame To woo his bonnie lassie
sun,	When the kye comes hame,
And of thy seasons be a careful nurse.'—	When the kye comes hame, etc.

45

60

65

20

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
That lingers on the hill,
His ewes are in the fauld,
An' his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame,
When the little wee hit heart.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
An' the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
Oh there's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi'a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame!
When the kye comes hame, etc.
Then since all nature joins

In this love without alloy,
Oh, wha wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame!

THE SKYLARK

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place — 5
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where on thy dewy wing, 10

Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the
day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then when the gloaming comes,

Low in the heather blooms

Where art thou journeying?

Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place —
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

KILMENY

Bonnie Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
5
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hind-berrye,
And the nest that hung frae the hazel tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa'; 10
And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw;

Lang the laird o' Duneira blame, And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!

When many lang day had come and fled, When grief grew calm, and hope was dead, 15 When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,

When the bedesman had prayed and the dead-bell rung,

Late, late in a gloaming, when all was still, When the fringe was red on the westlin hill, The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane, 20 The reek o' the cot hung o'er the plain, Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane; When the ingle lowed wi' an eiry leme — Late, late in the gloaming Kilmeny came hame!

'Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been? 25
Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean;
By burn, by ford, by greenwood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat ye that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonnie snood o' the birk sae green? 30
And those roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?'

Kilmeny looked up wi' a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her
e'e,
35
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been, she kenned not

where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not
declare;

Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew, 40
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never

blew.

But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her

tongue,

When she spoke of the lovely forms she had seen,

And a land where sin had never been;
A land of love and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure and cloudless beam;
The land of vision, it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green wood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maike;
That neither has flesh, nor blood, nor bane;
55
And down in yon greenwood he walks his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay, Her bosom hap'd wi' flowerets gay; But the air was soft, and the silence deep, And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep. 60 She kenned nae mair, nor opened her e'e, Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye.

She woke on a couch of silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's
rim;
And lovely beings round were rife,
65
Who erst had travelled mortal life;
And aye they smiled and 'gan to speer,
'What spirit has brought this mortal here?'

'Lang have I ranged the world wide, A meek and reverend fere replied; 70 'Baith night and day I have watched the Eident a thousand years and mair. Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree. Wherever blooms feminitye; And sinless virgin, free of stain 75 In mind and body, found I nane. Never since the banquet of time Found I a virgin in her prime, Till late this bonnie maiden I saw As spotless as the morning snaw; 80 Full twenty years she has lived as free As the spirits that sojourn in this countrye: I have brought her away from the snares of That sin or death she never may ken.'

They clasped her waist, and her hands sae fair, 85
They kissed her cheeks, and they kemmed her hair;

And round came many a blooming fere, Saying, 'Bonnie Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!

Women are freed of the littand scorn, O blessed be the day Kilmeny was born! 90 Now shall the land of the spirits see, Now shall it ken what a woman may be! Many lang year, in sorrow and pain, Many lang year through the world we've

gane,

Commissioned to watch fair woman-kind, 95 For it's they who nurse the immortal mind. We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,

And deep in the greenwood walks alone; By lily bower and silken bed,

The viewless tears have been o'er them shed;

Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep, Or left the couch of love to weep. We have seen, we have seen! but the time

maun come,
And the angels will weep at the day of doom!

'O would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep these holy truths in mind,
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious e'e,
And grieve for the guilt of humanitye!
O, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!
And dear to Heaven the words of truth
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!
And dear to the viewless forms of air,
The mind that kythes as the body fair!

'O, bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain, If ever you seek the world again, That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear, O tell of the joys that are waiting here; And tell of the signs you shall shortly see; 120 Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be.'

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day;
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of
light;
125
The emerant fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and her beauty never might
fade;

And they smiled on Heaven, when they saw her lie 130 In the stream of life that wandered by. And she heard a song, she heard it sung, She kenned not where, but sae sweetly it rung, It fell on the ear like a dream of the morn, — 'O blest be the day Kilmeny was born! 135 Now shall the land of the spirits see, Now shall it ken what a woman may be! The sun that shines on the world sae bright, A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light; And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,

Like a gouden bow or a beamless sun, Shall wear away and be seen nae mair, And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.

But lang, lang after, baith nicht and day, When the sun and the world have fled away;

When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,

Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!'

They bore her away, she wist not how, For she felt not arm nor rest below; But so swift they wained her through the light,

'T was like the motion of sound or sight;
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew,
They came, they passed, and backward
flew.

Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
A moment seen, in a moment gone.
Ah! never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew,
That land to human spirits given,
160
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;
From thence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow.
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green, 165 To see what mortal never had seen, And they seated her high on a purple sward, And bade her heed what she saw and heard, And note the changes the spirits wrought, For now she lived in the land of thought. 170 She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies, But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes: She looked, and she saw nae land aright, But an endless whirl of glory and light, And radiant beings went and came, 175 Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame. She hid her e'en frae the dazzling view; She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun in a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing by;
A lovely land beneath her lay,

180

And that land had lakes and mountains grey; And that land had valleys and hoary piles, And marlèd seas and a thousand isles. Its fields were speckled, its forests green, 185 And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen, Like magic mirrors, where shining lay The sun, and the sky, and the cloudlet grey; Which heaved and trembled and gently swung,

On every shore they seemed to be hung: 190 For there they were seen on their downward plain

A thousand times and a thousand again; In winding lake, and placid firth, Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve, 195 For she found her heart to that land did cleave;

And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on;
A lion licked her hand of milk,
And she held him in a leish of silk;
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
With a silver wand and melting e'e;
Her sovereign shield till love stole in,
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff, untoward bedesman came, 210
And hundit the lion on his dame;
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless e'e,
She dropped a tear, and left her knee;
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
Till the bonniest flower o' the world lay dead;
A coffin was set on a distant plain.

A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like rain;
Then bonnie Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
And she turned away, and could look nae
mair.

Then the gruff, grim carle girned amain, 220
And they trampled him down, but he rose

And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom
dear;

And weening his head was danger preef, When crowned with the rose and clover leaf. He gowled at the carle, and chased him away, To feed wi' the deer on the mountain grey. He gowled at the carle, and he gecked at heaven.

But his mark was set and his arles given. Kilmeny a while her een withdrew; 230 She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw before her fair unfurled One-half of all the glowing world, Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran, To bound the aims of sinful man. 235 She saw a people, fierce and fell, Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell; There lilies grew, and the eagle flew; And she herked on her ravening crew, Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze, And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas. The widows wailed, and the red blood ran, And she threatened an end to the race of She never lened, nor stood in awe, Till caught by the lion's deadly paw. 245

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen, 250 The eagle sought her eiry again; But lang may she cower in her bloody nest, And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast, Before she sey another flight, To play wi' the norland lion's might. 255

Oh! then the eagle swinked for life,

But flew she north, or flew she south,

She met wi' the gowl o' the lion's mouth.

And brainzelled up a mortal strife;

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man were
by,
260
And all was love and harmony;
—
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like flakes of snaw on a winter day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her ain countrie,

To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain

270
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep, They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep; And when she awakened, she lay her lane, All happed with flowers, in the greenwood wene. 275 When seven long years had come and fled, When grief was calm, and hope was dead, Whence scarce was remembered Kilmeny's

name. Late, late in a gloamin' Kilmeny came hame. And O, her beauty was fair to see, But still and steadfast was her e'e! Such beauty bard may never declare, For there was no pride nor passion there; And the soft desire of maiden's een In that mild face could never be seen. 285 Her seymar was the lily flower, And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower; And her voice like the distant melodye, That floats along the twilight sea. But she loved to raike the lanely glen, 290 And keep afar frae the haunts of men, Her holy hymns unheard to sing, To suck the flowers, and drink the spring; But wherever her peaceful form appeared, The wild beasts of the hill were cheered; 295 The wolf played blythely round the field, The lordly byson lowed, and kneeled; The dun deer wooed with manner bland, And cowered beneath her lily hand. And when at eve the woodlands rung, 300 When hymns of other worlds she sung In ecstasy of sweet devotion, O, then the glen was all in motion! The wild beasts of the forest came, Broke from their boughts and faulds the And goved around, charmed and amazed:

And goved around, charmed and amazed; Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed, And murmured, and looked with anxious pain

For something the mystery to explain. The buzzard came with the throstle-cock; 310 The corby left her houf in the rock; The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew; The hind came tripping o'er the dew; The wolf and the kid their raike began, And the kid and the lamb and the leveret

ran;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merle and the mavis forhooyed their

And all in a peaceful ring were hurled— It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and a day had come and gane, 320
Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But O! the words that fell frae her mouth

Were words of wonder, and words truth! But all the land were in fear and dread, For they kendna whether she was living dead. It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain the left this world of sorrow and pain, And returned to the land of thou	325 ; or in;	And he was forced to fly; So with his wife and child he fled, Nor had he where to rest his head. 'With fire and sword the country round Was wasted far and wide, And many a childing mother then, And new-born baby died;	40
	330	But things like that, you know, must be At every famous victory.	
Robert Southey (1774–1843) THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM It was a summer evening,		'They say it was a shocking sight After the field was won; For many thousand bodies here Lay rotting in the sun; But things like that, you know, must be After a famous victory.	50
Old Kaspar's work was done, And he before his cottage door Was sitting in the sun, And by him sported on the green His little grandchild Wilhelmine.	5	'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won, And our good Prince Eugene.' 'Why 't was a very wicked thing!' Said little Wilhelmine. 'Nay, nay, my little girl,' quoth he, 'It was a famous victory.	55
She saw her brother Peterkin 'Roll something large and round, Which he beside the rivulet In playing there had found; He came to ask what he had found, That was so large, and smooth, and round	10 nd.	'And everybody praised the Duke Who this great fight did win.' 'But what good came of it at last?' Quoth little Peterkin. 'Why that I cannot tell,' said he,	65
Old Kaspar took it from the boy, Who stood expectant by; And then the old man shook his head, And, with a natural sigh, "T is some poor fellow's skull," said he, "Who fell in the great victory.	15	'But 't was a famous victory.' 1798 MY DAYS AMONG THE DEAD ARE PAST	8
'I find them in the garden, For there's many here about; And often when I go to plough, The ploughshare turns them out! For many thousand men,' said he, 'Were slain in that great victory.'	20	My days among the Dead are past; Around me I behold, Where'er these casual eyes are cast, The mighty minds of old; My never-failing friends are they, With whom I converse day by day.	5
'Now tell me what 't was all about,' Young Peterkin, he cries; And little Wilhelmine looks up With wonder-waiting eyes; 'Now tell us all about the war, And what they fought each other for.'	25	With them I take delight in weal, And seek relief in woe; And while I understand and feel How much to them I owe, My cheeks have often been bedewed With tears of thoughtful gratitude.	10
'It was the English,' Kaspar cried, 'Who put the French to rout; But what they fought each other for, I could not well make out; But everybody said,' quoth he, 'That 't was a famous victory.	35	My thoughts are with the Dead, with the I live in long-past years, Their virtues love, their faults condemn, Partake their hopes and fears, And from their lessons seek and find Instruction with an humble mind.	em 15
'My father lived at Blenheim then, You little stream hard by; They burnt his dwelling to the ground.		My hopes are with the Dead, anon My place with them will be, And I with them will travel on	20

Through all Enturity:		The cataract strong	
Through all Futurity;		The catalact strong Then plunges along,	
Tet leaving here a name, I trust,		Striking and raging	
hat will not perish in the dust.	323	As if a war waging	
10	540	Its caverns and rocks among:	55
		Rising and leaping,	00
TOTAL CLERK DARK OF TATAL			
THE CATARACT OF LODORE		Sinking and creeping,	
(TI d the meter		Swelling and sweeping,	
'How does the water		Showering and springing,	60
Come down at Lodore?'		Flying and flinging,	60
My little boy asked me		Writhing and ringing,	
Thus, once on a time;	-	Eddying and whisking,	
And moreover he tasked me	5	Spouting and frisking,	
To tell him in rhyme.		Turning and twisting,	
Anon at the word,		Around and around	65
There first came one daughter		With endless rebound!	
And then came another,		Smiting and fighting,	
To second and third	10	A sight to delight in;	
The request of their brother,	200	Confounding, astounding,	
And to hear how the water		Dizzying and deafening the ear with	
Comes down at Lodore,		sound.	70
With its rush and its roar,		C 11	
As many a time	15	Collecting, projecting,	
They had seen it before.		Receding and speeding,	
So I told them in rhyme,		And shocking and rocking,	
For of rhymes I had store:		And darting and parting,	
And 't was in my vocation		And threading and spreading,	75
For their recreation	20	And whizzing and hissing,	
That so I should sing;		And dripping and skipping,	
Because I was Laureate		And hitting and splitting,	
To them and the King.		And shining and twining,	
There it a new policy well		And rattling and battling,	80
From its sources which well	0.5	And shaking and quaking,	
In the tarn on the fell;	25	And pouring and roaring,	
From its fountains		And waving and raving,	
In the mountains,		And tossing and crossing,	
Its rills and its gills;		And flowing and going,	85
Through moss and through brake,	00	And running and stunning,	
It runs and it creeps	30	And foaming and roaming,	
For awhile, till it sleeps		And dinning and spinning,	
In its own little lake.		And dropping and hopping,	
And thence at departing,		And working and jerking,	90
Awakening and starting,	0.5	And guggling and struggling,	
It runs through the reeds	35	And heaving and cleaving,	
And away it proceeds,		And moaning and groaning;	
Through meadow and glade,	1	And glittering and frittering,	
In sun and in shade,		And gathering and feathering,	95
And through the wood-shelter,	40	And whitening and brightening,	
Among crags in its flurry,	40	And quivering and shivering,	
Helter-skelter,		And hurrying and skurrying,	
Hurry-scurry.		And thundering and floundering;	
Here it comes sparkling,		Diniding and 1111	
And there it lies darkling;	4=	Dividing and gliding and sliding,	100
Now smoking and frothing Its tumult and wrath in,	45	And falling and brawling and sprawling,	
		And driving and riving and striving,	
Till in this rapid race On which it is bent,		And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkli	ng,
It reaches the place		And sounding and bounding and roundi	ng,
Of its steep descent.	EO	And bubbling and troubling and do	
Or to steep descent.	50	ling,	105

And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling. And clattering and battering and shattering; Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting, Delaying and straying and playing and spraying, Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing, Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling. And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming, And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing, And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping, And curling and whirling and purling and twirling. And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping, And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing: And so never ending, but always descending, Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending, All at once and all o'er, with a mighty up-And this way the water comes down at

Thomas Campbell (1777–1844)

Lodore.

YE mariners of England!

That guard our native seas,

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

A NAVAL ODE

Whose flag has braved a thousand years The battle and the breeze! Your glorious standard launch again To match another foe! And sweep through the deep, While the stormy winds do blow; While the battle rages loud and long, And the stormy winds do blow. 10 The spirits of your fathers Shall start from every wave! --For the deck it was their field of fame, And Ocean was their grave: Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell, 15 Your manly hearts shall glow, As ye sweep through the deep, While the stormy winds do blow; While the battle rages loud and long, And the stormy winds do blow. 20

Britannia needs no bulwarks. No towers along the steep; Her march is o'er the mountain waves, Her home is on the deep. With thunders from her native oak 25 She quells the floods below — As they roar on the shore. When the stormy winds do blow; When the battle rages loud and long, And the stormy winds do blow. 30 The meteor flag of England Shall yet terrific burn. Till danger's troubled night depart, And the star of peace return. Then, then, ye ocean-warriors! 35 Our song and feast shall flow To the fame of your name, When the storm has ceased to blow: When the fiery fight is heard no more, And the storm has ceased to blow. 40 1801

THE EXILE OF ERIN

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,

The dew on his thin robes was heavy and chill:

For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

But the day-star attracted his eye's sad
devotion,

5

For it rose o'er his own native isle of the

ocean, Where once in the fire of his youthful emo-

tion,
He sang the bold anthem of 'Erin go bragh!'

'Sad is my fate!' said the heart-broken

stranger;
'The wild deer and wolf to a covert can

But I have no refuge from famine and danger,

A home and a country remain not to me. Never again, in the green sunny bowers, Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the

sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven

flowers,
And strike to the numbers of "Erin go bragh!"

'Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken, In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore; But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken, And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more! 20

Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me In a mansion of peace — where no perils can chase me?

Never again shall my brothers embrace me?

They die to defend me, or live to deplore!

'Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood? 25

Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall? Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?

And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?

Oh! my sad heart! long abandoned by pleas-

Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure? 30 Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure.

But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

'Yet all its sad recollections suppressing, One dying wish my lone bosom can draw: Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing! 35 Land of my forefathers! "Erin go bragh!" Buried and cold, when my heart stills her

motion, Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the

ocean!

And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion—

"Erin mavournin"— Erin go bragh!"' 40

HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low, All bloodless lay the untrodden snow, And dark as winter was the flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight, When the drum beat at dead of night, Commanding fires of death to light The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed, Each horseman drew his battle-blade, And furious every charger neighed, To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven, Then rushed the steed to battle driven, And louder than the bolts of heaven, Far flashed the red artillery.

20

But redder yet that light shall glow On Linden's hills of stained snow, And bloodier yet the torrent flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly. 'T is morn, but scarce you level sun Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun, Where furious Frank and fiery Hun Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave, Who rush to glory, or the grave! Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave, And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

1802

25

30

LOCHIEL'S WARNING

Wizard

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!

For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,

And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.

They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
5

Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!

Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,

And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.

But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,

What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?

"T is thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,

Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.

A steed comes at morning: no rider is there; But its bridle is red with the sign of despair. Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led! 15 O weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:

For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave.

Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!

Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear, 20 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Wizard

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?

Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!

Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,

From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north?

Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode

Companionless, bearing destruction abroad; But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!

Ah! home let him speed — for the spoiler is nigh.

Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast

Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?

'T is the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven

From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.

Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might, 35 Whose banners arise on the battlement's height.

Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn:

Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where

it stood,

And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan,

Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!

They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!

Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!

But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause.

When Albin her claymore indignantly draws; When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd.

Clarronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,

All plaided and plumed in their tartan ar-

Wizard

— Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day; For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,

But man cannot cover what God would reveal;

'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,

And coming events cast their shadows before. I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.

Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,

Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!

Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:

Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!

'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors:

Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.

But where is the iron-bound prisoner?

Where?

65

For the red eye of battle is shut in despair. Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished forlorn,

Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?

Ah no! for a darker departure is near;

The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier; 70

His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy dispel You sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell! Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs, And his blood-streaming nostril in agony

Accursed be the fagots, that blaze at his feet.

Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,

With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale ——

Lochiel

— Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:

For never shall Albin a destiny meet,

So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.

Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,

Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten

Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains, While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,

Then Denmark blessed our chief, Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low, 85 That he gave her wounds repose; With his back to the field, and his feet to And the sounds of joy and grief the foe! From her people wildly rose, And leaving in battle no blot on his name, Look proudly to Heaven from the deathbed As death withdrew his shades from the of fame. 1802 While the sun looked smiling bright O'er a wide and woeful sight, Where the fires of funeral light THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC Died away. OF Nelson and the North, Now joy, Old England, raise! Sing the glorious day's renown, For the tidings of thy might, When to battle fierce came forth By the festal cities' blaze, All the might of Denmark's crown, While the wine cup shines in light; And her arms along the deep proudly shone; 5 And yet amidst that joy and uproar, By each gun the lighted brand, Let us think of them that sleep, 60 In a bold determined hand, Full many a fathom deep, And the Prince of all the land By thy wild and stormy steep, Led them on. Elsinore! Like leviathans afloat 10 Brave hearts! to Britain's pride Lav their bulwarks on the brine: Once so faithful and so true, 65 While the sign of battle flew On the deck of fame that died: On the lofty British line; With the gallant good Riou: It was ten of April morn by the chime; Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their As they drifted on their path, 15 grave! There was silence deep as death; While the billow mournful rolls And the boldest held his breath, And the mermaid's song condoles, 70 For a time. Singing glory to the souls But the might of England flushed Of the brave! To anticipate the scene; 20 1809 And her van the fleeter rushed O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak!' our captain cried; when LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER each gun From its adamantine lips A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound Spread a death-shade round the ships. 25 Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry! Like the hurricane eclipse And I'll give thee a silver pound Of the sun. To row us o'er the ferry. Again! again! again! 'Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle, And the havor did not slack, This dark and stormy water?' Till a feeble cheer the Dane 30 'O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle, To our cheering sent us back -And this Lord Ullin's daughter. Their shots along the deep slowly boom — Then ceased — and all is wail, 'And fast before her father's men As they strike the shattered sail; Three days we've fled together. 10 Or, in conflagration pale, 35 For should he find us in the glen, Light the gloom. My blood would stain the heather. Out spoke the victor then, 'His horsemen hard behind us ride: As he hailed them o'er the wave; Should they our steps discover, 'Ye are brothers! ye are men! Then who will cheer my bonnie bride 15 And we conquer but to save -40 When they have slain her lover?' So peace instead of death let us bring: But yield, proud foe, thy fleet, Out spoke the hardy Highland wight. With the crews, at England's feet, 'I'll go, my chief — I'm ready; And make submission meet It is not for your silver bright, To our King. 45 But for your winsome lady: 20

30

40

'And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry.'

By this the storm grew loud apace, The water-wraith was shrieking; And in the scowl of heaven each face Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind, And as the night grew drearer, Adown the glen rode armèd men, Their trampling sounded nearer.

'Oh, haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,
'Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.'

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar Of waters fast prevailing: Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore, His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,

His child he did discover:

One lovely hand she stretched for aid,

And one was round her lover.

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief,
'Across this stormy water:

50

And I'll forgive your Highland chief, My daughter!—oh, my daughter!'

And he was left lamenting.

'T was vain: the loud waves lashed the shore, Return or aid preventing: The waters wild went o'er his child — 55

1809

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP

'They made her a grave, too cold and damp For a soul so warm and true; And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal

Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

'And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of death is near.'

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

15

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!
20

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake, And the copper-snake breathed in his ear, Till he starting cried, from his dream awake, 'Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake, And the white canoe of my dear?' 25

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright

Quick over its surface played—
'Welcome,' he said, 'my dear one's light!'
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

40

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,

The gems drop away.

20

The only throb she gives,

No flower of her kindred, No rose-bud is nigh.

Or give sigh for sigh.

To pine on the stem;

Since the lovely are sleeping,

Go, sleep thou with them. Thus kindly I scatter

Thy leaves o'er the bed,

Lie scentless and dead.

When friendships decay,

And from Love's shining circle

So soon may I follow,

Where thy mates of the garden

To reflect back her blushes,

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!

To show that still she lives. 1808	And fond ones are flown, Oh! who would inhabit This bleak world alone?
SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND	1808
SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,	OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT
And lovers are round her, sighing: But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is lying. She sings the wild song of her dear native plains, Every note which he loved awaking; Ah! little they think who delight in her strains, How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking. He had lived for his love, for his country he died, They were all that to life had entwined	Ort in the stilly night, Ere Slumber's chain has bound me, Fond Memory brings the light Of other days around me; The smiles, the tears, Of boyhood's years, The words of love then spoken; The eyes that shone, Now dimmed and gone, The cheerful hearts now broken! Thus, in the stilly night, Ere Slumber's chain has bound me, Sad Memory brings the light Of other days around me.
him; Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried, Nor long will his love stay behind him.	When I remember all The friends, so linked together, I've seen around me fall, Like leaves in wintry weather; I feel like one,
Oh! make her a grave where the sun-beams rest, When they promise a glorious morrow; They 'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West, From her own loved island of sorrow.	Who treads alone Some banquet-hall deserted, Whose lights are fled, Whose garland's dead, And all but he departed!
'T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER	Thus, in the stilly night, Ere Slumber's chain has bound me, Sad Memory brings the light Of other days around me.
'T is the last rose of summer Left blooming alone; All her lovely companions Are feded and gone;	1816
a ra tadad and dona.	(Then) = 771-15. (1701 1000)

10

15

Charles Wolfe (1791–1823)

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, As his corse to the rampart we hurried; Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night, 5
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast, Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;

10

15

20

25

30

35

40 1829

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest, With his martial cloak around him.	THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR
Few and short were the prayers we said, And we spoke not a word of sorrow; But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead, And we bitterly thought of the morrow. We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed, And smoothed down his lonely pillow, That the foe and the stranger would tread	The mountain sheep are sweeter, But the valley sheep are fatter; We therefore deemed it meeter To carry off the latter. We made an expedition; We met an host, and quelled it; We forced a strong position, And killed the men who held it.
o'er his head, And we far away on the billow! 20 Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that's gone, And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, — But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on	On Dyfed's richest valley, Where herds of kine were browsing, We made a mighty sally, To furnish our carousing. Fierce warriors rushed to meet us; We met them, and o'erthrew them:
In the grave where a Briton has laid him. But half of our heavy task was done, 25 When the clock struck the hour for retiring; And we heard the distant and random gun That the foe was sullenly firing. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,	They struggled hard to beat us; But we conquered them, and slew them. As we drove our prize at leisure, The king marched forth to catch us; His rage surpassed all measure, But his people could not match us. He fled to his hall-pillars;
From the field of his fame fresh and gory; We carved not a line, and we raised not a	And, ere our force we led off, Some sacked his house and cellars, While others cut his head off.
stone — But we left him alone with his glory. 1817 Thomas Love Peacock (1785–1866) THE FRIAR'S SONG	We there, in strife bewildering, Spilt blood enough to swim in: We orphaned many children, And widowed many women. The eagles and the ravens We glutted with our foemen; The heroes and the cravens, The spearmen and the bowmen.
Though I be now a gray, gray friar, Yet I was once a hale young knight: The cry of my dogs was the only choir In which my spirit did take delight.	We brought away from battle, And much their land bemoaned them, Two thousand head of cattle, And the head of him who owned them: Ednyfed, King of Dyfed, His head was borne before yes.
But drowned its toll with my clanging horn	His head was borne before us; His wine and beasts supplied our feasts, And his overthrow, our chorus.
And the only beads I loved to tell Were the beads of dew on the spangled thorn.	
An archer keen I was withal, As ever did lean on greenwood tree; 10	Leigh Hunt (1784–1859)

15

1822

And could make the fleetest roebuck fall, A good three hundred yards from me.

Though changeful time, with hand severe,

Has made me now these joys forego,

Yet my heart bounds whene'er I hear

Yoicks! hark away! and tally ho!

59)

ABOU BEN ADHEM

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!) Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw, within the moonlight in his room, Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom, An angel writing in a book of gold: -

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhe		PRAYER AT BURIAL	
And to the presence in the room he a 'What writest thou?' — The vision		TO A HAREBELL GROWING BY A GRAV	E
its head, And with a look made of all sweet ac	eord.	Pretty flower! mourn for me: I'd rather hear thee sigh	
Answered, 'The names of those w	ho love	Than friends that counterfeit a grief,	
the Lord.' 'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'N	ay, not	They feel no more than I!	
so,' Replied the angel. Abou spoke more		Pretty flower! mourn for me; I'd rather have thy tear, Than all a hypocritic world	-
But cheerly still; and said, 'I pra then,	y tnee,	Could waste upon my bier!	
Write me as one that loves his fello	w-men.'	Pretty flower! mourn for me:	
The angel wrote, and vanished. T	he next 15	And dirger's time to save, Hang down thy little passing-bell	16
It came again with a great wakening And showed the names whom love had blessed,		And ring me to my grave! 182	2
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all t		THE FALLEN STAR	
	1844	A star is gone! a star is gone!	
RONDEAU		There is a blank in Heaven,	
JENNY kissed me when we met, Jumping from the chair she sat in		One of the cherub choir has done His airy course this even.	
Time, you thief, who love to get	,	He sat upon the orb of fire	
Sweets into your list, put that in: Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,	5	That hung for ages there, And lent his music to the choir	
Say that health and wealth have me,	missed	That haunts the nightly air.	
Say I'm growing old, but add,		But when his thousand years were pass	
Jenny kissed me.	1838	With a cherubic sigh He vanished with his car at last,	10
		For even cherubs die!	
George Darley (1795–1846	3)	Hear how his angel-brothers mourn — The minstrels of the spheres —	
THE CALL OF THE MORNI		Each chiming sadly in his turn And dropping splendid tears.	1
Vale of the waterfalls!		The planetary Sisters all	
Glen of the streams!		Join in the fatal song,	
Wake from your slumbering! Wake from your dreams!		And weep this hapless brother's fall Who sang with them so long.	2
Wild sings the mountain-lark,	5	But deepest of the choral band	
Bird of the air! Calling the valley-birds		The Lunar Spirit sings, And with a bass according hand	
Up to him there!		Sweeps all her sullen strings.	
Sweet ring the mountain-bells High o'er the dale,	10	From the deep chambers of the dome Where sleepless Uriel lies,	2
Waking the little bells	10	His rude harmonic thunders come	
Down in the vale.		Mingled with mighty sighs.	
Fresh breathes the morning-wind, Bright looks the day,—		The thousand car-borne cherubim, The wandering Eleven,	3
Up to the heather-hills, Lilian, away!	15	All join to chant the dirge of him	
	1822	Who fell just now from Heaven. 182	22

Thomas Hood (1799-1845)

FAIR INES

O saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest:
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the Moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivaled bright;
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whispered thee so near!—
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

Alas, alas! fair Ines,
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad and felt no mirth,
But only music's wrong,
In sounds that sang farewell, farewell
To her you've loved so long.

40

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before,—
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

THE DEATH-BED

We watched her breathing through the night, Her breathing soft and low, As in her breast the wave of life Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied — 10
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed — she had
Another morn than ours.

1825

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

One more unfortunate Weary of breath, Rashly importunate, Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,

Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,

Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

25

30

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family —
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses Escaped from the comb, Her fair auburn tresses; Whilst wonderment guesses Where was her home?	35	Ere her limbs frigidly Stiffen too rigidly, Decently, kindly Smooth and compose them; And her eyes, close them, Staring so blindly!
Who was her father? Who was her mother? Had she a sister? Had she a brother? Or was there a dearer one Still, and a nearer one	40	Dreadfully staring 90 Through muddy impurity, As when with the daring Last look of despairing Fixed on futurity.
Yet, than all other? Alas! for the rarity Of Christian charity Under the sun! O, it was pitiful! Near a whole city ful!, Home she had none.	45	Perishing gloomily, 95 Spurred by contumely, Cold inhumanity, Burning insanity, Into her rest — Cross her hands humbly, 100 As if praying dumbly, Over her breast!
Sisterly, brotherly, Fatherly, motherly Feelings had changed: Love, by harsh evidence, Thrown from its eminence; Even God's providence	50	Owning her weakness, Her evil behaviour, And leaving, with meekness, Her sins to her Saviour! 1844
Seeming estranged.	55	
Where the lamps quiver So far in the river, With many a light From window and casement, From garret to basement, She stood with amazement, Houseless by night.	60	Hartley Coleridge (1796-1849) SONNETS IX Long time a child, and still a child, when
The bleak wind of March Made her tremble and shiver; But not the dark arch, Or the black flowing river: Mad from life's history, Glad to death's mystery,	65	years Had painted manhood on my cheek, was I,— For yet I lived like one not born to die; A thriftless prodigal of smiles and tears, No hope I needed, and I knew no fears. 5 But sleep, though sweet, is only sleep, and waking,
Swift to be hurled — Anywhere, anywhere Out of the world!	70	I waked to sleep no more, at once o'ertaking The vanguard of my age, with all arrears
Anywhere, anywhere	70 75	I waked to sleep no more, at once o'ertaking

With rare and precious fancies, jewels brought

From fairy-land, no course I cared to keep, Nor changeful wind nor tide I heeded aught, But joyed to feel the merry billows leap, And watch sunbeams dallying with the waves;

Or haply dream what realms beneath may lie

Where the clear ocean is an emerald sky, And mermaids warble in their coral caves, Yet vainly woo me to their secret home; — And sweet it were for ever so to roam.

XXII

Youth, thou art fled, — but where are all the

Which, though with thee they came, and passed with thee,

Should leave a perfume and sweet memory
Of what they have been? — All thy boons
and harms

Have perished quite. — Thy oft-renewed alarms

Forsake the fluttering echo. — Smiles and tears

Die on my cheek, or, petrified with years, Shew the dull woe which no compassion

The mirth none shares. Yet could a wish, a thought,

Unravel all the complex web of age, — 10 Could all the characters that Time hath wrought

Be clean effaced from my memorial page By one short word, the word I would not

I thank my God, because my hairs are grey.

XXIII

I thank my God because my hairs are grey!
But have grey hairs brought wisdom? Doth
the flight

Of summer birds, departed while the light
Of life is lingering on the middle way,
Predict the harvest nearer by a day?
Will the rank weeds of hopeless appetite
Droop at the glance and venom of the blight
That made the vermeil bloom, the flush so

Dim and unlovely as a dead worm's shroud? Or is my heart, that, wanting hope, has

The strength and rudder of resolve, at peace? Is it no longer wrathful, vain, and proud? Is it a Sabbath, or untimely frost,

That makes the labour of the soul to cease?
1833

Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800–1859)

IVRY

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!

And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!

Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,

Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,

For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.

Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre. 10

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,

We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;

With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appendel's stout infantry, and Egmont's

And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish Spears.

There rode the blood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;

15

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:

And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;

And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,

To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre. 20

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,

And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;

He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing, 25

Down all our line, in deafening shout, 'God save our lord, the King!'

Our own true Maximilian the cornet white 'And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full hath ta'en. well he may, The cornet white with crosses black, the flag For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody of false Lorraine. frav. Press where ye see my white plume shine, Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the amidst the ranks of war, host may know How God hath humbled the proud house And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of which wrought His Church such woe. Navarre.' Then on the ground, while trumpets sound Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the their loudest point of war, Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for mingled din Henry of Navarre. Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin. Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lu-The fiery duke is pricking fast across St. cerne; Andre's plain, Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and who never shall return. Almayne. Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlepistoles. men of France, That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for Charge for the golden lilies, - upon them thy poor spearmen's souls. with the lance. Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thouyour arms be bright; sand spears in rest, Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch A thousand knights are pressing close beand ward to-night. hind the snow-white crest: For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, God hath raised the slave. like a guiding star, And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helvalour of the brave: met of Navarre. Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are; Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Ma-And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King yenne hath turned his rein. Henry of Navarre. D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain. Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale; The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and Thomas Lovell Beddoes (1803–1849) flags, and cloven mail. And then we thought on vengeance, and, all DIRGE along our van, If thou wilt ease thine heart 'Remember Saint Bartholomew,' was passed Of love and all its smart, from man to man. Then sleep, dear, sleep; But out spake gentle Henry, 'No Frenchman And not a sorrow is my foe: Hang any tear on your eyelashes; Down, down, with every foreigner, but let Lie still and deep, your brethren go.' Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes The rim o' the sun to-morrow, Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war, In eastern sky. As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre? But wilt thou cure thine heart Of love and all its smart, Right well fought all the Frenchmen who Then die, dear, die; fought for France to-day: 'T is deeper, sweeter, And many a lordly banner God gave them Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming for a prey. With folded eye; But we of the religion have borne us best in And then alone, amid the beaming

And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the

cornet white.

1850

Of love's stars, thou 'lt meet her

In eastern sky.

15

10

1824

SONG		Know'st thou not ghosts to sue?	
How many times do I love thee, dear?		No love thou hast.	
Toll me how many thoughts there has		Else lie, as I will do,	40
Tell me how many thoughts there be		And breathe thy last.	410
In the atmosphere		So out of Life's fresh crown	
Of a new-fall'n year,		Fall like a rose-leaf down.	
Whose white and sable hours appear	5		
The latest flake of Eternity:		Thus are the ghosts to woo;	
So many times do I love thee, dear.		Thus are all dreams made true,	45
Hommonus times de T1		Ever to last!	
How many times do I love again?			1851
Tell me how many beads there are			
In a silver chain	10		
Of evening rain,			
Unravelled from the tumbling main,		Walter Savage Landor (1775-	1964)
And threading the eye of a yellow sta	ır:	ecianict Zavage Landot (1775-	1004)
So many times do I love again.		70 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	
18	51	ROSE AYLMER	
		AH, what avails the sceptered race,	
DREAM-PEDLARY		Ah, what the form divine!	
T- /1 1 / 11		What every virtue, every grace!	
If there were dreams to sell,		Rose Aylmer, all were thine.	
What would you buy?		Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful e	arroa #
Some cost a passing bell;		May wood but nover see	yes o
Some a light sigh,		May weep, but never see,	
That shakes from Life's fresh crown	5	A night of memories and of sighs	
Only a rose-leaf down.		I consecrate to thee.	1000
If there were dreams to sell,			1806
Merry and sad to tell,			
And the crier rang the bell,		THE I THE THE PERSON	
What would you buy?	10	YES; I WRITE VERSES	
A cottage lone and still,		YES; I write verses now and then,	
With bowers nigh,		But blunt and flaccid is my pen,	
Chadagas was group to still		No longer talkt of by young men	
Shadowy, my woes to still,		As rather clever:	
Until I die.		TIS TAUTICE CICVET.	
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown	15	In the last quarter are my eyes,	5
Fain would I shake me down.		You see it by their form and size;	· ·
Were dreams to have at will,		Is it not time then to be wise?	
This would best heal my ill,		Or now or never.	
This would I buy.		Of HOW OF HOVOR	
But there were dreams to sell	20	Fairest that ever sprang from Eve!	
Ill didst thou buy;		While Time allows the short reprieve,	10
Life is a dream, they tell,		Just look at me! would you believe	
Waking, to die.		'T was once a lover?	
Dreaming a dream to prize,		11000 0200 02 201021	
Is wishing ghosts to rise;	25	I can not clear the five-bar gate,	
And if I had the spell	20	But, trying first its timber's state,	
To call the buried well,		Climb stiffly up, take breath, and was	it 15
Which one would I?		To trundle over.	
Which one would 1:		20 010010000000000000000000000000000000	
If there are ghosts to raise,		Through gallopade I cannot swing	
What shall I call,	30	The entangling blooms of Beauty's spi	ring:
Out of hell's murky haze,		I can not say the tender thing,	
Heaven's blue pall?		Be't true or false,	20
Raise my loved long-lost boy,		,	
To lead me to his joy.		And am beginning to opine	
There are no ghosts to raise;	35	Those girls are only half-divine	
Out of death lead no ways;		Whose waists you wicked boys entwi-	ne
Vain is the call.		In giddy waltz.	
,		0 0	

25

30

10

I fear that arm above that shoulder, I wish them wiser, graver, older, Sedater, and no harm if colder And panting less.

Ah! people were not half so wild In former days, when starchly mild, Upon her high-heeled Essex smiled The Brave Queen Bess.

1846

TO ROBERT BROWNING

THERE is delight in singing, though none hear Beside the singer; and there is delight In praising, though the praiser sit alone And see the praised far off him, far above. Shakespeare is not our poet, but the Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee, Since Chaucer was alive and Browning! hale, No man hath walkt along our roads with step So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue So varied in discourse. But warmer climes Give brighter plumage, stronger wing: the Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where The Siren waits thee, singing song for song. 1846

TO YOUTH

Where art thou gone, light-ankled Youth?
With wing at either shoulder,
And smile that never left thy mouth
Until the Hours grew colder:

Then somewhat seemed to whisper near 5
That thou and I must part;
I doubted it: I felt no fear,
No weight upon the heart:

If aught befell it, Love was by
And rolled it off again;
So, if there ever was a sigh,
'T was not a sigh of pain.

I may not call thee back; but thou Returnest when the hand Of gentle Sleep waves o'er my brow His poppy-crested wand; Then smiling eyes bend over mine,
Then lips once prest invite;
But Sleep hath given a silent sign,
And both, alas! take flight.

20 1853

5

TO AGE

Welcome, old friend! These many years
Have we lived door by door:
The Fates have laid aside their shears
Perhaps for some few more.

I was indocile at an age
When better boys were taught,
But thou at length hast made me sage,
If I am sage in aught.

Little I know from other men,
Too little they from me,
But thou hast pointed well the pen
That writes these lines to thee.

Thanks for expelling Fear and Hope,
One vile, the other vain;
One's scourge, the other's telescope,
I shall not see again:

Rather what lies before my feet
My notice shall engage —
He who hath braved Youth's dizzy heat
Dreads not the frost of Age.

20
1853

ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife,

Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art; I warmed both hands before the fire of life, It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

1853

TO MY NINTH DECADE

To my ninth decade I have tottered on,
And no soft arm bends now my steps to
steady;
She, who once led me where she would, is

gone, So when he calls me, Death shall find me ready.

1863

PROSE

CRITICISM

William Wordsworth (1770–1850)

PREFACE TO THE 'LYRICAL BALLADS'

The first Volume of these Poems has already been submitted to general perusal. It was published, as an experiment, which, I hoped, might be of some use to ascertain, how far, by fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of 10 manner language and the human mind act vivid sensation, that sort of pleasure and that quantity of pleasure may be imparted, which a Poet may rationally endeavour to impart.

I had formed no very inaccurate estimate of the probable effect of those Poems: I 15 larly upon this defence; yet I am sensible, flattered myself that they who should be pleased with them would read them with more than common pleasure: and, on the other hand, I was well aware, that by those who should dislike them, they would be 20 which general approbation is at present beread with more than common dislike. The result has differed from my expectation in this only, that a greater number have been pleased than I ventured to hope I should please.

Several of my Friends are anxious for the success of these Poems, from a belief, that, if the views with which they were composed were indeed realised, a class of Poetry would be produced, well adapted to interest man-30 forth by metrical language must in different kind permanently, and not unimportant in the quality, and in the multiplicity of its moral relations: and on this account they have advised me to prefix a systematic defence of the theory upon which the Poems 35 country, in the age of Shakspeare and were written. But I was unwilling to undertake the task, knowing that on this occasion the Reader would look coldly upon my arguments, since I might be suspected of having been principally influenced by the self-40 in verse, an Author in the present day makes ish and foolish hope of reasoning him into an approbation of these particular Poems: and I was still more unwilling to undertake the task, because, adequately to display the opinions, and fully to enforce the arguments, 45 tomed to the gaudiness and inane phrase-

would require a space wholly disproportionate to a preface. For, to treat the subject with the clearness and coherence of which it is susceptible, it would be necessary to 5 give a full account of the present state of the public taste in this country, and to determine how far this taste is healthy or depraved; which, again, could not be determined, without pointing out in what and re-act on each other, and without retracing the revolutions, not of literature alone, but likewise of society itself. I have therefore altogether declined to enter reguthat there would be something like impropriety in abruptly obtruding upon the Public, without a few words of introduction. Poems so materially different from those upon

It is supposed, that by the act of writing in verse an Author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known 25 habits of association; that he not only thus apprises the Reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully ex-This exponent or symbol held cluded. eras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence, and Lucretius, and that of Statius or Claudian; and in our own Beaumont and Fletcher, and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden, or Pope. I will not take upon me to determine the exact import of the promise which, by the act of writing to his reader: but it will undoubtedly appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted. They who have been accusology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope therefore the Reader will not censure me for attempting perform; and also (as far as the limits of a preface will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons which have determined me in the choice of my purpose: that at least he appointment, and that I myself may be protected from one of the most dishonourable accusations which can be brought against an Author; namely, that of an indolence ascertain what is his duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, proposed in situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in coexist in a state of greater simplicity, and. consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended. and are more durable; and, lastly, because in

that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men has been adopted (purified indeed 5 from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; to state what I have proposed to myself to 10 and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated may be spared any unpleasant feeling of dis-15 expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by which prevents him from endeavouring to 20 Poets, who think that they are conferring honour upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, these Poems was to choose incidents and 25 in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites, of their own creation.

I cannot, however, be insensible to the present outery against the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language. throw over them a certain colouring of 30 which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonourable to the Writer's own character than false retracing in them, truly though not ostenta-35 finement or arbitrary innovation, though I tiously, the primary laws of our nature: should contend at the same time, that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the Poems in these volumes will be found distinguished at because, in that condition, the essential 40 least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy purpose. Not that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived; but habits of meditation have. I trust, so prompted and regulated my that condition of life our elementary feelings 45 feelings, that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings, will be found to carry along with them a purpose. If this opinion be erroneous, I can have little right to the name of a Poet. For all good germinate from those elementary feelings, 50 poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: and though this be true, Poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings; and, as by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our 10 country have conformed themselves. The feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced, that, by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of 15 and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in those habits, we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature, and in such connection with each other, that the understanding of the Reader must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affec-20 act it; and, reflecting upon the magnitude of tions strengthened and purified.

It has been said that each of these poems has a purpose. Another circumstance must be mentioned which distinguishes these Poems from the popular Poetry of the day; 25 and likewise of certain powers in the great it is this, that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling.

me from asserting, that the Reader's attention is pointed to this mark of distinction, far less for the sake of these particular Poems than from the general importance of the subject. The subject is indeed important! 35 Reader's permission to apprise him of a few For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not 40 personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur further know, that one being is elevated above another, in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me, that to endeavour to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in 45 the very language of men; and assuredly which, at any period, a Writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined 50 use of them as such; but have endeavoured force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost sav-

age torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity 5 of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the invaluable works of our elder writers. I had almost said the works of Shakspeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German Tragedies. verse. — When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation. I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavour made in these volumes to counterthe general evil, I should be oppressed with no dishonourable melancholy, had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind. and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible; and were there not added to this impression a belief, that the time is approaching A sense of false modesty shall not prevent 30 when the evil will be systematically opposed, by men of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success.

Having dwelt thus long on the subjects and aim of these Poems, I shall request the circumstances relating to their stule, in order. among other reasons, that he may not censure me for not having performed what I never attempted. The Reader will find that in these volumes: and are utterly rejected, as an ordinary device to elevate the style, and raise it above prose. My purpose was to imitate, and, as far as possible, to adopt such personifications do not make any natural or regular part of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of speech occasionally prompted by passion, and I have made utterly to reject them as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language which Writers in metre seem to lay claim to by

prescription. I have wished to keep the Reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him. Others who pursue a different track with their claim, but wish to prefer a claim of my own. There will also be found in these volumes little of what is usually called poetic diction: as much pains has been taken to this has been done for the reason already alleged, to bring my language near to the language of men; and further, because the pleasure which I have proposed to myself to which is supposed by many persons to be the proper object of poetry. Without being culpably particular, I do not know how to give my Reader a more exact notion of the to write, than by informing him that I have at all times endeavoured to look steadily at my subject: consequently, there is I hope in these Poems little falsehood of description. and my ideas are expressed in language 25 and reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire: fitted to their respective importance. Something must have been gained by this practice. as it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely, good sense: but it has necessarily cut me off from a large portion of 30 And in my breast the imperfect joys expire; phrases and figures of speech which from father to son have long been regarded as the common inheritance of Poets. I have also thought it expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of 35 And weep the more because I weep in vain. many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad Poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to 40 obvious, that, except in the rhyme, and in overpower.

If in a poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of metre, does not 45 differ from that of prose, there is a numerous class of critics, who, when they stumble upon these prosaisms, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the Poet as over a man ignorant of 50 respect differ from that of good Prose. We his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the Reader will conclude he must utterly reject,

if he wishes to be pleased with these volumes. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him, that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most will interest him likewise: I do not interfere 5 elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the avoid it as is ordinarily taken to produce it; 10 language of prose when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself. To illustrate the subject in a impart, is of a kind very different from that 15 general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasonings, have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt Prose and Metrical composition, and style in which it was my wish and intention 20 was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction.

> 'In vain to me the smiling mornings shine, The birds in vain their amorous descant join, Or cheerful fields resume their green attire. These ears, alas! for other notes repine; A different object do these eyes require; My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine; Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer. And new-born pleasure brings to happier men; The fields to all their wonted tribute bear: To warm their little loves the birds complain.

> It will easily be perceived, that the only part of this Sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in Italics; it is equally the use of the single word 'fruitless' for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

> By the foregoing quotation it has been shown that the language of Prose may yet be well adapted to Poetry; and it was previously asserted, that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no will go further. It may be safely affirmed, that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose

and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between Poetry and Painting, and, accordingly, we call them Sisters: but where shall we find bonds of connection sufficiently strict to typify the 5 passions are of a milder character, the style affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition? They both speak by and to the same organs: the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and 10 this subject, and, as it is in itself of high imalmost identical, not necessarily differing even in degree; Poetry sheds no tears 'such as Angels weep,' but natural and human tears; she can boast of no celestial ichor that distinguishes her vital juices from those of 15 necessary, and that I am like a man fighting prose: the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

If it be affirmed that rhyme and metrical arrangement of themselves constitute a distinction which overturns what has just been 20 is almost unknown. If my conclusions are said on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of prose, and paves the way for other artificial distinctions which the mind voluntarily admits, I answer that the language of such Poetry as is here recom-25 what they are at present, both when we mended is, as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; that this selection, wherever it is made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, 30 and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life; and, if metre be superadded thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a 35 ing to men: a man, it is true, endowed with What other distinction rational mind. would we have? Whence is it to come? And where is it to exist? Not, surely, where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters: it cannot be necessary here, 40 mankind; a man pleased with his own paseither for elevation of style, or any of its supposed ornaments: for, if the Poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions the language of which, if selected truly and 45 goings-on of the Universe, and habitually judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures. I forbear to speak of an incongruity which would shock the intelligent Reader, should the Poet interweave any foreign 50 an ability of conjuring up in himself passions. splendour of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests: it is sufficient to say that such addition is unnecessary. And,

surely, it is more probable that those passages, which with propriety abound with metaphors and figures, will have their due effect, if, upon other occasions where the also be subdued and temperate.

But, as the pleasure which I hope to give by the Poems now presented to the Reader must depend entirely on just notions upon portance to our taste and moral feelings. I cannot content myself with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, it shall appear to some that my labour is una battle without enemies, such persons may be reminded, that, whatever be the language outwardly holden by men, a practical faith in the opinions which I am wishing to establish admitted, and carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest Poets both ancient and modern will be far different from praise, and when we censure: and our moral feelings influencing and influenced by these

judgments will, I believe, be corrected and

purified. Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, let me ask, what is meant by the word Poet? What is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? — He is a man speakmore lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among sions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events, than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves: whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest Poet to posguage which it will suggest to him, must often, in liveliness and truth, fall short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a Poet, it is obvious, that while he describes and imitates pasmechanical, compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the Poet to bring his feelings near to those of the short spaces of time, perhaps, to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs; modifying only the language which is that he describes for a particular purpose. that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle of selection which has been already insisted upon. He will depend wise be painful or disgusting in the passion; he will feel that there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature: and, the more industriously he applies this principle, the deeper will be his faith that no words, which 45 his fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not that, as it is impossible for the Poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which

that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who does not scruple to substitute excellencies of another 5 kind for those which are unattainable by him; and endeavours occasionally to surpass his original, in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels that he must submit. But this would be to enown choice, or from the structure of his own 10 courage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the language of men who speak of what they do not understand: who talk of Poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as sess, there cannot be a doubt that the lan-15 gravely about a taste for Poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for rope-dancing, or Frontiniac or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, has said, that Poetry is the most philosophic of all certain shadows of which the Poet thus 20 writing: it is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general, and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion; truth which is its own testimony, which gives sions, his employment is in some degree 25 competence and confidence to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the Biographer persons whose feelings he describes, nay, for 30 and Historian, and of their consequent utility, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the Poet who comprehends the dignity of his art. The Poet writes under one restriction only. thus suggested to him by a consideration 35 namely, the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human Being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but upon this for removing what would other-40 as a Man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the Poet and the image of things; between this, and the Biographer and Historian, there are a thou-

the real passion itself suggests, it is proper

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the Poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more object to the general spirit of these remarks, 50 sincere, because not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love: further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure: I would not be misunderstood: but wherever we sympathise with pain, it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of 10 remote and unknown benefactor; he cherparticular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The Man of science, the Chemist and Mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, 15 panion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit. know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the Anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure: and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge. What then 20 he looks before and after.' He is the rock of does the Poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and reacting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his 25 laws and customs: in spite of things silently ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge. with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which from habit acquire the quality of intuitions; he considers him as 30 and over all time. The objects of the Poet's looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding everywhere objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoy-35 move his wings. Poetry is the first and last

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which, without any other discipline than that the Poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and thus the Poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure, which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature, with affections akin to those, which, through labour and length of 50 can be employed, if the time should ever time, the Man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his

studies. The knowledge both of the Poet and the Man of science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural 5 and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellowbeings. The Man of science seeks truth as a ishes and loves it in his solitude: the Poet. singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly comof all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as Shakspeare hath said of man, 'that defence for human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed; the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth. thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to of all knowledge - it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of Men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our conof our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, 40 dition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he most interesting properties of nature. And 45 will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these

respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarised to men, shall be ready to put on, 5 operations of the elements, and the appearas it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man. - It is not, then, 10 gratitude and hope, with fear and sorrow. to be supposed that any one, who holds that sublime notion of Poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and en-15 feels in the spirit of human passions. How, deavour to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

Poetry in general; but especially to those parts of composition where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters; and upon this point it appears to authorise the sense, who would not allow that the dramatic parts of composition are defective, in proportion as they deviate from the real language of nature, and are coloured by a him as an individual Poet or belonging simply to Poets in general; to a body of men who. from the circumstance of their compositions being in metre, it is expected will employ a

particular language.

It is not, then, in the dramatic parts of composition that we look for this distinction of language: but still it may be proper and necessary where the Poet speaks to us in his by referring the Reader to the description before given of a Poet. Among the qualities there enumerated as principally conducing to form a Poet, is implied nothing differing in The sum of what was said is, that the Poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater ings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and

feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the ances of the visible universe; with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, These, and the like, are the sensations and objects which the Poet describes, as they are the sensations of other men, and the objects which interest them. The Poet thinks and then, can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men who feel vividly and see clearly? It might be proved that it is impossible. But supposing that What has been thus far said applies to 20 this were not the case, the Poet might then be allowed to use a peculiar language when expressing his feelings for his own gratification, or that of men like himself. But Poets do not write for Poets alone, but for men. conclusion that there are few persons of good 25 Unless therefore we are advocates for that admiration which subsists upon ignorance. and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the Poet must descend from this supposed height; and, in diction of the Poet's own, either peculiar to 30 order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves. To this it may be added, that while he is only selecting from the real language of men, or, which amounts to the same thing. 35 composing accurately in the spirit of such selection, he is treading upon safe ground. and we know what we are to expect from him. Our feelings are the same with respect to metre; for, as it may be proper to remind own person and character. To this I answer 40 the Reader, the distinction of metre is regular and uniform, and not, like that which is produced by what is usually called POETIC DICTION, arbitrary, and subject to infinite caprices upon which no calculation whatever kind from other men, but only in degree. 45 can be made. In the one case, the Reader is utterly at the mercy of the Poet, respecting what imagery or diction he may choose to connect with the passion; whereas, in the other, the metre obeys certain laws, to which power in expressing such thoughts and feel-50 the Poet and Reader both willingly submit because they are certain, and because no interference is made by them with the passion, but such as the concurring testimony of

ages has shown to heighten and improve the pleasure which co-exists with it.

It will now be proper to answer an obvious question, namely, Why, professing these opinions, have I written in verse? To this, in addition to such answer as is included in what has been already said, I reply, in the first place, Because, however I may have restricted myself, there is still left open to valuable object of all writing, whether in prose or verse; the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature before me — to supply endless 15 order. If the words, however, by which this combinations of forms and imagery. Now, supposing for a moment that whatever is interesting in these objects may be as vividly described in prose, why should I be condemned for attempting to superadd to 20 ment may be carried beyond its proper such description the charm which, by the consent of all nations, is acknowledged to exist in metrical language? To this, by such as are yet unconvinced, it may be answered that a very small part of the pleasure given 25 efficacy in tempering and restraining the by Poetry depends upon the metre, and that it is injudicious to write in metre, unless it be accompanied with the other artificial distinctions of style with which metre is usually accompanied, and that, by such deviation, 30 will at first appear paradoxical, from the more will be lost from the shock which will thereby be given to the Reader's associations than will be counterbalanced by any pleasure which he can derive from the general power of numbers. In answer to those who still 35 tion, there can be little doubt but that more contend for the necessity of accompanying metre with certain appropriate colours of style in order to the accomplishment of its appropriate end, and who also, in my opinion, greatly underrate the power of metre in 40 than in prose. The metre of the old ballads itself, it might, perhaps, as far as relates to these Volumes, have been almost sufficient to observe, that poems are extant, written upon more humble subjects, and in a still more naked and simple style, which have 45 found in them. This opinion may be further continued to give pleasure from generation to generation. Now, if nakedness and simplicity be a defect, the fact here mentioned affords a strong presumption that poems somewhat less naked and simple 50 ster'; while Shakspeare's writings, in the are capable of affording pleasure at the present day; and, what I wished chiefly to attempt, at present, was to justify myself

for having written under the impression of this belief.

But various causes might be pointed out why, when the style is manly, and the subject 5 of some importance, words metrically arranged will long continue to impart such a pleasure to mankind as he who proves the extent of that pleasure will be desirous to impart. The end of Poetry is to produce me what confessedly constitutes the most 10 excitement in co-existence with an overbalance of pleasure: but, by the supposition. excitement is an unusual and irregular state of the mind; ideas and feelings do not, in that state, succeed each other in accustomed excitement is produced be in themselves powerful, or the images and feelings have an undue proportion of pain connected with them, there is some danger that the excitebounds. Now the co-presence of something regular, something to which the mind has been accustomed in various moods and in a less excited state, cannot but have great passion by an intertexture of ordinary feeling. and of feeling not strictly and necessarily connected with the passion. This is unquestionably true; and hence, though the opinion tendency of metre to divest language, in a certain degree, of its reality, and thus to throw a sort of half-consciousness of unsubstantial existence over the whole composipathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical composition, especially in rhyme, is very artless; yet they contain many passages which would illustrate this opinion; and, I hope, if the following Poems be attentively perused, similar instances will be illustrated by appealing to the Reader's own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the re-perusal of the distressful parts of 'Clarissa Harlowe,' or the 'Gamemost pathetic scenes, never act upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure an effect which, in a much greater degree

than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement. — On the other hand frequently happen) if the Poet's words should be incommensurate with the passion, and inadequate to raise the Reader to a height of desirable excitement, then, (unless grossly injudicious) in the feelings of pleasure which the Reader has been accustomed to connect with metre in general, and in the feeling, whether cheerful or melancholy, with that particular movement of metre, there will be found something which will greatly contribute to impart passion to the words, and to effect the complex end which the Poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a Systematic defence of the theory here maintained, it would have been my duty to develope the various causes upon which the pleasure received from of these causes is to be reckoned a principle which must be well known to those who have made any of the Arts the object of accurate reflection; namely, the pleasure which the tude in dissimilitude. This principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder. From this principle the direction of the sexual appetite, and all origin: it is the life of our ordinary conversation; and upon the accuracy with which similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude are perceived, depend our taste useless employment to apply this principle to the consideration of metre, and to show that metre is hence enabled to afford much pleasure, and to point out in what manner will not permit me to enter upon this subject, and I must content myself with a general summary.

I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its 50 sons for writing in verse, and why I have origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity: the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity grad-

ually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind. In this (what it must be allowed will much more 5 mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion, of whatever kind, and in whatever degree, from various causes, is qualified by various pleasures, so the Poet's choice of his metre has been 10 that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will, upon the whole, be in a state of enjoyment. If Nature be thus cautious to preserve in a state of enjoyment a being so which he has been accustomed to connect 15 employed, the Poet ought to profit by the lesson held forth to him, and ought especially to take care, that, whatever passions he communicates to his Reader, those passions, if his Reader's mind be sound and vigorous, 20 should always be accompanied with an overbalance of pleasure. Now the music of harmonious metrical language, the sense of difficulty overcome, and the blind association of pleasure which has been previously metrical language depends. Among the chief 25 received from works of rhyme or metre of the same or similar construction, an indistinct perception perpetually renewed of language closely resembling that of real life, and yet, in the circumstance of metre, differing from it mind derives from the perception of simili-30 so widely — all these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is of the most important use in tempering the painful feeling always found intermingled with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. the passions connected with it, take their 35 This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compositions, the ease and gracefulness with which the Poet manages his numbers are themselves confessedly a principal source of and our moral feelings. It would not be a 40 the gratification of the Reader. All that it is necessary to say, however, upon this subject, may be effected by affirming, what few persons will deny, that, of two descriptions, either of passions, manners, or characters, that pleasure is produced. But my limits 45 each of them equally well executed, the one in prose and the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once.

Having thus explained a few of my reachosen subjects from common life, and endeavoured to bring my language near to the real language of men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own cause, I have at the same time been treating a subject of general interest; and for this reason a few words shall be added with reference solely to these particular poems, and to some defects 5 which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general. and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, I may have sometimes 10 'Babes in the Wood.' written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account, than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connections of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases, 15 from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt, that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my Readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and 20 Strand,' and 'the Town,' connected with pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these 25 Not from the metre, not from the language. alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men: for where the understanding of an Author is not convinced, or his feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to him-30 Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, self: for his own feelings are his stay and support; and, if he set them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind shall lose all confidence in itself, and become utterly debilitated. To this 35 originate in that sane state of feeling which it may be added, that the critic ought never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the Poet, and, perhaps, in a much greater degree: for there can be no presumption in saying of most readers, that 40 you have previously decided upon the genus? it is not probable they will be so well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with the fickleness or stability of the relations of particular ideas to each other; and, above 45 which is, that in judging these Poems he all, since they are so much less interested in the subject, they may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as the Reader has been detained, I hope he will permit me to caution him against 50 not object to this style of composition, or a mode of false criticism which has been applied to Poetry, in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature.

Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies, of which Dr. Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen: --

> 'I put my hat upon my head And walked into the Strand, And there I met another man Whose hat was in his hand.'

Immediately under these lines let us place one of the most justly-admired stanzas of the

'These pretty Babes with hand in hand Went wandering up and down; But never more they saw the Man Approaching from the Town.'

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ from the most unimpassioned conversation. There are words in both, for example, 'the none but the most familiar ideas: vet the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlatively contemptible. Whence arises this difference? not from the order of the words; but the matter expressed in Dr. Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Dr. is not to say, this is a bad kind of poetry, or, this is not poetry; but, this wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can lead to anything interesting; the images neither arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the Reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such verses. Why trouble yourself about the species till Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

One request I must make of my reader, would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, I myself do this or that expression, but, to such and such classes of people it will appear mean or ludicrous! This mode of criticism, so destructive

of all sound unadulterated judgment, is almost universal: let the Reader then abide, independently, by his own feelings, and, if he finds himself affected, let him not suffer such conjectures to interfere with his pleasure.

If an Author, by any single composition, has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption, that on other occasions where may not have written ill or absurdly; and further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us to review what has displeased us, with more care upon it. This is not only an act of justice. but, in our decisions upon poetry especially, may conduce, in a high degree, to the improvement of our own taste; for an accurate Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an acquired talent, which can only be produced by thought and a long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This pose as to prevent the most inexperienced Reader from judging for himself, (I have already said that I wish him to judge for himself;) but merely to temper the rashness of subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous: and that, in many cases, it necessarily will

contributed to further the end which I have in view, as to have shown of what kind the pleasure is, and how that pleasure is produced, which is confessedly produced by metrical composition essentially different 40 two questions will rest my claim to the from that which I have here endeavoured to recommend: for the Reader will say that he has been pleased by such composition; and what more can be done for him? The power of any art is limited; and he will suspect, 45 that, if it be proposed to furnish him with new friends, that can be only upon condition of his abandoning his old friends. Besides. as I have said, the Reader is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has received 50 from such composition, composition to which he has peculiarly attached the endearing name of Poetry; and all men feel an

habitual gratitude, and something of an honourable bigotry, for the objects which have long continued to please them: we not only wish to be pleased, but to be pleased in 5 that particular way in which we have been accustomed to be pleased. There is in these feelings enough to resist a host of arguments: and I should be the less able to combat them successfully, as I am willing to allow, that, we have been displeased, he, nevertheless, 10 in order entirely to enjoy the Poetry which I am recommending, it would be necessary to give up much of what is ordinarily enjoyed. But, would my limits have permitted me to point out how this pleasure is produced, than we should otherwise have bestowed 15 many obstacles might have been removed, and the Reader assisted in perceiving that the powers of language are not so limited as he may suppose; and that it is possible for poetry to give other enjoyments, of a purer, taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, as 20 more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This part of the subject has not been altogether neglected, but it has not been so much my present aim to prove, that the interest excited by some other kinds of poetry is mentioned, not with so ridiculous a pur-25 is less vivid, and less worthy of the nobler powers of the mind, as to offer reasons for presuming, that if my purpose were fulfilled. a species of poetry would be produced, which is genuine poetry; in its nature well adapted decision, and to suggest, that, if Poetry be a 30 to interest mankind permanently, and likewise important in the multiplicity and quality of its moral relations.

From what has been said, and from a perusal of the Poems, the Reader will be Nothing would, I know, have so effectually 35 able clearly to perceive the object which I had in view: he will determine how far it has been attained: and, what is a much more important question, whether it be worth attaining: and upon the decision of these

approbation of the Public.

1800

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772 - 1834)

BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA

CHAPTER XIV

During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbors, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colors of imagination. sudden charm which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunset diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of 10 forming a balance, appeared rather an nature. The thought suggested itself -(to which of us I do not recollect) - that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; 15 which is characteristic of his genius. In and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions, as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in this sense 20 extra-colloquial style of poems in general, they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the char-25 he added a preface of considerable length; acters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity, where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them, when they present themselves.

In this idea originated the plan of the Lurical Ballads; in which it was agreed, that my endeavors should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from 35 this preface, prefixed to poems in which our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. 40 conjunction of perceived power with sup-Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's 45 attention to the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us; an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude 50 meanness of language and inanity of thought; we have eves, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand.

With this view I wrote the Ancient Mariner, and was preparing among other poems, The Dark Ladie, and the Christabel, in which I should have more nearly 5 realized my ideal than I had done in my first attempt. But Mr. Wordsworth's industry had proved so much more successful, and the number of his poems so much greater, that my compositions, instead of interpolation of heterogeneous matter. Mr. Wordsworth added two or three poems written in his own character, in the impassioned, lofty, and sustained diction, this form the Lyrical Ballads were published; and were presented by him, as an experiment, whether subjects, which from their nature rejected the usual ornaments and might not be so managed in the language of ordinary life as to produce the pleasurable interest, which it is the peculiar business of poetry to impart. To the second edition in which, notwithstanding some passages of apparently a contrary import, he was understood to contend for the extension of this style to poetry of all kinds, and 30 to reject as vicious and indefensible all phrases and forms of speech that were not included in what he (unfortunately, I think, adopting an equivocal expression) called the language of real life. From it was impossible to deny the presence of original genius, however mistaken its direction might be deemed, arose the whole long-continued controversy: For from the posed heresy I explain the inveteracy and in some instances. I grieve to say, the acrimonious passions, with which the controversy has been conducted by the assailants.

Had Mr. Wordsworth's poems been the silly, the childish things, which they were for a long time described as being; had they been really distinguished from the compositions of other poets merely by had they indeed contained nothing more than what is found in the parodies and pretended imitations of them; they must have

sunk at once, a dead weight, into the slough of oblivion, and have dragged the preface along with them. But year after year increased the number of Mr. Wordsworth's admirers. They were found too not in the lower classes of the reading public, but chiefly among young men of strong sensibility and meditative minds; and their admiration (inflamed perhaps in some degree intensity, I might almost say, by its religious fervor. These facts, and the intellectual energy of the author, which was more or less consciously felt, where denied, meeting with sentiments of aversion to his opinions, and of alarm at their consequences, produced an eddy of criticism, which would of itself have borne whirled them round and round. many parts of this preface in the sense attributed to them and which the words undoubtedly seem to authorize. I never concurred; but on the contrary objected 25 to them as erroneous in principle, and as contradictory (in appearance at least) both to other parts of the same preface, and to the author's own practice in the greater part of the poems themselves. 30 quantities, all compositions that have this Mr. Wordsworth in his recent collection has. I find, degraded this prefatory disquisition to the end of his second volume, to be read or not at the reader's choice. But he has not, as far as I can discover, 35 an additional ground of distinction. The announced any change in his poetic creed. At all events, considering it as the source of a controversy, in which I have been honored more than I deserve by the frequent conjunction of my name with his, I think it ex-40 history. Pleasure, and that of the highest pedient to declare once for all, in what points I coincide with the opinions supported in that preface, and in what points I altogether differ. But in order to render myself intelligible I must previously, in as few words 45 immediate purpose; and though truth, either as possible, explain my views, first, of a Poem; and secondly, of Poetry itself, in kind, and in essence.

The office of philosophical disquisition consists in just distinction; while it is 50 of society, in which the immediate purpose the privilege of the philosopher to preserve himself constantly aware, that distinction is not division. In order to obtain

adequate notions of any truth, we must intellectually separate its distinguishable parts: and this is the technical process of philosophy. But having so done, we must 5 then restore them in our conceptions to the unity, in which they actually co-exist; and this is the result of philosophy. A poem contains the same elements as a prose composition: the difference therefore must by opposition) was distinguished by its 10 consist in a different combination of them, in consequence of a different object being proposed. According to the difference of the object will be the difference of the combination. It is possible, that the object. it was outwardly and even boisterously 15 may be merely to facilitate the recollection of any given facts or observations by artificial arrangement; and the composition will be a poem, merely because it is distinguished from prose by metre, or by up the poems by the violence with which it 20 rhyme, or by both conjointly. In this, the lowest sense, a man might attribute the name of a poem to the well-known enumeration of the days in the several months:

> 'Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November,' &c.

and others of the same class and purpose. And as a particular pleasure is found in anticipating the recurrence of sound and charm superadded, whatever be their contents, may be entitled poems.

So much for the superficial form. A difference of object and contents supplies immediate purpose may be the communication of truths; either of truth absolute and demonstrable, as in works of science: or of facts experienced and recorded, as in and most permanent kind, may result from the attainment of the end; but it is not itself the immediate end. In other works the communication of pleasure may be the moral or intellectual, ought to be the ultimate end, vet this will distinguish the character of the author, not the class to which the work belongs. Blest indeed is that state would be baffled by the perversion of the proper ultimate end; in which no charm of diction or imagery could exempt the

Bathyllus even of an Anacreon, or the Alexis of Virgil, from disgust and aversion!

But the communication of pleasure may be the immediate object of a work not metrically composed: and that object may have been in a high degree attained, as in novels and romances. Would then the mere superaddition of metre, with or without rhyme, entitle these to the name of poems? The answer is, that nothing can 10 permanently please, which does not contain in itself the reason why it is so, and not otherwise. If metre be superadded, all other parts must be made consonant with it. They must be such, as to justify the per-15 pent, which the Egyptians made the empetual and distinct attention to each part, which an exact corrrespondent recurrence of accent and sound are calculated to excite. The final definition then, so deduced, may be thus worded. A poem is that species of 20 which again carries him onward, Praecipicomposition, which is opposed to works of science, by proposing for its immediate object pleasure, not truth; and from all other species -- (having this object in common with it) - it is discriminated by proposing 25 to itself such delight from the whole, as is compatible with a distinct gratification from each component part.

· Controversy is not seldom excited in consequence of the disputants attaching each 30 deniable proofs that poetry of the highest a different meaning to the same word; and in few instances has this been more striking, than in disputes concerning the present subject. If a man chooses to call every composition a poem, which is 35 book) — is poetry in the most emphatic rhyme, or measure, or both, I must leave his opinion uncontroverted. The distinction is at least competent to characterize the writer's intention. If it were subjoined, that the whole is likewise entertaining or affecting, 40 attach to the word Poetry, there will be as a tale, or as a series of interesting reflections. I of course admit this as another fit ingredient of a poem, and an additional merit. But if the definition sought for be that of a legitimate poem, I answer, it must 45 remaining parts must be preserved in keeping be one, the parts of which mutually support and explain each other; all in their proportion harmonizing with, and supporting the purpose and known influences of metrical arrangement. The philosophic critics of all 50 poetry. And this again can be no other than ages coincide with the ultimate judgment of all countries, in equally denying the praises of a just poem, on the one hand, to a series of

striking lines or distichs, each of which, absorbing the whole attention of the reader to itself, becomes disjoined from its context, and forms a separate whole, instead 5 of a harmonizing part; and on the other hand, to an unsustained composition, from which the reader collects rapidly the general result unattracted by the component parts. The reader should be carried forward, not merely or chiefly by the mechanical impulse of curiosity, or by a restless desire to arrive at the final solution: but by the pleasurable activity of mind excited by the attractions of the journey itself. Like the motion of a serblem of intellectual power; or like the path of sound through the air: - at every step he pauses and half recedes, and from the retrogressive movement collects the force tandus est liber spiritus, savs Petronius most happily. The epithet, liber, here balances the preceding verb; and it is not easy to conceive more meaning condensed in fewer words.

But if this should be admitted as a satisfactory character of a poem, we have still to seek for a definition of poetry. The writings of Plato and Jeremy Taylor, and Burnet's Theory of the Earth, furnish unkind may exist without metre, and even without the contra-distinguishing objects of a poem. The first chapter of Isaiah — (indeed a very large proportion of the whole sense: vet it would be not less irrational than strange to assert, that pleasure, and not truth was the immediate object of the prophet. In short, whatever specific import we found involved in it, as a necessary consequence, that a poem of any length neither can be, nor ought to be, all poetry. Yet if an harmonious whole is to be produced, the with the poetry; and this can be no otherwise effected than by such a studied selection and artificial arrangement, as will partake of one, though not a peculiar property of the property of exciting a more continuous and equal attention than the language of prose aims at, whether colloquial or written.

My own conclusions on the nature of poetry, in the strictest use of the word, have been in part anticipated in some of the remarks on the Fancy and Imagination in the first part of this work. What is poetry? - is so nearly the same question with, what is a poet? — that the answer to the one is involved in the solution of the other. For it is a distinction resulting from the poetic genius itself, which sustains and modifies 10 the images, thoughts, and emotions of the poet's own mind.

The poet, described in ideal perfection, brings the whole soul of man into activity, with the subordination of its faculties to 15 each other according to their relative worth and dignity. He diffuses a tone and spirit of unity, that blends, and (as it were) fuses, each into each, by that synthetic and sively appropriate the name of Imagination. This power, first put in action by the will and understanding, and retained emotion with more than usual order: judgment ever awake and steady self-possession vehement; and while it blends and harmonizes the natural and the artificial, still subordinates art to nature; the manner to the matter; and our admiration of the Doubtless, as Sir John Davies observes of the soul — (and his words may with slight alteration be applied, and even more appropriately, to the poetic Imagination) —

Bodies to *spirit* by sublimation strange, As fire converts to fire the things it burns. As we our food into our nature change.

From their gross matter she abstracts their

And draws a kind of quintessence from things: Which to her proper nature she transforms To bear them light on her celestial wings.

Thus does she, when from individual states She doth abstract the universal kinds; Which then re-clothed in dirers names and fates Steal access through our senses to our minds.

Finally, Good Sense is the Body of poetic genius, Fancy its Drapery, Motion its Life, and Imagination the Soul that is everywhere, and in each; and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole.

William Hazlitt (1778–1830)

ON FAMILIAR STYLE

It is not easy to write a familiar style. Many people mistake a familiar for a vulgar style, and suppose that to write without magical power, to which I would exclu-20 affectation is to write at random. On the contrary, there is nothing that requires more precision, and, if I may so say, purity of expression, than the style I am speaking under their irremissive, though gentle of. It utterly rejects not only all unmeaning and unnoticed, control, laxis effectur habenis, 25 pomp, but all low, cant phrases, and loose, reveals itself in the balance or reconcile- unconnected, slipshod allusions. It is not to ment of opposite or discordant qualities: take the first word that offers, but the best of sameness with difference; of the general word in common use; it is not to throw words with the concrete; the idea with the image; together in any combinations we please, but the individual with the representative; the 30 to follow and avail ourselves of the true idiom sense of novelty and freshness with old and of the language. To write a genuine familiar familiar objects; a more than usual state of or truly English style, is to write as any one would speak in common conversation who had a thorough command and choice of with enthusiasm and feeling profound or 35 words, or who could discourse with ease. force, and perspicuity, setting aside all pedantic and oratorical flourishes. Or to give another illustration, to write naturally is the same thing in regard to common conpoet to our sympathy with the poetry, 40 versation as to read naturally is in regard to common speech. It does not follow that it is an easy thing to give the true accent and inflection to the words you utter, because you do not attempt to rise above the 'Doubtless this could not be, but that she turns 45 level of ordinary life and colloquial speaking. You do not assume, indeed, the solemnity of the pulpit, or the tone of stage-declamation: neither are you at liberty to gabble on at a venture, without emphasis or discretion, 50 or to resort to vulgar dialect or clownish pronunciation. You must steer a middle course. You are tied down to a given and appropriate articulation, which is determined

by the habitual associations between sense and sound, and which you can only hit by entering into the author's meaning, as you must find the proper words and style to express yourself by fixing your thoughts on the subject you have to write about. one may mouth out a passage with a theatrical cadence, or get upon stilts to tell his thoughts; but to write or speak with pro-Thus it is easy to affect a pompous style, to use a word twice as big as the thing you want to express: it is not so easy to pitch upon the very word that exactly fits it. equally intelligible, with nearly equal pretensions, it is a matter of some nicety and discrimination to pick out the very one the preferableness of which is scarcely perceptible, but decisive. object to Dr. Johnson's style is, that there is no discrimination, no selection, no variety in it. He uses none but 'tall, opaque words,' taken from the 'first row of the rubric':or Latin phrases with merely English terminations. If a fine style depended on this sort of arbitrary pretension, it would be fair to judge of an author's elegance by the measof foreign circumlocutions (with no precise associations) for the mother-tongue. How simple it is to be dignified without ease, to be pompous without meaning! Surely, it is but to be always pedantic and affected. It is clear you cannot use a vulgar English word, if you never use a common English word at all. A fine tact is shown in adhering to those never falling into any expressions which are debased by disgusting circumstances, or which owe their signification and point to technical or professional allusions. A truly natural or familiar style can never be 45 unusual length, and very imposing from its quaint or vulgar, for this reason, that it is of universal force and applicability, and that quaintness and vulgarity arise out of the immediate connection of certain words with coarse and disagreeable or with confined 50 expression to the idea that clenches a writer's ideas. The last form what we understand by cant or slang phrases. — To give an example of what is not very clear in the general state-

ment. I should say that the phrase To cut with a knife, or To cut a piece of wood, is perfectly free from vulgarity, because it is perfectly common: but To cut an acquaint-5 ance is not quite unexceptionable, because it is not perfectly common or intelligible, and has hardly yet escaped out of the limits of slang phraseology. I should hardly therefore use the word in this sense without priety and simplicity is a more difficult task. 10 putting it in italics as a license of expression, to be received cum grano salis. All provincial or bye-phrases come under the same mark of reprobation — all such as the writer transfers to the page from his fireside or a Out of eight or ten words equally common, 15 particular coterie, or that he invents for his own sole use and convenience. I conceive that words are like money, not the worse for being common, but that it is the stamp of custom alone that gives them circula-The reason why I 20 tion or value. I am fastidious in this respect, and would almost as soon coin the currency of the realm as counterfeit the King's English. I never invented or gave a new and unauthorised meaning to any word but words with the greatest number of syllables, 25 one single one (the term impersonal applied to feelings), and that was in an abstruse metaphysical discussion to express a very difficult distinction. I have been (I know) loudly accused of revelling in vulgarisms and urement of his words, and the substitution 30 broken English. I cannot speak to that point: but so far I plead guilty to the determined use of acknowledged idioms and common elliptical expressions. I am not sure that the critics in question know the a mechanical rule for avoiding what is low, 35 one from the other, that is, can distinguish any medium between formal pedantry and the most barbarous solecism. As an author, I endeavor to employ plain words and popular modes of construction, as, were I which are perfectly common, and yet 40 a chapman and dealer, I should common weights and measures.

The proper force of words lies not in the words themselves, but in their application. A word may be a fine-sounding word, of an learning and novelty, and yet in the connection in which it is introduced may be quite pointless and irrelevant. It is not pomp or pretension, but the adaptation of the meaning: — as it is not the size or glossiness of the materials, but their being fitted each to its place, that gives strength to the arch;

or as the pegs and nails are as necessary to the support of the building as the larger timbers, and more so than the mere showy. unsubstantial ornaments. I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth. I hate to see a load of band-boxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them. A person who does not deliberately dispose of all his flimsy disguises, may strike out twenty varieties of familiar everyday language, each coming somewhat nearer to the feeling he wants to convey, and at last not hit upon be said to be identical with the exact impression in his mind. This would seem to show that Mr. Cobbett is hardly right in saving that the first word that occurs is and yet a better may present itself on reflection or from time to time. It should be suggested naturally, however, and spontaneously, from a fresh and lively conception at improvement, or by merely substituting one word for another that we are not satisfied with, as we cannot recollect the name of a place or person by merely plaguing ourselves about it. the point by persisting in a wrong scent: but it starts up accidentally in the memory when we least expect it, by touching some link in the chain of previous association.

a cautious display of nothing but rich and rare phraseology; ancient medals, obscure coins, and Spanish pieces of eight. They are very curious to inspect; but I myself would neither offer nor take them 40 more power of felicity of execution than the in the course of exchange. A sprinkling of archaisms is not amiss; but a tissue of obsolete expressions is more fit for keep than wear. I do not say I would not use any before the middle or the end of the last century; but I should be shy of using any that had not been employed by any approved author during the whole of that time. mean and ridiculous, when they have been for some time laid aside. Mr. Lamb is the only imitator of old English style L can read

with pleasure; and he is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his authors that the idea of imitation is almost done away. There is an inward unction, a marrowy vein 5 both in the thought and feeling, an intuition, deep and lively, of his subject, that carries off any quaintness or awkwardness arising from an antiquated style and dress. The matter is completely his own, though the thoughts alike in cumbrous draperies and 10 manner is assumed. Perhaps his ideas are altogether so marked and individual, as to require their point and pungency to be neutralised by the affectation of a singular but traditional form of conveyance. Tricked that particular and only one, which may 15 out in the prevailing costume, they would probably seem more startling and out of the The old English authors, Burton, Fuller, Coryate, Sir Thomas Browne, are a kind of mediators between us and the more always the best. It may be a very good one; 20 eccentric and whimsical modern, reconciling us to his peculiarities. I do not, however, know how far this is the case or not, till he condescends to write like one of us. I must confess that what I like best of his papers of the subject. We seldom succeed by trying 25 under the signature of Elia (still I do not presume, amidst such excellence, to decide what is most excellent) is the account of 'Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist,' which is also the most free from obsolete allusions We wander farther from 30 and turns of expression ---

'A well of native English undefiled.'

To those acquainted with his admired prototypes, these Essays of the ingenious and There are those who hoard up and make 35 highly gifted author have the same sort of charm and relish that Erasmus's Colloquies or a fine piece of modern Latin have to the classical scholar, Certainly, I do not know any borrowed pencil that has one of which I have here been speaking.

It is as easy to write a gaudy style without ideas, as it is to spread a pallet of showy colors, or to smear in a flaunting transphrase that had been brought into fashion 45 parency. 'What do you read?' -- 'Words, words, words.' -- 'What is the matter?' --'Nothing,' it might be answered, florid style is the reverse of the familiar. The last is employed as an unvarnished Words, like clothes, get old-fashioned, or 50 medium to convey ideas; the first is resorted to as a spangled veil to conceal the want of them. When there is nothing to be set down but words, it costs little to have them fine.

Look through the dictionary, and cull out a florilegium, rival the tulipomania. Rouge high enough, and never mind the natural complexion. The vulgar, who are not in the secret, will admire the look of pre- 5 tion; and they turn their servile strains ternatural health and vigor; and the fashionable, who regard only appearances, will be delighted with the imposition. Keep to your sounding generalities, your tinkling phrases, and all will be well. Swell 10 stones, rubies, pearls, emeralds, Golconda's out an unmeaning truism to a perfect tympany of style. A thought, a distinction, is the rock on which all this brittle cargo of verbiage splits at once. Such writers have merely verbal imaginations, that retain nothing but 15 Personifications, capital letters, seas of words. Or their puny thoughts have dragonwings, all green and gold. They soar far above the vulgar failing of the Sermo humi abrepens - their most ordinary speech is never short of an hyperbole, splendid, 20 may be considered as hierogluphical writers. imposing, vague, incomprehensible, magniloquent, a cento of sounding commonplaces. If some of us, whose 'ambition is more lowly,' pry a little too narrowly into nooks and corners to pick up a num-25 affect them in the same way, by the mere ber of 'unconsidered trifles,' they never once direct their eyes or lift their hands to seize on any but the most gorgeous, tarnished, threadbare, patchwork set of phrases, the left-off finery of poetic ex-30 sequences. Nothing more is meant by travagance, transmitted down through successive generations of barren pretenders. If they criticise actors and actresses, a huddled phantasmagoria of feathers, spangles, floods of light, and oceans of sound 35 mystery to them: they have no faculty float before their morbid sense, which they paint in the style of Ancient Pistol. Not a glimpse can you get of the merits or defects of the performers: they are hidden in a profusion of barbarous epithets and wilful rhodo- 40 but images revolve in splendid mockery. montade. Our hypercritics are not thinking of these little fantoccini beings -

'That strut and fret their hour upon the stage' ---

but of tall phantoms of words, abstractions, genera and species, sweeping clauses, periods that unite the Poles, forced alliterations, astounding antitheses --

'And on their pens Fustian sits plumed.'

If they describe kings and queens, it is an Eastern pageant. The Coronation at

either House is nothing to it. We get at four repeated images - a curtain, a throne. a sceptre, and a foot-stool. These are with them the wardrobe of a lofty imaginato servile uses. Do we read a description of pictures? It is not a reflection of tones and hues which 'nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on,' but piles of precious mines, and all the blazonry of art. Such persons are in fact besotted with words, and their brains are turned with the glittering. but empty and sterile phantoms of things. sunbeams, visions of glory, shining inscriptions, the figures of a transparency, Britannia with her shield, or Hope leaning on an anchor, make up their stock in trade. They Images stand out in their minds isolated and important merely in themselves, without any groundwork of feeling — there is no context in their imaginations. Words sound, that is, by their possible, not by their actual application to the subject in hand. They are fascinated by first appearances, and have no sense of conthem than meets the ear: they understand or feel nothing more than meets their eye. The web and texture of the universe, and of the heart of man, is a that strikes a chord in unison with it. They cannot get beyond the daubings of fancy, the varnish of sentiment. Objects are not linked to feelings, words to things, words represent themselves in their strange rhapsodies. The categories of such a mind are pride and ignorance. Pride in outside show, to which they sacrifice every-45 thing, and ignorance of the true worth and hidden structure both of words and things. With a sovereign contempt for what is familiar and natural, they are the slaves of vulgar affectation - of a routine of high-flown 50 phrases. Scorning to imitate realities, they are unable to invent anything, to strike out one original idea. They are not copyists of nature, it is true; but they are the poorest

of all plagiarists, the plagiarists of words. All is far-fetched, dear-bought, artificial, oriental in subject and allusion; all is mechanical, conventional, vapid, formal, pedantic in style and execution. They startle and 5 human mind, the mere abstract conconfound the understanding of the reader, by the remoteness and obscurity of their illustrations: they soothe the ear by the monotony of the same everlasting round of circuitous metaphors. They are the mock-10 puto' — is the motto of his works. He school in poetry and prose. They flounder about between fustian in expression and bathos in sentiment. They tantalise the fancy, but never reach the head nor touch the heart. Their Temple of Fame is like a 15 holds to be vitiated, false, and spurious. shadowy structure raised by Dulness to Vanity, or like Cowper's description of the Empress of Russia's palace of ice, 'as worthless as in show 't was glittering' -

'It smiled, and it was cold!'

1821

MR. WORDSWORTH

emanation of the Spirit of the Age. Had he lived in any other period of the world, he would never have been heard of. As it is, he has some difficulty to contend with the hebetude of his intellect, and the meanness of 30 strives to reduce all things to the same his subject. With him 'lowliness is young ambition's ladder': but he finds it a toil to climb in this way the steep of Fame. His homely Muse can hardly raise her wing from the ground, nor spread her hidden glories 35 as a test to prove that nature is always to the sun. He has 'no figures nor no fantasies, which busy passion draws in the brains of men': neither the gorgeous machinery of mythologic lore, nor the splendid colours of poetic diction. His style is 40 seeming simplicity and real abstruseness vernacular: he delivers household truths. He sees nothing loftier than human hopes; nothing deeper than the human heart. This he probes, this he tampers with, this he poises, with all its incalculable weight of 45 the incidents are trifling, in proportion to his thought and feeling, in his hands; and at the same time calms the throbbing pulses of his own heart, by keeping his eve ever fixed on the face of nature. If he can make the life-blood flow from the wounded breast, 50 this is the living colouring with which he paints his verse: if he can assuage the pain or close up the wound with the balm of

solitary musing, or the healing power of plants and herbs and 'skyev influences,' this is the sole triumph of his art. He takes the simplest elements of nature and of the ditions inseparable from our being, and tries to compound a new system of poetry from them; and has perhaps succeeded as well as any one could. 'Nihil humani a me alienum thinks nothing low or indifferent of which this can be affirmed: every thing that professes to be more than this, that is not an absolute essence of truth and feeling, he In a word, his poetry is founded on setting up an opposition (and pushing it to the utmost length) between the natural and the artificial; between the spirit of humanity, - 20 and the spirit of fashion and of the world!

It is one of the innovations of the time. It partakes of, and is carried along with, the revolutionary movement of our age: the political changes of the day were the model Mr. Wordsworth's genius is a pure 25 on which he formed and conducted his poetical experiments. His Muse (it cannot be denied, and without this we cannot explain its character at all) is a levelling one. It proceeds on a principle of equality, and standard. It is distinguished by a proud humility. It relies upon its own resources. and disdains external show and relief. It takes the commonest events and objects. interesting from its inherent truth and beauty, without any of the ornaments of dress or pomp of circumstances to set it off. Hence the unaccountable mixture of in the Lyrical Ballads. Fools have laughed at, wise men scarcely understand them. He takes a subject or a story merely as pegs or loops to hang thought and feeling on: contempt for imposing appearances; the reflections are profound, according to the gravity and the aspiring pretensions of his mind.

> His popular, inartificial style gets rid (at a blow) of all the trappings of verse. of all the high places of poetry: 'the cloudcapt towers, the solemn temples, the gor

geous palaces,' are swept to the ground, and 'like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind.' All the traditions of learning, all the superstitions of age, are obliterated and effaced. We begin de novo, 5 on a tabula rasa of poetry. The purple pall, the nodding plume of tragedy are exploded as mere pantomime and trick, to return to the simplicity of truth and nature. Kings. queens, priests, nobles, the altar and the 10 reflection, while it makes the round earth throne, the distinctions of rank, birth, wealth, power, 'the judge's robe, the marshal's truncheon, the ceremony that to great ones 'longs,' are not to be found here. The author tramples on the pride of art 15 native pride and indolence from climbing with greater pride. The Ode and Epode, the Strophe and the Antistrophe, he laughs to scorn. The harp of Homer, the trump of Pindar and of Alexus are still. The decencies of costume, the decorations of 20 blocked up by the cumbrous ornaments of vanity are stripped off without mercy as barbarous, idle, and Gothic. The jewels in the crisped hair, the diadem on the polished brow are thought meretricious, theatrical. vulgar; and nothing contents his fastid-25 back partly from the bias of his mind, ious taste beyond a simple garland of flowers. Neither does he avail himself of the advantages which nature or accident holds out to him. He chooses to have his subject a foil to his invention, to owe nothing but to 30 mountain-haunts, has discarded all the himself. He gathers manna in the wilderness, he strikes the barren rock for the gushing moisture. He elevates the mean by the strength of his own aspirations; he clothes the naked with beauty and grandeur from the 35 raising trifles into importance: no one has stores of his own recollections. No cypress grove loads his verse with funeral pomp; but his imagination lends a sense of joy

'To the bare trees and mountains bare, And grass in the green field.'

No storm, no shipwreck startles us by its horrors: but the rainbow lifts its head in the cloud, and the breeze sighs through the withered fern. No sad vicissitude of 45 or character. He has dwelt among pastoral fate, no overwhelming catastrophe in nature deforms his page: but the dew-drop glitters on the bending flower, the tear collects in the glistening eye.

'Beneath the hills, along the flowery vales.

The generations are prepared; the pangs,

The internal pangs are ready: the dread strife Of poor humanity's afflicted will, Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny.'

As the lark ascends from its low bed on fluttering wing, and salutes the morning Mr. Wordsworth's unpretending Muse, in russet guise, scales the summits of its footstool, and its home!

Possibly a good deal of this may be regarded as the effect of disappointed views and an inverted ambition. Prevented by the ascent of learning or greatness, taught by political opinions to say to the vain pomp and glory of the world, 'I hate ye,' seeing the path of classical and artificial poetry style and turgid common-places, so that nothing more could be achieved in that direction but by the most ridiculous bombast or the tamest servility; he has turned partly perhaps from a judicious policy has struck into the sequestered vale of humble life, sought out the Muse among sheep-cotes and hamlets and the peasant's tinsel pageantry of verse, and endeavoured (not in vain) to aggrandise the trivial and add the charm of novelty to the familiar. No one has shown the same imagination in displayed the same pathos in treating of the simplest feelings of the heart. Reserved, yet haughty, having no unruly or violent passions, (or those passions having been 40 early suppressed,) Mr. Wordsworth has passed his life in solitary musing, or in daily converse with the face of nature. He exemplifies in an eminent degree the power of association; for his poetry has no other source scenes, till each object has become connected with a thousand feelings, a link in the chain of thought, a fibre of his own heart. Every one is by habit and familiar-50 ity strongly attached to the place of his birth, or to objects that recall the most pleasing and eventful circumstances of his life. But to the author of the Lyrical Ballads, nature is a kind of home; and he may be said to take a personal interest in the universe. There is no image so insignificant that it has not in some mood or other found the way into his heart: no sound that does not awaken the memory of other years. -

'To him the meanest flower that blows can

The daisy looks up to him with sparkling eves as an old acquaintance: the cuckoo haunts him with sounds of early youth not to be expressed: a linnet's nest startles 15 him with boyish delight: an old withered thorn is weighed down with a heap of recollections: a gray cloak, seen on some wild moor, torn by the wind, or drenched of imagination to him: even the lichens on the rock have a life and being in his thoughts. He has described all these objects in a way and with an intensity of him, and has given a new view or aspect of nature. He is in this sense the most original poet now living, and the one whose writings could the least be spared: for they do not read them, the learned, who see all things through books, do not understand them, the great despise, the fashionable may ridicule them; but the author has the retired and lonely student of nature. which can never die. Persons of this class will still continue to feel what he has felt: he has expressed what they might in vain and faltering tongue! There is a lofty philosophic tone, a thoughtful humanity. infused into his pastoral vein. Remote from the passions and events of the great dignity to the primal movements of the heart of man, and ingrafted his own conscious reflections on the casual thoughts of hinds and shepherds. Nursed amidst the stooped to have a nearer view of the daisy under his feet, or plucked a branch of whitethorn from the spray: but in describing it,

his mind seems imbued with the majesty and solemnity of the objects around him the tall rock lifts its head in the erectness of his spirit: the cataract roars in the sound of 5 his verse; and in its din and mysterious meaning, the mists seem to gather in the hollows of Helvellyn, and the forked Skiddaw hovers in the distance. There is little mention of mountainous scenery in Mr. Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears, 10 Wordsworth's poetry; but by internal evidence one might be almost sure that it was written in a mountainous country, from its bareness, its simplicity, its loftiness and its

His later philosophic productions have a somewhat different character. are a departure from, a dereliction of his first principles. They are classical and courtly. They are polished in style, without in the rain, afterwards becomes an object 20 being gaudy; dignified in subject without They seem to have been affectation. composed not in a cottage at Grasmere, but among the half-inspired groves and stately recollections of Cole-Orton. feeling that no one else had done before 25 might allude in particular, for examples of what we mean, to the lines on a Picture by Claude Lorraine, and to the exquisite poem, The last of these entitled Laodamia. breathes the pure spirit of the finest fraghave no substitute elsewhere. The yulgar 30 ments of antiquity — the sweetness, the gravity, the strength, the beauty and the languor of death -

'Calm contemplation and majestic pains.'

created himself an interest in the heart of 35 Its glossy brilliancy arises from the perfection of the finishing, like that of careful sculpture, not from gaudy colouring - the texture of the thoughts has the smoothness and solidity of marble. It is a poem that wish to express except with glistening eye 40 might be read aloud in Elysium, and the spirits of departed heroes and sages would gather round to listen to it! Mr. Wordsworth's philosophic poetry, with a less glowing aspect and less tumult in the veins world, he has communicated interest and 45 than Lord Byron's on similar occasions, bends a calmer and keener eye on mortality; the impression, if less vivid, is more pleasing and permanent; and we confess it (perhaps it is a want of taste and proper feeling) grandeur of mountain scenery, he has 50 that there are lines and poems of our author's that we think of ten times for once that we recur to any of Lord Byron's. Or if there are any of the latter's writings, that we can dwell upon in the same way, that is, as lasting and heart-felt sentiments, it is when laying aside his usual pomp and pretension. he descends with Mr. Wordsworth to the It may be considered as characteristic of our poet's writings, that they either make no impression on the mind at all, seem mere nonsense-verses, or that they leave a mark either

'Fall blunted from the indurated breast' -

without any perceptible result, or they of readers he appears sublime, to another (and we fear the largest) ridiculous. has probably realised Milton's wish, --'and fit audience found, though few': but alternative. There are delightful passages in the Excursion, both of natural description and of inspired reflection (passages of the latter kind that in the sound of the thoughts heavenly symphonies, mournful requiems over the grave of human hopes:) but we must add, in justice and in sincerity, that we think it impossible that this work same degree as the Lyrical Ballads. It affects a system without having any intelligible clue to one; and instead of unfolding a principle in various and striking lights, come flat and insipid. Mr. Wordsworth's mind is obtuse, except as it is the organ and the receptacle of accumulated feelings: it is not analytic, but synthetic: it is reflecting, rather than theoretical. Excursion, we believe, fell stillborn from the press. There was something abortive, and clumsy, and ill-judged in the attempt. It was long and laboured. The personages, the plan raised expectations which were not fulfilled, and the effect was like being ushered into a stately hall and invited to sit down to a splendid banquet in the company of clowns, and with nothing but successive 50 courses of apple-dumplings served up. It was not even toujours perdrix!

Mr. Wordsworth, in his person, is above

the middle size, with marked features, and an air somewhat stately and Quixotic. He reminds one of some of Holbein's heads, grave, saturnine, with a slight indication of common ground of a disinterested humanity. 5 sly humour, kept under by the manners of the age or by the pretensions of the person. He has a peculiar sweetness in his smile, and great depth and manliness and a rugged harmony, in the tones of his voice. His behind them that never wears out. They 10 manner of reading his own poetry is particularly imposing; and in his favourite passages his eye beams with preternatural lustre, and the meaning labours slowly up from his swelling breast. No one who has seen him absorb it like a passion. To one class 15 at these moments could go away with an impression that he was a 'man of no mark or likelihood.' Perhaps the comment of his face and voice is necessary to convey a full idea of his poetry. His language may not we suspect he is not reconciled to the 20 be intelligible, but his manner is not to be mistaken. It is clear that he is either mad or inspired. In company, even in a tête-à-tête, Mr. Wordsworth is often silent, indolent. and reserved. If he is become verbose and and of the swelling language resemble 25 oracular of late years, he was not so in his better days. He threw out a bold or an indifferent remark without either effort or pretension, and relapsed into musing again. He shone most (because he seemed most should ever become popular, even in the 30 roused and animated) in reciting his own poetry, or in talking about it. He sometimes gave striking views of his feelings and trains of association in composing certain passages; or if one did not always understand his disrepeats the same conclusions till they be-35 tinctions, still there was no want of interest - there was a latent meaning worth inquiring into, like a vein of ore that one cannot exactly hit upon at the moment, but of which there are sure indications. The 40 standard of poetry is high and severe, almost to exclusiveness. He admits of nothing below, scarcely of any thing above himself. It is fine to hear him talk of the way in which certain subjects should have been treated by for the most part, were low, the fare rustic: 45 eminent poets, according to his notions of the art. Thus he finds fault with Dryden's description of Bacchus in the Alexander's Feast, as if he were a mere good-looking youth, or boon companion -

> 'Flushed with a purple grace, He shows his honest face' -

instead of representing the God return-

ing from the conquest of India, crowned with vine-leaves, and drawn by panthers, and followed by troops of satyrs, of wild men and animals that he had tamed. You would think, in hearing him speak on this 5 the first line, and the second, subject, that you saw Titian's picture of the meeting of Bacchus and Ariadne - so classic were his conceptions, so glowing his style. Milton is his great idol, and he sometimes dares to compare himself with him. His 10 cansir as to prose writers. He complains Sonnets, indeed, have something of the same high-raised tone and prophetic spirit. Chaucer is another prime favourite of his, and he has been at the pains to modernize some of the Canterbury Tales. Those persons 15 of poetry. He condemns all French writers who look upon Mr. Wordworth as a merely puerile writer, must be rather at a loss to account for his strong predilection for such geniuses as Dante and Michael Angelo. We do not think our author has any very 20 of pretension. He also likes books of vovcordial sympathy with Shakspeare. should he? Shakspeare was the least of an egotist of any body in the world. He does not much relish the variety and scope of dramatic composition. 'He hates those 25 his mind fair play. We have known him interlocutions between Lucius and Caius.' Yet Mr. Wordsworth himself wrote a tragedy when he was young; and we have heard the following energetic lines quoted from it, as put into the mouth of a person 30 tending mind, the imaginative principle smit with remorse for some rash crime:

- 'Action is momentary, The motion of a muscle this way or that; Suffering is long, obscure, and infinite!'

the unshackled spirit of the drama, this performance was never brought forward. Our critic has a great dislike to Grav, and a fondness for Thomson and Collins. It is Dryden, who, because they have been supposed to have all the possible excellences of poetry, he will allow to have none. Nothing, the unmeaning verbiage of modern poetry. Thus, in the beginning of Dr. Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes —

'Let observation with extensive view. Survey mankind from China to Peru' -

he says there is a total want of imagination accompanying the words, the same idea is repeated three times under the disguise of a different phraseology: it comes to this - 'let observation, with extensive observation, observe mankind'; or take away

'Survey mankind from China to Peru,'

literally conveys the whole. Mr. Wordsworth is, we must say, a perfect Drawof the dry reasoners and matter-of-fact people for their want of passion; and he is jealous of the rhetorical declaimers and rhapsodists as trenching on the province (as well of poetry as prose) in the lump. His list in this way is indeed small. He approves of Walton's Angler, Paley, and some other writers of an inoffensive modesty ages and travels, and Robinson Crusoe. In art, he greatly esteems Bewick's woodcuts, and Waterloo's sylvan etchings. But he sometimes takes a higher tone, and gives enlarge with a noble intelligence and enthusiasm on Nicolas Poussin's fine landscape-compositions, pointing out the unity of design that pervades them, the superinthat brings all to bear on the same end: and declaring he would not give a rush for any landscape that did not express the time of day, the climate, the period of the world it Perhaps for want of light and shade, and 35 was meant to illustrate, or had not this character of wholeness in it. His eye also does justice to Rembrandt's fine and masterly effects. In the way in which that artist works something out of nothing, and mortifying to hear him speak of Pope and 40 transforms the stump of a tree, a common figure into an ideal object, by the gorgeous light and shade thrown upon it, he perceives an analogy to his own mode of investing the minute details of nature with an however, can be fairer, or more amusing, than the way in which he sometimes exposes 45 atmosphere of sentiment: and in pronouncing Rembrandt to be a man of genius, feels that he strengthens his own claim to the title. It has been said of Mr. Wordsworth, that 'he hates conchology, that he hates the 50 Venus of Medicis.' But these, we hope, are mere epigrams and jeux-d'esprit, as far from truth as they are free from malice; a sort of running satire or critical clenches —

'Where one for sense and one for rhyme. Is quite sufficient at one time.'

We think, however, that if Mr. Wordsworth had been a more liberal and candid critic, 5 narrows the views. To have produced works he would have been a more sterling writer. If a greater number of sources of pleasure had been open to him, he would have communicated pleasure to the world more frequently. Had he been less fastidious 10 others, and are apt to grudge and cavil at in pronouncing sentence on the works of others, his own would have been received more favourably, and treated more leniently. The current of his feelings is deep, but narrow; the range of his understanding is 15 the undeserved slights we receive; and thus lofty and aspiring rather than discursive. The force, the originality, the absolute truth and identity with which he feels some things, makes him indifferent to so many others. The simplicity and enthusiasm of 20 and less than he ought of the award of his feelings, with respect to nature, renders him bigoted and intolerant in his judgments of men and things. But it happens to him, as to others, that his strength lies in his weakness; and perhaps we have no right to 25 a conformity to established models, and he complain. We might get rid of the cynic and the egotist, and find in his stead a commonplace man. We should 'take the good the Gods provide us': a fine and original vein of poetry is not one of their 30 to the critics, in mere defiance or as a most contemptible gifts, and the rest is scarcely worth thinking of, except as it may be a mortification to those who expect perfection from human nature; or who have been idle enough at some period of their 35 in this respect, or that he resents censure lives, to deify men of genius as possessing claims above it. But this is a chord that jars, and we shall not dwell upon it.

Lord Byron we have called, according fortune': Mr. Wordsworth might plead, in mitigation of some peculiarities, that he is 'the spoiled child of disappointment.' We are convinced, if he had been early a popular poet, he would have borne his honours 45

meekly, and would have been a person of great bonhommie and frankness of disposition. But the sense of injustice and of undeserved ridicule sours the temper and of genius, and to find them neglected or treated with scorn, is one of the heaviest trials of human patience. We exaggerate our own merits when they are denied by every particle of praise bestowed on those to whom we feel a conscious superiority. In mere self-defence we turn against the world, when it turns against us; brood over the genial current of the soul is stopped, or vents itself in effusions of petulance and selfconceit. Mr. Wordsworth has thought too much of contemporary critics and criticism: posterity, and of the opinion, we do not say of private friends, but of those who were made so by their admiration of his genius. He did not court popularity by ought not to have been surprised that his originality was not understood as a matter of course. He has gnawed too much on the bridle; and has often thrown out crusts point of honour when he was challenged. which otherwise his own good sense would We suspect that Mr. have withheld. Wordsworth's feelings are a little morbid more than he is gratified by praise. Otherwise, the tide has turned much in his favour of late years - he has a large body of determined partisans — and is at present to the old proverb, 'the spoiled child of 40 sufficiently in request with the public to save or relieve him from the last necessity to which a man of genius can be reduced that of becoming the God of his own idolatry! 1825

ESSAYS

Charles Lamb (1775-1834)

DREAM-CHILDREN: A REVERIE

Children love to listen to stories about stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle or grandame whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their 10 good and religious woman; so good indeed great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk, (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived.) which had been the scene (so at least it was generally believed in that part 15 person their great-grandmother Field once of the country) of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be 20 best dancer, I was saving, in the county, till seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts: till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, 25 she was so good and religious. Then I told with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their greatgrandmother Field was, how beloved and 30 ing up and down the great staircase near respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house. but had only the charge of it (and vet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her 35 because I was never half so good or reby the owner, who preferred living in a ligious as she; and yet I never saw the newer and more fashionable mansion infants. Here John expanded all his evewhich he had purchased somewhere in brows and tried to look courageous. Then the adjoining county; but still she lived I told how good she was to all her grandin it in a manner as if it had been her own, to children, having us to the great house and kept up the dignity of the great house, in the holidays, where I in particular used in a sort while she lived, which afterwards ; to spend many hours by myself, in gazing came to decay, and was nearly pulled upon the old busts of the twelve Casars, down, and all its old ornaments stripped that had been Emperors of Rome, till the and carried away to the owner's other 45 old marble heads would seem to live again, house, where they were set up, and looked or I to be turned into marble with them; as awkward as if some one were to carry how I never could be tired with roaming away the old tombs they had seen lately at

the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, 'that would be foolish indeed.' And then I told how, when their elders, when they were children; to 5 she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer, (here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till. upon my looking grave, it desisted,) the a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight glidwhere she slept, but she said 'those innocents would do her no harm': and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me. about that huge mansion, with its vast

artifical styles

empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings. fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out; sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me; and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then; 10 siderate he had been to me when I was and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at -- or in 15 death; and how I bore his death as I thought lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me -- or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful 20 missed him all day long, and knew not till warmth - or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fishpond at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their 25 times,) rather than not have him again, and impertinent friskings, - I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits for children. Here John slyly deposited back 30 which they had on was not for Uncle John, upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened 35 hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, vet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L ---, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and Minaidens — when suddenly, turning to Alice, a king to the rest of us: and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it earry is that bright hair was; and while I stood him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out; (and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries;) 53 and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of every body, but of their

great-grandmother Field most especially: and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy, (for he was a good bit older than I,) many a mile when I 5 could not walk for pain: and how in afterlife he became lame-footed too, and I did not always, I fear, make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how conlame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarreling with him, (for we quarreled somewas as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. — Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W-n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial, meant in the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eves with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: 'We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing: less than nothing, We are only what might and dreams. have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name'and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side; but 1822

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M-was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw. clawing or biting it from the living ani-20 booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the mal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term 25 crackling! Again he felt and fumbled at the Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd 30 and the pig that tasted so delicious; and Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, 35 beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. To-40 heeded not any more than if they had been gether with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it,) what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs. no less than nine in number, perished 45 His father might lay on, but he could China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his 50 father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two at any time, as for the loss of

the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour 5 assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage: he had smelt that smell before: indeed this was by no means the John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever. 10 first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less die it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at 15 the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers. and to cool them he applied them in his crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life, (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it.) he tasted pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it. and was cramming it down his throat in his the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued: —

'You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you!

but you must be eating fire, and I know not what. What have you got there, I say?'

'O father, the pig, the pig! do come and

taste how nice the burnt pig eats.'

He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out 10 the face of all the facts, and the clearest another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, 'Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste, — O Lord,' - with such-like barbarous ejacu-15 of consultation whatever, they brought in lations, cramming all the while as if he would

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death 20 missed, went privily and bought up all for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what 25 fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion, (for the manuscript here is a little tedious.) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they 30 science of architecture would in no long time had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple 35 the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more 40 Roasting by the string or spit came in frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti 45 way among mankind. himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned 50 pecially in these days) could be assigned in to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced

in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror, 5 be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against charge which judge had ever given, - to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present without leaving the box, or any manner a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow. winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision: and, when the court was disthe pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices, one and all, shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that animal, might be cooked (burnt, as they called it,) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (esfavour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole mundus

edibilis. I will maintain it to be the most delicate — princeps obsoniorum.

I speak not of your grown porkers things between pig and pork, those hobbydehoys - but a young and tender suckling, 5 sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the sty, with no original speck of the amor immunditiæ, the hereditary failing of the first parent, vet manifest - his voice as vet not broken, but something between a childish treble and 10 scendent, — a delight, if not sinful, yet a grumble — the mild forerunner or præludium of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or

tegument!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, wellwatched, not over-roasted, crackling, as it is well called. The very teeth are in-20 the coarsest hunger might barter her convited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance — with the adhesive oleaginous — O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it - the tender 25 sorious palate. The strong man may blossoming of fat — fat cropped in the bud — taken in the shoot — in the first innocence - the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food — the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna 30 intertwisted, and not to be unrayeled — or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! — Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept 40 (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. out his pretty eyes - radiant jellies shooting stars. -

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! - Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the gross-45 pheasants, partridges, snipes, barndoor chickness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal, wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation. 50 friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. From these sins he is happily snatched away.

'Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade, Death came with timely care.'

His memory is odoriferous. No clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon; no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages; he hath a fair judicious epicure, and for such a tomb - might be content to die.

He is the best of sapors. Pineapple is great. She is indeed almost too transo like to sinning, that really a tenderconscienced person would do well to pause, - too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that boiled; but what a sacrifice of the exterior 15 approach her. Like lovers' kisses, she biteth; she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish: but she stoppeth at the palate: she meddleth not with the appetite; and sistently for a mutton chop.

Pig (let me speak his praise) is no less provocative of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the cenbatten on him, and the weakling refuseth

not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably without hazard, he is good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least Behold him, while he is 'doing' - it 35 envious of banquets. He is all neighbours'

> I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. 'Presents.' I often say, 'endear Absents.' ens (those 'tame villatic fowl,') capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my One would not, like Lear, 'give everything.' I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the giver of all good

flavours, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house slightingly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what,) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate. - It 5 like refining a violet. Yet we should be argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, 10 by the young students when I was at or some nice thing into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a grey-headed old beggar saluted me. 15 (per flagellationem extremam) superadded (I have no doubt, at this time of day, that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy-like, I made him a 20 death?' I forget the decision. present of the whole cake. I walked on a little, buoved up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction: but before I had got to the end of the bridge my better feelings returned, and I burst into 25 I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought 30 stronger than they are; but consider, he is of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I (I myself, and not another) would eat her nice cake. And what should I say to her the next time I saw her? -how naughty I was to part with her 35 pretty present! - and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how dis-40 posterous shadow, lengthening in the appointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last. And I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all, I wished never to see the face 45 pride, - a drawback upon success, - a reagain of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old grev impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. read of pigs whipt to death with something 50 decai in your gate, a Lazarus at your of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosoph-

ical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity. how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides. 'Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to

His sauce should be considered: decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But, banish, dear Mrs. Cook, Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them a weakling, - a flower.

1822

POOR RELATIONS

A Poor Relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature, - a piece of impertinent correspondency, - an odious approximation, - a haunting conscience, - a prenoontide of our prosperity, - an unwelcome remembrancer, - a perpetually recurring mortification, - a drain on your purse, a more intolerable dun upon your buke to your rising, - a stain in your blood, -a blot on your 'scutcheon, -a rent in your garment, - a death's head at your banquet, - Agathocles's pot, - a Mordoor, -a lion in your path, -a frog in your chamber, — a fly in your ointment, a mote in your eye, - a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends, - the one thing not needful, - the hail in harvest, - the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

eth you 'That is Mr. ---.' A rap between familiarity and respect, that demands, and at the same time seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling and emto shake, and draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time, when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company, but is induced two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says, with some complacency, 'My dear, perhaps Mr. --- will drop in professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small, yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice, against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port, yet 25 nuisances. will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious or not civil enough to him. The guests think 30 indigent she-relative is hopeless. 'they have seen him before.' Everyone speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be a tide waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependant; with more boldness, he would he is. He is too humble for a friend; yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no demeanour, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and resents being left out. When the for a coach, and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anec-

dote of the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as 'he is blest in seeing it now.' He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth 'favorable He is known by his knock. Your heart tell- 5 comparisons.' With a reflecting sort of congratulation he will inquire the price of your furniture, and insults you with a special commendation of your windowcurtains. He is of opinion that the urn barrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you 10 is the more elegant shape; but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle, which you must remember. He dares say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's 15 of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know, till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. to-day.' He remembereth birthdays, and 20 memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is a female Poor Relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your is an old humorist,' you may say, 'and His circumaffects to go threadbare. stances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a imply that his other is the same with your 35 Character at your table, and truly he is But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shufbe in no danger of being taken for what 40 fling. 'She is plainly related to the L-s; or what does she at their house?' She is, in all probability, your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlerent; yet 't is odds, from his garb and 45 woman's and a beggar's, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes — aliquando sufflamicompany break up, he proffereth to go 50 nandus erat — but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped after the gentlemen. Mr. — requests the honour of taking

wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former, because he does. She calls the servant Sir; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronises her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.

Richard Amlet, Esq., in the play, is a noticeable instance of the disadvantages 10 which insult not; and studies, that ask no to which this chimerical notion of affinity constituting a claim to an acquaintance, may subject the spirit of a gentle-A little foolish blood is all that man. is betwixt him and a lady with a great 15 upon him, to soothe and to abstract. He was estate. His stars are perpetually crossed by the malignant maternity of an old woman, who persists in calling him 'her son Dick.' But she has wherewithal in the end to recompense his indignities, and 20 profession of house-painter at N —, near float him again upon the brilliant surface, under which it had been her seeming business and pleasure all along to sink him. All men, besides, are not of Dick's temperament. I knew an Amlet in real life, 25 public works which were talked of. From who wanting Dick's buoyancy, sank indeed. Poor W --- was of my own standing at Christ's, a fine classic, and a youth of promise. If he had a blemish, it was too much pride; but its quality was inoffensive; 30 our universities, the distance between the it was not of that sort which hardens the heart, and serves to keep inferiors at a distance: it only sought to ward off derogation from itself. It was the principle of selfrespect carried as far as it could go, without 35 temperament of W ----'s father was diainfringing upon that respect which he would have every one else equally maintain for himself. He would have you to think alike with him on this topic. Many a quarrel have I had with him, when we were rather 40 anything that wore the semblance of a older boys, and our tallness made us more obnoxious to observation in the blue clothes, because I would not thread the alleys and blind ways of the town with him to elude notice, when we have been out together on a 45 tously ducking. Such a state of things could holiday in the streets of this sneering and prying metropolis. W --- went, sore with these notions, to Oxford, where the dignity and sweetness of a scholar's life, meeting with the alloy of an humble introduction, 50 they can bear, censure the dereliction; he wrought in him a passionate devotion to the place, with a profound aversion from the society. The servitor's gown (worse than his

school array) clung to him with Nessian venom. He thought himself ridiculous in a garb under which Latimer must have walked erect, and in which Hooker, in 5 his young days, possibly flaunted in a vein of no discommendable vanity. In the depth of college shades, or in his lonely chamber, the poor student shrunk from observation. He found shelter among books, questions of a youth's finances. He was lord of his library, and seldom cared for looking out beyond his domains. healing influence of studious pursuits was almost a healthy man, when the waywardness of his fate broke out against him with a second and worse malignity. The father of W — had hitherto exercised the humble Oxford. A supposed interest with some of the heads of colleges had now induced him to take up his abode in that city, with the hope of being employed upon some that moment I read in the countenance of the young man the determination which at length tore him from academical pursuits for ever. To a person unacquainted with gownsmen and the townsmen, as they are called — the trading part of the latter especially — is carried to an excess that would appear harsh and incredible. The metrically the reverse of his own. Old W — was a little, busy, cringing tradesman, who, with his son upon his arm, would stand bowing and scraping, cap in hand, to gown — insensible to the winks and opener remonstrances of the young man, to whose chamber-fellow, or equal in standing, perhaps, he was thus obsequiously and gratuinot last. W --- must change the air of Oxford, or be suffocated. He chose the former; and let the sturdy moralist, who strains the point of the filial duties as high as cannot estimate the struggle. I stood with W —, the last afternoon I ever saw him, under the eaves of his paternal dwelling.

It was in the fine lane leading from the High Street to the back of **** college. where W --- kept his rooms. He seemed thoughtful and more reconciled. I ventured to rally him - finding him in a better mood - upon a representation of the Artist Evangelist, which the old man, whose affairs were beginning to flourish, had caused to be set up in a splendid sort of frame over his prosperity or badge of gratitude to his saint. W --- looked up at the Luke, and, like Satan, 'knew his mounted sign - and fled.' A letter on his father's table. accepted a commission in a regiment about to embark for Portugal. He was among the first who perished before the walls of St. Sebastian.

ing half seriously, I do not know how I should have fallen upon a recital so eminently painful: but this theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as to keep the account distinct without blend-The earliest impressions which I received on this matter are certainly not attended with anything painful, or very humiliating, in the recalling. At my fa-30 was ever brought out; and bad blood bred, ther's table (no very splendid one) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His his words were few or none; and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to do so, for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow chair was case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I used to think him a proout of him was, that he and my father had been schoolfellows, a world ago, at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. The Mint I knew to be a place where all was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human

infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning; a 5 captive; a stately being let out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of an habitual general respect which we all in common manifested toward him, really handsome shop, either as a token of 10 would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument touching their vouthful days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of my readers know) between the dwellers on the the next morning, announced that he had 15 hill and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school) and the boys whose paternal residence was on the Upon a subject which I began with treat-20 plain; a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses. My father had been a leading Mountaineer: and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the Above Boys well as comic associations, that it is difficult 25 (his own faction) over the Below Boys (so were they called), of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain. Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topic. the only one upon which the old gentleman even sometimes almost to the recommencement (so I expected) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the deportment was of the essence of gravity; 35 conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old Minster; in the general preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill, and the plain-born, could meet on a conciliating appropriated to him, which was in no 40 level, and lay down their less important differences. Quice only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remembered with anguish the thought that came over me: 'perhaps he will never come here again.' digiously rich man. All I could make 45 He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand, which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his He had refused with a resistance; amounting to rigour when my aunt, an old the money was coined, and I thought he 50 Lincolnian, but who had something of this, in common with my cousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press civility out of season, uttered the following memorable application:

'Do take another slice, Mr. Billet, for you do not get pudding every day.' The old gentleman said nothing at the time; but he took occasion in the course of the evening. when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it, 'Woman, you are superannuated!' John Billet did not survive long after the digesting of this affront: but he 10 the air. I miss the cheerful cries of London, survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored! and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offence. died at the Mint, (anno 1781,) where he had long held, what he accounted, a comfortable independence; and with five pounds. fourteen shillings, and a penny, which were found in his escritoire after his decease, he 20 book-stalls deliciously to idle over; left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was a Poor Relation.

1823

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN

Sera tamen respexit Libertas.

A Clerk I was in London gay.

-O'KEEFE

If peradventure, Reader, it has been thy lot to waste the golden years of thy life, thy shining youth, in the irksome 35 confinement of an office; to have thy prison days prolonged through middle age down to decrepitude and silver hairs, without hope of release or respite; to have lived to forget that there are such things 40 prospect of its recurrence, I believe, alone as holidays, or to remember them but as the prerogatives of childhood; then, and then only, will you be able to appreciate my deliverance.

took my seat at the desk in Mincing Lane. Melancholy was the transition at fourteen from the abundant playtime, and the frequently intervening vacations of school days, to the eight, nine, and sometimes ten 50 I had a taste of it, it was vanished. I was at hours a-day attendance at the countinghouse. But time partially reconciles us to any thing. I gradually became content;

doggedly contented, as wild animals in cages.

It is true I had my Sundays to myself; but Sundays, admirable as the institution 5 of them is for purposes of worship, are for that very reason the very worst adapted for days of unbending and recreation. In particular, there is a gloom for me attendant upon a city Sunday, a weight in the music, and the ballad-singers, the buzzand stirring murmur of the streets. Those eternal bells depress me. The closed shops repel me. Prints, pictures, all the glittering He 15 and endless succession of knacks and gewgaws, and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen, which make a week-day saunter through the less busy parts of the metropolis so delightful, are shut out. No busy faces to recreate the idle man who contemplates them ever passing by: the very face of business a charm by contrast to his temporary relaxation from it. Nothing 25 to be seen but unhappy countenances - or half-happy at best - of emancipated 'prentices and little tradesfolk, with here and there a servant maid that has got leave to go out, who, slaving all the week, with the - Virgil 30 habit has lost almost the capacity of enjoying a free hour, and livelily expressing the hollowness of a day's pleasuring. The very strollers in the fields on that day looked any thing but comfortable.

But besides Sundays, I had a day at Easter, and a day at Christmas, with a full week in the summer to go and air myself in my native fields of Hertfordshire. This last was a great indulgence; and the kept me up through the year, and made my durance tolerable. But when the week came around, did the glittering phantom of the distance keep touch with me? or It is now six-and-thirty years since I 45 rather was it not a series of seven uneasy days, spent in restless pursuit of pleasure, and a wearisome anxiety to find out how to make the most of them? Where was the quiet? where the promised rest? Before the desk again, counting upon the fifty-one tedious weeks that must intervene before such another snatch would come. Still the

prospect of its coming threw something of an illumination upon the darker side of my captivity. Without it, as I have said, I could scarcely have sustained my thraldom.

Independently of the rigours of attendance, I have ever been haunted with a sense (perhaps a mere caprice) of inca-This, during my pacity for business. latter years, had increased to such a degree, countenance. My health and my good spirits flagged. I had perpetually a dread of some crisis, to which I should be found unequal. Besides my daylight servitude, I would awake with terrors of imaginary false entries, errors in my accounts, and the like. I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation presented itself. I had grown to my desk, as it were; and the wood had 20 accepted their proposal, and I was told that

entered into my soul.

My fellows in the office would sometimes rally me upon the trouble legible in my countenance: but I did not know that it had when, on the fifth of last month, a day ever to be remembered by me. L ----, the junior partner in the firm, calling me on one side, directly taxed me with my bad looks, and frankly inquired the cause of them. taxed, I honestly made confession of my infirmity, and added that I was afraid I should eventually be obliged to resign his service. He spoke some words of course to hearten me, and there the matter rested. 35 I was happy, and knowing that I was not. A whole week I remained labouring under the impression that I had acted imprudently in my disclosure: that I had foolishly given a handle against myself, and had been anticipating my own dismissal. A week passed in 40 passing out of Time into Eternity, for it this manner, the most anxious one, I verily believe, in my whole life, when on the evening of the twelfth of April, just as I was about quitting my desk to go home. (it might be about eight o'clock,) I re-45 man, poor in Time, I was suddenly lifted ceived an awful summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled firm in the formidable back parlour. I thought now my time was surely come, I have done for myself, I am going to be told that they 50 let me caution persons grown old in active have no longer occasion for me. L-, I could see, smiled at the terror I was in, which was a little relief to me, — when to

my utter astonishment B---, the eldest partner, began a formal harangue to me on the length of my services, my very meritorious conduct during the whole of the time, 5 (the deuce, thought I, how did he find out that? I protest I never had the confidence to think as much). He went on to descant on the expediency of retiring at a certain time of life, (how my heart panted!) and that it was visible in all the lines of my 10 asking me a few questions as to the amount of my own property, of which I have a little, ended with a proposal, to which his three partners nodded a grave assent, that I should accept from the house, which served over again all night in my sleep, and 15 I had served so well, a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary. - a magnificent offer! I do not know what I answered between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and at just ten minutes after eight I went home - for ever. This noble benefit (gratitude forraised the suspicions of any of my employers, 25 bids me to conceal their names) I owe to the kindness of the most munificent firm in the world. — the house of Boldero. Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy.

Esto perpetua!

For the first day or two I felt stunned, overwhelmed. I could only apprehend my felicity; I was too confused to taste it sincerely. I wandered about, thinking I was in the condition of a prisoner in the Old Bastile, suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like is a sort of Eternity for a man to have his Time all to himself. It seemed to me that I had more time on my hands than I could ever manage. From a poor up into a vast revenue; I could see no end of my possessions: I wanted some steward, or judicious bailiff, to manage my estates in Time for me. And here business, not lightly, nor without weighing their own resources, to forego their customary employment all at once, for there may be danger in it. I feel it by myself, but I know that my resources are sufficient; and now that those first giddy raptures have subsided, I have a quiet home feeling of the blessedness of my con- 5 dition. I am in no hurry. Having all holidays, I am as though I had none. If Time hung heavy upon me. I could walk it away; but I do not walk all day long. as I used to do in those transient holidays, 10 thirty miles a day, to make the most of them. If Time were troublesome, I could read it away; but I do not read in that violent measure, with which, having no Time my own but candlelight Time, I used 15 left below in the state militant. Not all the to weary out my head and eye-sight in bygone winters. I walk, read, or scribble, (as now,) just when the fit seizes me. I no longer hunt after pleasure; I let it come to me. I am like the man

- 'that's born, and has his years come to him. In some green desert.'

perannuated simpleton calculating upon? He has already told us he is past fifty.'

I have indeed lived nominally fifty years; but deduct out of them the hours which I have lived to other people, and 30 fessional road. Had it been so rugged not to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow: for that is the only true Time which a man can properly call his own, that which he has all to himself; the rest, though in some sense he may 35 But my heart smote me. I had violently be said to live it, is other people's Time, not his. The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least multiplied for me threefold. My ten next years, if I stretch so far, will be as long as any preceding 40 long, for again and again I will come among thirty. 'T is a fair Rule-of-Three sum.

Among the strange fantasies which beset me at the commencement of my freedom, and of which all traces are not yet gone, one was, that a vast tract of time had intervened 45 volunteer, good services! - and thou, thou since I quitted the Counting House. I could not conceive of it as an affair of yesterday. The partners, and the clerks, with whom I had for so many years and for so many hours in each day of the year been 50 candles for one half the year supplied closely associated, being suddenly removed from them, they seemed as dead to me. There is a fine passage, which may serve to

illustrate this fancy, in a tragedy by Sir Robert Howard, speaking of a friend's death: -

--- 'T was but just now he went away; I have not since had time to shed a tear; And yet the distance does the same appear As if he had been a thousand years from

Time takes no measure in Eternity.'

To dissipate this awkward feeling, I have been fain to go among them once or twice since; to visit my old desk-fellows my co-brethren of the quill - that I had kindness with which they received me could quite restore to me that pleasant familiarity which I had hitherto enjoyed among them. We cracked some of our 20 old jokes, but methought they went off but faintly. My old desk, the peg where I hung my hat, were appropriated to another. I knew it must be, but I could not take it kindly. D---l take me, if I did not feel 'Years!' you will say; 'what is that su-25 some remorse - beast, if I had not - at quitting my old compeers, the faithful partners of my toils for six-and-thirty years, that smoothed for me with their jokes and conundrums the ruggedness of my prothen, after all? or was I simply a coward? Well, it is too late to repent: and I also know that these suggestions are a common fallacy of the mind on such occasions. broken the bands betwixt us. It was at least not courteous. I shall be some time before I get quite reconciled to the separation. Farewell, old cronies; yet not for ye, if I shall have your leave. Farewell, Ch—, dry, sarcastic, and friendly! Do—, mild, slow to move, and gentlemanly! Pl-, officious to do and to dreary pile, fit mansion for a Gresham or a Whittington of old, stately house of Merchants; with thy labyrinthine passages, and light-excluding, pent-up offices, where the place of the sun's light; unhealthy contributor to my weal, stern fosterer of my living, farewell! In thee remain, and

not in the obscure collection of some wandering bookseller, my 'works!' There let them rest, as I do from my labours, piled on thy massy shelves, more MSS. useful! My mantle I bequeath among ye.

A fortnight has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left; an unsettling sense of novelty; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. had been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian, from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned upon the world. I am own master. It is natural to me to go where I please, to do what I please. find myself at eleven o'clock in the day in Bond Street, and it seems to me that I have years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a bookstall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine picture in the morning. Was it ever other-30 plative. Will no kindly earthquake come and What is become of Fish Street wise? Where is Fenchurch Street? Stones of old Mincing Lane, which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six-andthirty years, to the footsteps of what 35 toil-worn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer flags of Pall Mall. It is 'Change time, and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles. It was no hyperin my condition to a passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week or of the felt by me in its reference to the foreign post days; in its distance from, or propinquity to, the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday feelings, my Saturday nights' senme distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, &c. The phantom of the

next day, with the dreary five to follow, sate as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed that Ethiop white? What is gone of Black Monday? All days in folio than ever Aquinas left, and full as 5 are the same. Sunday itself - that unfortunate failure of a holiday, as it too often proved, what with my sense of its fugitiveness, and overcare to get the greatest quantity of pleasure out of it - is melted had not reached it. I boasted of a calm 10 down into a week day. I can spare time to go to church now, without grudging the huge cantle which it used to seem to cut out of the holiday. I have Time for everything. I can visit a sick friend. I can missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they 15 interrupt the man of much occupation when he is busiest. I can insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May morning. It is Lucretian pleasure to behold now as if I had never been other than my 20 the poor drudges, whom I have left behind in the world, carking and caring; like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round: and what is it all for? A man can never have too much Time to been sauntering there at that very hour for 25 himself, nor too little to do. Had I a little son, I would christen him Nothing-to-Do; he should do nothing. Man, I verily believe, is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemswallow up those accursed cotton mills? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down

'As low as to the fiends.'

I am no longer —, clerk to the Firm of, &c. I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and bole when I ventured to compare the change 40 careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pace, nor with any settled purpose. I walk about; not to and from. They tell me, a certain cum dignitate air, that has been buried so long with my other month. Each day used to be individually 45 good parts, has begun to shoot forth in my person. I perceptibly grow into gentility. When I take up a newspaper, it is to read the state of the opera. Opus operatum est. I have done all that I came into this world sations. The genius of each day was upon 50 to do. I have worked task-work, and have the rest of the day to myself.

1825

Leigh Hunt (1784-1859)

GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS

An Italian author — Giulio Cordara. a Jesuit - has written a poem upon insects, which he begins by insisting, that those troublesome and abominable little animals were created for our annovance. and that they were certainly not inhabitants of Paradise. We of the north may 10 ture, that the poets, refining upon the dispute this piece of theology; but on the other hand, it is as clear as the snow on the house-tops, that Adam was not under the necessity of shaving; and that when Eve walked out of her delicious bower, she did 15 'beds,' says Milton, by 'harpy-footed not step upon ice three inches thick.

Some people say it is a very easy thing to get up of a cold morning. You have only, they tell you, to take the resolution; and the thing is done. This may be very 20 the air of the room, are stone-cold. On opentrue; just as a boy at school has only to take a flogging, and the thing is over. But we have not at all made up our minds upon it; and we find it a very pleasant exercise to discuss the matter, candidly, 25 my eyes sideways and see the window all before we get up. This at least is not idling, though it may be lying. It affords an excellent answer to those, who ask how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being — a rational creature. How? Why 30 indeed, Sir.' — 'More than usually so, with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder. Oh — it is a fine way of spending a sensible, impartial half-hour.

they would get on with their argument better. But they are apt to reason so ill, and to assert so dogmatically, that one could wish to have them stand round one's bed of a bitter morning, and lie be-40 departure of the servant and the arrival of fore their faces. They ought to hear both sides of the bed, the inside and out. If they cannot entertain themselves with their own thoughts for half an hour or so, it is not the fault of those who can. If their 45 'No, Sir; it will just do.' (There is an overwill is never pulled aside by the enticing arms of imagination, so much the luckier for the stage-coachman.

Candid inquiries into one's decumbency, besides the greater or less privi-50 Sir.' leges to be allowed a man in proportion to his ability of keeping early hours, the work given his faculties, etc., will at least

concede their due merits to such representations as the following. In the first place, says the injured but calm appealer, I have been warm all night, and find my 5 system in a state perfectly suitable to a warm-blooded animal. To get out of this state into the cold, besides the inharmonious and uncritical abruptness of the transition, is so unnatural to such a creatortures of the damned, make one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold. - from fire to ice. They are 'haled' out of their furies,' - fellows who come to call them. On my first movement towards the anticipation of getting up, I find that such parts of the sheets and bolster, as are exposed to ing my eyes, the first thing that meets them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a cottage chimney.

Think of this symptom. Then I turn frozen over. Think of that. Then the servant comes in. 'It is very cold this morning, is it not?' - 'Very cold, Sir.' -'Very cold indeed, isn't it?' - 'Very cold isn't it, even for this weather?' (Here the servant's wit and good-nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on thorns for the answer.) 'Why, If these people would be more charitable, 35 Sir . . . I think it is.' (Good creature! There is not a better, or more truth-telling servant going.) 'I must rise, however — get me some warm water.' — Here a fine interval between the the hot water; during which, of course, it is of 'no use' to get up. The hot water comes. 'Is it quite hot?' — 'Yes, Sir.' — 'Perhaps too hot for shaving: I must wait a little?' nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome.) 'Oh the shirt - you must air my clean shirt linen gets very damp this weather.' - 'Yes, Here another delicious five minutes. A knock at the door. 'Oh, the shirt very well. My stockings - I think the stockings had better be aired too.' - 'Very

well. Sir.' — Here another interval. length everything is ready, except myself. I now, continues our incumbent (a happy word, by the bye, for a country vicar) who can? - upon the unnecessary and villainous custom of shaving: it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer) — so effeminate (here I recoil from an unlucky No wonder that the Queen of France took part with the rebels against the degenerate King, her husband, who first affronted her smooth visage with a face like her own. The of his genius to better advantage than in reviving the flowing beard. Look at Cardinal Bembo's picture — at Michael Angelo's Titian's — at Shakespeare's — at — at at Alfred's — at Plato's — I could name a great man for every tick of my watch. -Look at the Turks, a grave and otiose people. —Think of Haroun Al Raschid and Bed-ridden Hassan. - Think of Wortley Montague, 25 the worthy son of his mother, a man above the prejudice of his time. — Look at the Persian gentlemen, whom one is ashamed of meeting about the suburbs, their dress and - Lastly, think of the razor itself - how totally opposed to every sensation of bed how cold, how edgy, how hard! how utterly different from anything like the warm and circling amplitude, which

> 'Sweetly recommends itself Unto our gentle senses.'

Add to this, benumbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and a ewer full of ice; and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this, only shows, at any rate, that he has no merit in opposing it.

Seasons —

'Falsely luxurious! Will not man awake?' used to lie in bed till noon, because he said he had no motive in getting up. He then he could also imagine the good of lying still; and his exclamation, it must be allowed, was made upon summer-time,

not winter. We must proportion the argument to the individual character. A moneygetter may be drawn out of his bed by three and four pence: but this will not suffice for a I now cannot help thinking a good deal — 5 student. A proud man may say, 'What shall I think of myself, if I don't get up?' but the more humble one will be content to waive this prodigious notion of himself, out of respect to his kindly bed. The mechanical step into the colder part of the bed.) - 10 man shall get up without any ado at all; and so shall the barometer. An ingenious lier in bed will find hard matter of discussion even on the score of health and longevity. He will ask us for our proofs Emperor Julian never showed the luxuriancy 15 and precedents of the ill effects of lying later in cold weather; and sophisticate much on the advantages of an even temperature of body: of the natural propensity (pretty universal) to have one's way; and Fletcher's — at Spenser's — at Chaucer's — 20 of the animals that roll themselves up, and sleep all the winter. As to longevity, he will ask whether the longest life is of necessity the best; and whether Holborn is the handsomest street in London.

We only know of one confounding, not to say confounded argument, fit to overturn the huge luxury, the 'enormous bliss' of the vice in question. A lier in bed may be allowed to profess a disinterested indifferappearance are so much finer than our own. 30 ence for his health or longevity; but while he is showing the reasonableness of consulting his own or one person's comfort, he must admit the proportionate claim of more than one; and the best way to deal with him is 35 this, especially for a lady; for we earnestly recommend the use of that sex on such occasions, if not somewhat over-persuasive; since extremes have an awkward knack of meeting. First then, admit all 40 the ingeniousness of what he says, telling him that the bar has been deprived of an excellent lawyer. Then look at him in the most good-natured manner in the Thomson the poet, who exclaims in his 45 peal in your countenance, and tell him that you are waiting breakfast for him; that you never like to breakfast without him; that you really want it too; that the servants want theirs; that you shall could imagine the good of rising; but 50 not know how to get the house into order, unless he rises; and that you are sure he would do things twenty times worse, even than getting out of his warm bed, to put

them all into good humour and a state of comfort. Then, after having said this, throw in the comparatively indifferent matter, to him, about his health; but tell him that it is no indifferent matter to you; that the sight 5 new-born infant the earliest office of enof his illness makes more people suffer than one; but that if, nevertheless, he really does feel so very sleepy and so very much refreshed by - Yet stay; we hardly know whether the frailty of a - Yes, yes; say 10 sometimes descends to sustain it. At the that too, especially if you say it with sincerity; for if the weakness of human nature on the one hand and the vis inertia on the other, should lead him to take advantage of it once or twice, good-humour and sincerity 15 pretations. But immediately, lest so grand form an irresistible junction at last; and are still better and warmer things than pillows and blankets.

Other little helps of appeal may be thrown in, as occasion requires. may tell a lover, for instance, that lying in bed makes people corpulent; a father, that you wish him to complete the fine manly example he sets his children; a lady, that she will injure her bloom or 25 Levana. And that mysterious lady, who her shape, which M. or W. admires so much: and a student or artist, that he is always so glad to have done a good day's work, in his best manner.

Reader. And pray, Mr. Indicator, how 30 raise aloft. do you behave yourself in this respect?

Indic. Oh, Madam, perfectly, of course; like all advisers.

Reader. Nay, I allow that your mode of argument does not look quite so suspicious as 35 She, that would not suffer at his birth even a the old way of sermonizing and severity, but I have my doubts, especially from that laugh If I should look in to-morrow of yours. morning-

face like yours does anything with me. It shall fetch me up at nine, if you please - six. I meant to say.

1820 " E VIII

Thomas De Quincey (1785-1859)

SUSPIRIA DE PROFUNDIS

Oftentimes at Oxford I saw Levana in my dreams. I knew her by her Roman symbols. Who is Levana? Reader, that

do not pretend to have leisure for very much scholarship, you will not be angry with me for telling you. Levana was the Roman goddess that performed for the nobling kindness, - typical, by its mode, of that grandeur which belongs to man everywhere, and of that benignity in powers invisible which even in Pagan worlds very moment of birth, just as the infant tasted for the first time the atmosphere of our troubled planet, it was laid on the ground. That might bear different intera creature should grovel there for more than one instant, either the paternal hand, as proxy for the goddess Levana, or some near kinsman, as proxy for the father, raised it You 20 upright, bade it look erect as the king of all this world, and presented its forehead to the stars, saying, perhaps, in his heart, 'Behold what is greater than yourselves!' This symbolic act represented the function of never revealed her face (except to me in dreams), but always acted by delegation, had her name from the Latin verb (as still it is the Italian verb) levare, to

This is the explanation of Levana. And hence it has arisen that some people have understood by Levana the tutelary power that controls the education of the nursery. prefigurative or mimic degradation for her awful ward, far less could be supposed to suffer the real degradation attaching to the non-development of his powers. She there-Indic. Ah, Madam, the look in of a 40 fore watches over human education. Now, the word edŭco, with the penultimate short, was derived (by a process often exemplified in the crystallization of languages) from the word edūco, with the penultimate long. 45 Whatsoever educes, or develops, educates. By the education of Levana, therefore, is meant. — not the poor machinery that moves by spelling-books and grammars, but that mighty system of central forces hidden in the LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW 50 deep bosom of human life, which by passion, by strife, by temptation, by the energies of resistance, works forever upon children, resting not day or night, any more than

the mighty wheel of day and night themselves, whose moments, like restless spokes, are glimmering for ever as they revolve.

If, then, these are the ministries by must she reverence the agencies of grief! But you, reader! think, - that children generally are not liable to grief such as mine. There are two senses in the word it means universally (or in the whole extent of the genus), and a foolish sense of this world, where it means usually. Now, I am far from saying that children But there are more than you ever heard of who die of grief in this island of ours. I will tell you a common case. The rules of Eton require that a boy on the founis superannuated at eighteen, consequently he must come at six. Children torn away from mothers and sisters at that age not unfrequently die. I speak entered by the registrar as grief; but that it is. Grief of that sort, and at that age, has killed more than ever have been counted amongst its martyrs.

munes with the powers that shake man's heart: therefore it is that she dotes upon grief. 'These ladies,' said I softly to myself, on seeing the ministers with whom Levana and they are three in number, as the Graces are three, who dress man's life with beauty; the Parca are three, who weave the dark arras of man's life in their mysterious loom times angry with tragic crimson and black; the Furies are three, who visit with retributions called from the other side of the grave offences that walk upon this; who fit the harp, the trumpet, or the lute, to the great burdens of man's impassioned creations. These are the Sorrows, all three of whom I know.' The last words whom I know, and the others too surely I shall know.' For already, in my fervent youth, I saw (dimly relieved upon the dark

back-ground of my dreams) the imperfect lineaments of the awful sisters. These sisters — by what name shall we call them?

If I say simply, 'The Sorrows,' there will which Levana works, how profoundly 5 be a chance of mistaking the term; it might be understood of individual sorrow, - separate cases of sorrow, - whereas I want a term expressing the mighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all indigenerally, - the sense of Euclid, where 10 vidual sufferings of man's heart; and I wish to have these abstractions presented as impersonations, that is, as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh. Let us call universally are capable of grief like mine: 15 them, therefore, Our Ladies of Sorrow. I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household; and their paths are wide apart: but of their dominion dation should be there twelve years: he 20 there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with Levana, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then? Oh, no! Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter of what I know. The complaint is not 25 voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves is no voice nor sound: eternal silence reigns in their kingdoms. They spoke not, as they talked with Levana: they whispered Therefore it is that Levana often com-30 not; they sang not; though oftentimes methought they might have sung: for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and timbrel, by dulcimer and organ. Like God, whose was conversing, 'these are the Sorrows; 35 servants they are, they utter their pleasure not by sounds that perish, or by words that go astray, but by signs in heaven, by changes on earth, by pulses in secret rivers, heraldries painted on darkness, and hieroglyphics always with colors sad in part, some-40 written on the tablets of the brain. They wheeled in mazes; I spelled the steps. They telegraphed from afar; I read the signals. They conspired together; and on the mirrors of darkness my eye traced the plots. and once even the Muscs were but three, 45 Theirs were the symbols; mine are the words.

What is it the sisters are? What is it that they do? Let me describe their form, and their presence; if form it were that still fluctuated in its outline; or presence it I say now; but in Oxford I said, 'One of 50 were that forever advanced to the front, or forever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named Mater Lachrymarum, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation, - Rachel weeping for her children, and refused to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened forever, which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses 10 turban, droops forever, forever fastens on the of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven.

Her eyes are sweet and subtile, wild and sleepy, by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. 15 and demanding back her darlings. But She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard that sobbing of litanies, or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of 20 less. summer clouds. This sister, the elder, it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sat all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, 25 sun has gone down to his rest. This sister him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted 30 of remembrance in sweet far-off England; of father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the spring-time of the year, and whilst vet her own spring was budding, he recalled her to himself. But her blind father mourns for ever over her; still he dreams 35 oblations can now be availing, whether at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he wakens to a darkness that is now within a second and a deeper darkness. This Mater Lachrymarum also has been sitting all this winter of 40 as he points with one hand to the earth, 1844-1845 within the bed-chamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of her keys it 45 every woman sitting in darkness, without is that Our Lady of Tears glides a ghostly intruder into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to the Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her 50 her womanly bosom, having been stifled by house, and has the widest empire, let us honor with the title of 'Madonna.'

The second sister is called Mater Sus-

piriorum, Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. her eyes if they were ever seen, would be 5 neither sweet nor subtile: no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister Madonna is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against heaven. Our Lady of Sighs never clamors, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hope-Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; and of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books the baffled penitent reverting his eyes forever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, our general mother, but for him a stepmother, — as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against him sealed and sequestered; love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heavenborn instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; every nun defrauded of her unreturning

May-time by wicked kinsman, whom God will judge; every captive in every dungeon; all that are betrayed, and all that are rejected: outcasts by traditionary law, and walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key: but she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest ranks of 10 man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third sister, who is also the voungest ---! Hush! whisper whilst we talk of her! Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, 20 and season him for our dreadful sister. turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes rising so high might be hidden by distance. But, being what they are, they cannot be hidden; through 25 the treble veil of crape which she wears, the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the 30 very ground. She is the defier of God. She also is the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power; but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can ap-35 truths, fearful truths. So shall he rise proach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions; in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from 40 within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, 45 and with a tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And her name is Mater Tenebrarum, - Our Lady of Darkness. 50

These were the Semnai Theai, or Sublime Goddesses, these were the Eumenides, or Gracious Ladies (so called by antiquity

in shuddering propitiation) of my Oxford dreams. Madonna spoke. She spoke by her mysterious hand. Touching my head, she beckoned to Our Lady of Sighs; and what children of hereditary disgrace, - all these 5 she spoke, translated out of the signs which (except in dreams) no man reads, was this:

'Lo! here is he, whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars. This is he that once I made my darling. Him I led astray, him I beguiled, and from heaven I stole away his young heart to mine. Through me did he become idolatrous: and through me it was, by languishing desires, that he worshipped the worm, and prayed to the 15 wormy grave. Holy was the grave to him; lovely was its darkness; saintly its corruption. Him, this young idolator, I have seasoned for thee, dear gentle Sister of Sighs! Do thou take him now to thy heart, And thou,' — turning to the Mater Tenebrarum, she said, - 'wicked sister, that temptest and hatest, do thou take him from her. See that thy sceptre lie heavy on his head. Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness. Banish the frailties of hope, wither the relenting of love, scorch the fountains of tears, curse him as only thou canst curse. shall he be accomplished in the furnace. so shall he see the things that ought not to be seen, sights that are abominable, and secrets that are unutterable. So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand again before he dies. And so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had, — to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of his spirit.'

Uhrum ! THE ENGLISH MAIL-COACH DREAM-FUGUE

'Whence the sound Of instruments, that made melodious chime, Was heard, of harp and organ; and who moved Their stops and chords, was seen; his volant touch Instinct through all proportions, low and high, Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.' Par. Lost, Bk. XI

Tumultuosissimamente

Passion of sudden death! that once in youth I read and interpreted by the shadows of thy averted signs! - rapture of panic taking the shape (which amongst tombs in churches I have seen) of woman bursting her sepulchral bonds — of woman's Ionic form bending from the ruins of her grave with arching foot, with eyes upraised, with clasped adoring hands — waiting, watching, trembling, praying for the trumpet's call to rise from dust for ever! Ah, vision too fearful of shuddering humanity on the brink of almighty abysses! — vision that 10 were found no more; the glory of the vintage didst start back, that didst reel away, like a shrivelling scroll from before the wrath of fire racing on the wings of the wind! Epilepsy so brief of horror, wherefore is it that thou canst not die? Passing so sud-15 beneath the awning of flowers and clusterdenly into darkness, wherefore is it that still thou sheddest thy sad funeral blights upon the gorgeous mosaics of dreams? Fragment of music too passionate, heard once, and heard no more, what aileth thee, 20 ened with alarm, cried out, 'Sail on the that thy deep rolling chords come up at intervals through all the worlds of sleep, and after forty years, have lost no element of horror?

Ι

Lo, it is summer — almighty summer! The everlasting gates of life and summer are thrown open wide: and on the ocean, tranlady from the dreadful vision and I myself are floating — she upon a fairy pinnace, and I upon an English three-decker. Both of us are wooing gales of festal happiness within that ancient watery park, within that pathless chase of ocean, where England takes her pleasure as a huntress through winter and summer, from the rising to the setting sun. hidden, or was suddenly revealed, upon the tropic islands through which the pinnace moved! And upon her deck what a bevy of human flowers — young women how lovely, together, and slowly drifting towards us amidst music and incense, amidst blossoms from forests and gorgeous corymbi from vintages, amidst natural carolling and the the pinnace nears us, gaily she hails us, and silently she disappears beneath the shadow of our mighty bows. But then, as at some

signal from heaven, the music, and the carols, and the sweet echoing of girlish laughter — all are hushed. What evil has smitten the pinnace, meeting or overtaking 5 her? Did ruin to our friends couch within our own dreadful shadow? Was our shadow the shadow of death? I looked over the bow for an answer, and, behold! the pinnace was dismantled; the revel and the revellers was dust: and the forests with their beauty were left without a witness upon the seas. 'But where,' and I turned to our crew -'where are the lovely women that danced ing corymbi! Whither have fled the noble young men that danced with them?' Answer there was none. But suddenly the man at the masthead, whose countenance darkweather beam! Down she comes upon us: in seventy seconds she also will founder.

TT

I looked to the weather side, and the summer had departed. The sea was rocking, and shaken with gathering wrath. Upon its surface sat mighty mists, which grouped themselves into arches and long cathedral quil and verdant as a savannah, the unknown 30 aisles. Down one of these, with the fiery pace of a quarrel from a cross-bow, ran a frigate right athwart our course. 'Are they mad?' some voice exclaimed from our deck. 'Do they woo their ruin?' But in within the domain of our common country, 35 a moment, as she was close upon us, some impulse of a heady current or local vortex gave a wheeling bias to her course, and off she forged without a shock. As she ran past us, high aloft amongst the shrouds stood the Ah, what a wilderness of floral beauty was 40 lady of the pinnace. The deeps opened ahead in malice to receive her, towering surges of foam ran after her, the billows were fierce to catch her. But far away she was borne into desert spaces of the sea: young men how noble, that were dancing 45 whilst still by sight I followed her as she ran before the howling gale, chased by angry sea-birds and by maddening billows; still I saw her, as at the moment when she ran past us, standing amongst the shrouds, echoes of sweet girlish laughter. Slowly 50 with her white draperies streaming before the wind. There she stood, with hair dishevelled, one hand clutched amongst the tackling - rising, sinking, fluttering, trembling,

praying — there for leagues I saw her as she stood, raising at intervals one hand to heaven, amidst the fiery crests of the pursuing waves and the raving of the storm; until at last, upon a sound from afar of malicious laughter and mockery, all was hidden forever in driving showers; and afterwards, but when I knew not, nor how.

Sweet funeral bells from some incalculable distance, wailing over the dead that die before the dawn, awakened me as I slept in a boat moored to some familiar shore. The morning twilight even then was breaking; 15 and, by the dusky revelations which it spread, I saw a girl, adorned with a garland of white roses about her head for some great festival, running along the solitary strand in extremity of haste. Her running was the 20 companions crowned with laurel. running of panic; and often she looked back as to some dreadful enemy in the rear. But when I leaped ashore, and followed on her steps to warn her of a peril in front, and vainly I shouted to her of quicksands that lay ahead. Faster and faster she ran; round a promontory of rocks she wheeled out of sight; in an instant I also wheeled sands gathering above her head. Already her person was buried; only the fair young head and the diadem of white roses around it were still visible to the pitying heavens: arm. I saw by the early twilight this fair young head, as it was sinking down to darkness - saw this marble arm, as it rose above her head and her treacherous grave, tossing, deceiving hand stretched out from the clouds — saw this marble arm uttering her dying hope, and then uttering her dying despair. The head, the diadem, the arm — these all quicksand had closed; and no memorial of the fair young girl remained on earth, except my own solitary tears, and the funeral bells from the desert seas, that, rising again more buried child, and over her blighted dawn.

I sat, and wept in secret the tears that men have ever given to the memory of those that

died before the dawn, and by the treachery of earth, our mother. But suddenly the tears and funeral bells were hushed by a shout as of many nations, and by a roar as 5 from some great king's artillery, advancing rapidly along the valleys, and heard afar by echoes from the mountains. 'Hush!' I said, as I bent my ear earthwards to listen -'hush! — this either is the very anarchy of 10 strife, or else' - and then I listened more profoundly, and whispered as I raised my head — 'or else, oh heavens! it is victory that is final, victory that swallows up all strife.'

IV

Immediately, in trance, I was carried over land and sea to some distant kingdom, and placed upon a triumphal car, amongst darkness of gathering midnight, brooding over all the land, hid from us the mighty crowds that were weaving restlessly about ourselves as a centre: we heard them, but alas! from me she fled as from another peril, 25 saw them not. Tidings had arrived, within an hour, of a grandeur that measured itself against centuries; too full of pathos they were, too full of joy, to utter themselves by other language than by tears, by restless round it, but only to see the treacherous 30 anthems, and Te Deums reverberated from the choirs and orchestras of earth. These tidings we that sat upon the laurelled car had it for our privilege to publish amongst all nations. And already, by signs audible and, last of all, was visible one white marble 35 through the darkness, by snortings and tramplings, our angry horses, that knew no fear of fleshly weariness, upbraided us with delay. Wherefore was it that we delayed? We waited for a secret word that should bear faltering, rising, clutching as at some false 40 witness to the hope of nations, as now accomplished for ever. At midnight the secret word arrived: which word was -Waterloo and Recovered Christendom! The dreadful word shone by its own light; had sunk; at last over these also the cruel 45 before us it went; high above our leaders' heads it rode, and spread a golden light over the paths which we traversed. Every city. at the presence of the secret word, threw open its gates. The rivers were conscious softly, sang a requiem over the grave of the 50 as we crossed. All the forests, as we ran along their margins, shivered in homage to the secret word. And the darkness comprehended it.

Two hours after midnight we approached a mighty Minster. Its gates, which rose to the clouds, were closed. But when the dreadful word, that rode before us, reached them with its golden light, silently they moved back upon their hinges; and at a flying gallop our equipage entered the grand aisle of the cathedral. Headlong was our pace; and at every altar, in the little chapels and oratories to the right hand and left of our 10 every angle. Like rivers in flood, wheeling course, the lamps, dving or sickening, kindled anew in sympathy with the secret word that was flying past. Forty leagues we might have run in the cathedral, and as yet no strength of morning light had reached us 15 warrior instincts, amongst the dust that lay when before us we saw the aerial galleries of organ and choir. Every pinnacle of the fretwork, every station of advantage amongst the traceries, was crested by white-robed choristers, that sang deliverance; that wept 20 the last bas-relief, already had we recovered no more tears, as once their fathers had wept; but at intervals that sang together to the generations, saying,

'Chant the deliverer's praise in every tongue,'

and receiving answers from afar.

'Such as once in heaven and earth were sung.'

And of their chanting was no end; of our headlong pace was neither pause nor slacken- 30 dral, and in the cherubim that looked down ing.

Thus, as we ran like torrents — thus, as we swept with bridal rapture over the Campo Santo of the cathedral graves — suddenly we became aware of a vast necropolis rising 35 thou be the ransom for Waterloo? Must we, upon the far-off horizon — a city of sepulchres, built within the saintly cathedral for the warrior dead that rested from their feuds on earth. Of purple granite was the necropolis; yet, in the first minute, it lay 40 was sculptured on a bas-relief — a Dying like a purple stain upon the horizon, so mighty was the distance. In the second minute it trembled through many changes, growing into terraces and towers of wondrous altitude, so mighty was the pace. In 45 again; proclamation that, in thy ears, oh the third minute already, with our dreadful gallop, we were entering its suburbs. Vast sarcophagi rose on every side, having towers and turrets that, upon the limits of the central aisle, strode forward with haughty in- 50 the dreadful rattle of our harness, the groantrusion, that ran back with mighty shadows into answering recesses. Every sarcophagus showed many bas-reliefs — bas-reliefs of

battles and of battle-fields; battles from forgotten ages — battles from vesterday battle-fields that, long since, nature had healed and reconciled to herself with the sweet 5 oblivion of flowers — battle-fields that were yet angry and crimson with carnage. Where the terraces ran, there did we run; where the towers curved, there did we curve. With the flight of swallows our horses swept round round headlands — like hurricanes that ride into the secrets of forests - faster than ever light unwove the mazes of darkness, our flying equipage carried earthly passions, kindled around us - dust oftentimes of our noble fathers that had slept in God from Créci to Trafalgar. And now had we reached the last sarcophagus, now were we abreast of the arrow-like flight of the illimitable central aisle, when coming up this aisle to meet us we beheld afar off a female child, that rode in a carriage as frail as flowers. The 25 mists, which went before her, hid the fawns that drew her, but could not hide the shells and tropic flowers with which she played but could not hide the lovely smiles by which she uttered her trust in the mighty catheupon her from the mighty shafts of its pillars. Face to face she was meeting us; face to face she rode, as if danger there were 'Oh, baby!' I exclaimed, 'shalt that carry tidings of great joy to every people, be messengers of ruin to thee!" In horror I rose at the thought: but then also, in horror at the thought, rose one that Trumpeter. Solemnly from the field of battle he rose to his feet; and, unslinging his stony trumpet, carried it, in his dying anguish, to his stony lips — sounding once, and yet once baby! spoke from the battlements of death. Immediately deep shadows fell between us, and aboriginal silence. The choir had ceased to sing. The hoofs of our horses, ing of our wheels, alarmed the graves no more. By horror the bas-relief had been unlocked unto life. By horror we, that were

so full of life, we men and our horses, with their fiery fore-legs rising in mid air to their everlasting gallop, were frozen to a bas-Than a third time the trumpet life, and the frenzy of life, tore into their channels again; again the choir burst forth in sunny grandeur, as from the muffling of storms and darkness; again the thunderings graves. One cry burst from our lips, as the clouds, drawing off from the aisle, showed it empty before us. -- 'Whither has the infant fled? - is the young child caught up to three mighty windows to the clouds; and on a level with their summits, at height insuperable to man, rose an altar of purest alabas-On its eastern face was trembling a reddening dawn that now streamed through the windows? Was it from the crimson robes of the martyrs painted on the windows? Was it from the bloody bas-reliefs crimson radiance, rose the apparition of a woman's head, and then of a woman's fig-The child it was - grown up to woman's height. Clinging to the horns of ing, raving, despairing; and behind the volume of incense, that, night and day, streamed upwards from the altar, dimly was seen the fiery font, and the shadow of that dreadful the baptism of death. But by her side was kneeling her better angel, that hid his face with wings; that wept and pleaded for her; that prayed when she could not; that fought which also, as he raised his immortal countenance from his wings, I saw, by the glory in his eye, that from Heaven he had won at last.

Then was completed the passion of the mighty fugue. The golden tubes of the organ, which as yet had but muttered at intervals — gleaming amongst clouds and tains unfathomable, columns of heartshattering music. Choir and anti-choir were filling fast with unknown voices. Thou also.

Dving Trumpeter! — with thy love that was victorious, and thy anguish that was finishing — didst enter the tumult; trumpet and echo - farewell love, and farewell sounded: the seals were taken off all pulses: 5 anguish — rang through the dreadful sanctus. Oh, darkness of the grave! that from the crimson altar and from the fiery font wert visited and searched by the effulgence in the angel's eve - were these indeed thy chilof our horses carried temptation into the 10 dren? Pomps of life, that, from the burials of centuries, rose again to the voice of perfect joy, did ye indeed mingle with the festivals of Death? Lo! as I looked back for seventy leagues through the mighty cathedral, I saw Lo! afar off, in a vast recess, rose 15 the quick and the dead that sang together to God, together that sang to the generations of man. All the hosts of jubilation, like armies that ride in pursuit, moved with one step. Us, that, with laurelled heads, were crimson glory. A glory was it from the 20 passing from the cathedral, they overtook, and, as with a garment, they wrapped us round with thunders greater than our own. As brothers we moved together; to the dawn that advanced — to the stars that fled; of earth? There, suddenly, within that 25 rendering thanks to God in the highest that, having hid his face through one generation behind the thick clouds of War, once again was ascending — from the Campo Santo of Waterloo was ascending - in the the altar, voiceless she stood — sinking, ris-30 visions of Peace; rendering thanks for thee, young girl! whom, having overshadowed with his ineffable passion of death, suddenly did God relent; suffered thy angel to turn aside his arm: and even in thee, sister being who should have baptized her with 35 unknown! shown to me for a moment only to be hidden forever, found an occasion to glorify his goodness. A thousand times. amongst the phantoms of sleep, have I seen thee entering the gates of the golden dawn with Heaven by tears for her deliverance; 40 with the secret word riding before thee with the armies of the grave behind thee: seen thee sinking, rising, raving, despairing; a thousand times in the worlds of sleep have seen thee followed by God's angel through through desert seas; through 45 storms; the darkness of quicksands; through dreams, and the dreadful revelations that are in dreams — only that at the last, with one sling of his victorious arm, he might snatch surges of incense - threw up, as from foun-50 thee back from ruin, and might emblazon in thy deliverance the endless resurrections of his love!

BIOGRAPHY

Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881)

DEATH OF GOETHE

In the Obituary of these days stands one article of quite peculiar import; the time, the place and particulars of which will have to be often repeated and rewritten, and continue in remembrance many centuries: this namely, that Johann 10 vistas of Memory remain, shone on by a light Wolfgang von Goethe died at Weimar, on the 22d March, 1832. It was about eleven in the morning; 'he expired,' says the record, 'without any apparent suffering, having, a few minutes previously, called 15 in his own spirit, as a thing full of greatness for paper for the purpose of writing, and expressed his delight at the arrival of spring.' A beautiful death; like that of a soldier found faithful at his post, and in the cold hand his arms still grasped! 20 generations of the world: what else could we The Poet's last words are a greeting of the new-awakened Earth; his last movement is to work at his appointed task. Beautiful: what we might call a Classic sacred-death; if it were not rather an 25 more justly than of any other, was like the Elijah-translation, — in a chariot, not of fire and terror, but of hope and soft vernal sunbeams! It was at Frankfort-on-Mayn, on the 28th of August, 1749, that this man entered the world; and now, gently welcom-30 life, too, if we examine it, is well represented ing the birthday of his eighty-second spring, he closes his eyes, and takes farewell.

So, then, our Greatest has departed. That melody of life, with its cunning tones, which took captive ear and heart, has gone 35 enough to scatter); strong, benignant in his silent; the heavenly force that dwelt here victorious over so much, is here no longer; thus far, not farther, by speech and by act, shall the wise man utter himself forth. The End! What solemn meaning lies in that 40 shipped!' sound, as it peals mournfully through the soul, when a living friend has passed away! All now is closed, irrevocable; the changeful life-picture, growing daily into new coherence, under new touches and hues, has 45 clouds, like coulisses or curtains, to close the suddenly become completed and unchangeable; there as it lay, it is dipped, from this

moment, in the other of the heavens, and shines transfigured, to endure even so forever. Time and Time's Empire: stern, wide-devouring, yet not without their 5 grandeur! The week-day man, who was one of us, has put on the garment of Eternity, and become radiant and triumphant; the Present is all at once the Past: Hope is suddenly cut away, and only the backward that proceeds not from this earthly sun.

The death of Goethe, even for the many hearts that personally loved him, is not a thing to be lamented over; is to be viewed, and sacredness. For all men it is appointed once to die. To this man the full measure of a man's life had been granted, and a course and task such as to only a few in the whole hope or require but that now he should be called hence, and have leave to depart, having finished the work that was given him to do? If his course, as we may say of him Sun's, so also was his going down. For, indeed, as the material Sun is the eve and revealer of all things, so is Poetry, so is the World-Poet in a spiritual sense. Goethe's in that emblem of a solar Day. Beautifully rose our summer sun, gorgeous in the red fervid east, scattering the spectres and sickly damps (of both of which there were noonday clearness, walking triumphant through the upper realms; and now, mark also how he sets! 'So stirbt ein Held; anbetungsvoll, So dies a hero; sight to be wor-

And yet, when the inanimate material sun has sunk and disappeared, it will happen that we stand to gaze into the still-glowing west; and there rise great pale motionless flame-theatre within; and then, in that death-pause of the Day, an unspeakable feeling will come over us: it is as if the poor sounds of Time, those hammerings of tired Labour on his anvils, those voices of simple men, had become awful and supernatural; as if in listening, we could hear them 'mingle with the everpealing tone of old Eternity.' In such moments the secrets of Life lie opener to us; mysterious things flit over the soul: Life itself seems holier, wonderful sunset was of a living sun; and its bright countenance and shining return to us, not on the morrow, but 'no more again, at all, forever'! In such a scene, silence, as over the mysterious great, is for him that has some 15 he has spoken shall be done. feeling there of the fittest mood. Nevertheless, by silence the distant is not brought into communion; the feeling of each is without response from the bosom of his brother. There are now, what some years 20 of the Deed, nay is living soul of it, and last ago there were not, English hearts that know something of what those three words, 'Death of Goethe,' mean; to such men, among their many thoughts on the event, which are not to be translated into speech, may these few, 25 the Word of man (the uttered Thought of through that imperfect medium, prove ac-

'Death,' says the philosopher, 'is a commingling of Eternity with Time: in the death through Time.' With such a sublimity here offered to eye and heart, it is not unnatural to look with new earnestness before and behind, and ask, What space in those with his activity may influence; what relation to the world of change and mortality, which the earthly name Life, he who is even now called to the Immortals has borne and may bear.

Goethe, it is commonly said, made a New Era in Literature; a Poetic Era began with him, the end or ulterior tendencies of which are vet nowise generally visible. common saying is a true one; and true with 45 a far deeper meaning than, to the most, it conveys. Were the Poet but a sweet sound and singer, solacing the ear of the idle with pleasant songs; and the new Poet one who could sing his idle pleasant song to a 50 of the great Ocean (astronomers assure us) new air, - we should account him a small matter, and his performance small. But this man, it is not unknown to many, was a

Poet in such a sense as the late generations have witnessed no other; as it is, in this generation, a kind of distinction to believe in the existence of, in the possibility of. The 5 true Poet is ever, as of old, the Seer; whose eve has been gifted to discern the godlike Mystery of God's Universe, and decipher some new lines of its celestial writing; we can still call him a Vates and Seer; for he and fearful. How much more when our 10 sees into this greatest of secrets, 'the open secret'; hidden things become clear; how the Future (both resting on Eternity) is but another phasis of the Present: thereby are his words in very truth prophetic; what

It begins now to be everywhere surmised that the real Force, which in this world all things must obey, is Insight, Spiritual Vision and Determination. The Thought is parent and continual, as well as first mover of it; is the foundation and beginning and essence, therefore, of man's whole existence here below. In this sense, it has been said, man) is still a magic formula, whereby he rules the world. Do not the winds and waters, and all tumultuous powers, inanimate and animate, obey him? A poor, of a good man Eternity is seen looking 30 quite mechanical Magician speaks; and fire-winged ships cross the Ocean at his bidding. Or mark, above all, that 'raging of the nations,' wholly in contention, desperation and dark chaotic fury; how years and arons of computed Time, this man 35 the meek voice of a Hebrew Martyr and Redeemer stills it into order, and a savage Earth becomes kind and beautiful, and the habitation of horrid cruelty a temple of peace. The true Sovereign of the world, 40 who moulds the world like soft wax, according to his pleasure, is he who lovingly sees into the world; the 'inspired Thinker. whom in these days we name Poet. The true Sovereign is the Wise Man.

> However, as the Moon, which can heave up the Atlantic, sends not in her obedient billows at once, but gradually; and the Tide, which swells today on our shores, and washes every creek, rose in the bosom eight-and-forty hours ago; and indeed, all world-movements, by nature deep, are by nature calm, and flow and swell onwards

with a certain majestic slowness: so too with the Impulse of a Great Man, and the effect he has to manifest on other men. To such a one we may grant some generation or two, before the celestial Impulse he 5 stitutions sworn to; and ever the 'new era' impressed on the world will universally proclaim itself, and become (like the working of the Moon) if still not intelligible, yet palpable, to all men; some generation or two more, wherein it has to grow, and expand, 10 and envelop all things, before it can reach its acme: and thereafter mingling with other movements and new impulses, at length cease to require a specific observation or designation. Longer or shorter such period 15 may be, according to the nature of the Impulse itself, and of the elements it works in; according, above all, as the Impulse was intrinsically great and deep-reaching, or only wide-spread, superficial and transient. 20 scepticism, bitterness, hollowness and thou-Thus, if David Hume is at this hour pontiff of the world, and rules most hearts, and guides most tongues (the hearts and tongues even of those that in vain rebel against him), there are nevertheless symptoms that 25 after, how to do the like. Honour to him his task draws towards completion; and now in the distance his successor becomes visible. On the other hand, we have seen a Napoleon, like some gunpowder force (with which sort, indeed, he chiefly worked), 30 ness, and the good man, high or humble, is explode his whole virtue suddenly, and thunder himself out and silent, in a space of five-and-twenty years. While again. for a man of true greatness, working with spiritual implements, two centuries is no 35 habitable, was the greatest and most periluncommon period; nay, on this Earth of ours, there have been men whose Impulse has not completed its development till after fifteen hundred years and might perhaps be seen still individually subsistent after two 40 that mad element, may yet know, perhaps thousand.

But, as was once written, 'though our clock strikes when there is a change from hour to hour, no hammer in the Horologe of Time peals through the Universe to proclaim 45 that there is a change from era to era.' The true Beginning is oftenest unnoticed and unnoticeable. Thus do men go wrong in their reckoning; and grope hither and thither, not knowing where they are, in 50 tion; and the record of his whole spiritual what course their history runs. Within this last century, for instance, with its wild doings and destroyings, what hope, grounded

on miscalculation, ending in disappointment! How many world-famous victories were gained and lost, dynasties founded and subverted, revolutions accomplished, conwas come, was coming, yet still it came not. but the time continued sick! Alas, all these were but spasmodic convulsions of the death-sick time: the crisis of cure and regeneration to the time was not there indicated. The real new era was when a Wise Man came into the world, with clearness of vision and greatness of soul to accomplish this old high enterprise, amid these new difficulties, yet again: A Life of Wisdom. Such a man became, by Heaven's pre-appointment, in very deed the Redeemer of the time. Did he not bear the curse of the time? He was filled full with its sandfold contradictions, till his heart was like to break; but he subdued all this, rose victorious over this, and manifoldly by word and act showed others that come who first 'through the impassable paves a road'! Such, indeed, is the task of every great man: nav of every good man in one or the other sphere, since goodness is greatever a martyr and 'spiritual hero that ventures forward into the gulf for our deliverance.' The gulf into which this man ventured, which he tamed and rendered ous of all, wherein truly all others lie included: The whole distracted Existence of man is an age of Unbelief. Whose lives, whose with earnest mind studies to live wisely in too well, what an enterprise was here; and for the Chosen Man of our time who could prevail in it, have the higher reverence, and a gratitude such as belongs to no other,

How far he prevailed in it, and by what means, with what endurances and achievements, will in due season be estimated. Those volumes called Goethe's Works will now receive no farther addition or altera-Endeavour lies written there, - were the man or men but ready that could read it rightly! A glorious record; wherein he who would

understand himself and his environment, who struggles for escape out of darkness into light as for the one thing needful, will long thankfully study. For the whole chaotic Time, what it has suffered, attained, and striven after, stands imaged there: interpreted, ennobled into poetic clearness. From the passionate longings and wailings of Werter. spoken as from the heart of all Europe; of Faust, like the spirit-song of falling worlds; to that serenely smiling wisdom of Meisters Lehrjahre, and the German Hafiz, - what an interval; and all enfolded in an ethereal music, as from unknown spheres, harmoni-15 generation, they will not seem so strange. ously uniting all! A long interval; and wide as well as long: for this was a universal man. History, Science, Art, human Activity under every aspect; the laws of Light in his Farbenlehre; the laws of wild Italian Life in 20 ment of any man's performance is the Life his Benvenuto Cellini; — nothing escaped him; nothing that he did not look into, that he did not see into. Consider, too, the genuineness of whatsoever he did; his hearty, idiomatic way; simplicity with 25 latter, mystic, deep-reaching, all-embracing, loftiness, and nobleness, and aërial grace! Pure works of Art, completed with an antique Grecian polish, as Torquato Tasso, as Iphigenie; Proverbs; Xenien; Patriarchal Sayings, which, since the Hebrew Scriptures 30 means already that he was a good man; were closed, we know not where to match; in whose homely depths lie often the materials for volumes.

To measure and estimate all this, as we said, the time is not come; a century hence 35 true vacuum and nonentity), has the assurwill be the fitter time. He who investigates it best will find its meaning greatest, and be the readiest to acknowledge that it transcends him. Let the reader have seen, before he attempts to oversee. A poor reader, in the 40 what is False, yet believe and worship what mean while, were he who discerned not here the authentic rudiments of that same New Era, whereof we have so often had false warning. Wondrously, the wrecks and pulverised rubbish of ancient things, institu-45 expiring system of society, to adjust himtions, religions, forgotten noblenesses, made alive again by the breath of Genius, lie here in new coherence and incipient union, the spirit of Art working creative through the mass; that chaos, into which the eighteenth 50 his own age, what in some other ages many century with its wild war of hypocrites and sceptics had reduced the Past, begins here to be once more a world. - This, the highest

that can be said of written Books, is to be said of these: there is in them a New Time, the prophecy and beginning of a New Time. The corner-stone of a new social edifice for 5 mankind is laid there: firmly, as before, on the natural rock: far-extending traces of a ground-plan we can also see; which future centuries may go on to enlarge, to amend, and work into reality. onwards through the wild unearthly melody 10 sayings seem strange to some; nevertheless they are not empty exaggerations, but expressions, in their way, of a belief, which is not now of vesterday; perhaps when Goethe has been read and meditated for another

> Precious is the new light of Knowledge which our Teacher conquers for us: vet small to the new light of Love which also we derive from him: the most important elehe has accomplished. Under the intellectual union of man and man, which works by precept, lies a holier union of affection, working by example; the influences of which can still less be computed. For Love is ever the beginning of Knowledge, as fire is of light; and works also more in the manner of fire. That Goethe was a great Teacher of men that he had himself learned; in the school of experience had striven and proved victorious. To how many hearers, languishing, nigh dead, in the airless dungeon of Unbelief (a ance that there was such a man, that such a man was still possible, come like tidings of great joy! He who would learn to reconcile reverence with clearness; to deny and defy is True; amid raging factions, bent on what is either altogether empty or has substance in it only for a day, which stormfully convulse and tear hither and thither a distracted self aright; and, working for the world and in the world, keep himself unspotted from the world, - let him look here. This man, we may say, became morally great, by being in might have been, a genuine man. His grand excellency was this, that he was genuine. As his primary faculty, the foundation of all

others, was Intellect, depth and force of Vision; so his primary virtue was Justice, was the courage to be just. A giant's strength we admired in him; yet strength that 'silent rock-bound strength of a world,' on whose bosom, which rests on the adamant, grow flowers. The greatest of hearts was also the bravest; fearless, unwearied, the trembling sensibility, the wild enthusiasm of a Mignon can assort with the scornful world-mockery of a Mephistopheles; and each side of many-sided life receives its due from him.

Goethe reckoned Schiller happy that he died young, in the full vigour of his days; that we could 'figure him as a youth forever.' To himself a different, higher destiny was appointed. Through all the changes of 20 beginning, gives assurance) a something that man's life, onwards to its extreme verge he was to go; and through them all nobly. In youth, flatterings of fortune, uninterrupted outward prosperity cannot corrupt him; a wise observer has to remark: 'None 25 withdrawing from this new-made grave. but a Goethe, at the Sun of earthly happi- / The man whom we love lies there: but ness, can keep his phænix-wings unsinged.' - Through manhood, in the most complex relation, as poet, courtier, politician, man of business, man of speculation; in the middle 30 did his great one; in the manner of a true of revolutions and counter-revolutions, outward and spiritual; with the world loudly for him, with the world loudly or silently against him; in all seasons and situations, he holds equally on his way. Old age itself, 35 the Good, the True: which is called dark and feeble, he was to render lovely: who that looked upon him there, venerable in himself, and in the world's reverence ever the clearer, the purer, but could have prayed that he too were 40 such an old man? And did not the kind Heavens continue kind, and grant to a career so glorious a worthiest end?

Such was Goethe's life; such has his departure been. He sleeps now beside his 45 Schiller and his Carl August of Weimar: so had the Prince willed it, that between these two should be his own final rest. In life they were united, in death they are not rests from his labours; the fruit of these is ieft growing, and to grow. His earthly years have been numbered and ended: but of his

Activity, for it stood rooted in the Eternall there is no end. All that we mean by the higher Literature of Germany, which is the higher Literature of Europe, already gathers ennobled into softest mildness; even like 5 round this man, as its creator; of which grand object, dawning mysterious on a world that hoped not for it, who is there that can measure the significance and far-reaching influences? The Literature of Europe will peacefully invincible. A completed man: 10 pass away; Europe itself, the Earth itself will pass away: this little life-boat of an Earth, with its noisy crew of a Mankind, and all their troubled History, will one day have vanished: faded like a cloud-speck from 15 the azure of the All! What, then, is man! What, then, is man! He endures but for an hour, and is crushed before the moth. Yet in the being and in the working of a faithful man is there already (as all faith, from the pertains not to this wild death-element of Time: that triumphs over Time, and is, and will be, when Time shall be no more.

And now we turn back into the world, glorious, worthy; and his spirit yet lives in us with an authentic life. Could each here vow to do his little task, even as the Departed man, not for a Day, but for Eternity! To live, as he counselled and commanded, not commodiously in the Reputable, the Plausible, the Half, but resolutely in the Whole,

'Im Ganzen, Guten, Wahren resolut zu leben!' 1832

Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800 - 1859)

OLIVER GOLDSMITH /

OLIVER GOLDSMITH [was] one of the most pleasing English writers of the eighteenth century. He was of a Protestant and Saxon family which had been long settled in The unwearied Workman now 50 Ireland, and which had, like most other Protestant and Saxon families, been, in troubled times, harassed and put in fear by the native population. His father, Charles Goldsmith, studied in the reign of Queen Anne at the diocesan school of Elphin, became attached to the daughter of the schoolmaster, married her, took orders, and settled at a place called Pallas in the county There he with difficulty of Longford. supported his wife and children on what he could earn, partly as a curate and partly as a

November, 1728. That spot was then, for all practical purposes, almost as remote from the busy and splendid capital in which his later years were passed, as any clearing in tralasia now is. Even at this day those enthusiasts who venture to make a pilgrimage to the birthplace of the poet are forced to perform the latter part of their journey on road, on a dreary plain which, in wet weather, is often a lake. The lanes would break any jaunting car to pieces: and there are ruts and sloughs through which the most strongly built wheels cannot be dragged.

When Oliver was still a child, his father was presented to a living worth about 200 l. a year, in the county of Westmeath. family accordingly quitted their cottage in quented road, near the village of Lissoy. Here the boy was taught his letters by a maid-servant, and was sent in his seventh vear to a village school kept by an old teach nothing but reading, writing and arithmetic, but who had an inexhaustible fund of stories about ghosts, banshees and fairies, about the great Rapparee chiefs, Baldearg the exploits of Peterborough and Stanhope, the surprise of Monjuich, and the glorious disaster of Brihuega. This man must have been of the Protestant religion; but he was the Irish language, but could pour forth unpremeditated Irish verses. Oliver early became, and through life continued to be, a passionate admirer of the Irish music, and some of the last notes of whose harp he heard. It ought to be added that Oliver. though by birth one of the Englishry, and

though connected by numerous ties with the Established Church, never showed the least sign of that contemptuous antipathy with which, in his days, the ruling minority in 5 Ireland too generally regarded the subject majority. So far indeed was he from sharing in the opinions and feelings of the caste to which he belonged, that he conceived an aversion to the Glorious and Immortal At Pallas Oliver Goldsmith was born in 10 Memory, and, even when George the Third was on the throne, maintained that nothing but the restoration of the banished dynasty could save the country.

From the humble academy kept by the old Upper Canada or any sheep-walk in Aus-15 soldier Goldsmith was removed in his ninth year. He went to several grammar schools, and acquired some knowledge of the ancient languages. His life at this time seems to have been far from happy. He had, as foot. The hamlet lies far from any high 20 appears from the admirable portrait of him at Knowle, features harsh even to ugliness. The small-pox had set its mark on him with more than usual severity. His stature was small, and his limbs ill put together. 25 Among boys little tenderness is shown to personal defects: and the ridicule excited by poor Oliver's appearance was heightened by a peculiar simplicity and a disposition to blunder which he retained to the last. He the wilderness for a spacious house on a fre-30 became the common butt of boys and masters, was pointed at as a fright in the playground, and flogged as a dunce in the schoolroom. When he had risen to eminence. those who had once derided him ransacked quartermaster on half-pay, who professed to 35 their memory for the events of his early years, and recited repartees and couplets which had dropped from him, and which. though little noticed at the time, were supposed, a quarter of a century later, to O'Donnell and galloping Hogan, and about 40 indicate the powers which produced 'The Vicar of Wakefield' and 'The Deserted Village.'

In his seventeenth year Oliver went up to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. The of the aboriginal race, and not only spoke 45 sizars paid nothing for food and tuition, and very little for lodging; but they had to perform some menial services from which they have long been relieved. They swept the court: they carried up the dinner to the especially of the compositions of Carolan, 50 fellows' table, and changed the plates and poured out the ale of the rulers of the society. Goldsmith was quartered, not alone, in a garret, on the window of which his name. scrawled by himself, is still read with interest. From such garrets many men of less parts than his have made their way to the woolsack or to the episcopal bench. But Goldsmith, while he suffered all the humiliations. threw away all the advantages, of his situation. He neglected the studies of the place, stood low at the examinations, was turned down to the bottom of his class for playing the buffoon in the lecture room, was 10 no property but his clothes and his flute. severely reprimanded for pumping on a constable, and was caned by a brutal tutor for giving a ball in the attic story of the college to some gay youths and damsels from the city.

While Oliver was leading at Dublin a life divided between squalid distress and squalid dissipation, his father died, leaving a mere pittance. The youth obtained his bachelor's degree, and left the university. During 20 gates of convents. It should, however, be some time the humble dwelling to which his widowed mother had retired was his home. He was now in his twenty-first year: it was necessary that he should do something; and his education seemed to have fitted him to do 25 is ordinarily inaccurate in narration is likely nothing but to dress himself in gaudy colours. of which he was as fond as a magpie, to take a hand at cards, to sing Irish airs, to play the flute, to angle in summer, and to tell ghost stories by the fire in winter. He tried five or 30 interesting conversation between Voltaire six professions in turn without success. He applied for ordination; but, as he applied in scarlet clothes, he was speedily turned out of the episcopal palace. He then became tutor in an opulent family, but soon quitted his 35 smith passed on the Continent. situation in consequence of a dispute about Then he determined to emigrate to America. His relations, with much satisfaction, saw him set out for Cork on a good horse, with thirty pounds in his pocket 40 tained from the University of Padua a But in six weeks he came back on a miserable back, without a penny, and informed his mother that the ship in which he had taken his passage, having got a fair wind while he was at a party of pleasure, had sailed without 45 recourse to a series of desperate expedients. him. Then he resolved to study the law. A generous kinsman advanced fifty pounds. With this sum Goldsmith went to Dublin, was enticed into a gaming-house, and lost every shilling. He then thought of medicine. 50 charitable chemists. He joined a swarm of A small purse was made up; and in his twenty-fourth year he was sent to Edinburgh. At Edinburgh he passed eighteen

months in nominal attendance on lectures and picked up some superficial information about chemistry and natural history. Thence he went to Leyden, still pretending 5 to study physic. He left that celebrated university, the third university at which he had resided, in his twenty-seventh year. without a degree, with the merest smattering of medical knowledge, and with His flute, however, proved a useful friend. He rambled on foot through Flanders. France, and Switzerland, playing tunes which everywhere set the peasantry dancing, 15 and which often procured for him a supper and a bed. He wandered as far as Italy. His musical performances, indeed, were not to the taste of the Italians; but he contrived to live on the alms which he obtained at the observed that the stories which he told about this part of his life ought to be received with great caution: for strict veracity was never one of his virtues; and a man who to be more than ordinarily inaccurate when he talks about his own travels. Goldsmith. indeed, was so regardless of truth as to assert in print that he was present at a most and Fontenelle, and that this conversation took place at Paris. Now it is certain that Voltaire never was within a hundred leagues of Paris during the whole time which Gold-

In 1756 the wanderer landed at Dover, without a shilling, without a friend, and without a calling. He had, indeed, if his own unsupported evidence may be trusted, obdoctor's degree; but this dignity proved utterly useless to him. In England his flute was not in request; there were no convents; and he was forced to have He turned strolling player; but his face and figure were ill suited to the boards even of the humblest theatre. He pounded drugs and ran about London with phials for beggars, which made its nest in Axe Yard. He was for a time usher of a school, and felt the miseries and humiliations of this situation so keenly that he thought it a promotion to be permitted to earn his bread as a bookseller's hack: but he soon found the new voke more galling than the old one, and was glad to become an usher again. He obtained a medical appointment in the service of the East India Company; but the appointment was speedily revoked. Why it was revoked we are not told. The subject was one on which he never liked to talk. It 10 stored with materials, he used what mais probable that he was incompetent to perform the duties of the place. Then he presented himself at Surgeons' Hall for examination, as mate to a naval hospital. Even to so humble a post he was found un-15 was always pure and easy, and, on proper equal. By this time the schoolmaster whom he had served for a morsel of food and the third part of a bed was no more. Nothing remained but to return to the lowest drudgery of literature. Goldsmith took a garret in 20 sional tinge of amiable sadness. About a miserable court, to which he had to climb from the brink of Fleet Ditch by a dizzy ladder of flagstones called Breakneck Steps. The court and the ascent have long disappeared; but old Londoners well remember 25 among thieves and beggars, street-walkers both. Here, at thirty, the unlucky adventurer sat down to toil like a galley slave.

In the succeeding six years he sent to the press some things which have survived, and many which have perished. He produced 30 introduced to Johnson, who was then conarticles for reviews, magazines, and newspapers; children's books which, bound in gilt paper and adorned with hideous woodcuts, appeared in the window of the once far-famed shop at the corner of St. Paul's 35 greatly by his writings and by the eloquence Churchyard; 'An Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe,' which, though of little or no value, is still reprinted among his works; a 'Life of Beau Nash,' which is not reprinted, though it well deserves to be so; a 40 times been called the Literary Club, but superficial and incorrect, but very readable. 'History of England,' in a series of letters purporting to be addressed by a nobleman to his son; and some very lively and amusing 'Sketches of London Society,' in a series 45 miserable dwelling at the top of Breakneck of letters purporting to be addressed by a Chinese traveler to his friends. All these works were anonymous; but some of them were well known to be Goldsmith's; and he gradually rose in the estimation of the book-50 long in arrear that his landlady one mornsellers for whom he drudged. He was, indeed, emphatically a popular writer. For accurate research or grave disquisition he was

not well qualified by nature or by education. He knew nothing accurately: his reading had been desultory; nor had he meditated deeply on what he had read. He had seen 5 much of the world; but he had noticed and retained little more of what he had seen than some grotesque incidents and characters which happened to strike his fancy. But, though his mind was very scantily terials he had in such a way as to produce a wonderful effect. There have been many greater writers: but perhaps no writer was ever more uniformly agreeable. His style occasions, pointed and energetic. His narratives were always amusing, his descriptions always picturesque, his humour rich and joyous, yet not without an occaeverything that he wrote, serious or sportive, there was a certain natural grace and decorum, hardly to be expected from a man a great part of whose life had been passed and merry andrews, in those squalid dens which are the reproach of great capitals.

As his name gradually became known, the circle of his acquaintance widened. He was sidered as the first of living English writers; to Reynolds, the first of English painters; and to Burke, who had not yet entered Parliament, but had distinguished himself of his conversation. With these eminent men Goldsmith became intimate. In 1763 he was one of the nine original members of that celebrated fraternity which has somewhich has always disclaimed that epithet, and still glories in the simple name of The

By this time Goldsmith had quitted his Steps, and had taken chambers in the more civilized region of the Inns of Court. But he was still often reduced to pitiable shifts. Towards the close of 1764 his rent was so ing called in the help of a sheriff's officer. The debtor, in great perplexity, dispatched a messenger to Johnson; and Johnson, always friendly though often surly, sent back the messenger with a guinea, and promised to follow speedily. He came, and found that Goldsmith had changed the guinea, and was railing at the landlady over a bottle of Madeira. Johnson put the cork into the bottle, and entreated his friend to consider calmly how money was to be procured. Goldsmith said that he had a novel ready for the press. Johnson glanced at the 10 chapters have all the sweetness of pastoral manuscript, saw that there were good things in it, took it to a bookseller, sold it for 60 l., and soon returned with the money. The rent was paid, and the sheriff's officer withdrew. According to one story, Gold-15 that relatives are related, Olivia preparing smith gave his landlady a sharp reprimand for her treatment of him; according to another, he insisted on her joining him in a bowl of punch. Both stories are probably true. The novel which was thus ushered 20 Tomkyn's amours and Dr. Burdock's verses. into the world was 'The Vicar of Wakefield.'

But, before 'The Vicar of Wakefield' appeared in print, came the great crisis of Goldsmith's literary life. In Christmas week, 1764, he published a poem, entitled 25 of the tale is unworthy of the beginning. 'The Traveller.' It was the first work to which he had put his name; and it at once raised him to the rank of a legitimate English classic. The opinion of the most skilful critics was, that nothing finer had 30 appeared in verse since the fourth book of 'The Dunciad.' In one respect 'The Traveller' differs from all Goldsmith's other writings. In general his designs were bad, and his execution good. In 'The 35 refused to produce it at Drury Lane. It Traveller,' the execution, though deserving of much praise, is far inferior to the design. No philosophical poem, ancient or modern, has a plan so noble, and at the same time so simple. An English wanderer, seated on a 40 500 l., five times as much as he had made crag among the Alps, near the point where three great countries meet, looks down on the boundless prospect, reviews his long pilgrimage, recalls the varieties of scenery, of climate, of government, of religion, of 45 But some passages are exquisitely ludicrous; national character, which he has observed, and comes to the conclusion, just or unjust, that our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of our minds.

While the fourth edition of 'The Traveller' was on the counters of the booksellers, 'The Vicar of Wakefield' appeared, and rapidly

obtained a popularity which has lasted down to our own time, and which is likely to last as long as our language. The fable is indeed one of the worst that ever was constructed. 5 It wants, not merely that probability which ought to be found in a tale of common English life, but that consistency which ought to be found even in the wildest fiction about witches, giants, and fairies. But the earlier poetry, together with all the vivacity of comedy. Moses and his spectacles, the vicar and his monogamy, the sharper and his cosmogony, the squire proving from Aristotle herself for the arduous task of converting a rakish lover by studying the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday, the great ladies with their scandal about Sir and Mr. Burchell with his 'Fudge,' have caused as much harmless mirth as has ever been caused by matter packed into so small a number of pages. The latter part As we approach the catastrophe, the absurdities lie thicker and thicker; and the gleams of pleasantry become rarer and

The success which had attended Goldsmith as a novelist emboldened him to try his fortune as a dramatist. He wrote 'The Good-natured Man,' a piece which had a worse fate than it deserved. Garrick was acted at Covent Garden in 1768, but was coldly received. The author, however, cleared by his benefit nights, and by the sale of the copyright, not less than by 'The Traveller' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield' together. The plot of 'The Good natured Man' is, like almost all Goldsmith's plots, very ill constructed. much more ludicrous, indeed, than suited the taste of the town at that time. A canting, mawkish play, entitled 'False Delicacy,' had just had an immense run. 50 Sentimentality was all the mode. During some years, more tears were shed at comedies than at tragedies; and a pleasantry which

moved the audience to anything more than a

grave smile was reprobated as low. It is not strange, therefore, that the very best scene in 'The Good-natured Man,' that in which Miss Richland finds her lover attended by the bailiff and the bailiff's follower in full court-dresses, should have been mercilessly hissed, and should have been omitted after the first night.

In 1770 appeared 'The Deserted Village.' brated poem is fully equal, perhaps superior, to 'The Traveller': and it is generally preferred to 'The Traveller' by that large class of readers who think, with Bayes in 'The Rehearsal,' that the only use of a plan 15 thing which never was and never will be seen is to bring in fine things. More discerning judges, however, while they admire the beauty of the details, are shocked by one unpardonable fault which pervades the whole. The fault which we mean is not that 20 without great difficulty induced to bring this theory about wealth and luxury which has so often been censured by political economists. The theory is indeed false: but the poem, considered merely as a poem, is not necessarily the worse on that account. finest poem in the Latin language, indeed, the finest didactic poem in any language, was written in defense of the silliest and meanest of all systems of natural and moral philosophy. A poet may easily be pardoned for 30 boxes, and galleries were in a constant roar reasoning ill: but he cannot be pardoned for describing ill, for observing the world in which he lives so carelessly that his portraits bear no resemblance to the originals, for exhibiting as copies from real life monstrous 35 Two generations have since confirmed the combinations of things which never were and never could be found together. What would be thought of a painter who should mix August and January in one landscape. who should introduce a frozen river into a 40 ent kind, works from which he derived little harvest scene? Would it be a sufficient defense of such a picture to say that every part was exquisitely coloured, that the green hedges, the apple-trees loaded with fruit, the wagons reeling under the yellow sheaves, and 45 Greece,' for which he received 250 l., a the sunburned reapers wiping their foreheads, were very fine, and that the ice and the boys sliding were also very fine? To such a picture 'The Deserted Village' bears a great resemblance. It is made up 50 and translating into his own clear, pure, and of incongruous parts. The village in its happy days is a true English village. The village in its decay is an Irish village. The

felicity and the misery which Goldsmith has brought close together belong to two different countries, and to two different stages in the progress of society. He had 5 assuredly never seen in his native island such a rural paradise, such a seat of plenty, content, and tranquillity, as his 'Auburn.' He had assuredly never seen in England all the inhabitants of such a paradise turned In mere diction and versification, this cele-10 out of their homes in one day and forced to emigrate in a body to America. The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent; the ejectment he had probably seen in Munster; but, by joining the two, he has produced somein any part of the world.

In 1773 Goldsmith tried his chance at Covent Garden with a second play, 'She Stoops to Conquer.' The manager was not piece out. The sentimental comedy still reigned: and Goldsmith's comedies were not sentimental. 'The Good-natured Man' had been too funny to succeed; yet the mirth of The 25 'The Good-natured Man' was sober when compared with the rich drollery of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' which is, in truth, an incomparable farce in five acts. On this occasion, however, genius triumphed. Pit. of laughter. If any bigoted admirer of Kelly and Cumberland ventured to hiss or groan, he was speedily silenced by a general cry of 'turn him out' or 'throw him over.'

> While Goldsmith was writing 'The Deserted Village' and 'She Stoops to Conquer,' he was employed on works of a very differreputation but much profit. He compiled for the use of schools a 'History of Rome.' by which he made 300 l., a 'History of England,' by which he made 600 l., a 'History of 'Natural History,' for which the booksellers covenanted to pay him 800 guineas. These works he produced without any elaborate research, by merely selecting, abridging, flowing language what he found in books well known to the world, but too bulky or too dry for boys and girls. He committed some

verdict which was pronounced on that night.

strange blunders: for he knew nothing with accuracy. Thus, in his 'History of England' he tells us that Naseby is in Yorkshire: nor did he correct this mistake when the book was reprinted. He was very nearly hoaxed 5 different ways than Johnson, Burke, Beauinto putting into the 'History of Greece' an account of a battle between Alexander the Great and Montezuma. In his 'Animated Nature' he relates, with faith and with perfect gravity, all the most absurd lies which 10 It may seem strange that a man who wrote he could find in books of travels about gigantic Patagonians, monkeys that preach sermons, nightingales that repeat long conversations. 'If he can tell a horse from a cow,' says Johnson, 'that is the extent of his 15 overwhelming. So extraordinary was the knowledge of zoölogy.' How little Goldsmith was qualified to write about the physical sciences is sufficiently proved by two anecdotes. He on one occasion denied that the sun is longer in the northern than in 20 angel, and talked like poor Pol.' Chamier the southern signs. It was vain to cite the authority of Maupertuis. 'Maupertuis!' he cried, 'I understand those matters better than Maupertuis.' On another occasion he, in defiance of the evidence of his own senses, 25 compassion, that he liked very well to hear maintained obstinately, and even angrily, that he chewed his dinner by moving his upper jaw.

Yet, ignorant as Goldsmith was, few writers have done more to make the first 30 from which it is delightful to drink as they steps in the laborious road to knowledge easy and pleasant. His compilations are widely distinguished from the compilations of ordinary book-makers. He was a great, perhaps an unequalled, master of the arts of 35 becomes pellucid as crystal, and delicious to selection and condensation. In these respects his histories of Rome and of England, and still more his own abridgments of these histories, well deserve to be studied. In general nothing is less attractive than an 40 even to absurdity; but they required only a epitome: but the epitomes of Goldsmith. even when most concise, are always amusing; and to read them is considered by intelligent children, not as a task, but as a pleasure.

Goldsmith might now be considered as a prosperous man. He had the means of living in comfort, and even in what to one who had so often slept in barns and on bulks must have been luxury. His fame was great 50 tongue. His animal spirits and vanity were and was constantly rising. He lived in what was intellectually far the best society of the kingdom, in a society in which no talent or

accomplishment was wanting, and in which the art of conversation was cultivated with splendid success. There probably were never four talkers more admirable in four clerk, and Garrick; and Goldsmith was on terms of intimacy with all the four. He aspired to share in their colloquial renown; but never was amibition more unfortunate. with so much perspicuity, vivacity, and grace, should have been, whenever he took a part in conversation, an empty, noisy, blundering rattle. But on this point the evidence is contrast between Goldsmith's published works and the silly things which he said, that Horace Walpole described him as an inspired idiot. 'Noll,' said Garrick, 'wrote like an declared that it was a hard exercise of faith to believe that so foolish a chatterer could have really written 'The Traveller.' Even Boswell could say, with contemptuous honest Goldsmith run on. 'Yes, sir,' said Johnson, 'but he should not like to hear himself.' Minds differ as rivers differ. There are transparent and sparkling rivers flow: to such rivers the minds of such men as Burke and Johnson may be compared. But there are rivers of which the water when first drawn is turbid and noisome, but the taste, if it be suffered to stand till it has deposited a sediment; and such a river is a type of the mind of Goldsmith. His first thoughts on every subject were confused little time to work themselves clear. When he wrote they had that time; and therefore his readers pronounced him a man of genius: but when he talked he talked nonsense, and 45 made himself the laughingstock of his hearers. He was painfully sensible of his inferiority in conversation; he felt every failure keenly; yet he had not sufficient judgment and self-command to hold his always impelling him to try to do the one thing which he could not do. After every attempt he felt that he had exposed himself,

and writhed with shame and vexation; yet the next moment he began again.

His associates seem to have regarded him with kindness, which, in spite of their admiration of his writings, was not unmixed with contempt. (In truth, there was in his character much to love, but very little to respect. His heart was soft even to weakness: he was so generous that he quite forgot that he might be said to invite them; and was so liberal to beggars that he had nothing left for his tailor and his butcher. He was vain, sensual, frivolous, profuse, improvident. him, envy. But there is not the least reason to believe that this bad passion, though it sometimes made him wince and utter fretful exclamations, ever impelled him to injure by rivals. The truth probably is, that he was not more envious, but merely less prudent. than his neighbours. His heart was on his lips. All those small jealousies, which are but a man of letters who is also a man of the world does his best to conceal, Goldsmith avowed with the simplicity of a child. When he was envious, instead of affecting praise, instead of doing injuries slyly and in the dark, he told everybody that he was envious. 'Do not, pray, do not talk of Johnson in such terms,' he said to Boswell; Steevens and Cumberland were men far too cunning to say such a thing. They would have echoed the praises of the man whom they envied, and then have sent to the newswhat was good and what was bad in Goldsmith's character was to his associates a perfect security that he would never commit such villany. He was neither ill-natured guilty of any malicious act which required contrivance and disguise.

Goldsmith has sometimes been represented as a man of genius, cruelly treated by the ficulties which at last broke his heart. But no representation can be more remote from the truth. He did, indeed, go through

much sharp misery before he had done anything considerable in literature. But, after his name had appeared on the titlepage of 'The Traveller,' he had none but 5 himself to blame for his distresses. average income, during the last seven years of his life, certainly exceeded 400 l. a year; and 400 l. a year ranked, among the incomes of that day, at least as high as 800 l. a year to be just; he forgave injuries so readily 10 would rank at present. A single man living in the Temple with 400 l. a year might then be called opulent. Not one in ten of the young gentlemen of good families who were studying the law there had so much. But all One vice of a darker shade was imputed to 15 the wealth which Lord Clive had brought from Bengal, and Sir Lawrence Dundas from Germany, joined together, would not have sufficed for Goldsmith. He spent twice as much as he had. He wore fine clothes, gave wicked arts the reputation of any of his 20 dinners of several courses, paid court to venal beauties. He had also, it should be remembered, to the honour of his heart, though not of his head, a guinea, or five, or ten; according to the state of his purse, ready for any tale of too common among men of letters, but which 25 distress, true or false. But it was not in dress or feasting, in promiscuous amours or promiscuous charities, that his chief expense lay. He had been from boyhood a gambler. and at once the most sanguine and the most indifference, instead of damning with faint 30 unskilful of gamblers. For a time he put off the day of inevitable ruin by temporary expedients. He obtained advances from booksellers, by promising to execute works which he never began. But at length this 'you harrow up my very soul.' George 35 source of supply failed. He owed more than 2000 l., and he saw no hope of extrication from his embarrassments. His spirits and health gave way. He was attacked by a nervous fever, which he thought himself papers anonymous libels upon him. Both 40 competent to treat. It would have been happy for him if his medical skill had been appreciated as justly by himself as by others. Notwithstanding the degree which he pretended to have received at Padua, he could enough, nor long-headed enough, to be 45 procure no patients. 'I do not practice,' he once said; 'I make it a rule to prescribe only for my friends.' 'Pray, dear Doctor,' said Beauclerk, 'alter your rule; and prescribe only for your enemies.' Goldsmith now, in world, and doomed to struggle with dif-50 spite of this excellent advice, prescribed for himself. The remedy aggravated the malady. The sick man was induced to call in real physicians; and they at one time

imagined that they had cured the disease. Still his weakness and restlessness continued. He could get no sleep. He could take no food. 'You are worse,' said one of his medical attendants, 'than you should be 5 Burke and Garrick. from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?' 'No, it is not,' were the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith. He died on the third of April 1774, in his forty-sixth year. He was laid in the 10 much to be lamented that Johnson did not churchyard of the Temple; but the spot was not marked by any inscription, and is now forgotten. The coffin was followed by Burke and Reynolds. Both these great men were sincere mourners. Burke, 15 appreciated Goldsmith's writings more justly when he heard of Goldsmith's death, had burst into a flood of tears. Reynolds had been so much moved by the news that he had flung aside his brush and palette for the day.

A short time after Goldsmith's death, a little poem appeared, which will, as long as our language lasts, associate the names of his two illustrious friends with his own. It has already been mentioned that he sometimes felt 25 1773. The line seems to have been drawn keenly the sarcasm which his wild blundering talk brought upon him. He was, not long before his last illness, provoked into retaliating. He wisely betook himself to his pen: and at that weapon he proved himself a 30 Within a few years his life has been written match for all his assailants together. Within a small compass he drew with a singularly easy and vigorous pencil the characters of nine or ten of his intimate associates. Though this little work did not receive his 35 but the highest place must, in justice, be last touches, it must always be regarded as a masterpiece. It is impossible, however, not to wish that four or five likenesses which have

no interest for posterity were wanting to that noble gallery, and that their places were supplied by sketches of Johnson and Gibbon, as happy and vivid as the sketches of

Some of Goldsmith's friends and admirers honoured him with a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey. Nollekens was the sculptor: and Johnson wrote the inscription. It is leave to posterity a more durable and a more valuable memorial of his friend. A life of Goldsmith would have been an inestimable addition to the Lives of the Poets. No man than Johnson: no man was better acquainted with Goldsmith's character and habits; and no man was more competent to delineate with truth and spirit the peculiarities of a 20 mind in which great powers were found in company with great weaknesses. But the list of poets to whose works Johnson was requested by the booksellers to furnish prefaces ended with Lyttelton, who died in expressly for the purpose of excluding the person whose portrait would have most fitly closed the series. Goldsmith, however, has been fortunate in his biographers. by Mr. Prior, by Mr. Washington Irving, and by Mr. Forster. The diligence of Mr. Prior deserves great praise; the style of Mr. Washington Irving is always pleasing; assigned to the eminently interesting work of Mr. Forster.

1843

VICTORIAN AGE

POETRY

Alfred (Lord) Tennyson (1809–1892)	Her tears fell with the dews at even;
	Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
CLARIBEL	She could not look on the sweet heaven, 15
	Either at morn or eventide.
A MELODY	After the flitting of the bats, When thickest dark did trance the sky,
Where Claribel low-lieth	She drew her casement curtain by,
The breezes pause and die,	And glanced athwart the glooming flats. 20
Letting the rose-leaves fall:	She only said, 'The night is dreary,
But the solemn oak-tree sigheth,	He cometh not,' she said;
Thick-leaved, ambrosial, 5	She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
With an ancient melody	I would that I were dead!'
Of an inward agony,	I would blist I word down.
Where Claribel low-lieth.	Upon the middle of the night, 25
	Waking she heard the night-fowl crow:
At eve the beetle boometh	The cock sung out an hour ere light:
Athwart the thicket lone: 10	From the dark fen the oxen's low
At noon the wild bee hummeth	Came to her: without hope of change,
About the mossed headstone:	In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn, 30
At midnight the moon cometh,	Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
And looketh down alone.	About the lonely moated grange.
Her song the lintwhite swelleth, 15	She only said, 'The day is dreary,
The cellent threatle light,	He cometh not,' she said;
The callow throstle lispeth,	She said, 'I am aweary, aweary, 35 I would that I were dead!'
The slumbrous wave outwelleth, The babbling runnel crispeth,	I would that I were dead:
The hollow grot replieth 20	About a stone-cast from the wall
Where Claribel low-lieth.	A sluice with blackened waters slept,
1830	And o'er it many, round and small,
1	The clustered marish-mosses crept. 40
	Hard by a poplar shook alway,
MARIANA	All silver-green with gnarled bark:
MANIANA	For leagues no other tree did mark
With blackest moss the flower-plots	The level waste, the rounding gray.
Were thickly crusted, one and all:	She only said, 'My life is dreary, 45
The rusted nails fell from the knots	He cometh not,' she said;
That held the pear to the gable-wall.	She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
The broken sheds looked sad and strange: 5	I would that I were dead!'
Unlifted was the clinking latch;	And ever when the moon was low,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch	And the shrill winds were up and away, 50
Upon the lonely moated grange.	In the white curtain, to and fro,
She only said, 'My life is dreary,	She saw the gusty shadow sway.
He cometh not,' she said;	But when the moon was very low,
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,	And wild winds bound within their cell,
I would that I were dead!'	The shadow of the nonlar fall

Upon her bed, across her brow. She only said, 'The night is dreary, He cometh not,' she said; She said, 'I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead!' All day within the dreamy house,	60	The shallop flitteth silken-sailed Skimming down to Camelot: But who hath seen her wave her hand? Or at the casement seen her stand? Or is she known in all the land, The Lady of Shalott?	28
The doors upon their hinges creaked; The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse Behind the mouldering wains of shriek Or from the crevice peered about. Old faces glimmered through the doors Old footsteps trod the upper floors, Old voices called her from without.	ted, 65	Only reapers, reaping early In among the bearded barley, Hear a song that echoes cheerly From the river winding clearly, Down to towered Camelot: And by the moon the reaper weary, Piling chapters in unleader into	30
She only said, 'My life is dreary, He cometh not,' she said; She said, 'I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead!'	70	Piling sheaves in uplands airy, Listening, whispers 'T is the fairy Lady of Shalott.'	35
The sparrow's chirrup on the roof, The slow clock ticking, and the sound Which to the wooing wind aloof	75	There she weaves by night and day A magic web with colours gay.	
The poplar made, did all confound Her sense; but most she loathed the hou When the thick-moted sunbeam lay Athwart the chambers, and the day	-	A curse is on her if she stay To look down to Camelot. She knows not what the curse may be,	40
Was sloping toward his western bower. Then, said she, 'I am very dreary, He will not come,' she said; She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary, Oh God that I was dad!'	80	And so she weaveth steadily, And little other care hath she, The Lady of Shalott.	45
Oh God, that I were dead!' 183	0	And moving through a mirror clear That hangs before her all the year, Shadows of the world appear. There she sees the highway near	
PART I On either side the river lie Long fields of barley and of rye, That clothe the wold and meet the sky;		Winding down to Camelot: There the river eddy whirls, And there the surly village-churls, And the red cloaks of market girls, Pass onward from Shalott.	50
And through the field the road runs by To many-towered Camelot; And up and down the people go, Gazing where the lilies blow Round an island there below, The island of Shalott.	5	Sometimes a troop of damsels glad, An abbot on an ambling pad, Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad, Or long-haired page in crimson clad, Goes by to towered Camelot: And sometimes through the mirror blue	_55 60
Willows whiten, aspens quiver, Little breezes dusk and shiver Through the wave that runs for ever	10	The knights come riding two and two: She hath no loyal knight and true, The Lady of Shalott.	
By the island in the river Flowing down to Camelot. Four gray walls, and four gray towers, Overlook a space of flowers, And the silent isle imbowers The Lady of Shalott.	15	But in her web she still delights To weave the mirror's magic sights, For often through the silent nights A funeral, with plumes and lights And music, went to Camelot: Or when the moon was overhead,	65
By the margin, willow-veiled Slide the heavy barges trailed By slow horses; and unhailed	20	Came two young lovers lately wed; 'I am half sick of shadows,' said The Lady of Shalott.	70

PART III		Heavily the low sky raining	
A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,		Over towered Camelot;	
He rode between the barley-sheaves,		Down she came and found a boat	
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,	75	Beneath a willow left afloat,	12
And flamed upon the brazen greaves	,	And round about the prow she wrote The Lady of Shalott.	14
Of bold Sir Lancelot.		The Lady of Shatott.	
A red-cross knight for ever kneeled		And down the river's dim expanse	
To a lady in his shield,			
That sparkled on the yellow field,	80	Like some bold seër in a trance, Seeing all his own mischance —	
Beside remote Shalott.		With a glassy countenance	13
		Did she look to Camelot.	10
The gemmy bridle glittered free,		And at the closing of the day	
Like to some branch of stars we see		She loosed the chain, and down she lay;	
Hung in the golden Galaxy.		The broad stream bore her far away,	
The bridle bells rang merrily	85	The Lady of Shalott.	13
As he rode down to Camelot:		y	
And from his blazoned baldric slung		Lying, robed in snowy white	
A mighty silver bugle hung,		That loosely flew to left and right —	
And as he rode his armour rung, Beside remote Shalott.	90	The leaves upon her falling light —	
Deside Temote Malou.	90	Through the noises of the night	
All in the blue unclouded weather		She floated down to Camelot:	14
Thick-jewelled shone the saddle-leather,		And as the boat-head wound along	
The helmet and the helmet-feather		The willowy hills and fields among,	
Burned like one burning flame together,		They heard her singing her last song,	
As he rode down to Camelot.	95	The Lady of Shalott.	
As often through the purple night,		77 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7	
Below the starry clusters bright,		Heard a carol, mournful, holy,	14
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,		Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,	
Moves over still Shalott.		Till her blood was frozen slowly,	
His broad clear brots in aupliant alorged	100	And her eyes were darkened wholly,	
His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed; to on burnished hooves his war-horse trode;	100	Turned to towered Camelot.	1.5
From underneath his helmet flowed		For ere she reached upon the tide The first house by the water-side,	15
His coal-black curls as on he rode,		Singing in her song she died,	
As he rode down to Camelot.		The Lady of Shalott.	
77 17 7 7 10 10 17 1	105	In Imag of Minioto	
He flashed into the crystal mirror,		Under tower and balcony,	
'Tirra lirra,' by the river		By garden-wall and gallery,	15
Sang Sir Lancelot.		A gleaming shape she floated by,	
		Dead-pale between the houses high,	
She left the web, she left the loom,		Silent into Camelot.	
She made three paces through the room, 1	110	Out upon the wharfs they came,	
She saw the water-lily bloom,		Knight and burgher, lord and dame,	16
She saw the helmet and the plume, She looked down to Camelot.		And round the prow they read her name	e,
Out flew the web and floated wide;		The Lady of Shalott.	
f(3)	115	Who is this 2 and shot is 1 and 2	
'The curse is come upon me,' cried	110	Who is this? and what is here?	
The Lady of Shalott.		And in the lighted palace near	10
		Died the sound of royal cheer; And they crossed themselves for fear,	16
PART IV		All the knights at Camelot:	
1211/1 17		But Lancelot mused a little space;	
In the stormy east-wind straining,		He said, 'She has a lovely face;	
The pale yellow woods were waning,		God in his mercy lend her grace,	17
The broad stream in his banks complain	in-	The Lady of Shalott.'	J. 6
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THE PALACE OF ART

I BUILT my soul a lordly pleasure-house, Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.

I said, 'O Soul, make merry and carouse, Dear soul, for all is well.'

A huge crag-platform, smooth as burnished brass 5

I chose. The rangèd ramparts bright From level meadow-bases of deep grass Suddenly scaled the light.

Thereon I built it firm. Of ledge or shelf
The rock rose clear, or winding stair. 10
My soul would live alone unto herself
In her high palace there.

And 'While the world runs round and round,'
I said,

'Reign thou apart, a quiet king,
Still as, while Saturn whirls, his stedfast
shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring.'

To which my soul made answer readily:

'Trust me, in bliss I shall abide
In this great mansion, that is built for me,
So royal-rich and wide.'

Four courts I made, East, West and South and North,

In each a squarèd lawn, wherefrom The golden gorge of dragons spouted forth A flood of fountain-foam.

And round the cool green courts there ran a row 25

Of cloisters, branched like mighty woods, Echoing all night to that sonorous flow Of spouted fountain-floods.

And round the roofs a gilded gallery
That lent broad verge to distant lands, 30
Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky
Dipt down to sea and sands.

From those four jets four currents in one swell
Across the mountain streamed below
In misty folds, that floating as they fell 35
Lit up a torrent-bow.

And high on every peak a statue seemed
To hang on tiptoe, tossing up
A cloud of incense of all odour steamed
From out a golden cup.

So that she thought, 'And who shall gaze upon

My palace with unblinded eyes,

While this great bow will waver in the sun,
And that sweet incense rise?'

For that sweet incense rose and never failed, 45
And, while day sank or mounted higher,

The light aërial gallery, golden-railed, Burnt like a fringe of fire.

Likewise the deep-set windows, stained and traced,

Would seem slow-flaming crimson fires 50 From shadowed grots of arches interlaced, And tipt with frost-like spires.

Full of long-sounding corridors it was,
That over-vaulted grateful gloom,
Through which the livelong day my soul did
pass,
Well-pleased, from room to room.

Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,

All various, each a perfect whole
From living Nature, fit for every mood
And change of my still soul.

60

For some were hung with arras green and blue,

Showing a gaudy summer-morn,
Where with puffed cheek the belted hunter
blew
His wreathed bugle-horn.

One seemed all dark and red — a tract of sand,

And some one pacing there alone, Who paced for ever in a glimmering land, Lit with a low large moon.

One showed an iron coast and angry waves.
You seemed to hear them climb and fall 70
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing
caves,

Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a full-fed river winding slow
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low, 75
With shadow-streaks of rain.

And one, the reapers at their sultry toil.

In front they bound the sheaves. Behind
Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,
And hoary to the wind.

And one a foreground black with stones and slags,
Beyond, a line of heights, and higher

All barred with long white cloud the scornful

And highest, snow and fire.

And one, an English home - gray twilight poured

On dewy pastures, dewy trees,

Softer than sleep — all things in order stored, A haunt of ancient Peace.

Nor these alone, but every landscape fair, As fit for every mood of mind,

Or gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern, was there

Not less than truth designed.

Or the maid-mother by a crucifix, In tracts of pasture sunny-warm, Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx 95 Sat smiling, babe in arm.

Or in a clear-walled city on the sea, Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair Wound with white roses, slept St. Cecily; An angel looked at her. 100

Or thronging all one porch of Paradise A group of Houris bowed to see The dying Islamite, with hands and eyes That said, We wait for thee.

Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son 105 In some fair space of sloping greens Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon, And watched by weeping queens.

Or hollowing one hand against his ear, To list a foot-fall, ere he saw The wood-nymph, stayed the Ausonian king to hear Of wisdom and of law.

Or over hills with peaky tops engrailed, And many a tract of palm and rice, The throne of Indian Cama slowly sailed 115 A summer fanned with spice.

Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasped, From off her shoulder backward borne: From one hand drooped a crocus: one hand grasped The mild bull's golden horn. 120

Or else flushed Ganymede, his rosy thigh Half-buried in the Eagle's down, Sole as a flying star shot through the sky Above the pillared town.

Nor these alone: but every legend fair 125 Which the supreme Caucasian mind

Carved out of Nature for itself, was there, Not less than life, designed.

Then in the towers I placed great bells that swung, Moved of

themselves. with silver 130 sound:

And with choice paintings of wise men I hung

The royal dais round.

For there was Milton like a seraph strong, Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild; And there the world-worn Dante grasped his

And somewhat grimly smiled.

And there the Ionian father of the rest; A million wrinkles carved his skin;

A hundred winters snowed upon his breast, From cheek and throat and chin.

Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately-set Many an arch high up did lift, And angels rising and descending met

With interchange of gift. Below was all mosaic choicely planned

145 With cycles of the human tale Of this wide world, the times of every land So wrought, they will not fail.

The people here, a beast of burden slow, Toiled onward, pricked with goads and stings;

Here played, a tiger, rolling to and fro The heads and crowns of kings;

Here rose, an athlete, strong to break or bind All force in bonds that might endure,

And here once more like some sick man declined.

And trusted any cure.

But over these she trod: and those great bells Began to chime. She took her throne:

She sat betwixt the shining Oriels, To sing her songs alone. 160

And through the topmost Oriels' coloured flame

Two godlike faces gazed below; Plato the wise, and large-browed Verulam. The first of those who know.

And all those names, that in their motion

Full-welling fountain-heads of change, Betwixt the slender shafts were blazoned fair In diverse raiment strange:

Through which the lights, rose, amber, emerald, blue,

Flushed in her temples and her eyes, 170 And from her lips, as morn from Memnon, drew

Rivers of melodies.

No nightingale delighteth to prolong Her low preamble all alone.

More than my soul to hear her echoed song

Throb through the ribbed stone;

Singing and murmuring in her feastful mirth,

Joying to feel herself alive,

Lord over Nature, Lord of the visible earth, Lord of the senses five; 180

Communing with herself: 'All these are mine,

And let the world have peace or wars,
'T is one to me.' She — when young night
divine

Crowned dying day with stars,

Making sweet close of his delicious toils — 185

Lit light in wreaths and anadems,
And pure quintessences of precious oils
In hollowed moons of gems,

To mimic heaven; and clapt her hands and cried,

'I marvel if my still delight 190 In this great house so royal-rich, and wide, Be flattered to the height.

'O all things fair to sate my various eyes! O shapes and hues that please me well! O silent faces of the Great and Wise, 195

My Gods, with whom I dwell!

'O God-like isolation which art mine,
I can but count thee perfect gain,
What time I watch the darkening droves of

swine
That range on yonder plain.

'In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin, They graze and wallow, breed and sleep; And oft some brainless devil enters in, And drives them to the deep.'

Then of the moral instinct would she prate 205

And of the rising from the dead,
As hers by right of full-accomplished Fate;
And at the last she said:

'I take possession of man's mind and deed.
I care not what the sects may brawl. 210

I sit as God holding no form of creed, But contemplating all.'

Full oft the riddle of the painful earth
Flashed through her as she sat alone,
Yet not the less held she her solemn
mirth,
And intellectual throne.

And so she throve and prospered: so three years

She prospered: on the fourth she fell, Like Herod, when the shout was in his ears, Struck through with pangs of hell. 220

Lest she should fail and perish utterly, God, before whom ever lie bare

The abysmal deeps of Personality, Plagued her with sore despair.

When she would think, where'er she turned her sight 225

The airy hand confusion wrought.

Wrote, 'Mene, mene,' and divided quite
The kingdom of her thought.

Deep dread and loathing of her solitude Fell on her, from which mood was born 230 Scorn of herself; again, from out that mood Laughter at her self-scorn.

'What! is not this my place of strength,' she said,

'My spacious mansion built for me, Whereof the strong foundation-stones were laid 235 Since my first memory?'

But in dark corners of her palace stood Uncertain shapes; and unawares On white-eyed phantasms weeping tears of

blood,

And horrible nightmares, 240

And hollow shades, enclosing hearts of flame, And, with dim fretted foreheads all, On corpses three-months-old at noon she came.

That stood against the wall.

A spot of dull stagnation, without light 245 Or power of movement, seemed my soul, 'Mid onward-sloping motions infinite Making for one sure goal.

A still salt pool, locked in with bars of sand, Left on the shore; that hears all night 250 The plunging seas draw backward from the

Their moon-led waters white.

A star that with the choral starry dance
Joined not, but stood, and standing saw
The hollow orb of moving Circumstance 255
Rolled round by one fixed law.

Back on herself her serpent pride had curled.
'No voice,' she shrieked in that lone hall,
'No voice breaks through the stillness of this world:

One deep, deep silence all!'

She, mouldering with the dull earth's mouldering sod.

Inwrapt tenfold in slothful shame, Lay there exiled from eternal God, Lost to her place and name;

And death and life she hated equally, 265 And nothing saw, for her despair, But dreadful time, dreadful eternity, No comfort anywhere;

Remaining utterly confused with fears,
And ever worse with growing time,
And ever unrelieved by dismal tears,
And all alone in crime:

Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round With blackness as a solid wall, Far off she seemed to bear the dully sound 275

Far off she seemed to hear the dully sound 275 Of human footsteps fall.

As in strange lands a traveller walking slow,

In doubt and great perplexity,
A little before moon-rise hears the low
Moan of an unknown sea;

And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound Of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry Of great wild beasts; then thinketh, 'I have found

A new land, but I die.'

She howled aloud, 'I am on fire within. 285
There comes no murmur of reply.
What is it that will take away my sin,
And save me lest I die?'

So when four years were wholly finished,
She threw her royal robes away.

'Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,
'Where I may mourn and pray.

'Yet pull not down my palace towers, that

So lightly, beautifully built:

Perchance I may return with others there 295 When I have purged my guilt.' 1832-3 A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade, 'The Legend of Good Women,' long ago Sung by the morning star of song, who made

His music heard below;

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath 5
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill The spacious times of great Elizabeth With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of his art Held me above the subject, as strong gales 10

Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho' my heart,

Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land

I saw, wherever light illumineth,

Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand 15 The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient song
Peopled the hollow dark, like burning
stars,

And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,

And trumpets blown for wars: 20

And clattering flints battered with clanging hoofs;

And I saw crowds in columned sanctuaries; And forms that passed at windows and on roofs

Of marble palaces;

280

Corpses across the threshold; heroes tall 25
Dislodging pinnacle and parapet
Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall;
Lances in ambush set;

And high shrine-doors burst through with heated blasts

That run before the fluttering tongues of fire; 30

White surf wind-scattered over sails and masts,

And ever climbing higher;

Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates,

Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers woes, Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates, 35

And hushed seraglios.

So shape chased shape as swift as, when to land

Bluster the winds and tides the self-same way,

Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand, Torn from the fringe of spray.

I started once, or seemed to start in pain, Resolved on noble things, and strove to speak.

As when a great thought strikes along the brain.

And flushes all the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to hew down 45 A cavalier from off his saddle-bow.

That bore a lady from a leaguered town; And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing thought

Streamed onward, lost their edges, and did creep

Rolled on each other, rounded, smoothed, and brought

Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wandered far In an old wood: fresh-washed in coolest

The maiden splendours of the morning star 55 Shook in the stedfast blue.

Enormous elm-tree-boles did stoop and lean Upon the dusky brushwood underneath

Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest green,

New from its silken sheath.

The dim red morn had died, her journey

And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,

Half-fall'n across the threshold of the sun, Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb dead air, 65 Not any song of bird or sound of rill;

Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turned

Their humid arms festooning tree to tree.

And at the root through lush green grasses burned

The red anemone.

• I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I

The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn

On those long, rank, dark wood-walks drenched in dew. Leading from lawn to lawn.

The smell of violets, hidden in the green. Poured back into my empty soul and frame The times when I remember to have been Joyful and free from blame.

And from within me a clear under-tone Thrilled through mine ears in that unblissful clime.

'Pass freely through: the wood is all thine

Until the end of time.'

At length I saw a lady within call. Stiller than chiselled marble, standing there:

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise Froze my swift speech: she turning on my face

The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes. Spoke slowly in her place.

'I had great beauty: ask thou not my name:

No one can be more wise than destiny. Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came

I brought calamity.'

'No marvel, sovereign lady: in fair field Myself for such a face had boldly died,

I answered free; and turning I appealed To one that stood beside. 100

But she, with sick and scornful looks averse, To her full height her stately stature draws:

'My youth,' she said, 'was blasted with a curse:

This woman was the cause.

'I was cut off from hope in that sad place, 105 Which men called Aulis in those iron years: My father held his hand upon his face; I, blinded with my tears,

'Still strove to speak: my voice was thick with sighs

As in a dream. Dimly I could descry 110 The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eves.

Waiting to see me die.

'The high masts flickered as they lay afloat; The crowds, the temples, wavered, and the shore:

The bright death quivered at the victim's throat; 115

Touched; and I knew no more.'

Whereto the other with a downward brow:
'I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,

Whirled by the wind, had rolled me deep below,

Then when I left my home.'

Her slow full words sank through the silence drear,

As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping sea:
Sudden I heard a voice that cried, 'Come
here.

That I may look on thee.'

I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise, 125 One sitting on a crimson scarf unrolled;

A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,

Brow-bound with burning gold.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began:
'I governed men by change, and so I
swayed
130

All moods. 'T is long since I have seen a man. Once, like the moon, I made

'The ever-shifting currents of the blood According to my humour ebb and flow.

I have no men to govern in this wood: 135 That makes my only woe.

'Nay — yet it chafes me that I could not bend

One will; nor tame and tutor with mine eye

That dull cold-blooded Cæsar. Prythee, friend,

Where is Mark Antony? 140

'The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublime

On Fortune's neck: we sat as God by God: The Nilus would have risen before his time And flooded at our nod.

'We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep, and lit 145

Lamps which out-burned Canopus. O my life

In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit, The flattery and the strife,

'And the wild kiss, when fresh from war's alarms,

My Hercules, my Roman Antony, 150 My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms, Contented there to die! 'And there he died: and when I heard my name

Sighed forth with life I would not brook my fear

Of the other: with a worm I balked his fame. 155

What else was left? look here!'

(With that she tore her robe apart, and half

The polished argent of her breast to sight

Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh, Showing the aspick's bite.) 160

'I died a Queen. The Roman soldier found Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,

A name for ever! — lying robed and crowned, Worthy a Roman spouse.

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range 165 Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance

From tone to tone, and glided through all change

Of liveliest utterance.

When she made pause I knew not for delight; Because with sudden motion from the ground 170

She raised her piercing orbs, and filled with light

The interval of sound.

Still with their fires Love tipt his keenest darts;

As once they drew into two burning rings
All beams of Love, melting the mighty
hearts
Of captains and of kings.

175

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard A noise of some one coming through the lawn,

And singing clearer than the crested bird That claps his wings at dawn. 180

'The torrent brooks of hallowed Israel
From eraggy hollows pouring, late and
soon,

Sound all night long, in falling through the dell,

Far-heard beneath the moon.

'The balmy moon of blessèd Israel 185 Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine:

All night the splintered crags that wall the

With spires of silver shine.'

As one that museth where broad sunshine

The lawn by some cathedral, through the

Hearing the holy organ rolling waves Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charmed and tied

To where he stands, — so stood I, when that flow

Of music left the lips of her that died To save her father's vow:

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,

A maiden pure; as when she went along From Mizpeh's towered gate with welcome

With timbrel and with song. 200

My words leapt forth: 'Heaven heads the count of crimes

With that wild oath.' She rendered answer high:

'Not so, nor once alone; a thousand times I would be born and die.

'Single I grew, like some green plant, whose

Creeps to the garden water-pipes beneath, Feeding the flower; but ere my flower to

Changed, I was ripe for death.

'My God, my land, my father — these did

Me from my bliss of life, that Nature

Lowered softly with a threefold cord of love Down to a silent grave.

'And I went mourning, "No fair Hebrew boy Shall smile away my maiden blame among The Hebrew mothers" - emptied of all

215

Leaving the dance and song,

joy.

'Leaving the olive-gardens far below,

Leaving the promise of my bridal bower, The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow Beneath the battled tower.

'The light white cloud swam over us. Anon We heard the lion roaring from his den; We saw the large white stars rise one by one, Or, from the darkened glen,

'Saw God divide the night with flying And thunder on the everlasting hills.

I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became A solemn scorn of ills.

'When the next moon was rolled into the sky, Strength came to me that equalled my desire.

How beautiful a thing it was to die For God and for my sire!

'It comforts me in this one thought to

That I subdued me to my father's will:

Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell, 235 Sweetens the spirit still.

'Moreover it is written that my race Hewed Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer On Arnon unto Minneth.' Here her face Glowed, as I looked at her.

She locked her lips: she left me where I

'Glory to God,' she sang, and past afar, Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood, Toward the morning-star.

Losing her carol I stood pensively, As one that from a casement leans his

When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly, And the old year is dead.

'Alas! alas!' a low voice, full of care, Murmured beside me: 'Turn and look on

I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair, If what I was I be.

'Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor!

O me, that I should ever see the light! Those dragon eyes of angered Eleanor 255 Do hunt me, day and night.'

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and

To whom the Egyptian: 'Oh, you tamely

You should have clung to Fulvia's waist, and thrust

The dagger through her side.'

With that sharp sound the white dawn's creeping beams,

Stol'n to my brain, dissolved the mystery Of folded sleep. The captain of my dreams Ruled in the eastern sky.

Morn broadened on the borders of the dark,

Ere I saw her, who clasped in her last trance

Her murdered father's head, or Joan of Arc.

A light of ancient France;

Or her who knew that Love can vanquish Death.

Who kneeling, with one arm about her king, 270

Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath, Sweet as new buds in Spring.

No memory labours longer from the deep Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden ore

That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep 275

To gather and tell o'er

Each little sound and sight. With what dull pain

Compassed, how eagerly I sought to strike Into that wondrous track of dreams again! But no two dreams are like. 280

As when a soul laments, which hath been blest.

Desiring what is mingled with past years, In yearnings that can never be exprest By sighs or groans or tears;

Because all words, though culled with choicest art, 285
Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,

Wither beneath the palate, and the heart Faints, faded by its heat.

1832-3

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren
crags,

Matched with an agèd wife, I mete and dole Unequal laws unto a savage race,

That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with
those

That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when

Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10 Vext the dim sea: I am become a name; For always roaming with a hungry heart Much have I seen and known: cities of men, And manners, climates, councils, governments,

Myself not least, but honoured of them all;

And drunk delight of battle with my peers, Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy. I am a part of all that I have met; Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades

For ever and for ever when I move.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,

To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life

Were all too little, and of one to me 25
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard
myself.

And this gray spirit yearning in desire 30 To follow knowledge like a sinking star, Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil 35
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
In offices of tenderness, and pay

Meet adoration to my household gods, When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:

There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,

Souls that have toiled and wrought and

Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are
old;

Old age hath yet his honour and his toil; 50 Death closes all: but something ere the end, Some work of noble note, may yet be done, Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods. The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks: The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs:

the deep

55

Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,

"T is not too late to seek a newer world. Push off, and sitting well in order smite The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds To sail be youd the sunset, and the baths 60 Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and
though

We are not now that strength which in old

Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,

Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. 70 1842

LOCKSLEY HALL

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 't is early morn: Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle-horn.	*
'T is the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call, Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;	
Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts, And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.	5
Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest, Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.	
Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade, Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.	10
Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;	
When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed; When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:	
When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see; Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be. —	15
In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast; In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;	
In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove; In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.	20
Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young, And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.	
And I said, 'My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me, Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee.'	
On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light, As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.	25
And she turned — her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs — All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes —	
Saying, 'I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong'; Saying, 'Dost thou love me, cousin?' weeping, 'I have loved thee long.'	30
Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands; Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.	
Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might; Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.	
Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring, And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fullness of the Spring.	35
Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships, And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.	
O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more! O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!	40
Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung, Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!	

Is it well to wish thee happy? — having known me — to decline On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!	
Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day, What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise with clay.	45
As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown, And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.	
He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force, Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.	50
What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed with wine. Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand in thine.	
It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought: Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.	
He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand — Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew thee with my hand!	55
Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace, Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.	
Cursèd be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth! Cursèd be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!	6 0
Cursèd be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule! Cursèd be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool!	
Well — 't is well that I should bluster! — Hadst thou less unworthy proved — Would to God — for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.	
Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit? I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart be at the root.	65
Never, though my mortal summers to such length of years should come As the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home.	
Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind? Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?	70
I remember one that perished: sweetly did she speak and move: Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.	
Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore? No — she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore.	
Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is truth the poet sings, That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.	75
Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof, In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.	
Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall, Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.	80
Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep, To thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.	
Thou shalt hear the 'Never, never,' whispered by the phantom years, And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;	
And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain. Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.	85
Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry. 'T is a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.	
Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings thee rest. Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.	90

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due. Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.	
O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part, With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.	
'They were dangerous guides the feelings — she herself was not exempt — Truly, she herself had suffered' — Perish in thy self-contempt!	95
Overlive it — lower yet — be happy! wherefore should I care? I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.	
What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these? Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.	100
Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the markets overflow. I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?	
I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground, When the ranks are rolled in vapour, and the winds are laid with sound.	
But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels, And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.	105
Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page. Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age!	
Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife, When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;	110
Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield, Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,	
And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn, Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;	
And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then, Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men:	115
Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new: That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:	
For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see, Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;	120
For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see, Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be; Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails, Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales; Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;	
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;	
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;	125
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.	18
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe, And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.	130
So I triumphed ere my passion sweeping through me left me dry, Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;	
Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint: Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point:	*0*
Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher, Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.	135
Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs. And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.	

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys, Though the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's?	140
Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore, And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.	
Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast, Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.	
Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn, They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn:	145
Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a mouldered string? I am shamed through all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.	
Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain—Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain:	150
Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, matched with mine, Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine —	
Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;	
Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starred; — I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.	155
Or to burst all links of habit — there to wander far away, On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.	
Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies, Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.	160
Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag, Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag;	
Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree — Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.	
There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind, In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.	165
There the passions cramped no longer shall have scope and breathing space: I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.	
Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall run, Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;	170
Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks, Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books—	
Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I know my words are wild, But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.	
I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains, Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!	175
Mated with a squalid savage — what to me were sun or clime? I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time —	
I that rather held it better men should perish one by one, Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!	180
Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range, Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.	
Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day: Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.	
Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun: Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun.	185

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set. Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet. Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall! Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall. 190 Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over heath and holt, Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt. Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow: For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go. 1842 SIR GALAHAD With folded feet, in stoles of white, On sleeping wings they sail. My good blade carves the casques of men, Ah, blessèd vision! blood of God! 45 My tough lance thrusteth sure. My spirit beats her mortal bars. My strength is as the strength of ten, As down dark tides the glory slides, Because my heart is pure And star-like mingles with the stars. The shattering trumpet shrilleth high, The hard brands shiver on the steel, When on my goodly charger borne The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly, Through dreaming towns I go. 50 The horse and rider reel: The cock crows ere the Christmas morn, They reel, they roll in clanging lists, The streets are dumb with snow. And when the tide of combat stands, 10 The tempest crackles on the leads, Perfume and flowers fall in showers, And, ringing, springs from brand and That lightly rain from ladies' hands. But o'er the dark a glory spreads, 55 How sweet are looks that ladies bend And gilds the driving hail. On whom their favours fall! I leave the plain, I climb the height; For them I battle till the end. 15 No branchy thicket shelter yields; To save from shame and thrall: But blessèd forms in whistling storms But all my heart is drawn above, Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields. 60 My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine: I never felt the kiss of love, A maiden knight — to me is given Such hope, I know not fear: Nor maiden's hand in mine. 20 I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven More bounteous aspects on me beam, That often meet me here. Me mightier transports move and thrill; I muse on joy that will not cease, 65 So keep I fair through faith and prayer A virgin heart in work and will. Pure spaces clothed in living beams. Pure lilies of eternal peace, Whose odours haunt my dreams; When down the stormy crescent goes, 25 A light before me swims, And, stricken by an angel's hand, Between dark stems the forest glows, This mortal armour that I wear, 70 I hear a noise of hymns: This weight and size, this heart and eyes, Then by some secret shrine I ride; Are touched, are turned to finest air. I hear a voice but none are there: 30 The clouds are broken in the sky, The stalls are void, the doors are wide, And through the mountain-walls The tapers burning fair. 75 A rolling organ-harmony Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth, Swells up, and shakes and falls. The silver vessels sparkle clean, Then move the trees, the copses nod, The shrill bell rings, the censer swings, Wings flutter, voices hover clear: And solemn chaunts resound between. 'O just and faithful knight of God! 80 Ride on! the prize is near. Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres

40

I find a magic bark;

I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light!

I leap on board: no helmsman steers:

Three angels bear the holy Grail:

So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;

All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,

Until I find the holy Grail.

By bridge and ford, by park and pale,

1842

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead 15
Will never come back to me.

1842

SONGS FROM THE PRINCESS

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,
dying.

1850

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

'Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair

Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes, In looking on the happy Autumn-fields, And thinking of the days that are no more. 5

'Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail, That brings our friends up from the underworld,

Sad as the last which reddens over one That sinks with all we love below the verge; So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more. 10

'Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns

The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering
square;

So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

'Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no
more.'
20
1850

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD

Home they brought her warrior dead: She nor swooned, nor uttered cry: All her maidens, watching, said, 'She must weep or she will die.'

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

5

10

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

IN MEMORIAM A. H. H.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade; 5
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:

Thou madest man, he knows not why, 10

He thinks he was not made to die;

And thou hast made him; thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how; 15
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more, 25

But more of reverence in us dwell;

That mind and soul, according well,

May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear: 30
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me;
What seemed my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,

Thy creature, whom I found so fair.

I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries, Confusions of a wasted youth; Forgive them where they fail in truth, And in thy wisdom make me wise.

I

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drowned, Let darkness keep her raven gloss: Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss, 55 To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of Love, and boast,
'Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn.'

V

I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold: 70
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

IX

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore
Sailest the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur's loved remains, 75
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain; a favourable speed
Ruffle thy mirrored mast, and lead
Through prosperous floods his holy urn. 80

All night no ruder air perplex

Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, through early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above; 85
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see

Till all my widowed race be run;

Dear as the mother to the son,

More than my brothers are to me.

XXII

The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Through four sweet years arose and
fell,
95
From flower to flower, from snow to snow:

And we with singing cheered the way,
And, crowned with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May: 100

But where the path we walked began To slant the fifth autumnal slope, As we descended following Hope There sat the Shadow feared of man;

Who broke our fair companionship, 105
And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
And dulled the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, though I walk in haste, 110
And think, that somewhere in the waste
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

XXVII

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'T is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

XLVIII

If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,
Were taken to be such as closed 130
Grave doubts and answers here proposed,
Then these wars such as men might geometric.

Then these were such as men might scorn:

Her care is not to part and prove;
She takes, when harsher moods remit,
What slender shade of doubt may
flit,
135
And makes it vassal unto love:

And hence, indeed, she sports with words, But better serves a wholesome law, And holds it sin and shame to draw The deepest measure from the chords: 140 Nor dare she trust a larger lay,

But rather loosens from the lip
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away.

LIV

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed, 150
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last — far off — at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

160

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

LV

The wish, that of the living whole

No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams? 170
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere

Her secret meaning in her deeds,

And finding that of fifty seeds

She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God, 180

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope, And gather dust and chaff, and call To what I feel is Lord of all, And faintly trust the larger hope.

XCVI

You say, but with no touch of scorn, 185 Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes

Are tender over drowning flies, You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touched a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true:

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest
doubt,
195
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength, He would not make his judgment blind, He faced the spectres of the mind

And laid them: thus he came at length 200

To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the
light.

And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinaï's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Although the trumpet blew so loud.

CVI

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,

The flying cloud, the frosty light:

The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;

Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes, But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,

The civic slander and the spite;

Ring in the love of truth and right,

Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,

The larger heart, the kindlier hand;

Ring out the darkness of the land,

Ring in the Christ that is to be.

240

CXXX

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess; 245
But though I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Though mixed with God and Nature
thou,

I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee though I die.

CXXXI

O living will that shalt endure

When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow through our deeds and make them
pure,

260

That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquered years
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control, 268
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

1850

Bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty
nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,

And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long, long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishman is low.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last, Remembering all his greatness in the Past. 20 No more in soldier fashion will he greet With lifted hand the gazer in the street. O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute: Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood, The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute.

Whole in himself, a common good.

Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men
drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,

drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds
that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.

40

The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

All is over and done:
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be tolled.
Render thanks to the Giver,

And render him to the mould. Under the cross of gold 50 That shines over city and river, There he shall rest for ever Among the wise and the bold. Let the bell be tolled: And a reverent people behold The towering car, the sable steeds: 55 Bright let it be with its blazoned deeds, Dark in its funeral fold. Let the bell be tolled: And a deeper knell in the heart be knolled; And the sound of the sorrowing anthem rolled Through the dome of the golden cross; And the volleying cannon thunder his loss; He knew their voices of old. For many a time in many a clime His captain's-ear has heard them boom 65 Bellowing victory, bellowing doom: When he with those deep voices wrought, Guarding realms and kings from shame; With those deep voices our dead captain taught The tyrant, and asserts his claim 70 In that dread sound to the great name, Which he has worn so pure of blame, In praise and in dispraise the same, A man of well-tempered frame. O civic muse, to such a name, 75 To such a name for ages long, To such a name. Preserve a broad approach of fame,

And ever-echoing avenues of song.

Who is he that cometh, like an honoured guest, 80

With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,

With a nation wasning and breeking on ray.

With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?

Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.

Thine island loves thee well, thou famous

man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he

90

95

Was great by land as thou by sea; His foes were thine; he kept us free; O give him welcome, this is he Worthy of our gorgeous rites, And worthy to be laid by thee;

For this is England's greatest son, He that gained a hundred fights, Nor ever lost an English gun; This is he that far away

Against the myriads of Assaye

musch

Clashed with his fiery few and won; 100 And underneath another sun. Warring on a later day, Round affrighted Lisbon drew The treble works, the vast designs Of his laboured rampart-lines. 105 Where he greatly stood at bay, Whence he issued forth anew, And ever great and greater grew. Beating from the wasted vines Back to France her banded swarms, 110 Back to France with countless blows. Till o'er the hills her eagles flew Beyond the Pyrenean pines, Followed up in valley and glen With blare of bugle, clamour of men, 115 Roll of cannon and clash of arms. And England pouring on her foes. Such a war had such a close. Again their ravening eagle rose In anger, wheeled on Europe-shadowing wings, And barking for the thrones of kings; Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down; A day of onsets of despair! Dashed on every rocky square Their surging charges foamed themselves Last, the Prussian trumpet blew: Through the long-tormented air

Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray, And down we swept and charged and overthrew. 130

So great a soldier taught us there, What long-enduring hearts could do In that world-earthquake, Waterloo! Mighty Seaman, tender and true, And pure as he from taint of craven guile, 135 O saviour of the silver-coasted isle, O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile, If aught of things that here befall Touch a spirit among things divine, If love of country move thee there at all, 140 Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine! And through the centuries let a people's voice

In full acclaim, A people's voice, The proof and echo of all human fame, 145 A people's voice, when they rejoice At civic revel and pomp and game, Attest their great commander's claim With honour, honour, honour to him, Eternal honour to his name.

A people's voice! we are a people yet. Though all men else their nobler dreams forget,

Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers:

Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly

His Briton in blown seas and storming showers. We have a voice, with which to pay the debt

Of boundless love and reverence and regret To those great men who fought, and kept it

And keep it ours, O God, from brute con-

O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the

Of Europe, keep our noble England whole, And save the one true seed of freedom sown Betwixt a people and their ancient throne, That sober freedom out of which there

springs Our loyal passion for our temperate

kings: For, saving that, ye help to save mankind Till public wrong be crumbled into dust, And drill the raw world for the march of

mind.

Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.

But wink no more in slothful overtrust. 170 Remember him who led your hosts; He bade you guard the sacred coasts.

Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall: His voice is silent in your council-hall

For ever; and whatever tempests lour For ever silent; even if they broke In thunder, silent; yet remember all

He spoke among you, and the Man who

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour, Nor paltered with Eternal God for power; 180 Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow Through either babbling world of high and low:

Whose life was work, whose language rife With rugged maxims hewn from life; Who never spoke against a foe; Whose eighty winters freeze with one re-

All great self-seekers trampling on the right: Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named:

190

Truth-lover was our English Duke; Whatever record leap to light He never shall be shamed.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars Now to glorious burial slowly borne, Followed by the brave of other lands, He, on whom from both her open hands 195 Lavish Honour showered all her stars,

And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.	As befits a solemn fane:
Yea, let all good things await	We revere, and while we hear
Him who cares not to be great,	The tides of Music's golden sea
But as he saves or serves the state. 200	Setting toward eternity,
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,	Uplifted high in heart and hope
The path of duty was the way to glory:	Until we doubt not that for one
He that walks it, only thirsting	There must be other nobler work
For the right, and learns to deaden	Than when he fought at Water
Love of self, before his journey closes, 205	And Victor he must ever be.
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting	For though the Giant Ages heav
	And break the shore, and everm
Into glossy purples, which outredden	
All voluptuous garden-roses.	Make and break, and work their
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,	Though world on world in myriae
The path of duty was the way to glory: 210	Round us, each with different p
He, that ever following her commands,	And other forms of life than our
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,	What know we greater than the
Through the long gorge to the far light has $\sqrt{}$	On God and Godlike men we bu
won	Hush, the Dead March wails in
His path upward, and prevailed,	ears:
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty	The dark crowd moves, and the
scaled 215	and tears:
Are close upon the shining table-lands	The black earth yawns: the r
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.	nears.
Such was he: his work is done.	Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
But while the races of mankind endure,	He is gone who seemed so great
Let his great example stand 220	Gone; but nothing can bereave
Colossal, seen of every land,	
1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	Of the force he made his own
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman	Being here, and we believe him
pure:	Something far advanced in Stat
Till in all lands and through all human story	And that he wears a truer crown
The path of duty be the way to glory:	Than any wreath that man can
And let the land whose hearths he saved	Speak no more of his renown,
from shame 225	Lay your earthly fancies down,
For many and many an age proclaim	And in the vast cathedral leave
At civic revel and pomp and game,	God accept him, Christ receive h
And when the long-illumined cities flame,	
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,	
With honour, honour, honour to	
him, 230	THE CHARGE OF T
Eternal honour to his name.	
Peace, his triumph will be sung	LIGHT BRIGADE
By some yet unmoulded tongue	Half a league, half a leag
Far on in summers that we shall not see:	Half a loague, nan a leag
Peace, it is a day of pain 235	Half a league onward, All in the valley of Death
For one about whose patriarchal knee	Pada the gir hundred
Late the little children clung:	Rode the six hundred.
O peace, it is a day of pain	'Forward, the Light Brig
For one, upon whose hand and heart and	Charge for the guns!' he
	Into the valley of Death
Once the weight and fate of Europe have a cap	Rode the six hundred.
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung. 240	(T) 1 (1 T : 1 / D :
Ours the pain, be his the gain!	'Forward, the Light Briga
More than is of man's degree	Was there a man dismay
Must be with us, watching here	Not though the soldier k
At this, our great solemnity.	Some one had blundere
Whom we see not we revere; 245	Theirs not to make reply
We revere, and we refrain	Theirs not to reason why
From talk of battles loud and vain,	Theirs but to do and die:
And brawling memories all too free	Into the valley of Death
For such a wise humility	Rode the six hundred.

250 e hear olden sea and hope are we, at for one so true 255 bler work to do at Waterloo, er be. Ages heave the hill nd evermore 260 work their will; in myriad myriads roll ifferent powers, than ours, r than the soul? 265 en we build our trust. wails in the people's es, and there are sobs is: the mortal disapdust; 270 so great. bereave him is own eve him ed in State, 275 ier crown man can weave him. renown, ies down, ral leave hi receive him. 0 1852

E OF THE RIGADE

nalf a league, onward, of Death hundred. ight Brigade! uns!' he said: of Death hundred.

ight Brigade!' n dismayed? 10 soldier knew blundered: ake reply, ason why, and die: 15 of Death

5

Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, Cannon in front of them Volleyed and thundered;	20	Then let come what come may To a life that has been so sad, I shall have had my day.	
Stormed at with shot and shell, Boldly they rode and well, Into the jaws of Death, Into the mouth of Hell Rode the six hundred.	25	XVII Go not, happy day, From the shining fields, Go not, happy day, Till the miden yields.	15
Flashed all their sabres bare, Flashed as they turned in air Sabring the gunners there, Charging an army, while	30	Rosy is the West, Rosy is the South, Roses are her cheeks, And a rose her mouth When the happy Yes	20
All the world wondered: Plunged in the battery-smoke Right through the line they broke; Cossack and Russian Replaced from the school struke	0.≈	Falters from her lips, Pass and blush the news Over glowing ships; Over blowing seas,	25
Reeled from the sabre-stroke Shattered and sundered. Then they rode back, but not — Not the six hundred.	35	Over seas at rest, Pass the happy news, Blush it through the West; Till the red man dance	30
Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, Cannon behind them Volleyed and thundered;	40	By his red cedar-tree, And the red man's babe, Leap, beyond the sea. Blush from West to East,	35
Stormed at with shot and shell, While horse and hero fell, They that had fought so well Came through the jaws of Death, Back from the mouth of Hell, All that was left of them,	45	Blush from East to West, Till the West is East, Blush it through the West. Rosy is the West, Rosy is the South, Roses are her cheeks,	40
Left of six hundred. When can their glory fade?	50	And a rose her mouth.	
O the wild charge they made! All the world wondered. Honour the charge they made! Honour the Light Brigade, Noble six hundred!	55 3 5 4	Come into the garden, Maud, For the black bat, night, has flown, Come into the garden, Maud, I am here at the gate alone; And the woodbine spices are wafted about the musk of the rose is blown.	45 oad,
MAUD; A MONODRAMA XI O LET the solid ground Not foil honorth my foot		For a breeze of morning moves, And the planet of Love is on high, Beginning to faint in the light that she lo On a bed of daffodil sky, To faint in the light of the sun she loves, To faint in his light, and to die.	50 oves
Not fail beneath my feet Before my life has found What some have found so sweet; Then let come what come may, What matter if I go mad, I shall have had my day.	5	All night have the roses heard The flute, violin, bassoon; All night has the casement jessamine stir To the dancers dancing in tune; Till a silence fell with the waking bird, And a hush with the setting moon.	55 rred 60
Let the sweet heavens endure, Not close and darken above me Before I am quite quite sure That there is one to love me;	10	I said to the lily, 'There is but one With whom she has heart to be gay. When will the dancers leave her alone?	

She is weary of dance and play.' Now half to the setting moon are gone, And half to the rising day; Low on the sand and loud on the stone The last wheel echoes away.	Were it earth in an earthy bed; My dust would hear her and beat, Had I lain for a century dead; Would start and tremble under her feet, And blossom in purple and red.
I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes In babble and revel and wine. 70 O young lord-lover, what sighs are those, For one that will never be thine? But mine, but mine,' so I sware to the rose, 'For ever and ever, mine.' And the soul of the rose went into my blood. 75	SONG OF THE BROOK I come from haunts of coot and hern, I make a sudden sally, And sparkle out among the fern, To bicker down a valley.
As the music clashed in the hall; And long by the garden lake I stood, For I heard your rivulet fall From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood, Our wood, that is dearer than all; 80	By thirty hills I hurry down, Or slip between the ridges, By twenty thorps, a little town, And half a hundred bridges. Till last by Philip's farm I flow To join the brimming river,
From the meadow your walks have left so sweet That whenever a March-wind sighs He sets the jewel-print of your feet In violets blue as your eyes, To the woody hollows in which we meet 85 And the valleys of Paradise.	For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever. I chatter over stony ways, In little sharps and trebles, I bubble into eddying bays, I babble on the pebbles.
The slender acacia would not shake One long milk-bloom on the tree; The white lake-blossom fell into the lake As the pimpernel dozed on the lea; 90 But the rose was awake all night for your sake, Knowing your promise to me; The lilies and roses were all awake,	With many a curve my banks I fret By many a field and fallow, And many a fairy foreland set With willow-weed and mallow. I chatter, chatter, as I flow To join the brimming river, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever.
They sighed for the dawn and thee. Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls, 95 Come hither, the dances are done, In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls, Queen lily and rose in one; Shine out, little head, sunning over with	I wind about, and in and out, With here a blossom sailing, And here and there a lusty trout, And here and there a grayling, And here and there a foamy flake Upon me, as I travel
curls, To the flowers, and be their sun. 100 There has fallen a splendid tear	With many a silvery waterbreak Above the golden gravel,
From the passion-flower at the gate. She is coming, my dove, my dear; She is coming, my life, my fate; The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near'; And the white rose weeps, 'She is late'; The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear';	And draw them all along, and flow To join the brimming river, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever. 1855 GUINEVERE
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.' She is coming, my own, my sweet; Were it ever so airy a tread, My heart would hear her and beat,	QUEEN GUINEVERE had fled the court, and sat There in the holy house at Almesbury Weeping, none with her save a little maid,

A novice: one low light betwixt them burned Blurred by the creeping mist, for all abroad, 5 Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full, The white mist, like a face-cloth to the face,

Clung to the dead earth, and the land was

still.

For hither had she fled, her cause of flight Sir Modred; he that like a subtle beast 10 Lay couchant with his eyes upon the throne, Ready to spring, waiting a chance: for this He chilled the popular praises of the King With silent smiles of slow disparagement; And tampered with the Lords of the White Horse.

Heathen, the brood by Hengist left; and

sought

To make disruption in the Table Round Of Arthur, and to splinter it into feuds Serving his traitorous end; and all his aims Were sharpened by strong hate for Lancelot.

For thus it chanced one morn when all the

court

Green-suited, but with plumes that mocked the may,

Had been, their wont, a-maying and returned.

That Modred still in green, all ear and eye, Climbed to the high top of the garden-wall 25 To spy some secret scandal if he might, And saw the Queen who sat betwixt her best Enid, and lissome Vivien, of her court The wilest and the worst; and more than

e willest and the worst; and more than

uns

He saw not, for Sir Lancelot passing by 30 Spied where he couched, and as the gardener's hand

Picks from the colewort a green caterpillar, So from the high wall and the flowering grove Of grasses Lancelot plucked him by the heel, And cast him as a worm upon the way; 35 But when he knew the Prince though marred with dust,

He, reverencing king's blood in a bad man, Made such excuses as he might, and these Full knightly without scorn; for in those

days

No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn:

But, if a man were halt or hunched, in him By those whom God had made full-limbed and tall,

Scorn was allowed as part of his defect, And he was answered softly by the King And all his Table. So Sir Lancelot holp 45 To raise the Prince, who rising twice or thrice

Full sharply smote his knees, and smiled, and

went

But, ever after, the small violence done Rankled in him and ruffled all his heart, As the sharp wind that ruffles all day long 50 A little bitter pool about a stone On the bare coast.

But when Sir Lancelot told This matter to the Queen, at first she laughed Lightly, to think of Modred's dusty fall, Then shuddered, as the village wife who

hen shuddered, as the village wife who cries

55
Shudder some one steps across my graye?

'I shudder, some one steps across my grave'; Then laughed again, but faintlier, for indeed She half-foresaw that he, the subtle beast, Would track her guilt until he found, and

Would be for evermore a name of scorn. 60 Henceforward rarely could she front in hall, Or elsewhere, Modred's narrow foxy face, Heart-hiding smile, and gray persistent eye: Henceforward too, the Powers that tend the

soul, To help it from the death that cannot die, 65 And save it even in extremes, began

To vex and plague her. Many a time for hours,

Beside the placid breathings of the King,
In the dead night, grim faces came and went
Before her, or a vague spiritual fear — 70
Like to some doubtful noise of creaking
doors.

Heard by the watcher in a haunted house, That keeps the rust of murder on the walls—Held her awake: or if she slept, she dreamed An awful dream; for then she seemed to

On some vast plain before a setting sun, And from the sun there swiftly made at her A ghastly something, and its shadow flew Before it, till it touched her, and she turned— When lo! her own, that broadening from her

And blackening, swallowed all the land, and in it

Far cities burnt, and with a cry she woke. And all this trouble did not pass but grew; Till ev'n the clear face of the guileless King, And trustful courtesies of household life, 85 Became her bane; and at the last she said, 'O Lancelot, get thee hence to thine own

For if thou tarry we shall meet again,
And if we meet again, some evil chance
Will make the smouldering scandal break and
blaze

Before the people, and our lord the King.'
And Lancelot ever promised, but remained,
And still they met and met. Again she said,
'O Lancelot, if thou love me get thee hence.'
And then they were agreed upon a night 95

(When the good King should not be there) to

And part for ever. Vivien, lurking, heard. She told Sir Modred. Passion-pale they met And greeted. Hands in hands, and eye to eve.

Low on the border of her couch they sat 100 Stammering and staring. It was their last

hour,

A madness of farewells. And Modred brought

His creatures to the basement of the tower For testimony; and crying with full voice 'Traitor, come out, ye are trapt at last,' aroused

Lancelot, who rushing outward lionlike Leapt on him, and hurled him headlong, and he fell

Stunned, and his creatures took and bare him off,

And all was still: then she, 'The end is come, And I am shamed for ever'; and he said, 110 'Mine be the shame; mine was the sin: but rise,

And fly to my strong eastle overseas: There will I hide thee, till my life shall end,

There hold thee with my life against the world.'

She answered 'Lancelot wilt thou hold me

She answered, 'Lancelot, wilt thou hold me so?

Nay, friend, for we have taken our farewells. Would God that thou couldst hide me from myself!

Mine is the shame, for I was wife, and thou Unwedded: yet rise now, and let us fly, For I will draw me into sanctuary,

And bide my doom.' So Lancelot got her horse,

Set her thereon, and mounted on his own, And then they rode to the divided way,

There kissed, and parted weeping: for he past,
Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen, 125

Back to his land; but she to Almesbury
Fled all night long by glimmering waste and
weald.

And heard the Spirits of the waste and weald Moan as she fled, or thought she heard them moan:

And in herself she moaned, 'Too late, too late!'

Till in the cold wind that foreruns the morn, A blot in heaven, the Raven, flying high, Croaked, and she thought, 'He spies a field of death;

For now the Heathen of the Northern Sea, Lured by the crimes and frailties of the court,

Begin to slay the folk, and spoil the land.

And when she came to Almesbury she

There to the nuns, and said, 'Mine enemies Pursue me, but, O peaceful Sisterhood, Receive, and yield me sanctuary, nor ask 140 Her name to whom ye yield it, till her time To tell you': and her beauty, grace and power,

Wrought as a charm upon them, and they spared

To ask it.

So the stately Queen abode
For many a week, unknown, among the
nuns; 145
Nor with them mixed, nor told her name, nor

sought,

Wrapt in her grief, for housel or for shrift, But communed only with the little maid, Who pleased her with a babbling heedlessness Which often lured her from herself; but now,

This night, a rumour wildly blown about Came, that Sir Modred had usurped the realm,

And leagued him with the heathen, while the King

Was waging war on Lancelot: then she thought,

'With what a hate the people and the King 155

Must hate me,' and bowed down upon her hands

Silent, until the little maid, who brooked No silence, brake it, uttering, 'Late! so late! What hour, I wonder, now?' and when she drew

No answer, by and by began to hum 160 An air the nuns had taught her, 'Late, so late!'

Which when she heard, the Queen looked up, and said,

'O maiden, if indeed ye list to sing,
Sing, and unbind my heart that I may weep.'
Whereat full willingly sang the little
maid.

'Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!

Late, late, so late! but we can enter still. Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

'No light had we: for that we do repent; And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

'No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!

O let us in, that we may find the light! Too late, too late: ye cannot enter now. 'Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet? 175 O let us in, though late, to kiss his feet!

No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.'

So sang the novice, while full passionately, Her head upon her hands, remembering Her thought when first she came, wept the sad Queen.

Then said the little novice prattling to her, 'O pray you, noble lady, weep no more; But let my words, the words of one so small, Who knowing nothing knows but to obey, And if I do not there is penance given — 185 Comfort your sorrows; for they do not flow From evil done; right sure am I of that, Who see your tender grace and stateliness. But weigh your sorrows with our lord the

And weighing find them less; for gone is

To wage grim war against Sir Lancelot there, Round that strong castle where he holds the Queen:

And Modred whom he left in charge of all, The traitor — Ah sweet lady, the King's grief For his own self, and his own Queen, and

realm, 195
Must needs be thrice as great as any of ours.
For me, I thank the saints, I am not great.
For if there ever come a grief to me

I cry my cry in silence, and have done. None knows it, and my tears have brought

me good:

But even were the griefs of little ones
As great as those of great ones, yet this

grief
Is added to the griefs the great must bear,
That howsoever much they may desire

Silence, they cannot weep behind a cloud:

As even here they talk at Almesbury

As even here they talk at Almesbury About the good King and his wicked Queen, And were I such a King with such a Queen, Well might I wish to veil her wickedness, But were I such a King, it could not be.' 210

Then to her own sad heart muttered the Queen,

'Will the child kill me with her innocent talk?'

But openly she answered, 'Must not I,
If this false traitor have displaced his lord,
Grieve with the common grief of all the
'realm?'

215

'Yea,' said the maid, 'this is all woman's grief,

That she is woman, whose disloyal life Hath wrought confusion in the Table Round Which good King Arthur founded, years ago, With signs and miracles and wonders, there 220 At Camelot, ere the coming of the Queen.'

Then thought the Queen within herself

'Will the child kill me with her foolish prate?'

But openly she spake and said to her, 'O little maid, shut in by nunnery walls, 225 What canst thou know of Kings and Tables

Or what of signs and wonders, but the signs And simple miracles of thy nunnery?'

To whom the little novice garrulously, 'Yea, but I know: the land was full of signs 230

And wonders ere the coming of the Queen.

So said my father, and himself was knight Of the great Table — at the founding of it; And rode thereto from Lyonesse, and he said That as he rode, an hour or maybe twain 235 After the sunset, down the coast, he heard Strange music, and he paused, and turning —

there,

All down the lonely coast of Lyonesse, Each with a beacon-star upon his head, And with a wild sea-light about his feet, 240 He saw them — headland after headland flame

Far on into the rich heart of the west: And in the light the white mermaiden swam, And strong man-breasted things stood from

And strong man-breasted things stood from the sea, And sent a deep sea-voice through all the land, 245

To which the little elves of chasm and cleft Made answer, sounding like a distant horn. So said my father — yea, and furthermore, Next morning, while he passed the dim-lit woods.

Himself beheld three spirits mad with joy 250 Come dashing down on a tall wayside flower, That shook beneath them, as the thistle shakes

When three gray linnets wrangle for the seed:
And still at evenings on before his horse
The flickering fairy-circle wheeled and
broke 255

Flying, and linked again, and wheeled and broke

Flying, for all the land was full of life. And when at last he came to Camelot, A wreath of airy dancers hand-in-hand Swung round the lighted lantern of the

hall; 260 And in the hall itself was such a feast As never man had dreamed; for every knight

As never man had dreamed; for every knight Had whatsoever meat he longed for served By hands unseen; and even as he said Down in the cellars merry bloated things 265 Shouldered the spigot, straddling on the butts

While the wine ran: so glad were spirits and

men

Before the coming of the sinful Queen.'

Then spake the Queen and somewhat bitterly,

'Were they so glad? ill prophets were they all. 270

Spirits and men: could none of them foresee, Not even thy wise father with his signs And wonders, what has fall'n upon the

realm?'

To whom the novice garrulously again, 'Yea, one, a bard; of whom my father said, 275

Full many a noble war-song had he sung, Ev'n in the presence of an enemy's fleet, Between the steep cliff and the coming wave; And many a mystic lay of life and death

Had chanted on the smoky mountaintops, 280

When round him bent the spirits of the hills With all their dewy hair blown back like flame:

So said my father—and that night the bard

Sang Arthur's glorious wars, and sang the King

As wellnigh more than man, and railed at those 285

Who called him the false son of Gorloïs:

For there was no man knew from whence he came;

But after tempest, when the long wave broke All down the thundering shores of Bude and Bos.

There came a day as still as heaven, and then

They found a naked child upon the sands

Of dark Tintagil by the Cornish sea; And that was Arthur; and they fostered him Till he by miracle was approven King:

And that his grave should be a mystery 295 From all men, like his birth; and could he find

A woman in her womanhood as great As he was in his manhood, then, he sang, The twain together well might change the world.

But even in the middle of his song 300 He faltered, and his hand fell from the harp, And pale he turned, and reeled, and would have fall'n,

But that they stayed him up; nor would he

His vision; but what doubt that he foresaw

This evil work of Lancelot and the Queen?' 305

Then thought the Queen, 'Lo! they have set her on,

Our simple-seeming Abbess and her nuns, To play upon me, and bowed her head nor spake.

Whereat the novice crying, with clasped

hands,

Shame on her own garrulity garrulously, 310 Said the good nuns would check her gadding tongue

Full often, 'and, sweet lady, if I seem
To vex an ear too sad to listen to me,
Unmannerly, with prattling and the tales
Which my good father told me, check me

Nor let me shame my father's memory, one Of noblest manners, though himself would say Sir Lancelot had the noblest; and he died, Killed in a tilt, come next, five summers

back,

And left me; but of others who remain, 320
And of the two first-famed for courtesy—
And pray you check me if I ask amiss—
But pray you, which had noblest, while you
moved

Among them, Lancelot or our lord the King?'
Then the pale Queen looked up and answered her,

325

'Sir Lancelot, as became a noble knight, Was gracious to all ladies, and the same In open battle or the tilting-field Forbore his own advantage, and the King In open battle or the tilting-field 330 Forbore his own advantage, and these two Were the most nobly-mannered men of all; For manners are not idle, but the fruit Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.'

'Yea,' said the maid, 'be manners such fair fruit?

Then Lancelot's needs must be a thousand-fold

Less noble, being, as all rumour runs, The most disloyal friend in all the world.'

To which a mournful answer made the Queen:

'O closed about by narrowing nunnerywalls, 340

What knowest thou of the world, and all its lights

And shadows, all the wealth and all the woe? If ever Lancelot, that most noble knight, Were for one hour less noble than himself, Pray for him that he scape the doom of

fire,

And weep for her who drew him to his doom.'

'Yea,' said the little novice, 'I pray for

both;

But I should all as soon believe that his. Sir Lancelot's, were as noble as the King's. As I could think, sweet lady, yours would

Such as they are, were you the sinful Queen. So she, like many another babbler, hurt Whom she would soothe, and harmed where

she would heal;

For here a sudden flush of wrathful heat Fired all the pale face of the Queen, who cried.

'Such as thou art be never maiden more For ever! thou their tool, set on to plague And play upon, and harry me, petty spy And traitress.' When that storm of anger brake

From Guinevere, aghast the maiden rose, 360 White as her veil, and stood before the Queen As tremulously as foam upon the beach Stands in a wind, ready to break and fly, And when the Queen had added 'Get thee

hence,'

Fled frighted. Then that other left alone 365 Sighed, and began to gather heart again, Saying in herself, 'The simple, fearful child Meant nothing, but my own too-fearful guilt, Simpler than any child, betrays itself. But help me, heaven, for surely I repent. 370

what is true repentance but in thought -

Not ev'n in inmost thought to think again The sins that made the past so pleasant to us: And I have sworn never to see him more, To see him more.

And ev'n in saying this, Her memory from old habit of the mind Went slipping back upon the golden days In which she saw him first, when Lancelot came.

Reputed the best knight and goodliest man, Ambassador, to lead her to his lord Arthur, and led her forth, and far ahead Of his and her retinue moving, they, Rapt in sweet talk or lively, all on love And sport and tilts and pleasure, (for the time

Was maytime, and as yet no sin was dreamed,) 385

Rode under groves that looked a paradise Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth That seemed the heavens upbreaking

through the earth. And on from hill to hill, and every day Beheld at noon in some delicious dale 390 The silk pavilions of King Arthur raised For brief repast or afternoon repose By couriers gone before; and on again, Till yet once more ere set of sun they saw The Dragon of the great Pendragonship, 395

That crowned the state pavilion of the King. Blaze by the rushing brook or silent well.

But when the Queen immersed in such a trance.

And moving through the past unconsciously. Came to that point where first she saw the

Ride toward her from the city, sighed to find Her journey done, glanced at him, thought him cold,

High, self-contained, and passionless, not like him,

'Not like my Lancelot' — while she brooded thus

grew half-guilty in her thoughts And

There rode an armed warrior to the doors. A murmuring whisper through the nunnery

Then on a sudden a cry, 'The King.' She

Stiff-stricken, listening: but when armed feet Through the long gallery from the outer doors

Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell, And grovelled with her face against the floor: There with her milkwhite arms and shadowy

She made her face a darkness from the King: And in the darkness heard his armèd feet 415 Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice, Monotonous and hollow like a Ghost's

Denouncing judgment, but though changed, the King's:

'Liest thou here so low, the child of one honoured, happy, dead before thy shame?

Well is it that no child is born of thee. The children born of thee are sword and fire, Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,

The craft of kindred and the Godless hosts Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea:

Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my right arm.

The mightiest of my knights, abode with me, Have everywhere about this land of Christ In twelve great battles ruining overthrown. And knowest thou now from whence I come — from him.

From waging bitter war with him: and he, That did not shun to smite me in worse way, Had yet that grace of courtesy in him left, He spared to lift his hand against the King Who made him knight: but many a knight was slain;

And many more, and all his kith and kin Clave to him, and abode in his own land. And many more when Modred raised revolt, Forgetful of their troth and fealty, clave
To Modred, and a remnant stays with
me.
440

And of this remnant will I leave a part,
True men who love me still, for whom I live,
To guard thee in the wild hour coming on,
Lest but a hair of this low head be harmed.
Fear not: thou shalt be guarded till my
death.

445

Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies Have erred not, that I march to meet my

Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me, That I the King should greatly care to live; For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my

Bear with me for the last time while I show, Ev'n for thy sake, the sin which thou hast sinned.

For when the Roman left us, and their law Relaxed its hold upon us, and the ways Were filled with rapine, here and there—a

Of prowess done redressed a random wrong. But I was first of all the kings who drew The Knighthood-errant of this realm and all The realms together under me, their Head, In that fair Order of my Table Round, 460 A glorious company, the flower of men, To serve as model for the mighty world, And be the fair beginning of a time.

I made them lay their hands in mine and

To reverence the King, as if he were 465 Their conscience, and their conscience as their King.

To break the heathen and uphold the Christ, To ride abroad redressing human wrongs, To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it, To honour his own word as if his God's, 470 To lead sweet lives in purest chastity, To love one maiden only, cleave to her, And worship her by years of noble deeds, Until they won her; for indeed I knew Of no more subtle master under heaven 475 Than is the maiden passion for a maid, Not only to keep down the base in man, But teach high thought, and amiable words And courtliness, and the desire of fame, And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

And all this throve before I wedded thee, Believing, "lo mine helpmate, one to feel My purpose and rejoicing in my joy." Then came thy shameful sin with Lancelot; Then came the sin of Tristram and Isolt; 485

Then others, following these my mightiest knights,

And drawing foul ensample from fair names,

Sinned also, till the loathsome opposite
Of all my heart had destined did obtain,
And all through thee! so that this life of
mine

490
I guard as God's high gift from scathe and

guard as God's high gift from seath wrong.

Not greatly care to lose; but rather think How sad it were for Arthur, should he live, To sit once more within his lonely hall,

And miss the wonted number of my knights, 495
And miss to hear high talk of noble deeds

As in the golden days before thy sin.

For which of us, who might be left, could speak

Of the pure heart, nor seem to glance at thee?
And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk 500
Thy shadow still would glide from room to room.

And I should evermore be vext with thee
In hanging robe or vacant ornament,
Or ghostly footfall echoing on the stair.
For think not, though thou wouldst not love
thy lord.

Thy lord has wholly lost his love for thee. I am not made of so slight elements. Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame. I hold that man the worst of public foes Who either for his own or children's sake, 510 To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house:

For being through his cowardice allowed Her station, taken everywhere for pure, She like a new disease, unknown to men, 515 Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,

Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps

The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.

Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns! 520

Better the King's weste hearth and asking

Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart

Than thou reseated in thy place of light, The mockery of my people, and their bane.' He paused, and in the pause she crept an

inch Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet. 525

Far off a solitary trumpet blew. Then waiting by the doors the warhorse

neighed

As at a friend's voice, and he spake again:
'Yet think not that I come to urge thy
crimes,

I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere, 530 I, whose vast pity almost makes me die

To see thee, laying there thy golden head, My pride in happier summers, at my feet. The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,

The doom of treason and the flaming death 535

(When first I learnt thee hidden here), is past.

The pang — which while I weighed thy heart with one

Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee, Made my tears burn—is also past—in part.

And all is past, the sin is sinned and I, 540 Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God

Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest. But how to take last leave of all I loved? O golden hair, with which I used to play Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form, 545

And beauty such as never woman wore, Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee — I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,

I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine, But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.

I cannot take thy hand; that too is flesh, 550 And in the flesh thou hast sinned; and mine own flesh,

Here looking down on thine polluted, cries "I loathe thee": yet not less, O Guinevere, For I was ever virgin save for thee,

My love through flesh hath wrought into my

So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.

Let no man dream but that I love thee still.

Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,

And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,

Hereafter in that world where all are pure 560

We two may meet before high God, and

thou

Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know

I am thine husband — not a smaller soul, Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that, I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence. 565

Through the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:

They summon me their King to lead mine hosts

Far down to that great battle in the west, Where I must strike against the man they

My sister's son—no kin of mine, who leagues 570

With Lords of the White Horse, heathen, and knights,

Traitors — and strike him dead, and meet myself

Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.

And thou remaining here wilt learn the event:

And while she grovelled at his feet, She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,

And in the darkness o'er her fallen head, Perceived the waving of his hands that

Then, listening till those armèd steps were gone.

Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish found

The casement: 'peradventure,' so she thought,

'If I might see his face, and not be seen.'
And lo, he sat on horseback at the door! 585
And near him the sad nuns with each a light
Stood, and he gave them charge about the
Oueen.

To guard and foster her for evermore.

And while he spake to these his helm was lowered,

To which for crest the golden dragon clung 590

Of Britain; so she did not see the face, Which then was as an angel's, but she saw, Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights, The Dragon of the great Pendragonship

Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire.

595
And even then he turned; and more and

And even then he turned; and more and more

The moony vapour rolling round the King,

Who seemed the phantom of a Giant in it, Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray

And grayer, till himself became as mist 600 Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

Then she stretched out her arms and cried aloud

'O Arthur!' there her voice brake suddenly, Then — as a stream that spouting from a cliff

Fails in mid-air, but gathering at the base 605 Re-makes itself, and flashes down the vale — Went on in passionate utterance:

'Gone — my lord!
Gone through my sin to slay and to be slain!
And he forgave me, and I could not speak.
Farewell? I should have answered his fare-

His mercy choked me. Gone, my lord the King,

My own true lord! how dare I call him mine? The shadow of another cleaves to me, And makes me one pollution: he, the King, Called me poluted: shall I kill myself? 615 What help in that? I cannot kill my sin, If soul be soul; nor can I kill my shame; No, nor by living can I live it down. The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to

months,

The months will add themselves and make the years, 620

The years will roll into the centuries, And mine will ever be a name of scorn. I must not dwell on that defeat of fame. Let the world be; that is but of the world. What else? what hope? I think there was a

hope, 625 Except he mocked me when he spake of hope; His hope he called it; but he never mocks,

For mockery is the fume of little hearts. And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven My wickedness to him, and left me hope 630 That in mine own heart I can live down sin And be his mate hereafter in the heavens Before high God. Ah, great and gentle lord, Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint

Among his warring senses, to thy knights — 635

To whom my false voluptuous pride, that

Full easily all impressions from below, Would not look up, or half-despised the height

To which I would not or I could not climb—
I thought I could not breathe in that fine
air

640

That pure severity of perfect light —
I yearned for warmth and colour which I

In Lancelot — now I see thee what thou art, Thou art the highest and most human too, Not Lancelot nor another. Is there none 645 Will tell the King I love him though so late? Now — ere he goes to the great Battle? none; Myself must tell him in that purer life,

But now it were too daring. Ah my God,
What might I not have made of thy fair
world,
650

Had I but loved thy highest creature here? It was my duty to have loved the highest:

It surely was my profit had I known: It would have been my pleasure had I seen. We needs must love the highest when we see

Not Lancelot, nor another.'

Here her hand Grasped, made her vail her eyes: she looked and saw

The novice, weeping, suppliant, and said to her.

'Yea, little maid, for am I not forgiven?'
Then glancing up beheld the holy nuns 660

All round her, weeping; and her heart was

Within her, and she wept with these and said, 'Ye know me then, that wicked one, who broke

The vast design and purpose of the King.
O shut me round with narrowing nunnerywalls,
665

Meek maidens, from the voices crying "shame."

I must not scorn myself: he loves me still. Let no one dream but that he loves me still. So let me, if you do not shudder at me,

Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with you;

670
Week block and white and be a pun like you.

Wear black and white, and be a nun like you, Fast with your fasts, not feasting with your feasts;

Grieve with your griefs, not grieving at your joys.

But not rejoicing; mingle with your rites; Pray and be prayed for; lie before your shrines; 675

Do each low office of your holy house; Walk your dim cloister, and distribute dole To poor sick people, richer in His eyes Who ransomed us, and haler too than I;

And treat their loathsome hurts and heal mine own; 680

And so wear out in almsdeed and in prayer The sombre close of that voluptuous day, Which wrought the ruin of my lord the King.'

She said: they took her to themselves: and

She said: they took her to themselves; and she

Still hoping, fearing, 'is it yet too late?' 685 Dwelt with them, till in time their Abbess died.

Then she, for her good deeds and her pure life,

And for the power of ministration in her, And likewise for the high rank she had borne, Was chosen Abbess, there, an Abbess, lived

For three brief years, and there, an Abbess, past

To where beyond these voices there is peace, 1859

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

That story which the bold Sir Bedivere, First made and latest left of all the knights, Told, when the man was no more than a voice

In the white winter of his age, to those
With whom he dwelt, new faces, other
minds.

5

For on their march to westward, Bedivere,

Who slowly paced among the slumbering host.

Heard in his tent the moanings of the King:
'I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I marked Him in the flowering of His
fields,

But in His ways with men I find Him not. I waged His wars, and now I pass and die. O me! for why is all around us here As if some lesser god had made the world, But had not form to shape it as he would.

As it some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would, 15
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter it, and make it beautiful?
Or else as if the world were wholly fair,
But that these eyes of men are dense and dim,

And have not power to see it as it is: 20 Perchance, because we see not to the close; — For I, being simple, thought to work His will, And have but stricken with the sword in

vain;

And all whereon I leaned in wife and friend Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm 25 Reels back into the beast, and is no more. My God, thou hast forgotten me in my death:

Nay — God my Christ — I pass but shall not die.'

Then, ere that last weird battle in the west, There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawain killed

In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain blown Along a wandering wind, and past his ear Went shrilling, 'Hollow, hollow all delight! Hail, King! to-morrow thou shalt pass away. Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee. 35 And I am blown along a wandering wind, And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight.'

And fainter onward, like wild birds that change

Their season in the night and wail their way From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the dream 40

Shrilled; but in going mingled with dim cries Far in the moonlit haze among the hills, As of some lonely city sacked by night, When all is lost, and wife and child with wail Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke and

called, 45
'Who spake? A dream. O light upon the wind,

Thine, Gawain, was the woice — are these dim cries

Thine? or doth all that haunts the waste and wild

Mourn, knowing it will go along with me?'
This heard the bold Sir Bedivere and spake:

50

O me, my King, let pass whatever will, Elves, and the harmless glamour of the field; But in their stead thy name and glory cling To all high places like a golden cloud

For ever: but as yet thou shalt not pass. 55 Light was Gawain in life, and light in death Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the man;

And care not thou for dreams from him, but

I hear the steps of Modred in the west, And with him many of thy people, and

Once thine, whom thou hast loved, but grosser grown

Than heathen, spitting at their vows and thee.

Right well in heart they know thee for the King.

Arise, go forth and conquer as of old.'

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:

65

'Far other is this battle in the west Whereto we move, than when we strove in youth.

And brake the petty kings, and fought with Rome.

Or thrust the heathen from the Roman wall, And shook him through the north. Ill doom is mine 70

To war against my people and my knights. The king who fights his people fights himself. And they my knights, who loved me once, the stroke

That strikes them dead is as my death to me. Yet let us hence, and find or feel a way 75 Through this blind haze, which ever since I saw

One lying in the dust at Almesbury, Hath folded in the passes of the world.'

Then rose the King and moved his host by night,

And ever pushed Sir Modred, league by league, 80

Back to the sunset bound of Lyonesse — A land of old upheaven from the abyss By fire, to sink into the abyss again;

Where fragments of forgotten peoples dwelt, And the long mountains ended in a coast 85 Of ever-shifting sand, and far away The phantom circle of a moaning sea.

There the pursuer could pursue no more, And he that fled no further fly the King; And there, that day when the great light of heaven 90

Burned at his lowest in the rolling year, On the waste sand by the waste sea they closed.

Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight
Like this last, dim, weird battle of the west.
A deathwhite mist slept over sand and
sea:

95

Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it,

Down with his blood, till all his heart was

With formless fear; and ev'n on Arthur fell Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought. For friend and foe were shadows in the

And friend slew friend not knowing whom he

And some had visions out of golden youth, And some beheld the faces of old ghosts Look in upon the battle; and in the mist Was many a noble deed, many a base,

And chance and craft and strength in single fights,

And ever and anon with host to host Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard mail hewn,

Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash

battleaxes on shattered helms, and

After the Christ, of those who falling down Looked up for heaven, and only saw the mist; And shouts of heathen and the traitor knights.

Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,

Sweat, writhings, anguish, labouring of the

In that close mist, and cryings for the light, Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead. Last, as by some one deathbed after wail Of suffering, silence follows, or through death Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that shore,

Save for some whisper of the seething seas, A dead hush fell; but when the dolorous day Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came A bitter wind, clear from the North, and blew

The mist aside, and with that wind the tide

Rose, and the pale King glanced across the

Of battle: but no man was moving there; Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon, Nor yet of heathen; only the wan wave Brake in among dead faces, to and fro Swaying the helpless hands, and up and down Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen, And shivered brands that once had fought

with Rome,

And rolling far along the gloomy shores The voice of days of old and days to be. 135

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere, And whiter than the mist that all day long Had held the field of battle was the King:

'Hearest thou this great voice that shakes the world,

And wastes the narrow realm whereon we

And beats upon the faces of the dead,

My dead, as though they had not died for me? -

O Bedivere, for on my heart hath fall'n Confusion, till I know not what I am.

Nor whence I am, nor whether I be King, 145 Behold, I seem but King among the dead.' Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere: 'My

King, King everywhere! and so the dead have

kings,

There also will I worship thee as King. Yet still thy life is whole, and still I live 150 Who love thee; but who hates thee, he that

brought The heathen back among us, yonder stands, Modred unharmed, the traitor of thine

house.

Then spake the King: 'My house hath been my doom.

But call not thou this traitor of my house 155 Who hath but dwelt beneath one roof with

My house are rather they who sware my vows,

Yea, even while they brake them, owned me

And well for thee, saying in my dark hour, When all the purport of my throne hath failed.

That quick or dead thou holdest me for King. King am I, whatsoever be their cry;

And one last act of kinghood shalt thou see Yet, ere I pass.' And uttering this the King Made at the man: then Modred smote his liege

Hard on that helm which many a heathen sword

Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one blow, Striking the last stroke with Excalibur, Slew him, and all but slain himself, he fell.

So all day long the noise of battle rolled 170 Among the mountains by the winter sea:

Until King Arthur's Table, man by man, Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their lord, King Arthur. Then, because his wound was

deep, The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him, And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,

A broken chancel with a broken cross, That stood on a dark strait of barren land: On one side lay the Ocean, and on one

Lay a great water, and the moon was full. 180 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:

'The sequel of to-day unsolders all

The goodliest fellowship of famous knights Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep

They sleep — the men I loved. I think that

Shall never more, at any future time, Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds, Walking about the gardens and the halls Of Camelot, as in the days that were.

I perish by this people which I made, — 190 Though Merlin sware that I should come

again

To rule once more; but, let what will be, be, I am so deeply smitten through the helm That without help I cannot last till morn. Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur, 195 Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how

In those old days, one summer noon, an arm Rose up from out the bosom of the lake, Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, Holding the sword—and how I rowed across

And took it, and have worn it, like a king; And, wheresoever I am sung or told In aftertime, this also shall be known: But now delay not: take Excalibur,

And fling him far into the middle mere: 205 Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me word.'

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten through the
helm—

A little thing may harm a wounded man; 210 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,

Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word'

So saying, from the ruined shrine he stept, And in the moon athwart the place of tombs, Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,

Old knights, and over them the sea-wind

Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down

By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock, Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur, 220

And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon, Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth

And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:

For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,

Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinthwork 225 Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw: but at the last it seemed
Better to leave Excalibur concealed
230
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.

So strode he back slow to the wounded King.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'Hast thou perferred may reigien which I

'Hast thou performed my mission which I gave? 235

What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere: 'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds, And the wild water lapping on the crag.'

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale: 240

'Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name.

Not rendering true answer, as beseemed Thy fëalty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had followed, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.

245
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me
word.'

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time 250

Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere, Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought; But when he saw the wonder of the hilt, How curiously and strangely chased, he

smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud: 255

'And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many
men.

What good should follow this, if this were done? 260
What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,

Seeing obedience is the bond of rule. Were it well to obey then, if a king demand An act unprofitable, against himself?

The King is sick, and knows not what he does.

What record, or what relic of my lord Should be to aftertime, but empty breath And rumours of a doubt? But were this kept.

Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,

Some one might show it at a joust of arms, 270
Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,

Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake. Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps

Upon the hidden bases of the hills."

So might some old man speak in the aftertime 275

To all the people, winning reverence.

But now much honour and much fame were lost.'

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit.

And hid Excalibur the second time,

And so strode back slow to the wounded King. 280

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heav-

ily:

'What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere: 'I heard the water lapping on the crag,

And the long ripple washing in the reeds.' 285 To whom replied King Arthur, much in

wrath:

'Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,

Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me! Authority forgets a dying king,

Laid widowed of the power in his eye 290

That bowed the will. I see thee what thou

For thou, the latest-left of all my knights, In whom should meet the offices of all,

Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt:

Either from lust of gold, or like a girl 295 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes. Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,

And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,

I will arise and slay thee with my hands.' 300
Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutched the
sword.

And strongly wheeled and threw it. The great brand

Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,

And flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch,

Shot like a streamer of the northern morn, Seen where the moving isles of winter shock By night, with noises of the Northern Sea. So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur: 310 But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him

Three times, and drew him under in the mere.

And lightly went the other to the King. 315
Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker
breath:

'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done. Speak out: what is it thou has heard, or

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere: 'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems 320

Should blind my purpose, for I never saw, Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die, Not though I live three lives of mortal men, So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him; 325

But when I looked again, behold an arm, Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, That caught him by the hilt, and brandished

Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:

'My end draws nigh; 't is time that I were

gone.

Make broad thy shoulders to receive my

weight,

And bear me to the margin; yet I fear My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'

So saying, from the pavement he half rose, 335

Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm, And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere

Remorsefully regarded through his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not
words;
340

Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,

O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,

And rising bore him through the place of tombs.

But, as he walked, King Arthur panted hard,

Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed 345

When all the house is mute. So sighed the King

Muttering and murmuring at his ear, 'Quick, quick!

I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,

Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,

Larger than human on the frozen hills. He heard the deep behind him, and a cry Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.

Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and
right

The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he based

His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—

And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,

And the long glories of the winter moon. 360. Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge.

Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern, Beneath them; and descending they were

That all the decks were dense with stately forms,

Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these

Three Queens with crowns of gold: and from them rose

A cry that shivered to the tingling stars, And, as it were one voice, an agony Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills

All night in a waste land, where no one comes, 370

Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmured Arthur, 'Place me in the barge.'

So to the barge they came. There those three Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.

But she, that rose the tallest of them all 375 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,

And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his hands,

And called him by his name, complaining loud.

And dropping bitter tears against a brow Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white

And colourless, and like the withered moon Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east; And all his greaves and cuisses dashed with drops

Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls— That made his forehead like a rising sun 385 High from the daïs-throne—were parched with dust;

Or clotted into points and hanging loose, Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed

So like a shattered column lay the King; Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest.

From spur to plume a star of tournament,

Shot through the lists at Camelot, and charged

Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go? 395
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble
knight.

Such times have been not since the light that led 400

The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh. But now the whole Round Table is dissolved Which was an image of the mighty world,

And I, the last, go forth companionless, And the days darken round me, and the years,

405

Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'
And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:

'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,

And God fulfils himself in many ways, Lest one good custom should corrupt the

world, 410
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?

I have lived my life, and that which I have done

May He within himself make pure! but thou, If thou shouldst never see my face again, Pray for my soul. More things are wrought

by prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let
thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day. For what are men better than sheep or goats That nourish a blind life within the brain, If, knowing God, they lift not hands of

prayer 420
Soth for themselves and those who call them

Both for themselves and those who call them friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God. But now farewell. I am going a long way With these thou seëst—if indeed I go 425 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—To the island-valley of Avilion;

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow. Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies

Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns 430

And bowery hollows crowned with summer

Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some fullbreasted swan

That, fluting a wild carol ere her death, 435

Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the

With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere Revolving many memories, till the hull Looked one black dot against the verge of

And on the mere the wailing died away. 440 But when that moan had past for evermore,

The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn Amazed him, and he groaned, 'The King is

And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,

'From the great deep to the great deep he

Whereat he slowly turned and slowly clomb The last hard footstep of that iron crag;

Thence marked the black hull moving yet,

and cried,
'He passes to be King among the dead, And after healing of his grievous wound 450 He comes again; but—if he come no more— O me, be you dark Queens in you black boat, Who shrieked and wailed, the three whereat we gazed

On that high day, when, clothed with living

light,

They stood before his throne in silence, friends 455

Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?' Then from the dawn it seemed there came. but faint

As from beyond the limit of the world, Like the last echo born of a great cry, Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice 460 Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and

clomb

Ev'n to the highest he could climb, and saw, Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand, Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the king,

Down that long water opening on the deep Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go From less to less and vanish into light. And the new sun rose bringing the new year. 1842, 1869

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

FLOWER in the crannied wall, I pluck you out of the crannies, I hold you here, root and all, in my hand, Little flower — but if I could understand What you are, root and all, and all in all, 5 I should know what God and man is.

RIZPAH

Walling, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea -

And Willy's voice in the wind, 'O mother come out to me.

Why should he call me to-night, when he knows that I cannot go?

For the downs are as bright as day, and the full moon stares at the snow.

We should be seen, my dear; they would spy us out of the town.

The loud black nights for us, and the storm rushing over the down,

When I cannot see my own hand, but am led by the creak of the chain,

And grovel and grope for my son till I find myself drenched with the rain.

Anything fallen again? nay - what was there left to fall?

I have taken them home, I have numbered the bones, I have hidden them all. What am I saying? and what are you? do

you come as a spy?

Falls? what falls? who knows? As the tree falls so must it lie.

Who let her in? how long has she been? you - what have you heard?

Why did you sit so quiet? you never have spoken a word.

O—to pray with me—yes—a lady— none of their spies—

But the night has crept into my heart, and begun to darken my eyes.

Ah --- you, that have lived so soft, what should you know of the night,

The blast and the burning shame and the bitter frost and the fright?

I have done it, while you were asleep — you were only made for the day.

I have gathered my baby together - and now you may go your way.

Nay — for it's kind of you, Madam, to sit by an old dying wife.

But say nothing hard of my boy, I have only an hour of life.

I kissed my boy in the prison, before he went out to die.

'They dared me to do it,' he said, and he never has told me a lie.

I whipt him for robbing an orchard once when he was but a child —

'The farmer dared me to do it,' he said; he was always so wild —

1869

And idle — and couldn't be idle — my Willy — he never could rest.

The King should have made him a soldier, he would have been one of his best.

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and they never would let him be good;

They swore that he dare not rob the mail, and he swore that he would; 30

And he took no life, but he took one purse, and when all was done

He flung it among his fellows — I'll none of it, said my son.

I came into court to the Judge and the lawyers. I told them my tale,

God's own truth — but they killed him, they killed him for robbing the mail.

They hanged him in chains for a show — we had always borne a good name — 35

To be hanged for a thief — and then put

away — isn't that enough shame?

Dust to dust — low down — let us hide! but
they set him so high

That all the ships of the world could stare at him, passing by.

God 'ill pardon the hell-black raven and horrible fowls of the air,

But not the black heart of the lawyer who killed him and hanged him there.

And the jailer forced me away. I had bid him my last goodbye;

They had fastened the door of his cell. 'O mother!' I heard him cry.

I couldn't get back though I tried, he had something further to say,

And now I never shall know it. The jailer forced me away.

Then since I couldn't but hear that cry of my boy that was dead, 45

They seized me and shut me up: they fastened me down on my bed.

'Mother, O mother!' — he called in the dark to me year after year —

They beat me for that, they beat me — you know that I couldn't but hear;

And then at the last they found I had grown so stupid and still

They let me abroad again — but the creatures had worked their will.

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone was left —

bone was left — I stole them all from the lawyers — and you,

will you call it a theft? —
My baby, the bones that had sucked me, the
bones that had laughed and had cried —

Theirs? O no! they are mine—not theirs—they had moved in my side.

Do you think I was scared by the bones? I kissed 'em, I buried 'em all — 55

I can't dig deep, I am old — in the night by the churchyard wall.

My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the trumpet of judgment 'ill sound;

But I charge you never to say that I laid him in holy ground.

They would scratch him up — they would hang him again on the cursed tree.

Sin? O yes — we are sinners, I know — let all that be, 60

And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's good will toward men —

'Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord' let me hear it again;

'Full of compassion and mercy—long-suffering.' Yes, O yes!

For the lawyer is born but to murder — the Saviour lives but to bless.

He'll never put on the black cap except for the worst of the worst, 65

And the first may be last — I have heard it in church — and the last may be first.

Suffering — O long-suffering — yes, as the Lord must know,

Year after year in the mist and the wind and the shower and the snow.

Heard, have you? what? they have told you he never repented his sin.

How do they know it? are they his mother? are you of his kin?

Heard! have you ever heard, when the storm on the downs began,

The wind that 'ill wail like a child and the sea that 'ill moan like a man?

Election, Election and Reprobation—it's all very well.

But I go to-night to my boy, and I shall not find him in Hell.

For I cared so much for my boy that the Lord has looked into my care, 75

And He means me I'm sure to be happy with Willy, I know not where.

And if he be lost — but to save my soul, that is all your desire:

Do you think that I care for my soul if my boy be gone to the fire?

I have been with God in the dark — go, go, you may leave me alone —

You never have borne a child — you are just as hard as a stone.

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think that you mean to be kind,

But I cannot hear what you say for my Willy's voice in the wind —

The snow and the sky so bright he used	Once at the croak of a Raven	
but to call in the dark,	who crost it,	
And he calls to me now from the church and	A barbarous people,	2
not from the gibbet — for hark!	Blind to the magic,	
Nay — you can hear it yourself — it is com-	And deaf to the melody,	
ing — shaking the walls — 85	Snarled at and cursed me.	
Willy — the moon's in a cloud — Goodnight.	A demon vext me,	0.0
I am going. He calls.	The light retreated,	3(
1880	The landskip darkened,	
	The melody deadened,	
'FRATER AVE ATQUE VALE'	The Master whispered, 'Follow The Gleam.'	
FRAILR AVE AIQUE VALE		
Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sir-	Then to the melody,	38
mione row!	Over a wilderness	
So they rowed, and there we landed 'O	Gliding, and glancing at	
venusta Sirmio!	Elf of the woodland,	
There to me through all the groves of olive in	Gnome of the cavern, Griffin and Giant,	4(
the summer glow,	And dancing of Fairies	**(
There beneath the Roman ruin where the	In desolate hollows,	
purple flowers grow, Came that 'Ave atque Vale' of the Poet's	And wraiths of the mountain,	
hopeless woe, 5	And rolling of dragons	
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred	By warble of water,	4
years ago,	Or cataract music	
'Frater Ave atque Vale,' as we wandered	Of falling torrents,	
to and fro,	Flitted The Gleam.	
Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda	D f 4h	
Lake below,	Down from the mountain	~ (
Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive-silvery	And over the level,	50
Sirmio!	And streaming and shining on Silent river.	
1883	Silvery willow,	
	Pasture and plowland,	
	Innocent maidens,	5
MERLIN AND THE GLEAM	Garrulous children,	00
O young Mariner,	Homestead and harvest,	
You from the haven	Reaper and gleaner,	
Under the sea-cliff,	And rough-ruddy faces	
You that are watching	Of lowly labour,	60
The gray Magician 5	Slided The Gleam —	
With eyes of wonder,	Then, with a melody	
I am Merlin,	Stronger and statelier,	
And I am dying,	Led me at length	
I am Merlin	To the city and palace	6
Who follow The Gleam. 10	Of Arthur the king;	00
Mighty, the Wigard	Touched at the golden	
Mighty the Wizard Who found me at sunrise	Cross of the churches,	
Sleeping, and woke me	Flashed on the Tournament,	
And learned me Magic!	Flickered and bickered	70
Great the Master, 15	From helmet to helmet,	
And sweet the Magic,	And last on the forehead	
When over the valley,	Of Arthur the blameless	
In early summers,	Rested The Gleam.	
Over the mountain,	Clouds and darkness	7
On human faces, 20	Closed upon Camelot;	6 4
And all around me,	Arthur had vanished	
Moving to melody,	I knew not whither,	
Floated The Gleam.	The king who loved me,	

And cannot die; For out of the darkness		And may there be no moaning of the bar,
Silent and slowly		When I put out to sea,
The Gleam, that had waned to wintry glimmer	a	But such a tide as moving seems asleep, Too full for sound and foam, When that which draw from out the bound
On icy fallow		When that which drew from out the bound- less deep
And faded forest,	85	Turns again home.
Drew to the valley		Turns again nome.
Named of the shadow,		Twilight and evening bell,
And slowly brightening		And after that the dark!
Out of the glimmer,		And may there be no sadness of farewell,
And slowly moving again to a melod	y 90.	When I embark;
Yearningly tender,		Transaction and Controlled any
Fell on the shadow,		For though from out our bourne of Time and
No longer a shadow,		Place
But clothed with The Gleam.		The flood may bear me far,
And broader and brighter	95	I hope to see my Pilot face to face 15
The Gleam flying onward,		When I have crost the bar.
Wed to the melody,		1889
Sang through the world;		
And slower and fainter,		
Old and weary,	100	
But eager to follow,	100	24 Y (22 ((4 00 0 0 00)
I saw, whenever		Robert Browning (1812–1889)
In passing it glanced upon		
Hamlet or city,		SONG FROM PIPPA PASSES
That under the Crosses	105	/D / + +h
The dead man's garden,	100	The year's at the spring,
The mortal hillock,		And day's at the morn;
Would break into blossom		Morning's at seven;
And so to the land's		The hill-side 's dew-pearled;
Last limit I came —	110	The lark's on the wing; 5
And can no longer,	110	The snail's on the thorn;
But die rejoicing,		God's in His heaven —
For through the Magic		All's right with the world!
Of Him the Mighty,		1841
Who taught me in childhood,	115	
There on the border	110	
Of boundless Ocean,		CAVALIER TUNES
And all but in Heaven		I. Marching Along
Hovers The Gleam.		t. Manoning Habita
	100	Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Not of the sunlight,	120	Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:
Not of the moonlight,		And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
Not of the starlight!		And see the rogues flourish and honest folk
O young Mariner,		droop,
Down to the haven,	105	Marched them along, fifty-score strong, 5
Call your companions,	125	Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.
Launch your vessel,		
And crowd your canvas,		God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
And, ere it vanishes		To the Devil that prompts 'em their trea-
Over the margin,	100	sonous parles!
After it, follow it,	130	Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Follow The Gleam.	00	Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor
18	89	sup 10
ODOGGING THE DAD		Till you're —
CROSSING THE BAR		(Chorus) Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Sunset and evening star,		Great-hearted gentlemen, singing
And one clear cell for me		this song.

Hampden to Hell, and his obsequies' knell Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!

England, good cheer! Rupert is near! Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here (Chorus) Marching along, fifty-score strong,

Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song?

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls

To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!

Hold by the right, you double your might; So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

(Chorus) March we along, fifty-score strong, Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

II. GIVE A ROUSE

King Charles, and who'll do him right now? King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now? Give a rouse: here's, in Hell's despite now, King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since? Who raised me the house that sank once? Who helped me to gold I spent since? Who found me in wine you drank once?

(Chorus) King Charles, and who'll do him right now? King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now? Give a rouse: here's, in Hell's despite now,

King Charles!

To whom used my boy George quaff else, By the old fool's side that begot him? For whom did he cheer and laugh else. While Noll's damned troopers shot him? (Chorus) King Charles, and who'll do him

right now? King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?

Give a rouse: here's, in Hell's despite now, King Charles! 20

III. BOOT AND SADDLE

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away! Rescue my Castle, before the hot day Brightens to blue from its silvery grey, (Chorus) Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say: 5 Many's the friend there, will listen and pray 'God's luck to gallants that strike up the

(Chorus) Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!'

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads'

Who laughs, 'Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

(Chorus) Boot, saddle, to horse, and away?'

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and

Laughs when you talk of surrendering, 'Nay! I've better counsellors; what counsel they? 15 (Chorus) Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!'

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

5

16

15

20

35

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon: A mile or so away

On a little mound, Napoleon Stood on our storming-day;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how, Legs wide, arms locked behind,

As if to balance the prone brow Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused 'My plans That soar, to earth may fall,

Let once my army-leader Lannes Waver at yonder wall,' -

Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew A rider, bound on bound

Full-galloping; nor bridle drew Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy, And held himself erect

By just his horse's mane, a boy:

You hardly could suspect -(So tight he kept his lips compressed, Scarce any blood came through)

You looked twice ere you saw his breast Was all but shot in two.

'Well,' cried he, 'Emperor, by God's grace 25 We've got you Ratisbon!

The Marshal's in the market-place, And you'll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans

Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!' The Chief's eye flashed; his plans

Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed; but presently Softened itself, as sheathes A film the mother-eagle's eye

When her bruised eaglet breathes:

'You're wounded!' 'Nay,' his soldier's pride

Touched to the quick, he said:
'I'm killed, Sire!' And his Chief beside, Smiling the boy fell dead. 40

1842

MY LAST DUCHESS

FERRARA

THAT's my last Duchess painted on the wall, Looking as if she were alive; I call

That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's

hands

Worked busily a day, and there she stands. Will't please you sit and look at her? I said 5 'Frà Pandolf' by design, for never read

Strangers like you that pictured countenance.

The depth and passion of its earnest glance. But to myself they turned (since none puts by

The curtain I have drawn for you, but I) 10 And seemed as they would ask me, if they

durst,

How such a glance came there; so, not the

first

Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 't was not Her husband's presence only, called that spot Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps 15 Frà Pandolf chanced to say 'Her mantle laps Over my Lady's wrist too much,' or 'Paint Must never hope to reproduce the faint

Half-flush that dies along her throat'; such

stuff

Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough

For calling up that spot of joy. She had A heart . . . how shall I say? . . . too soon made glad,

Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.

Sir, 't was all one! My favour at her breast, 25 The dropping of the daylight in the West,

The bough of cherries some officious fool Broke in the orchard for her, the white

She rode with round the terrace — all and

Would draw from her alike the approving speech,

Or blush, at least. She thanked men, good; but thanked

Somehow . . . I know not how . . . as if she ranked

My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name With anybody's gift. Who 'd stoop to blame This sort of trifling? Even had you skill 35 In speech — (which I have not) — to make your will

Quite clear to such an one, and say 'Just

Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss, Or there exceed the mark'—and if she let Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse, - E'en then would be some stooping, and I

chuse

Never to stoop. Oh, Sir, she smiled, no doubt,

Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without

Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands:

Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands

As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet

The company below, then. I repeat, The Count your Master's known munificence

Is ample warrant that no just pretence 50 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed; Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed

At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go Together down, Sir! Notice Neptune. though,

Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity, Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me.

1842

THE LABORATORY

Now that I, tying thy glass mask tightly, May gaze through these faint smokes curling whitely,

As thou pliest thy trade in this devil'ssmithy -

Which is the poison to poison her, prithee?

He is with her; and they know that I know 5 Where they are, what they do: they believe my tears flow

While they laugh, laugh at me, at me fled to the drear

Empty church, to pray God in, for them! — I am here.

Grind away, moisten and mash up thy paste, Pound at thy powder, — I am not in haste!

Better sit thus, and observe thy strange things.

Than go where men wait me and dance at the King's.

That in the mortar — you call it a gum?

Ah, the brave tree whence such gold oozings

And yonder soft phial, the exquisite blue, 15 Sure to taste sweetly, — is that poison too?

Had I but all of them, thee and thy treasures, What a wild crowd of invisible pleasures! To carry pure death in an earring, a casket, A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree-basket! 20

Soon, at the King's, a mere lozenge to give And Pauline should have just thirty minutes to live!

But to light a pastille, and Elise, with her head

And her breast and her arms and her hands, should drop dead!

Quick — is it finished? The colour's too grim!

Why not soft like the phial's, enticing and dim?

Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it and stir,

And try it and taste, ere she fix and prefer!

What a drop! She's not little, no minion like me —

That's why she ensnared him: this never will free 30

The soul from those masculine eyes, — say, 'no!'

To that pulse's magnificent come-and-go.

For only last night, as they whispered, I brought

My own eyes to bear on her so, that I thought

Could I keep them one half minute fixed, she would fall, 35 Shrivelled: she fell not; yet this does it.

Shrivelled; she fell not; yet this does it all!

Not that I bid you spare her the pain! Let death be felt and the proof remain; Brand, burn up, bite into its grace— He is sure to remember her dying face! 40

Is it done? Take my mask off! Nay, be not morose;

It kills her, and this prevents seeing it close:

The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's

If it hurts her, beside, can it ever hurt me?

Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to your fill.

You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth if you will!

But brush this dust off me, lest horror it brings

Ere I know it — next moment I dance at the King's!

1844

THE LOST LEADER

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat —
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft
us.

Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver.

So much was theirs who so little allowed: How all our copper had gone for his service! Rags — were they purple, his heart had been proud!

We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,

Lived in his mild and magnificent eye, 10 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,

Made him our pattern to live and to die!

Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us, Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their graves!

He alone breaks from the van and the freemen, 15 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering, — not through

his presence;
Songs may inspirit us, — not from his

lyre; Deeds will be done, — while he boasts his

quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade
aspire:
20

Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more.

One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,

One more triumph for devils and sorrow for angels,

One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!

Life's night begins: let him never come back to us! 25

There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,

Forced praise on our part — the glimmer of twilight,

Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him,
strike gallantly,

Menace our heart ere we master his own;

Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us.

Pardoned in Heaven, the first by the throne!

1845

'HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO ALX.'

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he:

I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;

'Good speed!' cried the watch, as the gatebolts undrew;

'Speed!' echoed the wall to us galloping through;

Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to

And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace

Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,

Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,

Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,

Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was moonset at starting; but while we drew near

Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;

At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;

At Düffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be:

And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,

So Joris broke silence with, 'Yet there is time!'

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun.

And against him the cattle stood black every

To stare through the mist at us galloping past,

And I saw my stout galloper Roland at

With resolute shoulders, each butting away The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray. And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back 25

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;

And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance

O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!

And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye

and anon His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris,

'Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not

in her, We'll remember at Aix'—for one heard the

quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and
staggering knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,

As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I, Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the

aky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh.

'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff; 40

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,

And 'Gallop,' gasped Joris, 'for Aix is in sight!'

'How they'll greet us!' — and all in a moment his roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;

And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight 45

Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate.

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim.

And with circles of red for his eye-sockets'

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,

Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all, 50

Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear.

Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer:

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round

As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,

As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,

Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)

Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

1845

MEETING AT NIGHT

THE grey sea and the long black land; And the yellow half-moon large and low; And the startled little waves that leap In fiery ringlets from their sleep, As I gain the cove with pushing prow. And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach: Three fields to cross till a farm appears; A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch And blue spurt of a lighted match, And a voice less loud, through its joys and

Than the two hearts beating each to each!

PARTING AT MORNING

ROUND the cape of a sudden came the sea, And the sun looked over the mountain's rim: And straight was a path of gold for him, And the need of a world of men for me.

1845

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

OH, to be in England Now that April's there, And whoever wakes in England Sees, some morning, unaware, That the lowest boughs and the brushwood Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf, While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough In England — now!

And after April, when May follows,

And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!

Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the

Leans to the field and scatters on the clover Blossoms and dewdrops - at the bent spray's edge -

That 's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over.

Lest you should think he never could recapture

The first fine careless rapture! And though the fields look rough with hoary

All will be gay when noontide wakes anew The buttercups, the little children's dower - Far brighter than this gaudy melonflower!

1845

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-West died away;

Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;

Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;

In the dimmest North-East distance, dawned Gibraltar grand and gray:

'Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?' - say, Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,

While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

1845

THE BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB AT SAINT PRAXED'S CHURCH

VANITY, saith the preacher, vanity! Draw round my bed: is Anselm keeping back?

Nephews -- sons mine . . . ah God, I know not! Well-

She, men would have to be your mother once, Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was! What's done is done, and she is dead beside, Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since, And as she died so must we die ourselves.

And thence ye may perceive the world's a dream.

Life, how and what is it? As here I lie In this state-chamber, dying by degrees, Hours and long hours in the dead night, I ask 'Do I live, am I dead?' Peace, peace seems all.

Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace; And so, about this tomb of mine. I fought 15 With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye know:

- Old Gandolf cozened me, despite my care; Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner

He graced his carrion with, God curse the same!

Yet still my niche is not so cramped but thence

One sees the pulpit o' the epistle-side. And somewhat of the choir, those silent seats. And up into the aery dome where live The angels, and a sunbeam's sure to lurk:

And I shall fill my slab of basalt there. And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,

With those nine columns round me, two and two.

The odd one at my feet where Anselm stands: Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse 30 - Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone, Put me where I may look at him! True peach,

Rosy and flawless: how I earned the prize! Draw close: that conflagration of my church - What then? So much was saved if aught were missed!

My sons, ye would not be my death? Go

The white-grape vineyard where the oil-press stood,

Drop water gently till the surface sinks, And if ye find ... Ah, God I know not,

Bedded in store of rotten figleaves soft, 40 And corded up in a tight olive-frail, Some lump, ah God, of lapis lazuli, Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape, Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast . . . Sons, all have I bequeathed you, villas, all,

That brave Frascati villa with its bath, So, let the blue lump poise between my knees, Like God the Father's globe on both His hands

Ye worship in the Jesu Church so gay,

For Gandolf shall not choose but see and

Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our years: Man goeth to the grave, and where is he? Did I say basalt for my slab, sons? Black — 'T was ever antique-black I meant! How

Shall ye contrast my frieze to come beneath?

The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me, Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and perchance

Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so, The Saviour at his sermon on the mount, Saint Praxed in a glory, and one Pan Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off.

And Moses with the tables . . . but I know Ye mark me not! What do they whisper

Child of my bowels, Anselm? Ah, ye hope To revel down my villas while I gasp Bricked o'er with beggar's mouldy traver-

Which Gandolf from his tomb-top chuckles

Nay, boys, ye love me — all of jasper, then! 'T is jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I grieve. My bath must needs be left behind, alas! 70 One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut. There's plenty jasper somewhere in the

world -And have I not Saint Praxed's ear to pray

Horses for ye, and brown Greek manuscripts. And mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs?

- That's if ye carve my epitaph aright, Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,

No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line — Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his need! And then how I shall lie through centuries, 80 And hear the blessed mutter of the mass, And see God made and eaten all day long, And feel the steady candle-flame, and taste Good strong thick stupefying incense-smoke! For as I lie here, hours of the dead night, 85 Dying in state and by such slow degrees, I fold my arms as if they clasped a crook, And stretch my feet forth straight as stone can point,

And let the bedclothes for a mortcloth drop Into great laps and folds of sculptor'swork:

And as you tapers dwindle, and strange thoughts

Grow, with a certain humming in my ears, About the life before I lived this life,

And this life too, Popes, Cardinals and Priests,

Saint Praxed at his sermon on the mount, 95 Your tall pale mother with her talking eyes, And new-found agate urns as fresh as day, And marble's language, Latin pure, discreet, - Aha, ELUCESCEBAT quoth our friend? No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best! Evil and brief hath been my pilgrimage. All lapis, all, sons! Else I give the Pope

My villas: will ye ever eat my heart? Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick, They glitter like your mother's for my soul, 105 Or ye would heighten my impoverished frieze, Piece out its starved design, and fill my vase With grapes, and add a vizor and a Term, And to the tripod ye would tie a lynx	Be a god and hold me With a charm! Be a man and fold me With thine arm! Teach me, only teach, Love! As I ought I will speak thy speech, Love, Think thy thought—
That in his struggle throws the thyrsus down, 110 To comfort me on my entablature Whereon I am to lie till I must ask 'Do I live, am I dead?' There, leave me,	Meet, if thou require it, Both demands, 30 Laying flesh and spirit In thy hands.
there! For ye have stabbed me with ingratitude To death — ye wish it — God, ye wish it! Stone — 115	That shall be to-morrow Not to-night: I must bury sorrow Out of sight:
Gritstone, a-crumble! Clammy squares which sweat As if the corpse they keep were oozing through— And no more lapis to delight the world! Well, go! I bless ye. Fewer tapers there, But in a row: and, going, turn your backs 120 — Ay, like departing altar-ministrants, And leave me in my church, the church for peace, That I may watch at leisure if he leers— Old Gandolf, at me, from his onion-stone, As still he envied me, so fair she was! A WOMAN'S LAST WORD	— Must a little weep, Love, (Foolish me!) And so fall asleep, Love, Loved by thee. 40 1855
	BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead! Sit and watch by her side an hour. That is her book-shelf, this her bed; She plucked that piece of geranium-flower, Beginning to die too, in the glass; Little has yet been changed, I think: The shutters are shut, no light may pass Save two long rays through the hinge's
Let's contend no more, Love, Strive nor weep: All be as before, Love, — Only sleep!	chink. Sixteen years old when she died! Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name; It was not her time to love; beside,
What so wild as words are? I and thou In debate, as birds are, Hawk on bough!	Her life had many a hope and aim, Duties enough and little cares, And now was quiet, now astir, Till God's hand beckoned unawares, And the sweet white brow is all of her.
See the creature stalking While we speak!	Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?

15

20

Hush and hide the talking, Cheek on cheek! What so false as truth is, False to thee? Where the serpent's tooth is, Shun the tree -

Where the apple reddens Never pry -Lest we lose our Edens, Eve and I!

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope? What, your soul was pure and true, The good stars met in your horoscope, Made you of spirit, fire and dew -20 And, just because I was thrice as old And our paths in the world diverged so wide,

Each was nought to each, must I be told? We were fellow mortals, nought beside?

No, indeed! for God above 25 Is great to grant, as mighty to make, And creates the love to reward the love:

30

30

I claim you still, for my own love's sake! Delayed it may be for more lives yet, Through worlds I shall traverse, not a

iew:

Much is to learn and much to forget Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come, — at last it will, When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say.

In the lower earth, in the years long still, 35 That body and soul so pure and gay?

Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's
red —

And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's
stead.

40

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then, Given up myself so many times,

Gained me the gains of various men, Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;

Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope, 45
Either I missed or itself missed me:

And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope! What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!

My heart seemed full as it could hold — 50 There was place and to spare for the frank young smile

And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.

So, hush, — I will give you this leaf to

See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand. There, that is our secret! go to sleep; 55

You will wake, and remember, and understand.

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles

Miles and miles

On the solitary pastures where our sheep Half-asleep

Tinkle homeward through the twilight, stray or stop 5

As they crop ---

Was the site once of a city great and gay, (So they say)

Of our country's very capital, its prince

Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
Peace or war.

Now — the country does not even boast a tree,

As you see,

To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills

From the hills

Intersect and give a name to, (else they run Into one)

Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires

Up like fires
O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
Bounding all,

Made of marble, men might march on nor be prest,

Twelve abreast.

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass 25

Never was!

Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads
And embeds

Every vestige of the city, guessed alone, Stock or stone —

Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe

Long ago;

Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame

Struck them tame:

And that glory and that shame alike, the gold 35
Bought and sold.

Now, — the single little turret that remains On the plains,

By the caper overrooted, by the gourd Overscored,

While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks

Through the chinks --

Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time

Sprang sublime,

And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced 45

As they raced,

And the monarch and his minions and his dames

Viewed the games.

And I know, while thus the quiet-coloured eve

Smiles to leave 50

To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece In such peace, And the slopes and rills in undistinguished

Melt away —

That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair 55 Waits me there

In the turret whence the charioteers caught

For the goal,

When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless, dumb

Till I come.

But he looked upon the city, every side, Far and wide.

All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades'

Colonnades, All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts, — and All the men!

When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand. Either hand

On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace

Of my face, Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech

Each on each.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth South and North,

And they built their gods a brazen pillar high As the sky,

Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force -Gold, of course.

Oh, heart! oh, blood that freezes, blood that burns!

Earth's returns For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!

Shut them in, With their triumphs and their glories and

the rest. Love is best!

1855

A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S

Oн, Galuppi, Baldassaro, this is very sad to find!

I can hardly misconceive you; it would prove me deaf and blind;

But although I take your meaning, 't is with such a heavy mind!

Here you come with your old music, and here's all the good it brings.

What, they lived once thus at Venice where the merchants were the kings,

Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with rings?

Ay, because the sea's the street there; and 't is arched by . . . what you call

. . . Shylock's bridge with houses on it, where they kept the carnival:

I was never out of England — it's as if I saw it all!

Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in May?

Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to mid-day

When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say?

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red. —

On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower on its bed.

O'er the breast's superb abundance where a man might base his head?

Well, (and it was graceful of them) they'd break talk off and afford

— She, to bite her mask's black velvet, he, to finger on his sword,

While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavichord?

Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh on sigh,

Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions—'Must we die?' 20 Those commiserating sevenths - 'Life might

last! we can but try!'

'Were you happy?'—'Yes.'—'And are
you still as happy?'—'Yes. And you?'

—'Then, more kisses!'—'Did I stop them, when a million seemed so few?'

Hark! the dominant's persistence, till it must be answered to!

So an octave struck the answer. Oh, they praised you, I dare say!

'Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike at grave and gay!

I can always leave off talking, when I hear a master play.'

Then they left you for their pleasure: till in due time, one by one,

Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well undone.

Death came tacitly and took them where they never see the sun.

But when I sit down to reason, think to take my stand nor swerve.

While I triumph o'er a secret wrung from nature's close reserve,

In you come with your cold music, till I creep through every nerve.

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was burned -

'Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice earned!

The soul, doubtless, is immortal — where a soul can be discerned.

Yours for instance, you know physics, something of geology.

Mathematics are your pastime; souls shall rise in their degree:

Butterflies may dread extinction, - you'll not die, it cannot be!

As for Venice and its people, merely born to bloom and drop, Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth

and folly were the crop:

What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?

'Dust and ashes!' So you creak it, and I want the heart to scold. Dear dead women, with such hair, too what 's become of all the gold Used to hang and brush their bosoms?

I feel chilly and grown old. 45 1855

'DE GUSTIBUS --'

Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees, (If our loves remain) In an English lane,

By a cornfield-side a-flutter with poppies. Hark, those two in the hazel coppice -A boy and a girl, if the good fates please,

Making love, say, The happier they!

Draw yourself up from the light of the moon, And let them pass, as they will too soon, 10 With the beanflowers' boon,

And the blackbird's tune, And May, and June!

What I love best in all the world, 15 Is, a castle, precipice-encurled, In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine. Or look for me, old fellow of mine, (If I get my head from out the mouth O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands, And come again to the land of lands) - 20 In a sea-side house to the farther South,

Where the baked cicalas die of drouth. And one sharp tree — 't is a cypress — stands. By the many hundred years red-rusted. Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit-o'er-crusted, 25 My sentinel to guard the sands To the water's edge. For, what expands Before the house, but the great opaque Blue breadth of sea without a break? While, in the house, for ever crumbles 30 Some fragment of the frescoed walls. From blisters where a scorpion sprawls. A girl bare-footed brings, and tumbles Down on the pavement, green-flesh melons, And says there's news to-day — the king 35 Was shot at, touched in the liver-wing, Goes with his Bourbon arm in a sling: — She hopes they have not caught the felons. Italy, my Italy! Queen Mary's saying serves for me — (When fortune's malice Lost her, Calais) Open my heart and you will see Graved inside of it, 'Italy.' Such lovers old are I and she; 45

So it always was, so shall ever be!

1855

MY STAR

All that I know Of a certain star, Is, it can throw (Like the angled spar) Now a dart of red, Now a dart of blue, Till my friends have said

They would fain see, too, My star that dartles the red and the blue! Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled:

They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.

What matter to me if their star is a world? Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

1855

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER

I said — Then, Dearest, since 't is so, Since now at length my fate I know, Since nothing all my love avails, Since all, my life seemed meant for, fails, . Since this was written and needs must be -

My whole heart rises up to bless Your name in pride and thankfulness! Take back the hope you gave, — I claim
Only a memory of the same,
— And this beside, if you will not blame, 10
Your leave for one more last ride with me.

My mistress bent that brow of hers;
Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs
When pity would be softening through,
Fixed me a breathing-while or two 15
With life or death in the balance: right!
The blood replenished me again;
My last thought was at least not vain:
I and my mistress, side by side
Shall be together, breathe and ride, 20
So one day more am I deified —
Who knows but the world may end to-

no knows but the world may end to

Hush! if you saw some western cloud
All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed
By many benedictions — sun's 25
And moon's and evening-star's at once —
And so, you, looking and loving best,
Conscious grew, your passion drew
Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star-shine too,
Down on you, near and yet more near, 30
Till flesh must fade for heaven was here!—
Thus leant she and lingered — joy and fear!
Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

Then we began to ride. My soul Smoothed itself out — a long-cramped scroll 35

Freshening and fluttering in the wind. Past hopes already lay behind.

What need to strive with a life awry?
Had I said that, had I done this,
So might I gain, so might I miss.

Might she have loved me? just as well
She might have hated, — who can tell?
Where had I been now if the worst befell?
And here we are riding, she and I.

Fail I alone, in words and deeds?

Why, all men strive and who succeeds?

We rode; it seemed my spirit flew,
Saw other regions, cities new,

As the world rushed by on either side.

I thought, — All labour, yet no less

Bear up beneath their unsuccess.

Look at the end of work, contrast

The petty Done, the Undone vast,

This Present of theirs with the hopeful Past!

I hoped she would love me: here we ride,

What hand and brain went ever paired? What heart alike conceived and dared? What act proved all its thought had been? What will but felt the fleshly screen? We ride and I see her bosom heave. 60
There 's many a crown for who can reach.
Ten lines, a statesman's life in each!
The flag stuck on a heap of bones,
A soldier's doing! what atones?
They scratch his name on the Abbeystones. 65
My riding is better, by their leave.

What does it all mean, poet? well,
Your brains beat into rhythm — you tell
What we felt only; you expressed
You hold things beautiful the best, 70
And pace them in rhyme so, side by
side.

'T is something, nay 't is much — but then, Have you yourself what's best for men? Are you — poor, sick, old ere your time — Nearer one whit your own sublime 75 Than we who never have turned a rhyme? Sing, riding's a joy! For me, I ride.

And you, great sculptor — so, you gave
A score of years to Art, her slave,
And that 's your Venus — whence we turn 80
To yonder girl that fords the burn!
You acquiesce, and shall I repine?
What, man of music, you, grown grey

With notes and nothing else to say,
Is this your sole praise from a friend,
'Greatly his opera's strains intend,
But in music we know how fashions end!'
I gave my youth — but we ride, in fine.

Who knows what's fit for us? Had fate
Proposed bliss here should sublimate 90
My being; had I signed the bond —
Still one must lead some life beyond,
—Have a bliss to die with, dim-descried.
This foot once planted on the goal,
This glory-garland round my soul, 95
Could I descry such? Try and test!
I sink back shuddering from the quest —
Earth being so good, would Heaven seem

best?
Now, Heaven and she are beyond this

And yet — she has not spoke so long!
What if Heaven be that, fair and strong
At life's best, with our eyes upturned
Whither life's flower is first discerned,
We, fixed so, ever should so abide?
What if we still ride on, we two,
With life for ever old yet new,
Changed not in kind but in degree,

The instant made eternity,—
And Heaven just prove that I and she
Ride, ride together, for ever ride?

1855

110

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

LET us begin and carry up this corpse. Singing together.

Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes,

Each in its tether

Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain. 5 Cared-for till cock-crow:

Look out if yonder be not day again Rimming the rock-row!

That 's the appropriate country; there, man's thought,

Rarer, intenser, Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,

Chafes in the censer!

Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crop;

Seek we sepulture

On a tall mountain, citied to the top, Crowded with culture!

All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels; Clouds overcome it;

No, yonder sparkle is the citadel's

Circling its summit! 20

Thither our path lies; wind we up the heights:

Wait ye the warning?

Our low life was the level's and the night's; He's for the morning!

Step to a tune, square chests, erect the head,

'Ware the beholders!

This is our master, famous, calm, and dead, Borne on our shoulders.

Sleep, crop and herd! sleep, darkling thorpe and croft,

Safe from the weather! He, whom we convoy to his grave aloft,

Singing together, He was a man born with thy face and throat,

Lyric Apollo! Long he lived nameless: how should spring

take note Winter would follow?

Till lo, the little touch, and youth was gone! Cramped and diminished,

Moaned he, 'New measures, other feet anon!
My dance is finished?' 40

No, that's the world's way! (keep the mountain-side,

Make for the city,)

He knew the signal, and stepped on with

Over men's pity;

Left play for work, and grappled with the Bent on escaping:

'What's in the scroll,' quoth he, 'thou keepest furled?

Show me their shaping,

Theirs, who most studied man, the bard and

sage, — Give!' — So he gowned him, Straight got by heart that book to its last

Learnèd, we found him!

Yea, but we found him bald too - eyes like lead.

Accents uncertain:

'Time to taste life,' another would have said.

'Up with the curtain!' --

This man said rather, 'Actual life comes next? Patience a moment!

Grant I have mastered learning's crabbèd text.

Still, there's the comment. Let me know all! Prate not of most or least, Painful or easy:

Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast, Ay, nor feel queasy!'

Oh, such a life as he resolved to live, When he had learned it,

When he had gathered all books had to give! Sooner, he spurned it.

Image the whole, then execute the parts — Fancy the fabric

Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire from quartz,

Ere mortar dab brick!

(Here's the town-gate reached: there's the market-place

Gaping before us.)

Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace 75 (Hearten our chorus)

That before living he'd learn how to live — No end to learning:

Earn the means first — God surely will contrive

Use for our earning. Others mistrust and say - 'But time es-

Live now or never!'

He said, 'What's time? leave Now for dogs and apes!

Man has Forever.'

Back to his book then: deeper drooped his head:

Calculus racked him: Leaden before, his eyes grew dross of lead:

Tussis attacked him. 'Now, Master, take a little rest!' — not he! (Caution redoubled!

Step two a-breast, the way winds narrowly) Not a whit troubled,

Sucked at the flagon. Oh, if we draw a circle premature, Heedless of far gain, Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure, Bad is our bargain! Was it not great? did not he throw on God, (He loves the burthen) -God's task to make the heavenly period Perfect the earthen? Did not he magnify the mind, show clear 105 Just what it all meant? He would not discount life, as fools do here, Paid by instalment! He ventured neck or nothing — Heaven's Found, or earth's failure: 'Wilt thou trust death or not?' He answered Hence with life's pale lure!' That low man seeks a little thing to do, Sees it and does it: This high man, with a great thing to pur-Dies ere he knows it. That low man goes on adding one to one, His hundred's soon hit: This high man, aiming at a million, Misses an unit. That, has the world here - should he need the next, Let the world mind him! This, throws himself on God, and unper-Seeking shall find Him. So, with the throttling hands of Death at strife. 125 Ground he at grammar; Still, through the rattle, parts of speech were While he could stammer He settled Hoti's business — let it be! — Properly based Oun — 130 Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic De,

Dead from the waist down.

All ye highfliers of the feathered race,

Hail to your purlieus,

Swallows and curlews!

Bury this man there?

shoot, clouds form,

Lightnings are loosened,

Well, here's the platform, here's the proper

Here's the top-peak! the multitude below Live, for they can, there.

This man decided not to Live but Know —

Here — here's his place, where meteors

Back to his studies, fresher than at first,

He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst) 95

Fierce as a dragon

Lofty designs must close in like effects: 145 Loftily lying, Leave him - still loftier than the world suspects. Living and dying. 1855 CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME' My first thought was, he lied in every word, That hoary cripple, with malicious eye Askance to watch the working of his lie On mine, and mouth scarce able to afford Suppression of the glee that pursed and Its edge at one more victim gained thereby. What else should he be set for, with his staff? What, save to wavlay with his lies, ensnare All travellers that might find him posted And ask the road? I guessed what skulllike laugh Would break, what crutch 'gin write my epitaph For pastime in the dusty thoroughfare, If at his counsel I should turn aside Into that ominous tract which, all agree, Hides the Dark Tower. Yet acquiescingly I did turn as he pointed; neither pride Nor hope rekindling at the end descried, So much as gladness that some end might For, what with my whole world-wide wander-What with my search drawn out through years, my hope Dwindled into a ghost not fit to cope With that obstreperous joy success would

I hardly tried now to rebuke the spring

As when a sick man very near to death

My heart made, finding failure in its

Seems dead indeed, and feels begin and

The tears and takes the farewell of each

And hears one bid the other go, draw breath

Stars come and go! let joy break with the

Peace let the dew send!

storm,

bring, -

scope.

end

friend,

135

140

Freelier outside, ('since all is o'er,' he saith,
'And the blow fallen no grieving can
amend';)
30

While some discuss if near the other graves Be room enough for this, and when a day Suits best for carrying the corpse away, With care about the banners, scarves and

staves, —

And still the man hears all, and only craves

He may not shame such tender love and stay.

stay.

Thus, I had so long suffered in this quest,
Heard failure prophesied so oft, been writ
So many times among 'The Band'—to
wit,

The knights who to the Dark Tower's search addressed 40

Their steps — that just to fail as they, seemed best,

And all the doubt was now — should I be fit.

So, quiet as despair, I turned from him,
That hateful cripple, out of his highway
Into the path he pointed. All the day 45
Had been a dreary one at best, and dim
Was settling to its close, yet shot one grim
Red leer to see the plain catch its estray.

For mark! no sooner was I fairly found
Pledged to the plain, after a pace or two, 50
Than, pausing to throw backward a last
view

To the safe road, 't was gone; grey plain all

rouna

Nothing but plain to the horizon's bound. I might go on; nought else remained to do.

So, on I went. I think I never saw 55
Such starved ignoble nature; nothing throve:

For flowers — as well expect a cedar grove! But cockle, spurge, according to their law Might propagate their kind, with none to

You'd think; a burr had been a treasuretrove. 60

No! penury, inertness and grimace,

In some strange sort, were the land's portion. 'See

Or shut your eyes,' said Nature peevishly,
'It nothing skills: I cannot help my case:

'T is the Last Judgment's fire must cure this place, 65

Calcine its clods and set my prisoners free.'

If there pushed any ragged thistle-stalk
Above its mates, the head was chopped—
the bents

Were jealous else. What made those holes and rents

In the dock's harsh swarth leaves — bruised as to baulk 70

All hope of greenness? 't is a brute must walk Pashing their life out, with a brute's intents.

As for the grass, it grew as scant as hair
In leprosy; thin dry blades pricked the
mud

Which underneath looked kneaded up with blood. 75

One stiff blind horse, his every bone a-stare, Stood stupefied, however he came there:

Thrust out past service from the devil's stud!

Alive? he might be dead for aught I know, With that red, gaunt and colloped neck a-strain, 80

And shut eyes underneath the rusty mane;

Seldom went such grotesqueness with such woe:

I never saw a brute I hated so;

He must be wicked to deserve such pain.

I shut my eyes and turned them on my heart. 85

As a man calls for wine before he fights, I asked one draught of earlier, happier sights,

Ere fitly I could hope to play my part.
Think first, fight afterwards — the soldier's

One taste of the old time sets all to rights!

Not it! I fancied Cuthbert's reddening face Beneath its garniture of curly gold,

Dear fellow, till I almost felt him fold An arm in mine to fix me to the place,

That way he used. Alas, one night's disgrace!

Out went my heart's new fire and left it cold.

Giles, then, the soul of honour — there he stands

Frank as ten years ago when knighted first. What honest men should dare (he said) he durst.

Good — but the scene shifts — faugh! what hangman's hands

Pin to his breast a parchment? his own bands Read it. Poor traitor, spit upon and curst! Better this Present than a Past like that;
Back therefore to my darkening path
again.

No sound, no sight as far as eye could strain.

Will the night send a howlet or a bat?

I asked: when something on the dismal flat Came to arrest my thoughts and change their train.

A sudden little river crossed my path
As unexpected as a serpent comes. 110
No sluggish tide congenial to the glooms —
This, as it frothed by, might have been a
bath

For the fiend's glowing hoof — to see the wrath

Of its black eddy bespate with flakes and spumes.

So petty yet so spiteful! all along, 115 Low scrubby alders kneeled down over it; Drenched willows flung them headlong in a fit

Of mute despair, a suicidal throng:

The river which had done them all the wrong,

Whate'er that was, rolled by, deterred no whit.

Which, while I forded, — good saints, how I feared

To set my foot upon a dead man's cheek, Each step, or feel the spear I thrust to seek

For hollows, tangled in his hair or beard!

— It may have been a water-rat I speared,

But, ugh! it sounded like a baby's shriek.

Glad was I when I reached the other bank.

Now for a better country. Vain presage!

Who were the strugglers, what war did

they wage

Whose savage trample thus could pad the dank 130

Soil to a plash? toads in a poisoned tank, Or wild cats in a red-hot iron cage—

The fight must so have seemed in that fell cirque.

What penned them there, with all the plain to choose?

No foot-print leading to that horrid mews, 135

None out of it. Mad brewage set to work Their brains, no doubt, like galley-slaves the Turk

Pits for his pastime, Christians against Jews.

And more than that — a furlong on — why, there!

What bad use was that engine for, that wheel,

Or brake, not wheel—that harrow fit to reel Men's bodies out like silk? with all the air Of Tophet's tool, on earth left unaware,

Or brought to sharpen its rusty teeth of steel.

Then came a bit of stubbed ground, once a wood,

Next a marsh, it would seem, and now

mere earth

Desperate and done with; (so a fool finds mirth,

Makes a thing and then mars it, till his mood Changes and off he goes!) within a rood —

Bog, clay and rubble, sand and stark black dearth. 150

Now blotches rankling, coloured gay and grim,

Now patches where some leanness of the soil's

Broke into moss or substances like boils; Then came some palsied oak, a cleft in him Like a distorted mouth that splits its rim 155 Gaping at death, and dies while it recoils.

And just as far as ever from the end!

Nought in the distance but the evening,
nought

To point my footstep further! At the thought,

A great black bird, Apollyon's bosomfriend, 160 Sailed past, nor beat his wide wing dragon-

penned

That brushed my cap—perchance the guide I sought.

For, looking up, aware I somehow grew,
'Spite of the dusk, the plain had given place
All round to mountains — with such name
to grace
165
Mere ugly heights and heaps now stolen in

view

How thus they had surprised me, — solve it, you!

How to get from them was no clearer case.

In a bad dream perhaps. Here ended, then, Progress this way. When, in the very nick Of giving up, one time more, came a click

As when a trap shuts — you're inside the den!

Burningly it came on me all at once, This was the place! those two hills on the right,

Crouched like two bulls locked horn in horn in fight;

While to the left, a tall scalped mountain . . . Dunce,

Fool, to be dozing at the very nonce,

After a life spent training for the sight! 180

What in the midst lay but the Tower itself? The round squat turret, blind as the fool's heart.

Built of brown stone, without a counter-

In the whole world. The tempest's mocking

Points to the shipman thus the unseen shelf

He strikes on, only when the timbers start.

Not see? because of night perhaps? — Why, day

Came back again for that! before it left, The dying sunset kindled through a cleft: The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay, 190 Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay, -Now stab and end the creature — to the heft!

Not hear? when noise was everywhere! it tolled

Increasing like a bell. Names in my ears, Of all the lost adventurers my peers, — 195 How such a one was strong, and such was

And such was fortunate, yet each of old Lost, lost! one moment knelled the woe of years.

There they stood, ranged along the hillsides,

To view the last of me, a living frame 200 For one more picture! in a sheet of flame I saw them and I knew them all. And yet Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set, And blew. 'Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came. 205

1855

FRA LIPPO LIPPI

I am poor brother Lippo, by your leave! You need not clap your torches to my face. Zooks, what's to blame? you think you see a

What, it's past midnight, and you go the

And here you catch me at an alley's end

Where sportive ladies leave their doors aiar? The Carmine's my cloister: hunt it up,

Do, - harry out, if you must show your zeal.

Whatever rat, there, haps on his wrong hole, And nip each softling of a wee white mouse, 10 Weke, weke, that's crept to keep him company!

Aha, you know your betters? Then, you'll take

Your hand away that 's fiddling on my throat, And please to know me likewise. Who am I? Why, one, sir, who is lodging with a friend 15 Three streets off — he's a certain . . . how d'ye call?

Master — a . . . Cosimo of the Medici, In the house that caps the corner. Boh! you were best!

Remember and tell me, the day you're

How you affected such a gullet's-gripe! 20 But you, sir, it concerns you that your knaves

Pick up a manner nor discredit vou.

Zooks, are we pilchards, that they sweep the streets

And count fair prize what comes into their net?

He's Judas to a tittle, that man is! Just such a face! why, sir, you make amends. Lord, I'm not angry! Bid your hang-dogs

Drink out this quater-florin to the health Of the munificent House that harbours me (And many more beside, lads! more beside!)

And all's come square again. I'd like his face -

His, elbowing on his comrade in the door With the pike and lantern, — for the slave that holds

John Baptist's head a-dangle by the hair With one hand ('look you, now,' as who should say)

And his weapon in the other, yet unwiped! It's not your chance to have a bit of chalk, A wood-coal or the like? or you should see! Yes, I'm the painter, since you style me so. What, brother Lippo's doings, up and down.

You know them and they take you? like enough!

I saw the proper twinkle in your eye — 'Tell you, I liked your looks at very first. Let's sit and set things straight now, hip to haunch.

Here's spring come, and the nights one makes

To roam the town and sing out carnival,

And I've been three weeks shut within my

A-painting for the great man, saints and saints

And saints again. I could not paint all night -

Ouf! I leaned out of window for fresh air. 50 There came a hurry of feet and little feet, A sweep of lute-strings, laughs, and whifts of

song, —
Flower o' the broom,

Take away love, and our earth is a tomb! Flower o' the quince,

I let Lisa go, and what good's in life since? Flower o' the thyme — and so on. Round they went.

Scarce had they turned the corner when a titter

Like the skipping of rabbits by moonlight, — three slim shapes —

And a face that looked up . . . zooks, sir, flesh and blood,

That's all I'm made of! Into shreds it went, Curtain and counterpane and coverlet, All the bed-furniture — a dozen knots,

There was a ladder! down I let myself, Hands and feet, scrambling somehow, and

so dropped, And after them. I came up with the fun Hard by Saint Laurence, hail fellow, well

met, —
Flower o' the rose,

If I've been merry, what matter who knows? And so as I was stealing back again 70 To get to bed and have a bit of sleep Ere I rise up to-morrow and go to work On Jerome knocking at his poor old breast With his great round stone to subdue the

You snap me of the sudden. Ah, I see! 75 Though your eye twinkles still, you shake your head -

Mine's shaved, — a monk, you say — the sting's in that!

If Master Cosimo announced himself, Mum's the word naturally; but a monk! Come, what am I a beast for? tell us, now! 80 I was a baby when my mother died And father died and left me in the street.

I starved there, God knows how, a year or

On fig skins, melon-parings, rinds and shucks, Refuse and rubbish. One fine frosty day 85 My stomach being empty as your hat, The wind doubled me up and down I went.

Old Aunt Lapaccia trussed me with one hand,

(Its fellow was a stinger as I knew) And so along the wall, over the bridge, By the straight cut to the convent. words, there.

While I stood munching my first bread that month:

'So, boy, you're minded,' quoth the good fat father

Wiping his own mouth, 't was refectiontime, -

'To quit this very miserable world? Will you renounce'... The mouthful of bread? thought I;

By no means! Brief, they made a monk of me:

I did renounce the world, its pride and greed, Palace, farm, villa, shop and banking-house, Trash, such as these poor devils of Medici 100 Have given their hearts to—all at eight vears old.

Well, sir, I found in time, you may be sure, 'T was not for nothing — the good bellyful, The warm serge and the rope that goes all round,

And day-long blessèd idleness beside! 105 'Let's see what the urchin's fit for' — that came next.

Not overmuch their way, I must confess. Such a to-do! they tried me with their books. Lord, they'd have taught me Latin in pure

waste! Flower o' the clove, 110 All the Latin I construe is, 'amo' I love!

But, mind you, when a boy starves in the

Eight years together, as my fortune was, Watching folk's faces to know who will fling The bit of half-stripped grape-bunch he desires,

And who will curse or kick him for his pains -

Which gentleman processional and fine, Holding a candle to the Sacrament

Will wink and let him lift a plate and catch The droppings of the wax to sell again, 120 Or holla for the Eight and have him whipped, -

How say I? - nay, which dog bites, which lets drop

His bone from the heap of offal in the street. —

Why, soul and sense of him grow sharp alike,

He learns the look of things, and none the

For admonitions from the hunger-pinch. I had a store of such remarks, be sure,

Which, after I found leisure, turned to use: I drew men's faces on my copy-books,

Scrawled them within the antiphonary's marge,

Joined legs and arms to the long music-notes, Found nose and eyes and chin for A.s and

And made a string of pictures of the world Betwixt the ins and outs of verb and noun, On the wall, the bench, the door. monks looked black.

'Nay,' quoth the Prior, 'turn him out, d'ye

say!

In no wise. Lose a crow and catch a lark. What if at last we get our man of parts, We Carmelites, like those Camaldolese And Preaching Friars, to do our church up

And put the front on it that ought to be!' And hereupon they bade me daub away. Thank you! my head being crammed, their

walls a blank,

Never was such prompt disemburdening. First, every sort of monk, the black and white,

I drew them, fat and lean: then, folks at church,

From good old gossips waiting to confess Their cribs of barrel-droppings, candle-

To the breathless fellow at the altar-foot, Fresh from his murder, safe and sitting

With the little children round him in a row Of admiration, half for his beard and half For that white anger of his victim's son Shaking a fist at him with one fierce arm, Signing himself with the other because of

(Whose sad face on the cross sees only this After the passion of a thousand years) Till some poor girl, her apron o'er her head Which the intense eyes looked through, came

On tip-toe, said a word, dropped in a loaf, 160 Her pair of earrings and a bunch of flowers The brute took growling, prayed, and then

was gone.

I painted all, then cried, 't is ask and have — Choose, for more's ready!' — laid the ladder flat.

And showed my covered bit of cloisterwall.

The monks closed in a circle and praised loud Till checked, — taught what to see and not

Being simple bodies, - 'that's the very man! Look at the boy who stoops to pat the dog! That woman's like the Prior's niece who

To care about his asthma: it's the life!' But there my triumph's straw-fire flared and funked —

Their betters took their turn to see and say: The Prior and the learned pulled a face And stopped all that in no time.

what's here? 175 Quite from the mark of painting, bless us

Faces, arms, legs and bodies like the true As much as pea and pea! it's devil's-game! Your business is not to catch men with show. With homage to the perishable clay, But lift them over it, ignore it all.

Make them forget there's such a thing as

Your business is to paint the souls of men— Man's soul, and it's a fire, smoke . . . no it's not . .

It's vapour done up like a new-born babe — (In that shape when you die it leaves your

It's . . . well, what matters talking, it's the soul!

Give us no more of body than shows soul! Here's Giotto, with his Saint a-praising God. That sets you praising, — why not stop with him?

Why put all thoughts of praise out of our heads

With wonder at lines, colours, and what not? Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms!

Rub all out, try at it a second time. Oh, that white smallish female with the breasts,

She's just my niece . . . Herodias, I would

Who went and danced and got men's heads cut off -

Have it all out!' Now, is this sense, I ask? A fine way to paint soul, by painting body So ill, the eye can't stop there, must go

And can't fare worse! Thus, yellow does for white

When what you put for yellow's simply black,

And any sort of meaning looks intense When all beside itself means and looks nought.

Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn, 205 Left foot and right foot, go a double step, Make his flesh liker and his soul more like,

Both in their order? Take the prettiest face,

The Prior's niece . . . patron-saint — is it so pretty

You can't discover if it means hope, fear, 210 Sorrow or joy? won't beauty go with these? Suppose I've made her eyes all right and blue.

Can't I take breath and try to add life's flash.

And then add soul and heighten them three-fold?

Or say there's beauty with no soul at all—215

(I never saw it — put the case the same —) If you get simple beauty and nought else, You get about the best thing God invents, — That's somewhat. And you'll find the soul you have missed,

Within yourself when you return Him thanks, 220

'Rub all out!' Well, well, there's my life, in short.

And so the thing has gone on ever since.

I'm grown a man no doubt, I've broken

bounds —
You should not take a fellow eight years old

And make him swear to never kiss the girls.

225

I'm my own master, paint now as I please—

Having a friend, you see, in the Corner-house!

Lord, it's fast holding by the rings in front— Those great rings serve more purposes than just

To plant a flag in, or tie up a horse! 230 And yet the old schooling sticks, the old

grave eyes Are peeping o'er my shoulder as I work, The heads shake still — 'It's Art's decline,

my son!
You're not of the true painters, great and

old;
Brother Angelico's the man, you'll find: 235

Brother Angelico's the man, you'll find; 235 Brother Lorenzo stands his single peer:

Fag on at flesh, you'll never make the third!'

Flower o' the pine,

You keep your mistr . . . manners, and I'll stick to mine!

I'm not the third, then: bless us, they must know!

Don't you think they're the likeliest to know,

They with their Latin? so, I swallow my rage.

Clench my teeth, suck my lips in tight, and paint

To please them — sometimes do, and sometimes don't,

For, doing most, there's pretty sure to come 245

A turn, some warm eve finds me at my saints—

A laugh, a cry, the business of the world — (Flower o' the peach,

Death for us all, and his own life for each!)

And my whole soul revolves, the cup runs over, 250

The world and life's too big to pass for a dream,

And I do these wild things in sheer despite, And play the fooleries you catch me at, In pure rage! the old mill-horse, out at grass After hard years, throws up his stiff heels

Although the miller does not preach to him The only good of grass is to make chaff.

What would men have? Do they like grass

What would men have? Do they like grass or no —

May they or mayn't they? all I want's the thing

Settled for ever one way: as it is, 260 You tell too many lies and hurt yourself. You don't like what you only like too much, You do like what, if given you at your word,

You find abundantly detestable.

For me, I think I speak as I was taught — 265 I always see the Garden and God there A-making man's wife — and, my lesson

learned,
The value and significance of flesh,

I can't unlearn ten minutes afterwards.
You understand me: I'm a beast, I

know. 270
But see, now — why, I see as certainly

As that the morning-star's about to shine, What will hap some day. We've a youngster here

Comes to our convent, studies what I do, Slouches and stares and lets no atom drop—

His name is Guidi — he'll not mind the monks —

They call him Hulking Tom, he lets them talk —

He picks my practice up — he'll paint apace, I hope so — though I never live so long,

I know what's sure to follow. You be judge!

You speak no Latin more than I, belike— However, you're my man, you've seen the world

— The beauty and the wonder and the power,

The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades,

Changes, surprises,—and God made it all!

— For what? do you feel thankful, ay or no, For this fair town's face, yonder river's line, The mountain round it and the sky above.

Much more the figures of man, woman, child, These are the frame to? What's it all about? 290

To be passed over, despised? or dwelt upon,

Wondered at? oh, this last of course! — you say.

But why not do as well as say, — paint these Just as they are, careless what comes of it? God's works — paint anyone, and count it crime

To let a truth slip. Don't object, 'His works Are here already — nature is complete:

Suppose you reproduce her — (which you can't)

There's no advantage! you must beat her, then.'

For, don't you mark, we're made so that
we love

First when we see them painted, things we have passed

Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see; And so they are better, painted — better to

ws,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for
that—

God uses us to help each other so, 305 Lending our minds out. Have you noticed, now.

Your cullion's hanging face? A bit of chalk, And trust me but you should, though!

How much more,

If I drew higher things with the same trut

If I drew higher things with the same truth!

That were to take the Prior's pulpitplace,

310

Interpret God to all of you! oh, oh,

It makes me mad to see what men shall do And we in our graves! This world's no blot for us.

Nor blank—it means intensely, and means good:

To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

'Ay, but you don't so instigate to prayer!'
Strikes in the Prior: 'when your meaning's
plain

It does not say to folks — remember matins, Or, mind you fast next Friday.' Why, for

What need of art at all? A skull and bones 320

Two bits of stick nailed cross-wise, or, what's best,

A bell to chime the hour with, does as well. I painted a Saint Laurence six months since At Prato, splashed the fresco in fine style: 'How looks my painting, now the scaffold's down?'

I ask a brother: 'Hugely,' he returns —
'Already not one phiz of your three slaves
That turn the Deacon off his toasted side,
But's scratched and prodded to our heart's

content,
The pious people have so eased their own 330

When coming to say prayers there in a rage: We get on fast to see the bricks beneath. Expect another job this time next year, For pity and religion grow i' the crowd—Your painting serves its purpose?' How the

Your painting serves its purpose!' Hang the fools!

That is — you'll not mistake an idla

— That is — you'll not mistake an idle word

Spoke in a huff by a poor monk, God wot,
Tasting the air this spicy night which turns
The unaccustomed head like Chianti wine!
Oh, the church knows! don't misreport me,
now!

It's natural a poor monk out of bounds Should have his apt word to excuse himself: And hearken how I plot to make amends.

I have bethought me: I shall paint a piece
... There 's for you! Give me six months,
then go, see 345

Something in Sant' Ambrogio's! Bless the nuns!

They want a cast of my office. I shall paint God in the midst, Madonna and her babe, Ringed by a bowery, flowery angel-brood, Lilies and vestments and white faces,

sweet
As puff on puff of grated orris-root

When ladies crowd to church at midsummer.
And then in the front, of course a saint or
two—

Saint John, because he saves the Florentines, Saint Ambrose, who puts down in black and white 355

The convent's friends and gives them a long day.

And Job, I must have him there past mistake,

The man of Uz, (and Us without the z, Painters who need his patience.) Well, all these

Secured at their devotions, up shall come 360 Out of a corner when you least expect, As one by a dark stair into a great light,

Music and talking, who but Lippo! I!—
Mazed, motionless and moon-struck—I'm
the man!

Back I shrink — what is this I see and hear?

I, caught up with my monk's things by mistake,

My old serge gown and rope that goes all round,

I, in this presence, this pure company!
Where 's a hole, where 's a corner for escape?
Then steps a sweet angelic slip of a thing 370
Forward, puts out a soft palm — 'Not so fast!'

— Addresses the celestial presence, 'nay — He made you and devised you, after all,

Though he's none of you! Could Saint John there, draw-

camel-hair make up a paintingbrush?

We come to brother Lippo for all that, Iste perfecit opus!' So, all smile -I shuffle sideways with my blushing face Under the cover of a hundred wings

Thrown like a spread of kirtles when you're

And play hot cockles, all the doors being shut.

Till, wholly unexpected, in there pops The hothead husband! Thus I scuttle off To some safe bench behind, not letting go The palm of her, the little lily thing That spoke the good word for me in the nick, Like the Prior's niece . . . Saint Lucy, I would say.

And so all's saved for me, and for the church A pretty picture gained. Go, six months

hence!

Your hand, sir, and good-bye: no lights, no

The street's hushed, and I know my own way back,

Don't fear me! There's the grey beginning. Zooks!

1855

ANDREA DEL SARTO

But do not let us quarrel any more, No, my Lucrezia; bear with me for once: Sit down and all shall happen as you wish. You turn your face, but does it bring your heart?

I'll work then for your friend's friend, never

Treat his own subject after his own way, Fix his own time, accept too his own price, And shut the money into this small hand When next it takes mine. Will it? tenderly? Oh, I'll content him, — but to-morrow, Love!

I often am much wearier than you think, This evening more than usual, and it seems As if — forgive now — should you let me sit Here by the window with your hand in mine And look a half hour forth on Fiesole, Both of one mind, as married people use, Quietly, quietly, the evening through, I might get up to-morrow to my work Cheerful and fresh as ever. Let us try. To-morrow how you shall be glad for this! 20 Your soft hand is a woman of itself,

And mine the man's bared breast she curls

inside.

Don't count the time lost, either; you must

For each of the five pictures we require — It saves a model. So! keep looking so - 25 My serpentining beauty, rounds on rounds! - How could you ever prick those perfect

Even to put the pearl there! oh, so sweet — My face, my moon, my everybody's moon, Which everybody looks on and calls his, 30 And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,

While she looks — no one's: very dear, no

You smile? why, there's my picture ready made.

There's what we painters call our harmony! A common greyness silvers everything, —35 All in a twilight, you and I alike

- You, at the point of your first pride in

(That's gone you know), — but I, at every point:

My youth, my hope, my art, being all toned down

To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole. There's the bell clinking from the chapel-

That length of convent-wall across the way Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside; The last monk leaves the garden; days de-

And autumn grows, autumn in everything. 45

Eh? the whole seems to fall into a shape As if I saw alike my work and self And all that I was born to be and do, A twilight-piece. Love, we are in God's

hand. How strange now, looks the life He makes us

lead! So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!

I feel He laid the fetter: let it lie! This chamber for example — turn your

All that's behind us! you don't understand Nor care to understand about my art, But you can hear at least when people speak: And that cartoon, the second from the door — It is the thing, Love! so such things should

be -Behold Madonna, I am bold to say. I can do with my pencil what I know, What I see, what at bottom of my heart I wish for, if I ever wish so deep Do easily, too — when I say perfectly I do not boast, perhaps: yourself are judge Who listened to the Legate's talk last week.

And just as much they used to say in France.

At any rate 't is easy, all of it,

No sketches first, no studies, that's long

I do what many dream of all their lives - Dream? strive to do, and agonise to do, 70 And fail in doing. I could count twenty such On twice your fingers, and not leave this town.

Who strive — you don't know how the others

strive

To paint a little thing like that you smeared Carelessly passing with vour afloat.

Yet do much less, so much less, Someone

says,

(I know his name, no matter) so much less! Well, less is more, Lucrezia! I am judged. There burns a truer light of God in them, In their vexed, beating, stuffed and stoppedup brain,

Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to

prompt

This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.

Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know.

Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,

Enter and take their place there sure enough,

Though they come back and cannot tell the

world.

My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here. The sudden blood of these men! at a word — Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils

I, painting from myself and to myself. 90 Know what I do, am unmoved by men's

Or their praise either. Somebody remarks Morello's outline there is wrongly traced, His hue mistaken — what of that? or else, Rightly traced and well ordered - what of that?

Speak as they please, what does the moun-

tain care

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his

Or what 's a Heaven for? all is silver-grey Placid and perfect with my art — the worse! I know both what I want and what might

And yet how profitless to know, to sigh 'Had I been two, another and myself,

Our head would have o'erlooked the world!' No doubt.

Yonder's a work, now, of that famous youth The Urbinate who died five years ago. 105 ('T is copied, George Vasari sent it me.)

Well, I can fancy how he did it all,

Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see. Reaching, that Heaven might so replenish

Above and through his art — for it gives way;

That arm is wrongly put - and there again —

A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,

Its body, so to speak: its soul is right, He means right — that, a child may under-

Still, what an arm! and I could alter it. 115 But all the play, the insight and the stretch -

Out of me! out of me! And wherefore out? Had you enjoined them on me, given me

soul.

We might have risen to Rafael, I and you. Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think -120

More than I merit, yes, by many times. But had you — oh, with the same perfect brow,

And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,

And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird The fowler's pipe, and follows to the

Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!

Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged

'God and the glory! never care for gain. The Present by the Future, what is that? Live for fame, side by side with Angelo — 130 Rafael is waiting. Up to God all three!' I might have done it for you. So it seems — Perhaps not. All is as God over-rules. Beside, incentives come from the soul's self; The rest avail not. Why do I need you? 135 What wife had Rafael, or has Angelo? In this world, who can do a thing, will not — And who would do it, cannot, I perceive: Yet the will's somewhat — somewhat, too, the power -

And thus we half-men struggle. At the 140 end.

God, I conclude, compensates, punishes. 'T is safer for me, if the award be strict, That I am something underrated here,

Poor this long while, despised, to speak the truth.

I dared not, do you know, leave home all

For fear of chancing on the Paris lords. The best is when they pass and look aside; But they speak sometimes; I must bear it all.

Well may they speak! That Francis, that first time,

And that long festal year at Fontainebleau! 150

I surely then could sometimes leave the ground,

Put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear,

In that humane great monarch's golden look,—

One finger in his beard or twisted curl Over his mouth's good mark that made the

smile, 155
One arm about my shoulder, round my neck,

The jingle of his gold chain in my ear, I painting proudly with his breath on me, All his court round him, seeing with his eyes, Such frank French eyes, and such a fire of

souls Profuse, my hand kept plying by those

hearts, —

And, best of all, this, this face beyond, This in the background, waiting on my work, To crown the issue with a last reward!

A good time, was it not, my kingly days? 165
And had you not grown restless — but I

"T is done and past; 't was right, my instinct said;

Too live the life grew, golden and not grey, And I'm the weak-eyed bat no sun should

Out of the grange whose four walls make his world.

How could it end in any other way?

You called me, and I came home to your heart.

The triumph was, to have ended there; then if I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost? Let my hands frame your face in your hair's gold,

You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine!
'Rafael did this, Andrea painted that—
The Roman's is the better when you pray,
But still the other's Virgin was his wife—'
Men will excuse me. I am glad to judge 180
Both pictures in your presence; clearer
grows

My better fortune, I resolve to think. For, do you know, Lucrezia, as God lives, Said one day Angelo, his very self,

To Rafael . . . I have known it all these years . . .

(When the young man was flaming out his thoughts

Upon a palace-wall for Rome to see, Too lifted up in heart because of it)

'Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub Goes up and down our Florence, none cares how, Who, were he set to plan and execute
As you are, pricked on by your popes and
kings.

Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours!'

To Rafael's! — And indeed the arm is wrong.

I hardly dare — yet, only you to see, 195 Give the chalk here — quick, thus the line should go!

Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it out!
Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth,
(What he? why, who but Michale Angelo?
Do you forget already words like those?) 200
If really there was such a chance, so lost, —
Is, whether you're — not grateful — but
more pleased.

Well, let me think so. And you smile indeed!

This hour has been an hour! Another

smile?
If you would sit thus by me every night 205 I should work better, do you comprehend?

I mean that I should earn more, give you more.

See, it is settled dusk now; there's a star; Morello's gone, the watch-lights show the wall,

The cue-owls speak the name we call them by.

Come from the window, Love, — come in, at last,

Inside the melancholy little house

We built to be so gay with. God is just. King Francis may forgive me. Oft at nights When I look up from painting, eyes tired out,

The walls become illumined, brick from brick

Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright gold,

That gold of his I did cement them with! Let us but love each other. Must you go?

That Cousin here again? he waits outside?

Must see you — you, and not with me?

Those loans?

More gaming debts to pay? you smiled for that?

Well, let smiles buy me! have you more to spend?

While hand and eye and something of a heart

Are left me, work's my ware, and what's it worth? 225

I'll pay my fancy. Only let me sit The grey remainder of the evening out, Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly How I could paint, were I but back in France,

One picture, just one more—the Virgin's face,

Not yours this time! I want you at my side

To hear them — that is, Michael Angelo — Judge all I do and tell you of its worth.

Will you? To-morrow, satisfy your friend. I take the subjects for his corridor, 235 Finish the portrait out of hand—there,

there, And throw him in another thing or two

If he demurs; the whole should prove enough

To pay for this same Cousin's freak. Beside, What's better and what's all I care about,

Get you the thirteen scudi for the ruff.

Love, does that please you? Ah, but what

does he, The Cousin! what does he to please you

more?
I am grown peaceful as old age tonight.
I regret little, I would change still less. 245
Since there my past life lies, why alter it?
The very wrong to Francis!—it is true
I took his coin, was tempted and complied,
And built this house and sinned, and all is
said.

My father and my mother died of want. 250 Well, had I riches of my own? you see

How one gets rich! Let each one bear his lot.

They were born poor, lived poor, and poor they died:

And I have laboured somewhat in my

And not been paid profusely. Some good
son
255
Paint my two hundred pictures—let him

Paint my two hundred pictures — let him try!

No doubt, there's something strikes a balance. Yes,

You loved me quite enough, it seems tonight.

This must suffice me here. What would one have?

In Heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance — 260

Four great walls in the New Jerusalem Meted on each side by the angel's reed, For Leonard, Rafael, Angelo and me To cover — the three first without a wife, While I have mine! So — still they over-

Because there 's still Lucrezia, — as I choose.

Again the Cousin's whistle! Go, my Love.

1855

PROSPICE

FEAR death? — to feel the fog in my throat, The mist in my face,

When the snows begin, and the blasts denote

I am nearing the place,

The power of the night, the press of the storm,

The post of the foe;

Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,

Yet the strong man must go:

For the journey is done and the summit attained,

And the barriers fall,

Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be

The reward of it all.

I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more, The best and the last!

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore, 15

And bade me creep past.

No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my
peers

The heroes of old,

Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears

Of pain, darkness and cold, 20 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave.

The black minute's at end,

And the element's rage, the fiend-voices that rave.

Shall dwindle, shall blend,

Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain, 25
Then a light, then thy breast,

O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again.

And with God be the rest!

1864

ABT VOGLER

Would that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,

Bidding my organ obey, ealling its keys to their work,

Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon willed

Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,

Man, brute, reptile, fly, — alien of end and of aim,

Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep removed,—

Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable Name,

And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he loved!

Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,

This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned to raise!

Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and now combine,

Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise!

And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,

Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things.

Then up again swim into sight, having based me my palace well, 15 Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the

nether springs.

And another would mount and march, like the excellent minion he was,

Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest,

Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,

Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest:

For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire,

When a great illumination surprises a festal night -

Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to spire)

Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my soul was in sight.

In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain, to match man's birth, Nature in turn conceived, obeying an

impulse as I;

And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,

As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the sky:

Novel splendours burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt with mine,

Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its wandering star;

Meteor-moons, balls of blaze: and they did not pale nor pine.

For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near nor far.

Nay more; for there wanted not who walked in the glare and glow,

Presences plain in the place; or, fresh from the Protoplast,

Furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier wind should blow,

Lured now to begin and live, in a house to their liking at last;

Or else the wonderful Dead who have passed through the body and gone,

But were back once more to breathe in an old world worth their new: What never had been, was now; what was,

as it shall be anon;

And what is, — shall I say, matched both? for I was made perfect too.

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,

All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,

All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,

Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-worth:

Had I written the same, made verse — still, effect proceeds from cause, Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear

how the tale is told:

It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,

Painter and poet are proud in the artistlist enrolled: —

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,

Existent behind all laws, that made them and, lo, they are!

And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,

That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.

Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is nought;

It is everywhere in the world — loud, soft, and all is said:

Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought;

And, there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared:

Gone! and the good tears start, the praises that come too slow:

For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared.

That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.

Never to be again! But many more of the kind

As good, nay, better perchance: is this your comfort to me?

To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind

To the same, same self, same love, same God: ay, what was shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?

Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!

What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?

Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?

There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;

The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound:

What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;

On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist; Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty,

nor good, nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist

When eternity affirms the conception of an

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky

Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;

Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence

For the fullness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?

Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to

Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:

But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;

The rest may reason and welcome: 't is we musicians know.

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her

I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.

Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,

Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor, - yes,

And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,

Surveying a while the heights I rolled from into the deep:

Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting-place is found, The C Major of this life: so, now I will

try to sleep.

1864

RABBI BEN EZRA

Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be, The last of life, for which the first was made: Our times are in His hand Who saith 'A whole I planned, Youth shows but half; trust God: see all,

nor be afraid!

Not that, amassing flowers, Youth sighed 'Which rose make ours, Which lily leave and then as best recall?' Not that, admiring stars, It yearned 'Nor Jove, nor Mars;

Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!'

Not for such hopes and fears Annulling youth's brief years, Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark! 15 Rather I prize the doubt Low kinds exist without, Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed, Were man but formed to feed 20 On joy, to solely seek and find and feast: Such feasting ended, then As sure an end to men; Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

25 Rejoice we are allied To That which doth provide And not partake, effect and not receive! A spark disturbs our clod; Nearer we hold of God Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff That turns earth's smoothness rough, Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!

Be our joys three-parts pain!	A man, for ay removed
Strive, and hold cheap the strain; 35 Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never	From the developed brute; a God though in the germ.
grudge the throe!	
	And I shall thereupon
For thence, — a paradox Which comforts while it mocks, —	Take rest, ere I be gone 80 Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:	Fearless and unperplexed,
What I aspired to be, 40	When I wage battle next,
And was not, comforts me:	What weapons to select, what armour to
A brute I might have been, but would not	indue.
sink i' the scale.	Youth ended, I shall try 85
What is he but a brute	My gain or loss thereby;
Whose flesh hath soul to suit,	Be the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?	And I shall weigh the same, Give life its praise or blame:
To man, propose this test—	Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know,
Thy body at its best,	being old.
How far can that project thy soul on its	For note, when evening shuts,
lone way?	A certain moment cuts
Yet gifts should prove their use:	The deed off, calls the glory from the grey:
I own the Past profuse 50	A whisper from the west
Of power each side, perfection every turn:	Shoots — 'Add this to the rest, 95 Take it and try its worth: here dies another
Eyes, ears took in their dole, Brain treasured up the whole;	dav.'
Should not the heart beat once 'How good	
to live and learn?'	So, still within this life, Though lifted o'er its strife,
Not once beat 'Praise be Thine! 55	Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
I see the whole design,	'This rage was right i' the main, 100
I, who saw Power, see now Love perfect	That acquiescence vain:
too: Perfect I call Thy plan:	The Future I may face now I have proved the Past.'
Thanks that I was a man!	
Maker, remake, complete, — I trust what	For more is not reserved
Thou shalt do!'	To man, with soul just nerved To act to-morrow what he learns to-day: 105
For pleasant is this flesh;	Here, work enough to watch
Our soul in its rose-mesh	The Master work, and eatch
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest:	Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's
Would we some prize might hold To match those manifold 65	true play.
Possessions of the brute, — gain most, as	As it was better, youth
we did best!	Should strive, through acts uncouth, 110
Let us not always say	Toward making, than repose on aught found made;
'Spite of this flesh to-day	So, better, age, exempt
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the	From strife, should know, than tempt
whole!'	Further. Thou waitedst age; wait death
As the bird wings and sings, 70 Let us cry 'All good things	nor be afraid!
Let us cry 'All good things Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now,	Enough now, if the Right 115
than flesh helps soul!'	And Good and Infinite
Therefore I summon age	Be named here, as thou callest thy hand
To grant youth's heritage,	thine own, With knowledge absolute,
Life's struggle having so far reached its	Subject to no dispute
term: 75	From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee
Thence shall I pass, approved	feel alone.

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the
Past!
Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained,
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us
peace at last!

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me: we all surmise,
They, this thing, and I, that: whom shall

Not on the vulgar mass
Called 'work,' must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the
price;
135
O'er which, from level stand;

The low world laid its hand,

my soul believe?

Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb And finger failed to plumb, 140 So passed in making up the main account; All instincts immature,

All purposes unsure, That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the

man's amount:

Thoughts hardly to be packed 145
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;

All I could never be, All, men ignored in me,

This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel, That metaphor! and feel Why time spins fast, why pa

Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—

Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
'Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone,
seize to-day!'

Fool! All that is, at all, Lasts ever, past recall; Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:

What entered into thee,

That was, is, and shall be: Time's wheel runs back or stops; Potter and clay endure. He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain
arrest:
165
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently

impressed.

What though the earlier grooves
Which ran the laughing loves 170

What though, about thy rim,
Skull-things in order grim

Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

Look not thou down but up! 175
To uses of a cup,

The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,

The new wine's foaming flow, The Master's lips aglow!

Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with earth's wheel? 180

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who mouldest men;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I,— to the wheel of life
With shapes and colours rife,
Bound dizžily,— mistake my end, to slake
Thy thirst:

So, take and use Thy work!
Amend what flaws may lurk,

What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!

My times be in Thy hand!

Perfect the cup as planned!

Let age approve of the state of the state

Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

1864

CALIBAN UPON SETEBOS

['Will sprawl, now that the heat of day is best,

Flat on his belly in the pit's much mire, With elbows wide, fists clenched to prop his

And, while he kicks both feet in the cool slush, And feels about his spine small eft-things course, 5

Run in and out each arm, and make him laugh;

And while above his head a pompion-plant, Coating the cave-top as a brow its eye,

Creeps down to touch and tickle hair and beard,

And now a flower drops with a bee inside, 10 And now a fruit to snap at, catch and crunch: He looks out o'er yon sea which sunbeams cross

And recross till they weave a spider-web (Meshes of fire, some great fish breaks at times),

And talks to his own self, howe'er he please,

Touching that other, whom his dam called God.

Because to talk about Him, vexes — ha, Could He but know! and time to vex is now, When talk is safer than in winter-time.

Moreover Prosper and Miranda sleep 20
In confidence he drudges at their task,
And it is good to cheat the pair, and gibe,
Letting the rank tongue blossom into speech.

Setebos, Setebos, and Setebos!

'Thinketh, He dwelleth i' the cold o' the

'Thinketh He made it, with the sun to match, But not the stars; the stars came otherwise; Only made clouds, winds, meteors, such as that:

Also this isle, what lives and grows thereon, And snaky sea which rounds and ends the same.

'Thinketh, it came of being ill at ease:
He hated that He cannot change His cold,
Nor cure its ache. 'Hath spied an icy fish
That longed to 'scape the rock-stream where
she lived.

And thaw herself within the lukewarm brine

O' the lazy sea her stream thrusts far amid, A crystal spike 'twixt two warm walls of wave'

Only she ever sickened, found repulse
At the other kind of water, not her life,
(Green-dense and dim-delicious, bred o' the
sun)

40

Flounced back from bliss she was not born to breathe,

And in her old bounds buried her despair, Hating and loving warmth alike: so He.

'Thinketh, He made thereat the sun, this isle,

Trees and the fowls here, beast and creeping thing.

You otter, sleek-wet, black, lithe as a leech; You auk, one fire-eye in a ball of foam,

That floats and feeds; a certain badger brown

He hath watched hunt with that slant whitewedge eye

By moonlight; and the pie with the long tongue 50

That pricks deep into oakwarts for a worm, And says a plain word when she finds her

But will not eat the ants; the ants themselves

That build a wall of seeds and settled stalks About their hole — He made all these and more.

Made all we see, and us, in spite: how else?
He could not, Himself, make a second self
To be His mate; as well have made Himself.
He would not make what He mislikes or
slights,

An eyesore to Him, or not worth His pains:

But did, in envy, listlessness or sport,
Make what Himself would fain, in a manner, be—

Weaker in most points, stronger in a few, Worthy, and yet mere playthings all the while.

Things He admires and mocks too, — that is it.

Because, so brave, so better though they be, It nothing skills if He begin to plague.

Look now, I melt a gourd-fruit into mash, Add honeycomb and pods, I have perceived, Which bite like finches when they bill and kiss.—

Then, when froth rises bladdery, drink up all,

Quick, quick, till maggots scamper through my brain;

And throw me on my back i' the seeded thyme,

And wanton, wishing I were born a bird.
Put case, unable to be what I wish,
I yet could make a live bird out of clay:
Would not I take clay, pinch my Caliban
Able to fly? — for, there, see, he hath wings,
And great comb like the hoopoe's to admire,
And there, a sting to do his foes offence,
There, and I will that he begin to live,
Fly to you rock-top, nip me off the horns
Of grigs high up that make the merry din,
Saucy through their veined wings, and mind
me not.

In which feat, if his leg snapped, brittle clay,

And he lev stupid like why I should

And he lay stupid-like, — why, I should laugh;

And if he, spying me, should fall to weep, Beseech me to be good, repair his wrong, Bid his poor leg smart less or grow again, — Well, as the chance were, this might take or else

Not take my fancy: I might hear his cry, And give the manikin three legs for his one, Or pluck the other off, leave him like an egg, And lessoned he was mine and merely clay. Were this no pleasure, lying in the thyme, 95 Drinking the mash, with brain become alive, Making and marring clay at will? So He.

'Thinketh, such shows nor right nor wrong

in Him,

Nor kind, nor cruel: He is strong and Lord.
'Am strong myself compared to yonder crabs

That march now from the mountain to the

sea;

'Let twenty pass, and stone the twenty-first, Loving not, hating not, just choosing so.

'Say, the first straggler that boasts purple

spots

Shall join the file, one pincer twisted off; 105 'Say, this bruised fellow shall receive a worm, And two worms he whose nippers end in red; As it likes me each time, I do: so He.

Well then, 'supposeth He is good i' the

main,

Placable if His mind and ways were guessed.

But rougher than His handiwork, be sure!

Oh, He hath made things worthier than Himself,

And envieth that, so helped, such things do more

Than He who made them! What consoles but this?

That they, unless through Him, do nought at all,

And must submit: what other use in things? 'Hath cut a pipe of pithless elder-joint

That, blown through, gives exact the scream o' the jay

When from her wing you twitch the feathers

Sound this, and little birds that hate the jay 120

Flock within stone's throw, glad their foe is hurt:

Put case such pipe could prattle and boast forsooth

'I catch the birds, I am the crafty thing, I make the cry my maker cannot make

With his great round mouth; he must blow through mine!'

Would not I smash it with my foot? So He.
But wherefore rough, why cold and ill at
ease?

Aha, that is a question! Ask for that, What knows, — the something over Setebos That made Him, or He, may be, found and fought.

Worsted, drove off and did to nothing, perchance.

There may be something quiet o'er His head, Out of His reach, that feels nor joy nor grief, Since both derive from weakness in some way.

I joy because the quails come; would not joy 135

Could I bring quails here when I have a mind:

This Quiet, all it hath a mind to, doth.

'Esteemeth stars the outposts of its couch, But never spends much thought nor care that way.

It may look up, work up, — the worse for those

It works on! 'Careth but for Setebos The many-handed as a cuttle-fish.

Who, making Himself feared through what He does,

Looks up, first, and perceives He cannot soar

To what is quiet and hath happy life; 145 Next looks down here, and out of very spite Makes this a bauble-world to ape you real, These good things to match those as hips do grapes.

'T is solace making baubles, ay, and sport. Himself peeped late, eyed Prosper at his books

Careless and lofty, lord now of the isle:

Vexed, 'stitched a book of broad leaves, arrow-shaped,

Wrote thereon, he knows what, prodigious words;

Has peeled a wand and called it by a name; Weareth at whiles for an enchanter's robe 155 The eyed skin of a supple oncelot;

And hath an ounce sleeker than youngling mole,

A four-legged serpent he makes cower and couch.

Now snarl, now hold its breath and mind his eye,

And saith she is Miranda and my wife: 160 'Keeps for his Ariel a tall pouch-bill crane He bids go wade for fish and straight dis-

Also a sea-beast, lumpish, which he snared, Blinded the eyes of, and brought somewhat

And split its toe-webs, and now pens the drudge 165

In a hole o' the rock and calls him Caliban; A bitter heart, that bides its time and bites, 'Plays thus at being Prosper in a way,

Taketh his mirth with make-believes: so He.

His dam held that the Quiet made all
things 170

Which Setebos vexed only: 'holds not so.
Who made them weak, meant weakness He
might yex.

Had He meant other, while His hand was in,

Why not make horny eyes no thorn could prick,

Or plate my scalp with bone against the snow,

Or overscale my flesh 'neath joint and joint, Like an orc's armour? Ay, — so spoil His sport!

He is the One now: only He doth all.

Saith, He may like, perchance, what profits Him.

Ay, himself loves what does him good; but why?

'Gets good no otherwise. This blinded beast Loves whoso places flesh-meat on his nose, But, had he eyes, would want no help, but hate

Or love, just as it liked him: He hath eyes. Also it pleaseth Setebos to work, 185 Use all His hands, and exercise much craft, By no means for the love of what is worked. Tasteth, himself, no finer good i' the world When all goes right, in this safe summertime,

And he wants little, hungers, aches not much, 190

Than trying what to do with wit and strength.

'Falls to make something: 'piled you pile of turfs.

And squared and stuck there squares of soft white chalk,

And, with a fish-tooth, scratched a moon on each.

And set up endwise certain spikes of tree, 195 And crowned the whole with a sloth's skull a-top.

Found dead i' the woods, too hard for one to kill.

No use at all i' the work, for work's sole sake; 'Shall some day knock it down again: so He.

'Saith He is terrible: watch His feats in proof! 200

One hurricane will spoil six good months' hope.

He hath a spite against me, that I know, Just as He favours Prosper, who knows why? So it is, all the same, as well I find.

Wove wattles half the winter, fenced them firm 205

With stone and stake to stop she-tortoises Crawling to lay their eggs here: well, one wave,

Feeling the foot of Him upon its neck,

Gaped as a snake does, lolled out its large tongue,

And licked the whole labour flat: so much for spite.

'Saw a ball flame down late (yonder it lies)

Where, half an hour before, I slept i' the shade:

Often they scatter sparkles: there is force!
'Dug up a newt He may have envied once
And turned to stone, shut up inside a
stone.

Please Him and hinder this? — What Prosper does?

Aha, if He would tell me how! Not He! There is the sport: discover how or die! All need not die, for of the things o' the isle Some flee afar, some dive, some run up

trees; 220 Those at His mercy, — why, they please Him most

When . . when . . well, never try the same way twice!

Repeat what act has pleased, He may grow wroth.

You must not know His ways, and play Him

Sure of the issue. 'Doth the like himself: 225 'Spareth a squirrel that it nothing fears

But steals the nut from underneath my thumb,

And when I threat, bites stoutly in defence: 'Spareth an urchin that, contrariwise,

Curls up into a ball, pretending death 230 For fright at my approach: the two ways please.

But what would move my choler more than this.

That either creature counted on its life
To-morrow and next day and all days to
come.

Saying forsooth in the inmost of its heart, 235 'Because he did so yesterday with me,

And otherwise with such another brute, So must be do henceforth and always.'

— Ay?

Would teach the reasoning couple what 'must' means!

'Doth as he likes, or wherefore Lord? So He.

'Conceiveth all things will continue thus, And we shall have to live in fear of Him

So long as He lives, keeps His strength: no change,

If He have done His best, make no new world

To please Him more, so leave off watching this, — * 245

If He surprise not even the Quiet's self Some strange day, — or, suppose, grow into

it
As grubs grow butterflies: else, here are we,
And there is He, and nowhere help at all.

Believeth with the life, the pain shall stop.

20

His dam held different, that after death He both plagued enemies and feasted friends: Idly! He doth His worst in this our life, Giving just respite lest we die through pain.

Saving last pain for worst, — with which, an Meanwhile, the best way to escape His ire Is, not to seem too happy. Sees, himself, Yonder two flies, with purple films and pink, Bask on the pompion-bell above: kills both. 'Sees two black painful beetles roll their

On head and tail as if to save their lives:

Moves them the stick away they strive to

Even so, 'would have Him misconceive,

suppose

This Caliban strives hard and ails no less, And always, above all else, envies Him. 265 Wherefore he mainly dances on dark nights. Moans in the sun, gets under holes to laugh, And never speaks his mind save housed as

Outside, 'groans, curses. If He caught me

here.

O'erheard this speech, and asked 'What chucklest at?'

'Would, to appease Him, cut a finger off, Or of my three kid yearlings burn the best, Or let the toothsome apples rot on tree, Or push my tame beast for the orc to taste: While myself lit a fire, and made a song 275 And sung it, 'What I hate, be consecrate To celebrate Thee and Thy state, no mate For Thee; what see for envy in poor me?' Hoping the while, since evils sometimes mend,

Warts rub away, and sores are cured with

That some strange day, will either the Quiet catch

And conquer Setebos, or likelier He

Decrepit may doze, doze, as good as die. What, what? A curtain o'er the world at once!

Crickets stop hissing; not a bird — or, 285

There scuds His raven that hath told Him

It was fool's play, this prattling! Ha! The wind

Shoulders the pillared dust, death's house o' the move.

And fast invading fires begin! White blaze -A tree's head snaps - and there, there, there, there, there, 290 His thunder follows! Fool to gibe at Him!

Lo! 'Lieth flat and loveth Setebos!

'Maketh his teeth meet through his upper lip. Will let those quails fly, will not eat this month

One little mess of whelks, so he may 'scape!] 295 1864

APPARENT FAILURE

No, for I'll save it! Seven years since. I passed through Paris, stopped a day To see the baptism of your Prince; Saw, made my bow, and went my way: Walking the heat and headache off,

I took the Seine-side, you surmise, Thought of the Congress, Gortschakoff, Cavour's appeal and Buol's replies,

So sauntered till — what met my eyes?

Only the Doric little Morgue! The dead-house where you show your drowned:

Petrarch's Vaucluse makes proud the Sorgue. Your Morgue has made the Seine renowned.

One pays one's debt in such a case;

plucked up heart and entered, stalked,

Keeping a tolerable face Compared with some whose cheeks were chalked:

Let them! No Briton's to be baulked!

First came the silent gazers; next, A screen of glass, we're thankful for;

Last, the sight's self, the sermon's text, The three men who did most abhor Their life in Paris yesterday,

So killed themselves: and now, throned

Each on his copper couch, they lay 25 Fronting me, waiting to be owned. I thought, and think, their sin's atoned.

Poor men, God made, and all for that! The reverence struck me; o'er each head Religiously was hung his hat,

Each coat dripped by the owner's bed, Sacred from touch: each had his berth, His bounds, his proper place of rest,

Who last night tenanted on earth Some arch, where twelve such slept abreast, -

Unless the plain asphalte seemed best.

How did it happen, my poor boy? You wanted to be Buonaparte And have the Tuileries for toy, And could not, so it broke your heart? 40 You, old one by his side, I judge, Were, red as blood, a socialist, A leveller! Does the Empire grudge You've gained what no Republic missed? Be quiet, and unclench your fist! And this — why, he was red in vain, Or black, - poor fellow that is blue! What fancy was it, turned your brain? Oh, women were the prize for you! Money gets women, cards and dice 50 Get money, and ill-luck gets just The copper couch and one clear nice Cool squirt of water o'er your bust, The right thing to extinguish lust! It's wiser being good than bad; 55 It's safer being meek than fierce: It's fitter being sane than mad. My own hope is, a sun will pierce The thickest cloud earth ever stretched; That, after Last, returns the First, Though a wide compass round be fetched; That what began best, can't end worst, Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst. **EPILOGUE** At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-When you set your fancies free, Will they pass to where — by death, fools think, imprisoned — Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so, - Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken! What had I on earth to do With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly? Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel — Being — who? One who never turned his back but marched breast forward, Never doubted clouds would break, Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph, Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, Sleep to wake. No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-Greet the unseen with a cheer!

Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be, 'Strive and thrive!' cry, 'Speed, - fight on, fare ever

There as here!'

1889

Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806 - 1861)

LADY GERALDINE'S COURTSHIP

DEAR my friend and fellow student, I would lean my spirit o'er you!

Down the purple of this chamber, tears should scarcely run at will.

I am humbled who was humble. Friend, — I bow my head before you.

You should lead me to my peasants, - but their faces are too still.

There's a lady — an earl's daughter, — she is proud and she is noble,

And she treads the crimson carpet, and she breathes the perfumed air, And a kingly blood sends glances up her

princely eye to trouble,

And the shadow of a monarch's crown is softened in her hair.

She has halls among the woodlands, she has castles by the breakers,

She has farms and she has manors, she can threaten and command,

And the palpitating engines snort in steam across her acres,

As they mark upon the blasted heaven the measure of the land.

There are none of England's daughters who can show a prouder presence;

Upon princely suitors praying, she has looked in her disdain.

She was sprung of English nobles, I was born of English peasants;

What was I that I should love her — save for competence to pain?

I was only a poor poet, made for singing at her casement,

As the finches or the thrushes, while she thought of other things.

Oh, she walked so high above me, she appeared to my abasement,

In her lovely silken murmur, like an angel clad in wings!

Many vassals bow before her as her carriage sweeps their doorways;

She has blest their little children,—as a priest or queen were she.

Far too tender, or too cruel far, her smile upon the poor was.

For I thought it was the same smile which she used to smile on *me*.

She has voters in the Commons, she has lovers in the palace; 25

And of all the fair court-ladies, few have jewels half as fine;

Oft the prince has named her beauty 'twixt the red wine and the chalice.

Oh, and what was I to love her? my beloved, my Geraldine!

Yet I could not choose but love her. I was born to poet-uses,

To love all things set above me, all of good and all of fair:

Nymphs of mountain, not of valley, we are wont to call the Muses

And in nympholeptic climbing, poets pass from mount to star.

And because I was a poet, and because the public praised me,

With a critical deduction for the modern writer's fault,

I could sit at rich men's tables, — though the courtesies that raised me, 35

Still suggested clear between us the pale spectrum of the salt.

And they praised me in her presence; — 'Will your book appear this summer?'

Then returning to each other — 'Yes, our plans are for the moors.'

Then with whisper dropped behind me—
'There he is! the latest comer!

Oh, she only likes his verses! what is over, she endures.

'Quite low-born! self-educated! somewhat gifted though by nature,—

And we make a point of asking him, — of being very kind.

You may speak, he does not hear you! and besides, he writes no satire,—

All these serpents kept by charmers leave the natural sting behind.'

I grew scornfuller, grew colder, as I stood up there among them, 45

Till as frost intense will burn you, the cold scorning scorched my brow;

When a sudden silver speaking, gravely cadenced, over-rung them,

And a sudden silken stirring touched my inner nature through.

I looked upward and beheld her. With a calm and regnant spirit,

Slowly round she swept her eyelids, and said clear before them all—

'Have you such superfluous honour, sir, that able to confer it

You will come down, Mister Bertram, as my guest to Wycombe Hall?'

Here she paused, — she had been paler at the first word of her speaking,

But because a silence followed it, blushed somewhat, as for shame,

Then, as scorning her own feeling, resumed calmly—'I am seeking 55

More distinction than these gentlemen think worthy of my claim.

'Ne'ertheless, you see, I seek it — not because I am a woman'

(Here her smile sprang like a fountain, and, so, overflowed her mouth),

'But because my woods in Sussex have some purple shades at gloaming

Which are worthy of a king in state, or poet in his youth. 60

'I invite you, Mister Bertram, to no scene for worldly speeches—

Sir, I scarce should dare — but only where God asked the thrushes first —

And if you will sing beside them, in the covert of my beeches,

I will thank you for the woodlands, . . . for the human world, at worst.'

Then she smiled around right childly, then she gazed around right queenly, 65

And I bowed — I could not answer; alternated light and gloom —

While as one who quells the lions, with a steady eye serenely,

She, with level fronting eyelids, passed out stately from the room.

Oh, the blessèd woods of Sussex, I can hear them still around me,

With their leafy tide of greenery still rippling up the wind.

Oh, the cursed woods of Sussex! where the hunter's arrow found me,

When a fair face and a tender voice had made me mad and blind!

In that ancient hall of Wycombe, thronged the numerous guests invited,

And the lovely London ladies trod the floors with gliding feet;

And their voices low with fashion, not with feeling, softly freighted 75

All the air about the windows, with elastic laughters sweet.

For at eve, the open windows flung their light out on the terrace,

Which the floating orbs of curtains did with gradual shadow sweep,

While the swans upon the river, fed at morning by the heiress,

Trembled downward through their snowy wings at music in their sleep. 80

And there evermore was music, both of instrument and singing,

Till the finches of the shrubberies grew restless in the dark;

But the cedars stood up motionless, each in a moonlight ringing,

And the deer, half in the glimmer, strewed the hollows of the park.

And though sometimes she would bind me with her silver-corded speeches

85

To commix my words and laughter with the converse and the jest,

Oft I sate apart, and gazing on the river through the beeches,

Heard, as pure the swans swam down it, her pure voice o'erfloat the rest.

In the morning, horn of huntsman, hoof of steed, and laugh of rider,

Spread out cheery from the court-yard till we lost them in the hills,

While herself and other ladies, and her suitors left beside her,

Went a-wandering up the gardens through the laurels and abeles.

Thus, her foot upon the new-mown grass, bareheaded, with the flowing

Of the virginal white vesture gathered closely to her throat,—

And the golden ringlets in her neck just quickened by her going, 95

And appearing to breathe sun for air, and doubting if to float,—

With a branch of dewy maple, which her right hand held above her,

And which trembled a green shadow in betwixt her and the skies,

As she turned her face in going, thus, she drew me on to love her,

And to worship the divineness of the smile hid in her eyes.

For her eyes alone smile constantly: her lips have serious sweetness,

And her front is calm—the dimple rarely ripples on the cheek;

But her deep blue eyes smile constantly, as if they in discreetness

Kept the secret of a happy dream she did not care to speak. Thus she drew me the first morning, out across into the garden, 105

And I walked among her noble friends and could not keep behind.

Spake she unto all and unto me — 'Behold, I am the warden

Of the song-birds in these lindens, which are cages to their mind.

'But within this swarded circle, into which the lime-walk brings us,

Whence the beeches, rounded greenly, stand away in reverent fear,

110

I will let no music enter, saving what the fountain sings us,

Which the lilies round the basin may seem pure enough to hear.

'The live air that waves the lilies waves the slender jet of water

Like a holy thought sent feebly up from soul of fasting saint:

Whereby lies a marble Silence, sleeping!
(Lough the sculptor wrought her) 115
So asleep she is forgetting to say Hush!—
a fancy quaint.

'Mark how heavy white her eyelids! not a dream between them lingers,

And the left hand's index droppeth from the lips upon the cheek;

While the right hand, — with the symbol rose held slack within the fingers, —

Has fallen backward in the basin — yet this Silence will not speak! 120

'That the essential meaning growing may exceed the special symbol,

Is the thought as I conceive it: it applies more high and low.

Our true noblemen will often through right nobleness grow humble,

And assert an inward honour by denying outward show.'

'Nay, your Silence,' said I, 'truly, holds her symbol rose but slackly, 125

Yet she holds it — or would searcely be a Silence to our ken;

And your nobles wear their ermine on the outside, or walk blackly

In the presence of the social law as mere ignoble men.

'Let the poets dream such dreaming! madam, in these British islands

'T is the substance that wanes ever, 't is the symbol that exceeds. 130

Soon we shall have nought but symbol! and, for statues like this Silence,

Shall accept the rose's image — in another case, the weed's.'

'Not so quickly,' she retorted, — 'I confess, where'er you go, you

Find for things, names — shows for actions, and pure gold for honour clear:

But when all is run to symbol in the Social, I will throw you 135

The world's book which now reads dryly, and sit down with Silence here.'

Half in playfulness she spoke, I thought, and half in indignation;

Friends who listened, laughed her words off, while her lovers deemed her fair:

A fair woman, flushed with feeling, in her noble-lighted station

Near the statue's white reposing — and both bathed in sunny air! — 140

With the trees round, not so distant but you heard their vernal murmur,

And beheld in light and shadow the leaves in and outward move,

And the little fountain leaping toward the sun-heart to be warmer,

Then recoiling in a tremble from the too much light above.

'T is a picture for remembrance. And thus, morning after morning, 145

Did I follow as she drew me by the spirit to her feet.

Why, her greyhound followed also! dogs — we both were dogs for scorning —

To be sent back when she pleased it and her path lay through the wheat.

And thus, morning after morning, spite of yows and spite of sorrow.

Did I follow at her drawing, while the weekdays passed along, 150

Just to feed the swans this noontide, or to see the fawns to-morrow,

Or to teach the hill-side echo some sweet Tuscan in a song.

Aye, for sometimes on the hill-side, while we sate down in the gowans,

While the forest green behind us, and its shadow cast before,

And the river running under, and across it from the rowans 155

A brown partridge whirring near us, till we felt the air it bore, —

There, obedient to her praying, did I read aloud the poems

Made to Tuscan flutes, or instruments more various of our own;

Read the pastoral parts of Spenser — or the subtle interflowings

Found in Petrarch's sonnets—here's the book—the leaf is folded down! 160

Or at times a modern volume — Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted idyl,

Howitt's ballad-verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie,—

Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate,' which, if cut deep down the middle,

Shows a heart within blood-tinetured, of a veined humanity.

Or at times I read there, hoarsely, some new poem of my making: 165

Poets ever fail in reading their own verses to their worth, —

For the echo in you breaks upon the words which you are speaking,

And the chariot-wheels jar in the gate through which you drive them forth.

After, when we were grown tired of books, the silence round us flinging

A slow arm of sweet compression, felt with beatings at the breast, 170

She would break out, on a sudden, in a gush of woodland singing,

Like a child's emotion in a god — a naiad tired of rest.

Oh, to see or hear her singing! scarce I know which is divinest—

For her looks sing too — she modulates her gestures on the tune;

And her mouth stirs with the song, like song; and when the notes are finest, 175

'T is the eyes that shoot out vocal light and seem to swell them on.

Then we talked — oh, how we talked! her voice, so cadenced in the talking,

Made another singing — of the soul! a music without bars;

While the leafy sounds of woodlands, humming round where we were walking,

Brought interposition worthy-sweet,—as skies about the stars. 180

And she spake such good thoughts natural, as if she always thought them;

She had sympathies so rapid, open, free as bird on branch,

Just as ready to fly east as west, whichever way besought them,

In the birchen-wood a chirrup, or a cockcrow in the grange.

In her utmost lightness there is truth — and often she speaks lightly, 185

Has a grace in being gay, which even mournful souls approve,

For the root of some grave earnest thought is understruck so rightly

As to justify the foliage and the waving flowers above.

And she talked on -we talked, rather! upon all things, substance, shadow,

Of the sheep that browsed the grasses, of the reapers in the corn,

Of the little children from the schools, seen winding through the meadow -

Of the poor rich world beyond them, still kept poorer by its scorn.

So, of men, and so, of letters - books are men of higher stature,

And the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear;

So, of mankind in the abstract, which grows

slowly into nature, 195 Yet will lift the cry of 'progress,' as it trod from sphere to sphere.

And her custom was to praise me when I said, - 'The Age culls simples,

With a broad clown's back turned broadly to the glory of the stars.

We are gods by our own reck'ning, and may well shut up the temples,

And wield on, amid the incense-steam, the thunder of our cars.

'For we throw out acclamations of selfthanking, self-admiring,

With, at every mile run faster, — "O the wondrous, wondrous age,"

Little thinking if we work our souls as nobly as our iron,

Or if angels will commend us at the goal of pilgrimage.

'Why, what is this patient entrance into nature's deep resources.

But the child's most gradual learning to walk upright without bane?

When we drive out, from the cloud of steam, majestical white horses,

Are we greater than the first men who led black ones by the mane?

'If we trod the deeps of ocean, if we struck the stars in rising,

If we wrapped the globe intensely with one hot electric breath,

'T were but power within our tether, no new spirit-power comprising,

And in life we were not greater men, nor bolder men in death.

She was patient with my talking; and I loved her, loved her, certes,

As I loved all heavenly objects, with uplifted eyes and hands!

As I loved pure inspirations, loved the graces, loved the virtues,

In a Love content with writing his own name on desert sands.

Or at least I thought so, purely! — thought no idiot Hope was raising

Any crown to crown Love's silence - silent Love that sate alone.

Out, alas! the stag is like me — he, that tries to go on grazing

With the great gun-wound in his neck, then reels with sudden moan.

It was thus I reeled. I told you that her hand had many suitors;

But she smiles them down imperially, as Venus did the waves,

And with such a gracious coldness, that they cannot press their futures

On the present of her courtesy, which vieldingly enslaves.

And this morning, as I sate alone within the inner chamber, 225 With the great saloon beyond it, lost in

pleasant thought serene,

For I had been reading Camoens - that poem you remember,

Which his lady's eyes are praised in, as the sweetest ever seen.

And the book lay open, and my thought flew from it, taking from it

A vibration and impulsion to an end beyond its own.

As the branch of a green osier, when a child would overcome it,

Springs up freely from his clasping and goes swinging in the sun.

As I mused I heard a murmur, — it grew deep as it grew longer -

Speakers using earnest language—'Lady Geraldine, you would!'

And I heard a voice that pleaded ever on, in accents stronger

As a sense of reason gave it power to make its rhetoric good.

Well I knew that voice—it was an earl's, of soul that matched his station,

Soul completed into lordship - might and right read on his brow:

Very finely courteous—far too proud to doubt his domination

Of the common people, he atones for grandeur by a bow.

High straight forehead, nose of eagle, cold blue eyes, of less expression

Than resistance, coldly casting off the looks of other men,

As steel, arrows, — unelastic lips, which seem to taste possession,

And be cautious lest the common air should injure or distrain.

For the rest, accomplished, upright, - aye, and standing by his order

With a bearing not ungraceful; fond of art and letters too;

Just a good man made a proud man, — as the sandy rocks that border

A wild coast, by circumstances, in a regnant ebb and flow.

Thus, I knew that voice — I heard it, and I could not help the hearkening.

In the room I stood up blindly, and my burning heart within

Seemed to see the and fuse my senses, till they ran on all sides darkening,

And scorched, weighed, like melted metal round my feet that stood therein.

And that voice, I heard it pleading, for love's sake, for wealth, position,

For the sake of liberal uses, and great actions to be done —

And she interrupted gently, 'Nay, my lord, the old tradition

Of your Normans, by some worthier hand than mine is, should be won.'

'Ah, that white hand!' he said quickly, and in his he either drew it

Or attempted — for with gravity and instance she replied,

'Nay, indeed, my lord, this talk is vain, and we had best eschew it,

And pass on, like friends, to other points less easy to decide.

What he said again, I know not. It is likely that his trouble

Worked his pride up to the surface, for she answered in slow scorn,

'And your lordship judges rightly. Whom I marry, shall be noble,

Ave, and wealthy. I shall never blush to think how he was born.'

There, I maddened! her words stung me. Life swept through me into fever,

And my soul sprang up astonished, sprang, full-statured in an hour.

Know you what it is when anguish, with apocalyptic NEVER,

To a Pythian height dilates you, - and despair sublimes to power?

From my brain, the soul-wings budded, waved a flame about my body,

I felt Whence conventions coiled to ashes. self-drawn out, as man,

From amalgamate false natures, and I saw the skies grow ruddy

With the deepening feet of angels, and I knew what spirits can.

I was mad — inspired — say either! (anguish worketh inspiration)

Was a man, or beast — perhaps so, for the tiger roars, when speared;

And I walked on, step by step, along the level of my passion —

Oh my soul! and passed the doorway to her face, and never feared.

He had left her, peradventure, when my footstep proved my coming—
But for her—she half arose, then sate—

grew scarlet and grew pale.
Oh, she trembled!—'t is so always with a

worldly man or woman

In the presence of true spirits — what else can they do but quail?

Oh, she fluttered like a tame bird, in among its forest-brothers

Far too strong for it; then drooping, bowed her face upon her hands -

And I spake out wildly, fiercely, brutal truths of her and others:

I, she planted in the desert, swathed her, windlike, with my sands.

I plucked up her social fictions, bloodyrooted though leaf-verdant, —

Trod them down with words of shaming, all the purple and the gold,

All the 'landed stakes' and lordships, all, that spirits pure and ardent

Are cast out of love and honour because chancing not to hold.

'For myself I do not argue,' said I, 'though I love you, madam,

But for better souls that nearer to the height of yours have trod;

And this age shows, to my thinking, still more infidels to Adam,

Than directly, by profession, simple infidels to God.

'Yet, O God,' I said, 'O grave,' I said, 'O mother's heart and bosom,

With whom first and last are equal, saint and corpse and little child!

We are fools to your deductions, in these figments of heart-closing;

We are traitors to your causes, in these sympathies defiled.

'Learn more reverence, madam, not for rank or wealth — that needs no learning,

That comes quickly — quick as sin does, aye, and culminates to sin;

But for Adam's seed, MAN! Trust me, 't is a clay above your scorning.

With God's image stamped upon it, and God's kindling breath within.

'What right have you, madam, gazing in your palace mirror daily,

Getting so by heart your beauty which all others must adore,

While you draw the golden ringlets down your fingers, to vow gaily

You will wed no man that's only good to God, and nothing more?

'Why, what right have you, made fair by that same God — the sweetest woman 305

Of all women He has fashioned — with your lovely spirit-face,

Which would seem too near to vanish if its smile were not so human,

And your voice of holy sweetness, turning common words to grace,

'What right can you have, God's other works to scorn, despise, revile them

In the gross, as mere men, broadly — not as noble men, forsooth, — 310

As mere Parias of the outer world, forbidden to assoil them

In the hope of living, dying, near that sweetness of your mouth?

'Have you any answer, madam? If my spirit were less earthly,

If its instrument were gifted with a better silver string,

I would kneel down where I stand, and say

— Behold me! I am worthy

315

Of thy loving, for I love thee! I am worthy as a king.

'As it is — your ermined pride, I swear, shall feel this stain upon her,

That I, poor, weak, tost with passion, scorned by me and you again,

Love you, madam — dare to love you — to my grief and your dishonour,

To my endless desolation, and your impotent disdain!' 320

More mad words like these — mere madness! friend, I need not write them fuller,

For I hear my hot soul dropping on the lines in showers of tears.

Oh, a woman! friend, a woman! why, a beast had scarce been duller

Than roar bestial loud complaints against the shining of the spheres.

But at last there came a pause. I stood all vibrating with thunder 325

Which my soul had used. The silence drew her face up like a call.

Could you guess what word she uttered?

She looked up, as if in wonder,

With tears beaded on her lashes, and said 'Bertram!' — it was all.

If she had cursed me, and she might have — or if even, with queenly bearing

Which at need is used by women, she had risen up and said,

'Sir, you are my guest, and therefore I have given you a full hearing,

Now, beseech you, choose a name exacting somewhat less, instead,'—

I had borne it! — but that 'Bertram' — why it lies there on the paper

A mere word, without her accent, — and you cannot judge the weight

Of the calm which crushed my passion: I seemed drowning in a vapour, — 335

And her gentleness destroyed me whom her scorn made desolate.

So, struck backward and exhausted by that inward flow of passion

Which had rushed on, sparing nothing, into forms of abstract truth,

By a logic agonizing through unseemly demonstration,

And by youth's own anguish turning grimly grey the hairs of youth, — 340

By the sense accursed and instant, that if even I spake wisely

I spake basely—using truth, if what I spake, indeed was true,

To avenge wrong on a woman — her, who sate there weighing nicely

A poor manhood's worth, found guilty of such deeds as I could do! —

By such wrong and woe exhausted — what I suffered and occasioned, — 345

As a wild horse through the city runs with lightning in his eyes,

And then dashing at a church's cold and passive wall, impassioned,

Strikes the death into his burning brain, and blindly drops and dies —

So I fell, struck down before her! do you blame me, friend, for weakness?

'T was my strength of passion slew me! fell before her like a stone, 350

Fast the dreadful world rolled from me, on its roaring wheels of blackness —

When the light came, I was lying in this chamber, and alone.

Oh, of course, she charged her lacqueys to bear out the sickly burden,

And to cast it from her seornful sight — but not beyond the gate;

She is too kind to be cruel, and too haughty not to pardon 355

Such a man as I! 't were something to be level to her hate.

But for me — you now are conscious why, my friend, I write this letter,

How my life is read all backward, and the charm of life undone:

I shall leave her house at dawn; I would to-night, if I were better —

And I charge my soul to hold my body strengthened for the sun. 360

When the sun has dyed the oriel, I depart, with no last gazes,

No weak moanings (one word only, left in writing for her hands),

Out of reach of all derision, and some unavailing praises,

To make front against this anguish in the far and foreign lands.

Blame me not. I would not squander life in grief — I am abstemious: 365

I but nurse my spirit's falcon, that its wing may soar again.

There's no room for tears of weakness in the blind eyes of a Phemius!

Into work the poet kneads them, — and he does not die till then.

CONCLUSION

Bertram finished the last pages, while along the silence ever

Still in hot and heavy splashes, fell the tears on every leaf: 370

Having ended he leans backward in his chair, with lips that quiver

From the deep unspoken, aye, and deep unwritten thoughts of grief.

Soh! how still the lady standeth! 't is a dream — a dream of mercies!

'Twixt the purple lattice-curtains, how she standeth still and pale!

"T is a vision, sure, of mercies, sent to soften his self-curses — 375

Sent to sweep a patient quiet o'er the tossing of his wail.

'Eyes,' he said, 'now throbbing through me! are ye eyes that did undo me?

Shining eyes, like antique jewels set in Parian statue-stone!

Underneath that calm white forehead, are ye ever burning torrid

O'er the desolate sand-desert of my heart and life undone?' 380

With a murmurous stir uncertain, in the air, the purple curtain

Swelleth in and swelleth out around her motionless pale brows,

While the gliding of the river sends a rippling noise for ever

Through the open casement whitened by the moonlight's slant repose.

Said he—'Vision of a lady! stand there silent, stand there steady! 385

Now I see it plainly, plainly; now I cannot hope or doubt —

There, the brows of mild repression — there, the lips of silent passion,

Curvèd like an archer's bow to send the bitter arrows out.'

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling,

And approached him slowly, slowly, in a gliding measured pace; 390

With her two white hands extended, as if praying one offended,

And a look of supplication, gazing earnest in his face.

Said he—'Wake me by no gesture,—
sound of breath, or stir of vesture!

Let the blessèd apparition melt not yet to its divine!

No approaching — hush, no breathing! or my heart must swoon to death in 895

The too utter life thou bringest — O thou dream of Geraldine!'

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling —

But the tears ran over lightly from her eyes, and tenderly;

'Dost thou, Bertram, truly love me? Is no woman far above me

Found more worthy of thy poet-heart than such a one as I?' 400

Said he — 'I would dream so ever, like the flowing of that river,

Flowing ever in a shadow greenly onward to the sea!

So, thou vision of all sweetness — princely to a full completeness, —

Would my heart and life flow onward — deathward — through this dream of THEE!

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling,

405

While the silver tears ran faster down the blushing of her cheeks;

Then with both her hands enfolding both of his, she softly told him,

'Bertram, if I say I love thee, . . . 't is the vision only speaks.'

Softened, quickened to adore her, on his knee he fell before her —

And she whispered low in triumph, 'It shall be as I have sworn! 410

Very rich he is in virtues, — very noble — noble, certes;

And I shall not blush in knowing that men call him lowly born.'

1844

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,

Ere the sorrow comes with years?

They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,

And that cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,

The young birds are chirping in the nest, The young fawns are playing with the shad-

The young flowers are blowing toward the

west —
But the young, young children, O my brothers,

They are weeping bitterly!

They are weeping in the playtime of the others,

In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow

Why their tears are falling so?

The old man may weep for his to-morrow 15 Which is lost in Long Ago;

The old tree is leafless in the forest,

The old year is ending in the frost,

The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,

The old hope is hardest to be lost: 20 But the young, young children, O my

brothers,

Do you ask them why they stand

Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,

In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces, 25

And their looks are sad to see,

For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses

Down the cheeks of infancy.

'Your old earth,' they say, 'is very dreary;
Our young feet,' they say, 'are very
weak!

Few paces have we taken, yet are weary — Our grave-rest is very far to seek.

Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children;

For the outside earth is cold;

And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,

And the graves are for the old.'

'True,' say the children, 'it may happen That we die before our time;

Little Alice died last year — her grave is shapen

Like a snowball, in the rime.

We looked into the pit prepared to take her:
Was no room for any work in the close
clay!

From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,

Crying, "Get up, little Alice! it is day."

If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower.

45

With your ear down, little Alice never cries;

Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,

For the smile has time for growing in her eyes:

And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in

The shroud by the kirk-chime! 50 It is good when it happens,' say the children, 'That we die before our time.'

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking Death in life, as best to have;

They are binding up their hearts away from breaking, 55

With a cerement from the grave.

Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,

Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do; Pluck you handfuls of the meadow cowslips pretty.

Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!

But they answer, 'Are your cowslips of the meadows

Like our weeds anear the mine?

ing,

Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,

From your pleasures fair and fine!

'For oh,' say the children, 'we are weary, 65
And we cannot run or leap;

If we cared for any meadows, it were merely To drop down in them and sleep.

Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go; 70
And, underneath our heavy eyelids droop-

The reddest flower would look as pale as snow;

For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground —
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron

In the factories, round and round.

'For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning, —

Their wind comes in our faces, —

Till our hearts turn, — our heads with pulses burning,

And the walls turn in their places: 80 Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,

Turns the long light that drops adown the

Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,

All are turning, all the day, and we with all.

And all day, the iron wheels are droning, 85 And sometimes we could pray,

"O ye wheels" (breaking out in a mad moaning).

"Stop! be silent for to-day!"

Aye! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing

For a moment, mouth to mouth! 90 Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing

Of their tender human youth!

Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals:

Let them prove their living souls against the notion 95
That they live in you, or under you, O

wheels! — Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,

Grinding life down from its mark; And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,

Spin on blindly in the dark. 100

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,

To look up to Him and pray;

So the blessed One who blesseth all the others,

Will bless them another day.

They answer, 'Who is God that He should hear us, 105 While the rushing of the iron wheels is

stirred?

When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us

Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word. And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding) Strangers speaking at the door: 110
Is it likely God, with angels singing round
__Him,

Hears our weeping any more?

'Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,

And at midnight's hour of harm,

"Our Father," looking upward in the chamber,

We say softly for a charm.

We know no other words, except "Our Father,"

And we think that, in some pause of angel's song,

God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,

And hold both within His right hand which is strong.

"Our Father!" If He heard us, He would surely

(For they call Him good and mild)

Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,

"Come and rest with Me, My child."

'But, no!' say the children, weeping faster, 125
'He is speechless as a stone;

And they tell us, of His image is the master Who commands us to work on.

Go to!' say the children, — 'up in Heaven, Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.

Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving —

We look up for God, but tears have made us blind.'

Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,

O my brothers, what ve preach?

For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,

And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you!

They are weary ere they run;

They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory

Which is brighter than the sun. 140

They know the grief of man, without its wisdom;

They sink in man's despair, without its calm;

And slaves, without the liberty in Christdom, Are martyrs, by the pang without the

Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievingly

The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—

Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly. Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces.

And their look is dread to see, 150 For they mind you of their angels in high places.

With eyes turned on Deity! -

'How long,' they say, 'how long, O cruel nation,

Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart, —

Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation, 155

And tread onward to your throne amid the

Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper, And your purple shows your path!

But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper

Than the strong man in his wrath.' 160

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

1

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had sung Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for

Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue, 5
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was
'ware,

So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move 10 Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair.

And a voice said in mastery while I strove, . . 'Guess now who holds thee?' — 'Death,' I said. But, there,

The silver answer rang, . . 'Not Death, but Love.'

VII

The face of all the world is changed, I think, Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul Move still, oh, still, beside me, as they stole Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink Of obvious death, where I, who thought to sink,

Was caught up into love, and taught the whole

Of life in a new rhythm. The cup of dole God gave for baptism, I am fain to drink, And praise its sweetness, Sweet, with thee anear.

The names of country, heaven, are changed away

For where thou art or shalt be, there or here; And this . . . this lute and song . . . loved yesterday

(The singing angels know) are only dear, Because thy name moves right in what they say.

XIV

If thou must love me, let it be for nought Except for love's sake only. Do not say 'I love her for her smile . . . her look . . . her way

Of speaking gently, . . for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes
brought
5

A sense of pleasant ease on such a day'—
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee, — and love,
so wrought,

May be unwrought so. Neither love me for Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—

A creature might forget to weep, who bore Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby! But love me for love's sake, that evermore Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

XVII

My poet, thou canst touch on all the notes God set between His After and Before, And strike up and strike off the general roar Of the rushing worlds, a melody that floats In a serene air purely. Antidotes 5 Of medicated music, answering for Mankind's forlornest uses, thou canst pour From thence into their ears. God's will

devotes
Thine to such ends, and mine to wait on thine.
How, Dearest, wilt thou have me for most

A hope, to sing by gladly? . . or a fine Sad memory, with thy songs to interfuse? A shade, in which to sing . . . of palm or

A grave, on which to rest from singing? . . Choose.

XXXIX

BECAUSE thou hast the power and own'st the

To look through and behind this mask of me (Against which years have beat thus blanchingly With their rains) and behold my soul's true

The dim and weary witness of life's race! — 5 Because thou hast the faith and love to see, Through that same soul's distracting leth-

The patient angel waiting for a place In the new heavens! because nor sin nor woe, Nor God's infliction, nor death's neighbourhood,

Nor all which others viewing, turn to go, . . Nor all which makes me tired of all, self viewed, . .

Nothing repels thee, . . dearest, teach me

To pour out gratitude, as thou dost, good.

XLII

'My future will not copy fair my past'—
I wrote that once; and thinking at my side
My ministering life-angel justified
The word by his appealing look upcast
To the white throne of God, I turned at
last,
5
And there, instead, saw thee, not unallied

To angels in thy soul! Then I, long tried
By natural ills, received the comfort fast,
While budding, at thy sight, my pilgrim's
staff

Gave out green leaves with morning dews impearled.

I seek no copy now of life's first half: Leave here the pages with long musing curled,

And write me new my future's epigraph, New angel mine, unhoped for in the world!

XLIII

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

I love thee to the depth and breadth and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's 5
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.

I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's

faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, — I love thee with the

Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God choose.

I shall but love thee better after death.

Matthew Arnold (1822–1888)

SONNETS

TO A FRIEND

Wно prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my mind?

He much, the old man, who, clearest-souled of men,

Saw The Wide Prospect, and the Asian Fen, And Tmolus' hill, and Smyrna bay, though blind.

Much he, whose friendship I not long since won,

5

That halting slave, who in Nicopolis
Taught Arrian, when Vespasian's brutal son
Cleared Rome of what most shamed him.
But be his

My special thanks, whose even-balanced soul,

From first youth tested up to extreme old age,

10

Rusiness could not make dull nor Passian

Business could not make dull, nor Passion wild:

Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole; The mellow glory of the Attic stage; Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child.

1849

SHAKESPEARE

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free. We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still, Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill

That to the stars uncrowns his majesty, Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea, 5 Making the Heaven of Heavens his dwelling-

Spares but the cloudy border of his base To the foiled searching of mortality:

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams

Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honoured, self-secure, 10

Didst tread on Earth unguessed at. Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure, All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow, Find their sole voice in that victorious brow. 1849

A PICTURE AT NEWSTEAD

What made my heart, at Newstead, fullest swell? —

'T was not the thought of Byron, of his cry Stormily sweet, his Titan agony;

It was the sight of that Lord Arundel
Who struck, in heat, the child he loved so
well,
And the child's reason flickered, and did die.
Painted (he willed it) in the gallery
They hang; the picture doth the story tell.
Behold the stern, mailed father, staff in
hand!
The little fair-haired son, with vacant
gaze,

10
Where no more lights of sense or knowledge

are! Methinks the woe which made that father

stand
Baring his dumb remorse to future days,
Was woe than Byron's woe more tragic

1867

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below.

Now my brothers call from the bay;
Now the great winds shorewards blow;
Now the salt tides seawards flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ, and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away.
This way, this way.

Call her once before you go. 10 Call once yet. In a voice that she will know: 'Margaret! Margaret!' Children's voices should be dear (Call once more) to a mother's ear: 15 Children's voices, wild with pain. Surely she will come again. Call her once and come away. This way, this way. 'Mother dear, we cannot stay.' 20 The wild white horses foam and fret. Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down.
Call no more.
One last look at the white-walled town,

And the little grey church on the windy shore,

Then come down.

She will not come though you call all day. Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday 30 We heard the sweet bells over the bay? In the caverns where we lay, Through the surf and through the swell, The far-off sound of a silver bell?

Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream;
Where the sea-beasts ranged all round
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground; 40
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me, 50
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it
well,

When down swung the sound of a far-off bell. She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea.

55

She said; 'I must go, for my kinsfolk pray In the little grey church on the shore to-day. 'T will be Easter-time in the world — ah me! And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee.'

I said; 'Go up, dear heart, through the waves; 60

Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves.'

She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.

Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?

'The sea grows stormy, the little ones
monn.

65

Long prayers,' I said, 'in the world they say. Come,' I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy down Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town.

Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,

To the little grey church on the windy hill. From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,

But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.

We climbed on the graves, on the stones, worn with rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.

75
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:

'Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here.

Dear heart,' I said, 'we are long alone. The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.' But, ah, she gave me never a look, For her eyes were sealed to the holy book. 'Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door. Come away, children, call no more. Come away, come down, call no more. Down, down, down. Down to the depths of the sea. She sits at her wheel in the humming town, Singing most joyfully. Hark, what she sings; 'O joy, O joy, For the humming street, and the child with For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well. For the wheel where I spun, And the blessed light of the sun.' And so she sings her fill, Singing most joyfully, 95 Till the shuttle falls from her hand, And the whizzing wheel stands still. She steals to the window, and looks at the sand; And over the sand at the sea: 100 And her eyes are set in a stare; And anon there breaks a sigh, And anon there drops a tear, From a sorrow-clouded eye, And a heart sorrow-laden, A long, long sigh, 105 For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,

And the gleam of her golden hair. Come away, away children. Come children, come down. The hoarse wind blows colder; 110 Lights shine in the town. She will start from her slumber When gusts shake the door; She will hear the winds howling, 115 Will hear the waves roar. We shall see, while above us The waves roar and whirl, A ceiling of amber, A pavement of pearl. 120 Singing, 'Here came a mortal, But faithless was she. And alone dwell for ever The kings of the sea.' But, children, at midnight, When soft the winds blow 125

When clear falls the moonlight;

When sweet airs come seaward

From heaths starred with broom; And high rocks throw mildly

When spring-tides are low:

On the blanched sands a gloom:
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the come back down.
Singing, 'There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she.
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea.'

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

AN EPISODE

And the first gray of morning filled the east, And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream. But all the Tartar camp along the stream Was hushed, and still the men were plunged in sleep;

Sohrab alone, he slept not: all night long 5 He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed; But when the gray dawn stole into his tent, He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword, And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,

And went abroad into the cold wet fog, 10 Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent. Through the black Tartar tents he passed, which stood

Clustering like bee-hives on the low flat strand

Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow
When the sun melts the snows in high Pamere:

Through the black tents he passed o'er that

Through the black tents he passed, o'er that low strand,

And to a hillock came, a little back
From the stream's brink, the spot where first

Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land.

The men of former times had crowned the top 20
With a clay fort, but that was followed.

With a clay fort: but that was fall'n; and now

The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,
A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were spread.
And Sohrab came there, and went in, and
stood

Upon the thick-piled carpets in the tent, 25 And found the old man sleeping on his bed Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his arms. And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step

130

Was dulled; for he slept light, an old man's

And he rose quickly on one arm, and said: — 30

'Who art thou? for it is not yet clear dawn. Speak! is there news, or any night alarm?'

But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said:—

'Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa: it is I. The sun is not yet risen, and the foe 35 Sleep; but I sleep not; all night long I lie Tossing and wakeful, and I come to thee. For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son, In Samarcand, before the army marched; 40 And I will tell thee what my heart desires. Thou know'st if, since from Ader-baijan first I came among the Tartars, and bore arms, I have still served Afrasiab well, and shown, At my boy's years, the courage of a man. 45 This too thou know'st, that, while I still bear on

The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,

And beat the Persians back on every field, I see one man, one man, and one alone — Rustum, my father; who, I hoped, should greet, 50

Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field,

His not unworthy, not inglorious son.
So I long hoped, but him I never find.
Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.

Let the two armies rest to-day: but I 55
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords
To meet me, man to man: if I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall—

Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.

Dim is the rumour of a common fight, 60 Where host meets host, and many names are sunk:

But of a single combat Fame speaks clear.'
He spoke: and Peran-Wisa took the hand
Of the young man in his, and sighed, and
said:—

'O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine! 65. Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs, And share the battle's common chance with us

Who love thee, but must press forever first, In single fight incurring single risk, To find a father thou hast never seen? 70

That were far best, my son, to stay with us Unmurmuring; in our tents, while it is war, And when 't is truce, then in Afrasiab's towns.

But, if this one desire indeed rules all.

To seek out Rustum — seek him not through fight: 75

Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms, O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!
But far hence seek him, for he is not here.

But far hence seek him, for he is not here. For now it is not as when I was young, When Rustum was in front of every fray: 80

But now he keeps apart, and sits at home, In Seïstan, with Zal, his father old. Whether that his own mighty strength at

last
Feels the abhorred approaches of old age;
Or in some quarrel with the Persian King. 85

There go: — Thou wilt not? Yet my heart forebodes

Danger or death awaits thee on this field. Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost

To us: fain therefore send thee hence, in peace

To seek thy father, not seek single fights 90 In vain: — but who can keep the lion's cub From ravening? and who govern Rustum's son?

Go: I will grant thee what thy heart desires.'

So said he, and dropped Sohrab's hand, and left

His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay,

And o'er his chilly limbs his woolen coat

He passed, and tied his sandals on his feet, And threw a white cloak round him, and he took

In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword; And on his head he placed his sheep-skin cap,

Black, glossy, curled, the fleece of Kara-Kul; And raised the curtain of his tent, and called His herald to his side, and went abroad.

The sun, by this, had risen, and cleared the fog

From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands:

And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed

Into the open plain; so Haman bade;
Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa ruled
The host, and still was in his lusty prime.
From their black tents, long files of horse,
they streamed:

As when, some gray November morn, the files,

In marching order spread, of long-necked cranes

Stream over Casbin, and the southern slopes Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,

Or some frore Caspian reed-bed, southward bound

For the warm Persian sea-board: so they streamed.

The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard, First, with black sheep-skin caps and with long spears;

Large men, large steeds; who from Bokhara

And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares.

Next the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south,

The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,

And those from Attruck and the Caspian sands;

Light men, and on light steeds, who only drink

The acrid milk of camels, and their wells. 125 And then a swarm of wandering horse, who

From far, and a more doubtful service owned:

The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards And close-set skull-caps; and those wilder

hordes 130
Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern

waste,

Kalmuks and unkempt Kuzzaks, tribes who stray

Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kirghizzes, Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere. These all filed out from camp into the plain.

And on the other side the Persians formed: First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seemed,

The Ilyats of Khorassan: and behind, The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot, Marshaled battalions bright in burnished steel.

But Peran-Wisa with his herald came Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front, And with his staff kept back the foremost

And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back, 145 He took his spear, and to the front he came, And checked his ranks, and fixed them where they stood.

And the old Tartar came upon the sand Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said:—

'Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear! 150

Let there be truce between the hosts to-day. But choose a champion from the Persian lords

To fight our champion Sohrab, man to man.' As, in the country, on a morn in June,

When the dew glistens on the pearled ears,

A shiver runs through the deep corn for

So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said, A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they loved.

But as a troop of peddlers, from Cabool,

Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus, That vast sky-neighbouring mountain of

milk snow; Winding so high, that, as they mount, they

Long flocks of traveling birds dead on the

Choked by the air, and scarce can they themselves 165

Slake their parched throats with sugared mulberries —

In single file they move, and stop their breath,

For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows ---

So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.

And to Ferood his brother chiefs came up 170

To counsel: Gudurz and Zoarrah came, And Feraburz, who ruled the Persian host Second, and was the uncle of the King:

These came and counseled; and then Gudurz said:—

'Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up, 175 Yet champion have we none to match this

youth. He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.

But Rustum came last night; aloof he sits
And sullen, and has pitched his tents apart:
Him will I seek, and carry to his ear 180
The Tartar challenge, and this young man's
name.

Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight. Stand forth the while, and take their challenge up.'

So spake he; and Ferood stood forth and said:—

'Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said. 185 Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man.'

He spoke; and Peran-Wisa turned, and strode

Back through the opening squadrons to his

But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran,

And crossed the camp which lay behind, and reached.

Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's tents. Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering

Just pitched: the high pavilion in the midst Was Rustum's, and his men lay camped around.

And Gudurz entered Rustum's tent, and found 195

Rustum: his morning meal was done, but still

The table stood beside him, charged with food:

A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread, And dark green melons; and there Rustum sate

Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist, 200 And played with it; but Gudurz came and stood

Before him; and he looked, and saw him stand;

And with a cry sprang up, and dropped the bird,

And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said: —

'Welcome! these eyes could see no better sight. 205 What news? but sit down first, and eat and

drink.'
But Gudurz stood in the tent door, and

said:—

'Not now: a time will come to eat and drink,

But not to-day: to-day has other needs.

The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze:

For from the Tartars is a challenge brought To pick a champion from the Persian lords To fight their champion — and thou know'st his name —

Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid. O Rustum, like thy might is this young

man's! 215
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.

And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old, Or else too weak; and all eyes turn to thee. Come down and help us, Rustum, or we

lose.'
He spoke: but Rustum answered with a smile:—

'Go to! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I Am older: if the young are weak, the King Errs strangely: for the King, for Kai-Khosroo,

Himself is young, and honours younger men, And lets the aged moulder to their graves. 225 Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young—

The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.

For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame?

For would that I myself had such a son, And not that one slight helpless girl I

A son so famed, so brave, to send to war, And I to tarry with the snow-haired Zal, My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,

And clip his borders short, and drive his herds.

And he has none to guard his weak old age. 235

There would I go, and hang my armour up, And with my great name fence that weak old man,

And spend the goodly treasures I have got, And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame, And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings, 240

And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more.'

He spoke, and smiled; and Gudurz made reply:—

'What then, O Rustum, will men say to this, When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and

Thee most of all, and thou, whom most he seeks.

Hidest thy face? Take heed, lest men should say.

"Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame,

And shuns to peril it with younger men."'
And, greatly moved, then Rustum made

reply:—

'O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words?

Thou knowest better words than this to say.

What is one more, one less, obscure or famed, Valiant or craven, young or old, to me? Are not they mortal, am not I myself?

But who for men of naught would do great deeds?

255
Come they shall see here Protein Fred to the control of th

Come, thou shall see how Rustum hoards his fame.

But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms; Let not men say of Rustum, he was matched In single fight with any mortal man.'

He spoke, and frowned; and Gudurz turned, and ran 260

Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy.

Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came. But Rustum strode to his tent door, and called

His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,

And clad himself in steel: the arms he chose

Were plain, and on his shield was no device, Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold, And from the fluted spine atop a plume

Of horsehair waved, a scarlet horsehair plume.

So armed, he issued forth; and Ruksh, his horse, 270

Followed him, like a faithful hound, at heel, Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the earth,

The horse, whom Rustum on a foray once Did in Bokhara by the river find

A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home, 275

And reared him; a bright bay, with lofty crest:

Dight with a saddle-cloth of broidered green Crusted with gold, and on the ground were worked

All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know:

So followed, Rustum left his tents, and crossed 280

The camp, and to the Persian host appeared. And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts

Hailed; but the Tartars knew not who he was.

And dear as the wet diver to the eyes

Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore, 285

By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf, Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night, Having made up his tale of precious pearls, Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands—

So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.

And Rustum to the Persian front advanced,

And Sohrab armed in Haman's tent, and came.

And as afield the reapers cut a swathe

Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,

And on each side are squares of standing corn, 295

And in the midst a stubble, short and bare; So on each side were squares of men, with

Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand. And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast His eyes toward the Tartar tents, and

Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.
As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor

Who with numb blackened fingers makes her fire —

At cock-crow on a starlit winter's morn, 305 When the frost flowers the whitened window-panes —

And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts

Of that poor drudge may be; so Rustum eved

The unknown adventurous Youth, who from afar

Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth 310 All the most valiant chiefs: long he perused His spirited air, and wondered who he was. For very young he seemed, tenderly reared; Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,

Which in a queen's secluded garden throws 315

Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's
sound—

So slender Sohrab seemed, so softly reared. And a deep pity entered Rustum's soul

As he beheld him coming; and he stood, 320 And beckoned to him with his hand, and said:—

'O thou young man, the air of Heaven is soft.

And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold.

Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.

Behold me: I am vast, and clad in iron, 325 And tried; and I have stood on many a field

Of blood, and I have fought with many a fee:

Never was that field lost, or that foe saved. O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death? Be governed: quit the Tartar host, and come

To Iran, and be as my son to me, And fight beneath my banner till I die.

There are no youths in Iran brave as thou.' So he spake, mildly: Sohrab heard his voice,

The mighty voice of Rustum; and he saw 335 His giant figure planted on the sand, Sole, like some single tower, which a chief

Has builded on the waste in former years Against the robbers; and he saw that head, Streaked with its first gray hairs: hope filled

his soul; 340 And he ran forwards and embraced his knees, And clasped his hand within his own and

said: — 'Oh, by thy father's head! by thine own

soul!
Art thou not Rustum? Speak! art thou not he?'

But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth, 345

And turned away, and spake to his own soul:—

'Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean.

False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys. For if I now confess this thing he asks,

And hide it not, but say — Rustum is

He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes, But he will find some pretext not to fight, And praise my fame, and proffer courteous

gifts,

A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way. And on a feast-tide, in Afrasiab's hall, 355 In Samarcand, he will arise and cry—

"I challenged once, when the two armies

camped

Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords To cope with me in single fight; but they Shrank; only Rustum dared: then he and

I 360 Changed gifts, and went on equal terms

away."
So will he speak, perhaps, while men appleud

Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me.'

And then he turned, and sternly spake aloud:—

'Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus 365

Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast called

By challenge forth: make good thy vaunt, or yield.

Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and

For well I know, that did great Rustum stand 370

Before thy face this day, and were revealed, There would be then no talk of fighting more. But being what I am, I tell thee this;

Do thou record it in thine inmost soul:

Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt, and yield;

Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds

Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer floods, Oxus in summer wash them all away.'

He spoke: and Sohrab answered, on his feet:—

'Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so.

I am no girl, to be made pale by words. Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand Here on this field, there were no fighting then.

But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here. Begin: thou art more vast, more dread than I,

And thou art proved, I know, and I am young —

But yet Success sways with the breath of Heaven.

And though thou thinkest that thou knowest

Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know. For we are all, like swimmers in the sea, 390 Poised on the top of a huge wave of Fate,

Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.

And whether it will heave us up to land, Or whether it will roll us out to sea,

Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,

We know not, and no search will make us know:

Only the event will teach us in its hour.'
He spoke; and Rustum answered not, but

hurled
His spear: down from the shoulder, down it

came,
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk 400

That long has towered in the airy clouds
Drops like a plummet: Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside quick as a flash: the

And sprang aside, quick as a flash: the spear

Hissed, and went quivering down into the sand,

Which it sent flying wide: — then Sohrab threw 405

In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield:
___sharp rang,

The iron plates rang sharp, but turned the spear.

And Rustum seized his club, which none but

Could wield: an unlopped trunk it was, and huge,

Still rough; like those which men in treeless plains 410

To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers,

Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up

By their dark springs, the wind in winter-

Has made in Himalayan forests wrack,

And strewn the channels with torn boughs; so huge

The club which Buston lift 1 and 415

The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck

One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand.

And Rustum followed his own blow, and fell 420

To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the sand:

And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword.

And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay

Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand:

But he looked on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,

425

But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said: —

'Thou strik'st too hard: that club of thine will float

Upon the summer-floods, and not my bones. But rise, and be not wroth; not wroth am I: No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.

Thou say'st thou art not Rustum: be it so. Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul?

Boy as I am, I have seen battles too:

Have waded foremost in their bloody waves, And heard their hollow roar of dying men; 435

But never was my heart thus touched before.

Are they from Heaven, these softenings of the heart?

O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven! Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,

And make a truce, and sit upon this sand, 440
And pledge each other in red wine, like
friends,

And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds. There are enough foes in the Persian host

Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang:

Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou

445

Mayst fight; fight them, when they confront thy spear.

But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!'

He ceased: but while he spake, Rustum had risen,

And stood erect, trembling with rage: his club

He left to lie, but had regained his spear, 450 Whose fiery point now in his mailed right-

Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn

The baleful sign of fevers: dust had soiled

His stately crest, and dimmed his glittering arms.

His breast heaved; his lips foamed; and twice his voice 455

Was choked with rage: at last these words broke way:—

'Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands!

Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words! Fight; let me hear thy hateful voice no more! Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now 460 With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance:

But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance Of battle, and with me, who make no play Of war: I fight it out, and hand to hand. Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and

Remember all thy valour; try thy feints
And cunning: all the pity I had is gone;
Because thou hast shamed me before both
the hosts

With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's

He spoke: and Sohrab kindled at his taunts, 470

And he too drew his sword: at once they rushed

Together, as two eagles on one prey Come rushing down together from the clouds, One from the east, one from the west: their shields

Dashed with a clang together, and a din 475 Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters Make often in the forest's heart at morn, Of hewing axes, crashing trees: such blows

Rustum and Sohrab on each other hailed.

And you would say that sun and stars took
part

480

In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud Grew suddenly in Heaven, and darked the

Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,

And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair. 485

In gloom they twain were wrapped, and they alone;

For both the on-looking hosts on either hand Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,

And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream. But in the gloom they fought, with blood-

shot eyes 490 And labouring breath; first Rustum struck the shield

Which Sohrab held stiff out: the steelspiked spear Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach the skin,

And Rustum plucked it back with angry groan.

Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,

495

Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest

He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume.

Never till now defiled, sank to the dust;

And Rustum bowed his head; but then the gloom

Grew blacker: thunder rumbled in the air, 500

And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse.

Who stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry: No horse's cry was that, most like the

Of some pained desert lion, who all day
Hath trailed the hunter's javelin in his
side.
505

And comes at night to die upon the sand:—
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear.

And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream. But Sohrab heard, and quailed not, but

rushed on,
And struck again; and again Rustum
bowed 510

His head; but this time all the blade, like

Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm, And in his hand the hilt remained alone.

Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadful eyes

Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear, 515

And shouted, Rustum! Sohrab heard that shout,

And shrank amazed: back he recoiled one step,

And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing Form:

And then he stood bewildered; and he dropped

His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side. 520

He reeled, and staggering back, sunk to the ground.

And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell.

fell, And the bright sun broke forth, and melted

all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the

Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet, 525 And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began: —

'Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse, And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent. 530 Or else that the great Rustum would come down

Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would

His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.

And then that all the Tartar host would praise

Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame, 535

To glad thy father in his weak old age. Fool! thou art slain, and by an unknown

man!
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be,

Than to thy friends, and to thy father old.'
And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied:—

540

'Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.

Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!

No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart. For were I matched with ten such men as thou.

And I were he who till to-day I was, 545 They should be lying here, I standing there. But that beloved name unnerved my arm — That name, and something, I confess, in thee.

Which troubles all my heart, and made my

Fall; and thy spear transfixed an unarmed foe. 550

And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.

But hear thou this, fierce Man, tremble to hear!

The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!

My father, whom I seek through all the world,

He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!' 555

As when some hunter in the spring hath found

A breeding eagle sitting on her nest, Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,

And pierced her with an arrow as she rose, And followed her to find her where she fell 560

Far off; — anon her mate comes winging back

From hunting, and a great way off descries His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks

His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps

Circles above his eyry, with loud screams 565 Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she Lies dying, with the arrow in her side, In some far stony gorge out of his ken, A heap of fluttering feathers: never more Shall the lake glass her, flying over it; 570 Never the black and dripping precipices Echo her stormy scream as she sails by:—As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss—

So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood Over his dying son, and knew him not. 575 But with a cold, incredulous voice, he said:—

'What prate is this of fathers and revenge? The mighty Rustum never had a son.'

And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied:—

'Ah, yes, he had! and that lost son am I. 580 Surely the news will one day reach his ear, Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,

Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here:

And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap

To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee. 585

Fierce Man, bethink thee, for an only son! What will that grief, what will that vengeance be!

Oh, could I live, till I that grief had seen! Yet him I pity not so much, but her, My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells 590 With that old King, her father, who grows

With age, and rules over the valiant Koords. Her most I pity, who no more will see Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp, With spoils and honour, when the war is

done.

595
But a dark rumour will be bruited up,
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear;
And then will that defenceless woman learn
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more;

But that in battle with a nameless foe, 600

By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain.'
He spoke; and as he ceased he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left, and his own death.
He spoke; but Rustum listened, plunged in
thought.

Nor did he yet believe it was his son 605 Who spoke, although he called back names he knew:

For he had had sure tidings that the babe, Which was in Ader-baijan born to him, Had been a puny girl, no boy at all: So that sad mother sent him word, for fear 610 Rustum should take the boy, to train in arms:

And so he deemed that either Sohrab took, By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son; Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame. So deemed he; yet he listened, plunged in thought;

And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking Ocean sets to shore
At the full moon: tears gathered in his eyes;
For he remembered his own early youth,
And all its bounding rapture; as, at
dawn, 620
The Shepherd from his mountain lodge de

The Shepherd from his mountain-lodge descries

A far bright City, smitten by the sun, Through many rolling clouds; — so Rustum saw

His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom;

And that old King, her father, who loved well 625

His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child

With joy; and all the pleasant life they led, They three, in that long-distant summertime —

The eastle, and the dewy woods, and hunt And hound, and morn on those delightful hills 630

In Ader-baijan. And he saw that Youth, Of age and looks to be his own dear son, Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand, Like some rich hyacinth, which by the scythe Of an unskilful gardener has been cut, 635

Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed, And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom, On the mown, dying grass;—so Sohrab lay,

Lovely in death, upon the common sand.

And Rustum gazed on him with grief, and
said:— 640

'O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have loved!

Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men Have told thee false; — thou art not Rustum's son.

For Rustum had no son: one child he had — 645

But one — a girl: who with her mother now Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us —

Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war.'

But Sohrab answered him in wrath; for now

The anguish of the deep-fixed spear grew fierce, 650

And he desired to draw forth the steel, And let the blood flow free, and so to die; But first he would convince his stubborn foe -

And, rising sternly on one arm, he said: --'Man, who art thou who dost deny my

words?

Truth sits upon the lips of dying men, And Falsehood, while I lived, was far from

I tell thee, pricked upon this arm I bear That seal which Rustum to my mother gave, That she might prick it on the babe she

He spoke: and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks:

And his knees tottered, and he smote his

Against his breast, his heavy mailed hand, That the hard iron corslet clanked aloud: And to his heart he pressed the other hand,

And in a hollow voice he spake, and said: --'Sohrab, that were a proof which could not

If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son.

Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab loosed

His belt, and near the shoulder bared his

And shewed a sign in faint vermilion points Pricked: as a cunning workman, in Pekin, Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain

An emperor's gift — at early morn he paints, And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp

Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands: ---

So delicately pricked the sign appeared On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal. It was that Griffin, which of old reared Zal, Rustum's great father, whom they left to

A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks. Him that kind Creature found, and reared. and loved -

Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign. And Sohrab bared that figure on his arm, And himself scanned it long with mournful

And then he touched it with his hand and

said: --'How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper

Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?' He spoke: but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood

Speechless: and then he uttered one sharp O Boy — thy Father! — and his voice choked there.

And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes. And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.

But Sohrab crawled to where he lay, and

His arms about his neck, and kissed his

And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,

Trying to call him back to life: and life

Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes, And they stood wide with horror; and he seized

In both his hands the dust which lav around. 700

And threw it on his head, and smirched his

His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms:

And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,

And his sobs choked him; and he clutched his sword,

To draw it, and forever let life out. But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his

And with a soothing voice he spake, and said: -

'Father, forbear: for I but meet to-day The doom that at my birth was written

In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.

Surely my heart cried out that it was thou, When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke

I know it: but Fate trod those promptings down

Under its iron heel; Fate, Fate engaged The strife, and hurled me on my father's spear.

But let us speak no more of this: I find My father; let me feel that I have found. Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take

My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my And wash them with thy tears, and say:

My son! Quick! quick! for numbered are my sands of

And swift; for like the lightning to this field I came, and like the wind I go away -

Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind. But it was writ in Heaven that this should be.' 725

So said he: and his voice released the heart Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he

His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud.

And kissed him. And awe fell on both the hosts

When they saw Rustum's grief: and Ruksh, the horse.

With his head bowing to the ground, and mane

Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute

First to the one, then to the other moved His head, as if inquiring what their grief Might mean; and from his dark, compassionate eyes,

The big warm tears rolled down, and caked the sand.

But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said: —

'Ruksh, now thou grievest; but, O Ruksh, thy feet

Should then have rotted on thy nimble joints,

When first they bore thy Master to this

But Sohrab looked upon the horse and said: -

'Is this then Ruksh? How often, in past days,

My mother told me of thee, thou brave Steed!

My terrible father's terrible horse: and said. That I should one day find thy lord and

Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane. O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I; For thou hast gone where I shall never go, And snuffed the breezes of my father's home.

And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan, 750 And seen the River of Helmund, and the Lake Of Zirrah; and the aged Zal himself

Has often stroked thy neck, and given thee food,

Corn in a golden platter soaked with wine, And said - "O Ruksh! bear Rustum well!" - but I

Have never known my grandsire's furrowed

Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,

Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream:

But lodged among my father's foes, and seen Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand, Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,

And the black Toorkmun tents; and only

drunk

The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend. Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep.

The northern Sir; and this great Oxus stream -

The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die.' And, with a heavy groan, Rustum replied: -

'Oh that its waves were flowing over me! Oh that I saw its grains of vellow silt

Roll tumbling in the current o'er my 770

And, with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied: -

'Desire not that, my father; thou must live. For some are born to do great deeds, and live, As some are born to be obscured, and die. Do thou the deeds I die too young to do, 775 And reap a second glory in thine age.

Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine. But come: thou seest this great host of

Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not these: Let me entreat for them: what have they done?

They followed me, my hope, my fame, my

Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace. But me thou must bear hence, not send with

But carry me with thee to Seïstan,

And place me on a bed, and mourn for

Thou, and the snow-haired Zal, and all thy friends.

And thou must lay me in that lovely earth, And heap a stately mound above my bones. And plant a far-seen pillar over all:

That so the passing horseman on the waste

May see my tomb a great way off, and say — Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there, Whom his great father did in ignorance kill— And I be not forgotten in my grave.'

And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied: -

'Fear not; as thou hast said, Sohrab, my

So shall it be; for I will burn my tents, And quit the host, and bear thee hence with

And carry thee away to Seïstan,

And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee.

With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends.

And I will lay thee in that lovely earth, And heap a stately mound above thy bones, And plant a far-seen pillar over all:

And men shall not forget thee in thy And I will spare thy host: yea, let them go: Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace. What should I do with slaying any more? For would that all whom I have ever slain Might be once more alive; my bitterest And they who were called champions in their time. And through whose death I won that fame I And I were nothing but a common man, A poor, mean soldier, and without renown; So thou mightest live too, my Son, my Son! Or rather would that I, even I myself, Might now be lying on this bloody sand, Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine, Not thou of mine; and I might die, not thou; And I, not thou, be borne to Seïstan; And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine: And say — O son, I weep thee not too sore, For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end — But now in blood and battles was my youth, And full of blood and battles is my age; 825 And I shall never end this life of blood.' Then, at the point of death, Sohrab replied: -'A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful Man! But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now: Not yet: but thou shalt have it on that When thou shalt sail in a high-masted Ship, Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo, Returning home over the salt blue sea, From laying thy dear Master in his grave.' And Rustum gazed in Sohrab's face, and said:-'Soon be that day, my Son, and deep that sea! Till then, if Fate so wills, let me endure.' He spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and The spear, and drew it from his side, and His wound's imperious anguish: but the blood Came welling from the open gash, and life Flowed with the stream: all down his cold white side The crimson torrent ran, dim now, and soiled, Like the soiled tissue of white violets Left, freshly gathered, on their native bank.

From the hot fields at noon: his head

drooped low,

His limbs grew slack: motionless, white, he White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps. Deep, heavy gasps, quivering through all his Convulsed him back to life, he opened them, And fixed them feebly on his father's face: Till now all strength was ebbed, and from his limbs Unwillingly the spirit fled away, Regretting the warm mansion which it 855 And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world. So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead. And the great Rustum drew his horseman's Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son. As those black granite pillars, once highreared, By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear His house, now mid their broken flights of Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side -So, in the sand lay Rustum by his son. And night came down over the solemn waste. And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair, And darkened all; and a cold fog, with night, Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose, As of a great assembly loosed, and fires Began to twinkle through the fog: for 870 Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal: The Persians took it on the open sands Southward: the Tartars by the river marge: And Rustum and his son were left alone. But the majestic River floated on, Out of the mist and hum of that low land, Into the frosty starlight, and there moved, Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian waste, Under the solitary moon: he flowed Right for the Polar Star, past Orgunjè, 880 Brimming, and bright, and large: then sands begin To hem his watery march, and dam his streams, And split his currents, that for many a league The shorn and parceled Oxus strains along Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles -885 By romping children, whom their nurses call Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had In his high mountain cradle in Pamere. A foiled circuitous wanderer: — till at last

And tranquil, from whose floor the nebathed stars Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea. REQUIESCAT	ens, 890 ew-	Fifteen years have gone round Since thou arosest to tread, In the summer morning, the road Of death, at a call unforeseen, Sudden. For fifteen years, We who till then in thy shade Rested as under the boughs Of a mighty oak, have endured Sunshine and rain as we might, Bare, unshaded, alone, Lacking the shelter of thee.	30
Strew on her roses, roses, And never a spray of yew. In quiet she reposes: Ah, would that I did too. Her mirth the world required: She bathed it in smiles of glee. But her heart was tired, tired, And now they let her be.	5	O strong soul, by what shore Tarriest thou now? For that force, Surely, has not been left vain! Somewhere, surely, afar, In the sounding labour-house vast Of being, is practised that strength, Zealous, beneficent, firm!	40
Her life was turning, turning, In mazes of heat and sound. But for peace her soul was yearning, And now peace laps her round.	10	Yes, in some far-shining sphere, Conscious or not of the past, Still thou performest the word Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live, Prompt, unwearied, as here!	45
Her cabined, ample Spirit, It fluttered and failed for breath. To-night it doth inherit The vasty Hall of Death.	15 3	Still thou upraisest with zeal The humble good from the ground, Sternly repressest the bad. Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse Those who with half-open eyes Tread the border-land dim	50
RUGBY CHAPEL		'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st, Succourest! — this was thy work, This was thy life upon earth.	55
Coldly, sadly descends The autumn evening. The Field Strewn with its dank yellow drifts Of withered leaves, and the elms, Fade into dimness apace, Silent; — hardly a shout From a few boys late at their play!	5	What is the course of the life Of mortal men on the earth? Most men eddy about Here and there — eat and drink, Chatter and love and hate, Gather and squander, are raised	60
The lights come out in the street, In the school-room windows; but cold, Solemn, unlighted, austere, Through the gathering darkness, arise The Chapel walls, in whose bound Thou, my father! art laid.	10	Aloft, are hurled in the dust, Striving blindly, achieving Nothing; and, then they die — Perish; and no one asks Who or what they have been, More than he asks what waves	65
There thou dost lie, in the gloom Of the autumn evening. But ah! That word, gloom, to my mind Brings thee back, in the light	15	In the moonlit solitudes mild Of the midmost Ocean, have swelled, Foamed for a moment, and gone. And there are some, whom a thirst	70
Of thy radiant vigour again! In the gloom of November we passed Days not of gloom at thy side; Seasons impaired not the ray Of thine even cheerfulness clear.	20	Ardent, unquenchable, fires, Not with the crowd to be spent, Not without aim to go round In an eddy of purposeless dust, Effort unmeaning and vain.	75
Such thou wast; and I stand In the autumn evening, and think Of bygone autumns with thee.	25	Ah, yes, some of us strive Not without action to die Fruitless, but something to snatch	80

From dull oblivion, nor all		Cheerful, and helpful, and firm.	
Glut the devouring grave!		Therefore to thee it was given	140
We, we have chosen our path —		Many to save with thyself;	
Path to a clear-purposed goal,	85	And, at the end of thy day,	
Path of advance! but it leads	00	O, faithful shepherd! to come,	
		Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.	
A long, steep journey, through sunk		Dringing thy sheep in thy hand.	
Gorges, o'er mountains in snow!		And through thee I believe	145
Cheerful, with friends, we set forth;		In the noble and great who are gone;	110
Then, on the height, comes the storm!	90		
Thunder crashes from rock		Pure souls honoured and blest	
To rock, the cataracts reply;		By former ages, who else —	
Lightnings dazzle our eyes;		Such, so soulless, so poor,	
Roaring torrents have breached		Is the race of men whom I see —	150
The track, the stream-bed descends	95	Seemed but a dream of the heart,	
In the place where the wayfarer once	00	Seemed but a cry of desire.	
Planted his footstep — the spray		Yes! I believe that there lived	
		Others like thee in the past,	
Boils o'er its borders; aloft,		O DECEMBER OF THE PROPERTY	
The unseen snow-beds dislodge	400	Not like the men of the crowd	155
Their hanging ruin; — alas,	100	Who all round me to-day	
Havoc is made in our train!		Bluster or cringe, and make life	
Friends who set forth at our side			
Falter, are lost in the storm!		Hideous, and arid, and vile;	
We, we only are left!		But souls tempered with fire,	100
With frowning foreheads, with lips	105	Fervent, heroic, and good,	160
Sternly compressed, we strain on,		Helpers and friends of mankind.	
On — and at nightfall, at last,		Comments of Cod! or come	
Come to the end of our way,		Servants of God!—or sons	
To the lonely inn 'mid the rocks;		Shall I not call you? because	
	110	Not as servants ye knew	
Where the gaunt and tacitum Host	110	Your Father's innermost mind,	165
Stands on the threshold, the wind		His, who unwillingly sees	
Shaking his thin white hairs —		One of his little ones lost —	
Holds his lantern to scan		Yours is the praise, if mankind	
Our storm-beat figures, and asks:		Hath not as yet in its march	
Whom in our party we bring,	115	Fainted, and fallen, and died!	170
Whom we have left in the snow?		Temitod, and ranon, and drou.	210
		See! In the rocks of the world	
Sadly we answer: We bring		Marches the host of mankind,	
Only ourselves; we lost		A feeble, wavering line.	
Sight of the rest in the storm.		Where are they tending? — A God	
Hardly ourselves we fought through,	120		170
Stripped, without friends, as we are.	120	Marshaled them, gave them their goal. —	- 175
Friends, companions, and train,		Ah, but the way is so long!	
The avalanche arent from our side		Years they have been in the wild!	
The avalanche swept from our side.		Sore thirst plagues them; the rocks,	
Doet the are recorded at an at all and		Rising all round, overawe.	
But thou would'st not alone		Factions divide them; their host	180
Be saved, my father! alone	125	Threatens to break, to dissolve.	
Conquer and come to thy goal,		Ah, keep, keep them combined!	
Leaving the rest in the wild.		Else, of the myriads who fill	
We were weary, and we		That army, not one shall arrive!	
Fearful, and we, in our march,		Sole they shall stray; in the rocks	185
Fain to drop down and to die.	130	Labour for ever in vain,	100
Still thou turnedst, and still			
Beckonedst the trembler, and still		Die one by one in the waste.	
Gavest the weary thy hand!		Then, in such hour of need	
If, in the paths of the world,			
Stones might have wounded thy feet,	105	Of your fainting, dispirited race,	400
Toil or dejection have tried	135	Ye, like angels, appear,	190
Toil or dejection have tried		Radiant with ardour divine.	
Thy spirit, of that we saw		Beacons of hope, ye appear!	
Nothing! to us thou wert still		Languor is not in your heart,	

195

200

Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van: at your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave.
Order, courage, return.
Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God.

Once passed I blindfold here, at any hour, Now seldom come I, since I came with him. 25 That single elm-tree bright

Against the west — I miss it! is it gone?

We prized it dearly; while it stood, we said,

Our friend, the Scholar-Gipsy, was not

dead;

While the tree lived, he in these fields lived on.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!

But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick;

And with the country-folk acquaintance

made By barn in threshing-time, by new-built

rick.

Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first

assayed. 35
Ah me! this many a year,

My pipe is lost, my shepherd's-holiday!

Needs must I lose them, needs with
heavy heart

Into the world and wave of men depart:

But Thyrsis of his own will went away. 40

It irked him to be here, he could not rest.

He loved each simple joy the country

He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,

For that a shadow lowered on the fields,

Here with the shepherds and the silly
sheep.

45

Some life of men unblest
He knew, which made him droop, and
filled his head.

He went; his piping took a troubled sound

Of storms that rage outside our happy ground:

He could not wait their passing, he is dead! 50

So, some tempestuous morn in early June, When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er.

Before the roses and the longest day—When garden-walks, and all the grassy

With blossoms, red and white, of fallen
May.
55

And chestnut-flowers are strewn—So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry, From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,

IVPSIS DE

How changed is here each spot man makes

In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same;

The village-street its haunted mansion lacks.

And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name, And from the roofs the twisted chimney-stacks; 5

Are ye too changed, ye hills? See, 't is no foot of unfamiliar men

To-night from Oxford up your pathway strays.

Here came I often, often, in old days; Thyrsis and I; we still had Thyrsis then. 10

Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,

Up past the wood, to where the elm-tree crowns

The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames?

The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs.

Humid the air; leafless, yet soft as spring, The tender purple spray on copse and briers;

And that sweet City with her dreaming spires.

She needs not June for beauty's heightening.

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night!
Only, methinks, some loss of habit's

Befalls me wandering through this upland dim;

Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:

The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I.

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps
come on,

Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,

Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,

Sweet-William with its homely cottagesmell, 65

And stocks in fragrant blow;

Roses that down the alleys shine afar, And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,

And groups under the dreaming gardentrees,

And the full moon, and the white eveningstar. 70

He hearkens not! light comer, he is flown!
What matters it? next year he will return,
And we shall have him in the sweet
spring-days,

With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling

And blue-bells trembling by the forestways, 75

And scent of hay new-mown.

But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see!

See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,

And blow a strain the world at last shall heed —

For Time, not Corydon, hath conquered thee.

Alack, for Corydon no rival now! —
But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,
Some good survivor with his flute would

go, Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate,

And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow.

And relax Pluto's brow,

And make leap up with joy the beauteous head

Of Proserpine, among whose crowned hair

Are flowers, first opened on Sicilian air, And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace

When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine!

For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,

She knew the Dorian water's gush divine, She knew each lily white which Enna yields, 95

Each rose with blushing face; She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian

strain.

But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!

Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirred!

And we should tease her with our plaint in vain.

Well! wind-dispersed and vain the words will be,

Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour

In the old haunt, and find our treetopped hill!

Who, if not I, for questing here hath power?

I know the wood which hides the daffodil, 105

I know the Fyfield tree,

I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river-fields,
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford,
yields,

And what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries; 110

I know these slopes; who knows them if not I?—

But many a dingle on the loved hill-side, With thorns once studded, old, whiteblossomed trees,

Where thick the cowslips grew, and far descried,

High towered the spikes of purple orchises, 115

Hath since our day put by The coronals of that forgotten time.

Down each green bank hath gone the ploughboy's team,

And only in the hidden brookside gleam Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime. 120

Where is the girl, who, by the boatman's door,

Above the locks, above the boating throng, Unmoored our skiff, when, through the Wytham flats.

Wytham flats,
Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet
among,

And darting swallows, and light watergnats, 125 We tracked the shy Thames shore?

Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell

Of our boat passing heaved the rivergrass,

Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass? —

They all are gone, and thou art gone as well.

Yes, thou art gone! and round me too the night

In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.

I see her veil draw soft across the day,

I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
The cheek grown thin, the brown hair
sprent with grey;
135
I feel her finger light

Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train;
The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew.

The heart less bounding at emotion new, And hope, once crushed, less quick to spring again. 140

And long the way appears, which seemed so short

To the unpractised eye of sanguine youth; And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air.

The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,

Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and bare! 145

Unbreachable the fort

Of the long-battered world uplifts its wall.

And strange and vain the earthly turmoil grows,

And near and real the charm of thy repose,

And night as welcome as a friend would fall. 150

But hush! the upland hath a sudden loss
Of quiet; — Look! adown the dusk hillside.

A troop of Oxford hunters going home, As in old days, jovial and talking, ride!

From hunting with the Berkshire hounds they come — 155 Quick let me fly, and cross

Into you further field!—'T is done; and

Backed by the sunset, which doth glorify
The orange and pale violet evening-sky,
Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree! the

I take the omen! Eve lets down her veil,

The white fog creeps from bush to bush
about,

The west unflushes, the high stars grow bright,

And in the scattered farms the lights come out.

I cannot reach the Signal-Tree tonight. 165

Yet, happy omen, hail!

Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno vale (For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep

The morningless and unawakening sleep Under the flowery oleanders pale), 170

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our Tree is there!

Ah, vain! These English fields, this upland dim,

These brambles pale with mist engarlanded.

That lone, sky-pointing tree, are not for him.

To a boon southern country he is fled,

And now in happier air,

Wandering with the great Mother's train divine

(And purer or more subtle soul than thee,

I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see!)

Within a folding of the Apennine, 180

Thou hearest the immortal strains of old.

Putting his sickle to the perilous grain

In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian king,

For thee the Lityerses song again

Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing; 185 Sings his Sicilian fold,

His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes;

And how a call celestial round him rang And heavenward from the fountainbrink he sprang,

And all the marvel of the golden skies. 190

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here

Sole in these fields; yet will I not despair;

Despair I will not, while I yet descry 'Neath the soft canopy of English air

That lonely Tree against the western sky.

Still, still these slopes, 't is clear, Our Gipsy-Scholar haunts, outliving thee! Fields where soft sheep from cages pull the hay,

Woods with anemonies in flower till May,

Know him a wanderer still; then why not me? 200

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks, Shy to illumine; and I seek it too.

This does not come with houses or with

With place, with honour, and a flattering crew:

'T is not in the world's market bought and sold.

But the smooth-slipping weeks

Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired:

Out of the heed of mortals he is gone. He wends unfollowed, he must house

Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

Thou too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wert bound.

Thou wanderedst with me for a little hour; Men gave thee nothing, but this happy quest,

If men esteemed thee feeble, gave thee

If men procured thee trouble, gave thee

And this rude Cumner ground.

Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet

Here cam'st thou in thy jocund youthful time,

Here was thine height of strength, thy golden prime;

And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields.

What though the music of thy rustic flute Kept not for long its happy, country tone, Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note

Of men contention-tost, of men who groan, Which tasked thy pipe too sore, and tired thy throat —

It failed, and thou wast mute:

Yet hadst thou alway visions of our light, And long with men of care thou couldst not stay,

And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way

Left human haunt, and on alone till night.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here! 'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of yore, Thyrsis, in reach of sheep-bells is my home!

Then through the great town's harsh, heart-wearying roar,

Let in thy voice a whisper often come,

To chase fatigue and fear:

Why faintest thou? I wandered till I died. Roam on! the light we sought is shining

Dost thou ask proof? Our Tree yet crowns the hill,

Our Scholar travels yet the loved hillside. 240

DOVER BEACH

THE sea is calm to-night, The tide is full, the moon lies fair

Upon the Straits; — on the French coast, the light

Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,

Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil

Come to the window, sweet is the night air! Only, from the long line of spray

Where the sea meets the moon-blanched sand,

Listen! you hear the grating roar Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and

fling, At their return, up the high strand, Begin, and cease, and then again begin,

With tremulous cadence slow, and bring The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago 15 Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow Of human misery; we

Find also in the sound a thought.

Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith

Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore

Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled: But now I only hear

Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar, 25 Retreating to the breath

Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true

To one another! for the world, which seems

To lie before us like a land of dreams, So various, so beautiful, so new,

Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light, Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain; And we are here as on a darkling plain 35

Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,

Where ignorant armies clash by night.

1867

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–1882) Within the gulf to pierce Its path; and now she spoke as when THE BLESSED DAMOZEL The stars sang in their spheres. THE blessed damoze! leaned out The sun was gone now; the curled moon 55 From the golden bar of Heaven; Was like a little feather Her eyes were deeper than the depth Fluttering far down the gulf: and now Of waters stilled at even; She spoke through the still weather. She had three lilies in her hand. Her voice was like the voice the stars And the stars in her hair were seven. Had when they sang together. Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem, (Ah, sweet! Even now, in that bird's song. Strove not her accents there, No wrought flowers did adorn, But a white rose of Mary's gift, Fain to be hearkened? When those bells Possessed the mid-day air, Strove not her steps to reach my side For service meetly worn: Her hair that lay along her back Was yellow like ripe corn. Down all the echoing stair?) 'I wish that he were come to me, Her seemed she scarce had been a day One of God's choristers; For he will come,' she said. The wonder was not yet quite gone 'Have I not prayed in Heaven? - on earth, From that still look of hers; Lord, Lord, has he not prayed? Albeit, to them she left, her day Are not two prayers a perfect strength? Had counted as ten years. And shall I feel afraid? (To one, it is ten years of years. 'When round his head the aureole clings, . . . Yet now, and in this place, 20 And he is clothed in white. Surely she leaned o'er me - her hair I'll take his hand and go with him 75 To the deep wells of light; Fell all about my face. . . As unto a stream we will step down, Nothing: the autumn-fall of leaves. The whole year sets apace.) And bathe there in God's sight. It was the rampart of God's house 'We two will stand beside that shrine, 25 That she was standing on; Occult, withheld, untrod. 80 By God built over the sheer depth Whose lamps are stirred continually With prayer sent up to God; The which is Space begun; And see our old prayers, granted, melt So high, that looking downward thence Each like a little cloud. She scarce could see the sun. 30 'We two will lie i' the shadow of It lies in Heaven, across the flood 85 That living mystic tree Of ether, as a bridge. Beneath, the tides of day and night Within whose secret growth the Dove With flame and darkness ridge Is sometimes felt to be, While every leaf that His plumes touch The void, as low as where this earth Spins like a fretful midge. Saith His Name audibly. 90 Around her, lovers, newly met 'And I myself will teach to him, I myself, lying so, The songs I sing here; which his voice 'Mid deathless love's acclaims, Spoke evermore among themselves Their heart-remembered names; 40 Shall pause in, hushed and slow, And find some knowledge at each pause, And the souls mounting up to God 95 Or some new thing to know.' Went by her like thin flames. And still she bowed herself and stooped (Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st! Out of the circling charm; Yea, one wast thou with me Until her bosom must have made That once of old. But shall God lift To endless unity The bar she leaned on warm, 100 The soul whose likeness with thy soul And the lilies lay as if asleep

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the world. Her gaze still strove

'We two,' she said, 'will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names 105

Along her bended arm.

Was but its love for thee?)

Are five sweet symphonies, Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen, Margaret and Rosalys.		Without there was a cold moon up, Of winter radiance sheer and thin; The hollow halo it was in	18
'Circlewise sit they, with bound locks And foreheads garlanded; Into the fine cloth white like flame Weaving the golden thread, To fashion the birth-robes for them	110	Was like an icy crystal cup. Through the small room, with subtle sour Of flame, by vents the fireshine drove And reddened. In its dim alcove The mirror shed a clearness round.	nd
Who are just born, being dead. 'He shall fear, haply, and be dumb: Then will I lay my cheek To his, and tell about our love, Not once abashed or weak:	115	I had been sitting up some nights, And my tired mind felt weak and blank; Like a sharp strengthening wine it drank The stillness and the broken lights.	
And the dear Mother will approve My pride, and let me speak. 'Herself shall bring us, hand in hand, To Him round whom all souls Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered head	120 ds	Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindlin years Heard in each hour, crept off; and then The ruffled silence spread again, Like water that a pebble stirs.	25
Bowed with their aureoles: And angels meeting us shall sing To their eitherns and citoles.	125	Met lightly, and her silken gown	30
'There will I ask of Christ the Lord Thus much for him and me: — Only to live as once on earth With Love, only to be, As then awhile, for ever now Together, I and he.'	130	Settled: no other noise than that. 'Glory unto the Newly Born!' So, as said angels, she did say; Because we were in Christmas Day Though it would still be long till morn.	35
She gazed and listened and then said, Less sad of speech than mild,— 'All this is when he comes.' She ceased. The light thrilled towards her, filled With angels in strong level flight. Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.	135	With anxious softly-stepping haste	40
(I saw her smile.) But soon their path Was vague in distant spheres: And then she cast her arms along	140	Our mother went where Margaret lay, Fearing the sounds o'er head — shoul they Have broken her long watched-for rest!	ld
The golden barriers, And laid her face between her hands, And wept. (I heard her tears.) 186	50	She stooped an instant, calm, and turned, a But suddenly turned back again; And all her features seemed in pain With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned.	45
MY SISTER'S SLEEP She fell asleep on Christmas Eve: At length the long-ungranted shade		1	no 50
Of weary eyelids overweighed The pain naught else might yet relieve. Our mother, who had leaned all day	5	The silence for a little space. Our mother bowed herself and wept:	
Over the bed from chime to chime, Then raised herself for the first time, And as she sat her down, did pray.	J	And both my arms fell, and I said, 'God knows I knew that she was dead.' And there, all white, my sister slept.	55
Her little work-table was spread With work to finish. For the glare Made by her candle, she had care To work some distance from the bed.	10	Then kneeling upon Christmas morn A little after twelve o'clock, We said, ere the first quarter struck, 'Christ's blessing on the newly born!'	60

SUDDEN LIGHT

I HAVE been here before,

But when or how I cannot tell:
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before, —
How long ago I may not know:
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall, — I knew it all of yore. 10

Has this been thus before?

And shall not thus time's eddying flight

Still with our lives our loves restore

In death's despite,

And day and night yield one delight once more?

15

THE WOODSPURGE

THE wind flapped loose, the wind was still, Shaken out dead from tree and hill: I had walked on at the wind's will, — I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was, — 5 My lips, drawn in, said not Alas! My hair was over in the grass, My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run
Of some ten weeds to fix upon; 10
Among those few, out of the sun,
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be Wisdom or even memory:
One thing then learnt remains to me, — 15
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

THE KING'S TRAGEDY

I CATHERINE am a Douglas born,
A name to all Scots dear;
And Kate Barlass they 've called me now
Through many a waning year.

This old arm 's withered now. 'T was once 5 Most deft 'mong maidens all To rein the steed, to wing the shaft,
To smite the palm-play ball.

In hall adown the close-linked dance
It has shone most white and fair;
It has been the rest for a true lord's head,
And many a sweet babe's nursing-bed,
And the bar to a King's chambère.

Aye, lasses, draw round Kate Barlass, And hark with bated breath 15 How good King James, King Robert's son, Was foully done to death.

Through all the days of his gallant youth
The princely James was pent,
By his friends at first and then by his foes, 20
In long imprisonment.

For the elder Prince, the kingdom's heir,
By treason's murderous brood
Was slain; and the father quaked for the
child
With the royal mortal blood. 25

I' the Bass Rock fort, by his father's care,
Was his childhood's life assured;
And Henry the subtle Bolingbroke,
Proud England's King, 'neath the southron
yoke
His youth for long years immured.

Yet in all things meet for a kingly man Himself did he approve; And the nightingale through his prison-wall Taught him both lore and love.

For once, when the bird's song drew him close

To the opened window-pane,
In her bower beneath a lady stood,

In her bower beneath a lady stood, A light of life to his sorrowful mood, Like a lily amid the rain.

And for her sake, to the sweet bird's note, 40
He framed a sweeter Song,
More sweet than ever a poet's heart
Gave yet to the English tongue.

She was a lady of royal blood;
And when, past sorrow and teen 45
He stood where still through his crownless
years

Historian rooks had been

His Scotish realm had been,
At Scone were the happy lovers crowned,
A heart-wed King and Queen.

But the bird may fall from the bough of youth,

And song he turned to moan,

And Love's storm-cloud be the shadow of Hate,

When the tempest-waves of a troubled State Are beating against a throne.

Yet well they loved; and the god of Love, 55 Whom well the King had sung, Might find on the earth no truer hearts His lowliest swains among.

From the days when first she rode abroad
With Scotish maids in her train,
I Catherine Douglas won the trust
Of my mistress sweet Queen Jane.

And oft she sighed, 'To be born a King!'
And oft along the way
When she saw the homely lovers pass
She has said, 'Alack the day!'

Years waned, — the loving and toiling years:
Till England's wrong renewed
Drove James, by outrage cast on his crown,
To the open field of feud.

70

"T was when the King and his host were met At the leaguer of Roxbro' hold, The Queen o' the sudden sought his camp With a tale of dread to be told.

And she showed him a secret letter writ 75
That spoke of treasonous strife,
And how a band of his noblest lords
Were sworn to take his life.

'And it may be here or it may be there, In the camp or the court,' she said: 80 'But for my sake come to your people's arms And guard your royal head.'

Quoth he, ''T is the fifteenth day of the siege,
And the castle's nigh to yield.'
'O face your foes on your throne,' she
cried, 85
'And show the power you wield;
And under your Scotish people's love
You shall sit as under your shield.'

At the fair Queen's side I stood that day
When he bade them raise the siege,
And back to his Court he sped to know
How the lords would meet their Liege.

But when he summoned his Parliament, The louring brows hung round, Like clouds that circle the mountain-head 95 Ere the first low thunders sound.

For he had tamed the nobles' lust
And curbed their power and pride,
And reached out an arm to right the poor
Through Scotland far and wide;
And many a lordly wrong-doer
By the headsman's axe had died.

'T was then upspoke Sir Robert Græme, The bold o'ermastering man:— 'O King, in the name of your Three Estates
I set you under their ban!

'For, as your lords made oath to you
Of service and fealty,
Even in like wise you pledged your oath
Their faithful sire to be: — 110

'Yet all we here that are nobly sprung
Have mourned dear kith and kin
Since first for the Scotish Barons' curse
Did your bloody rule begin.'

With that he laid his hands on his King: — 115
'Is this not so, my lords?'

But of all who had sworn to league with him Not one spake back to his words.

Quoth the King:— 'Thou speak'st but for one Estate, Nor doth it avow thy gage. 120

Let my liege lords hale this traitor hence!'
The Græme fired dark with rage:—
'Who works for lesser men than himself,

He earns but a witness wage!'

God's creature, my mortal foe.

But soon from the dungeon where he lay 125 He won by privy plots, And forth he fled with a price on his head

And forth he fled with a price on his head To the country of the Wild Scots.

And word there came from Sir Robert
Græme
To the King of Edinbro': — 130
'No Liege of mine thou art; but I see
From this day forth alone in thee

'Through thee are my wife and children lost,
My heritage and lands;
And when my God shall show me a way,
Thyself my mortal foe will I slay
With these my proper hands.'

Against the coming of Christmastide
That year the King bade call
I' the Black Friars' Charterhouse of Perth
A solemn festival.

And we of his household rode with him
In a close-ranked company;
But not till the sun had sunk from his
throne
Did we reach the Scotish Sea.

That eve was clenched for a boding storm,
'Neath a toilsome moon, half seen;
The cloud stooped low and the surf rose high;
And where there was a line of the sky,
Wild wings loomed dark between.

And on a rock of the black beach-side By the veiled moon dimly lit, There was something seemed to heave with As the King drew nigh to it. 155 And was it only the tossing furze Or brake of the waste sea-wold? Or was it an eagle bent to the blast? When near we came, we knew it at last For a woman tattered and old. 160 But it seemed as though by a fire within Her writhen limbs were wrung; And as soon as the King was close to her. She stood up gaunt and strong. 'T was then the moon sailed clear of the On high in her hollow dome; And still as aloft with hoary crest Each clamorous wave rang home, Like fire in snow the moonlight blazed Amid the champing foam. 170 And the woman held his eyes with her eves: -'O King, thou art come at last; But thy wraith has haunted the Scotish To my sight for four years past. 'Four years it is since first I met, 175 'Twixt the Duchray and the Dhu, A shape whose feet clung close in a shroud, And that shape for thine I knew. 'A year again, and on Inchkeith Isle I saw thee pass in the breeze, 180 With the cerecloth risen above thy feet And wound about thy knees. 'And yet a year, in the Links of Forth, As a wanderer without rest, Thou cam'st with both thine arms i' the shroud 185 That clung high up thy breast. 'And in this hour I find thee here, And well mine eyes may note That the winding-sheet hath passed thy And risen around thy throat. 190 'And when I meet thee again, O King, That of death hast such sore drouth, -

Except thou turn again on this shore, -

The winding-sheet shall have moved once

And covered thine eyes and mouth. 195

'O King, whom poor men bless for their King, Of thy fate be not so fain; But these my words for God's message take, And turn thy steed, O King, for her sake Who rides beside thy rein!' While the woman spoke, the King's horse reared As if it would breast the sea, And the Queen turned pale as she heard on the gale The voice die dolorously. When the woman ceased, the steed was 205 But the King gazed on her yet, And in silence save for the wail of the sea His eyes and her eyes met. At last he said: - 'God's ways are His own; Man is but shadow and dust. Last night I prayed by His altar-stone; To-night I wend to the Feast of His Son; And in Him I set my trust. 'I have held my people in sacred charge, And have not feared the sting Of proud men's hate, — to His will resigned Who has but one same death for a hind And one same death for a King. 'And if God in His wisdom have brought The day when I must die, 220 That day by water or fire or air My feet shall fall in the destined snare Wherever my road may lie. 'What man can say but the Fiend hath set Thy sorcery on my path, My heart with the fear of death to fill, And turn me against God's very will To sink in His burning wrath? The woman stood as the train rode past, And moved nor limb nor eye; And when we were shipped, we saw her there Still standing against the sky. As the ship made way, the moon once more Sank slow in her rising pall; And I thought of the shrouded wraith of the King, And I said, 'The Heavens know all.' And now, ye lasses, must ye hear How my name is Kate Barlass: — But a little thing, when all the tale Is told of the weary mass Of crime and woe which in Scotland's realm God's will let come to pass.

986 Smelthart & WNINETEENTH CENTURY

'T was in the Charterhouse of Perth
That the King and all his Court
Were met, the Christmas Feast being
done,
For solace and disport.
245

'T was a wind-wild eve in February,
And against the casement-pane
The branches smote like summoning hands
And muttered the driving rain.

250

And when the wind swooped over the lift
And made the whole heaven frown,
It seemed a grip was laid on the walls
To tug the housetop down.

And the Queen was there, more stately fair 255

Than a lily in garden set;

And the King was loth to stir from her side;

For as on the day when she was his bride, Even so he loved her yet.

And the Earl of Athole, the King's false friend, 260
Sat with him at the board;
And Robert Stuart the chamberlain
Who had sold his sovereign Lord.

Yet the traitor Christopher Chaumber there Would fain have told him all, 265 And vainly four times that night he strove To reach the King through the hall.

But the wine is bright at the goblet's brim
Though the poison lurk beneath;
And the apples still are red on the tree 270
Within whose shade may the adder be
That shall turn thy life to death.

There was a knight of the King's fast friends
Whom he called the King of Love;
And to such bright cheer and courtesy
That name might best behove.

And the King and Queen both loved him well
For his gentle knightliness;

And with him the King, as that eve wore on,
Was playing at the chess. 280

And the King said, (for he thought to jest And soothe the Queen thereby;)—
'In a book 't is writ that this same year A King shall in Scotland die.

'And I have pondered the matter o'er, 285 And this have I found, Sir Hugh,— There are but two Kings on Scotish ground, And those Kings are I and you. 'And I have a wife and a newborn heir, And you are yourself alone; 290 So stand you stark at my side with me To guard our double throne.

'For here sit I and my wife and child, As well your heart shall approve, In full surrender and soothfastness, Beneath your Kingdom of Love.'

And the Knight laughed, and the Queen too smiled;

But I knew her heavy thought, And I strove to find in the good King's jest What cheer might thence be wrought. 300

And I said, 'My Liege, for the Queen's dear love

Now sing the song that of old You made, when a captive Prince you lay, And the nightingale sang sweet on the spray, In Windsor's castle-hold.'

Then he smiled the smile I knew so well
When he thought to please the Queen;
The smile which under all bitter frowns
Of hate that rose between,
For ever dwelt at the poet's heart
Like the bird of love unseen.

And he kissed her hand and took his harp, And the music sweetly rang; And when the song burst forth, it seemed 'T was the nightingale that sang. 315

'Worship, ye lovers, on this May:
Of bliss your kalends are begun:
Sing with us, Away, Winter, away!
Come, Summer, the sweet season and sun!
Awake for shame,—your heaven is
won,—
320

And amorously your heads lift all: Thank Love, that you to his grace doth call!'

But when he bent to the Queen and sang
The speech whose praise was hers,
It seemed his voice was the voice of the
Spring
325
And the voice of the bygone years.

'The fairest and the freshest flower That ever I saw before that hour, The which o' the sudden made to start The blood of my body to my heart.

Ah sweet, are ye a worldly creature Or heavenly thing in form of nature?'

And the song was long, and richly stored With wonder and beauteous things; And the harp was tuned to every change 335 Of minstrel ministerings; But when he spoke of the Queen at the last, Its strings were his own heart-strings.

'Unworthy but only of her grace,
Upon Love's rock that's easy and sure, 340
In guerdon of all my love's space
She took me her humble creäture.
Thus fell my blissful aventure
In youth of love that from day to day

Flowereth aye new, and further I say,

'To reckon all the circumstance
As it happed when lessen gan my sore,
Of my rancor and woful chance,
It were too long, — I have done therefor.
And of this flower I say no more
But unto my help her heart hath tended

'Aye, even from death,' to myself I said;
For I thought of the day when she
Had borne him the news, at Roxbro'
siege,
Of the fell confederacy.

And even from death her man defended.'

But Death even then took aim as he sang
With an arrow deadly bright;
And the grinning skull lurked grimly aloof,
And the wings were spread far over the
roof
More dark than the winter night.

Yet truly along the amorous song
Of Love's high pomp and state,
There were words of Fortune's rackless doom
And the dreadful face of Fate.
365

And oft have I heard again in dreams
The voice of dire appeal
In which the King then sang of the pit
That is under Fortune's wheel.

'And under the wheel beheld I there
An ugly Pit as deep as hell,
That to behold I quaked for fear:
And this I heard, that who therein fell
Came no more up, tidings to tell:
Whereat, astound of the fearful sight,
I wist not what to do for fright.'

And oft has my thought called up again
These words of the changeful song:—
'Wist thou thy pain and thy trvaial
To come, well might'st thou weep and wail!' 380
And our wail, O God! is long.

But the song's end was all of his love;
And well his heart was graced
With her smiling lips and her tear-bright
eyes
As his arm went round her waist.
385

And on the swell of her long fair throat
Close clung the necklet-chain
As he bent her pearl-tired head aside,
And in the warmth of his love and pride
He kissed her lips full fain.
390

And her true face was a rosy red,
The very red of the rose
That, couched on the happy garden-bed,
In the summer sunlight glows.

And all the wondrous things of love
That sang so sweet through the song
Were in the look that met in their eyes,
And the look was deep and long.

"T was then a knock came at the outer gate, And the usher sought the King. 400 "The woman you met by the Scotish Sea, My Liege, would tell you a thing; And she says that her present need for speech

Will bear no gainsaying.'

And the King said: 'The hour is late; 405
To-morrow will serve, I ween.'
Then he charged the usher strictly, and said:
'No word of this to the Queen.'

But the usher came again to the King.

'Shall I call her back?' quoth he:

'For as she went on her way, she cried,

"Woe! woe! then the thing must be!""

And the king paused, but he did not speak.

Then he called for the Voidee-cup:
And as we heard the twelfth hour strike, 415
There by true lips and false lips alike
Was the draught of trust drained up.

So with reverence meet to King and Queen, To bed went all from the board; And the last to leave of the courtly train 420 Was Robert Stuart the chamberlain Who had sold his sovereign lord.

And all the locks of the chamber-door
Had the traitor riven and brast;
And that Fate might win sure way from
afar,
425
He had drawn out every bolt and bar
That made the entrance fast.

And now at midnight he stole his way
To the moat of the outer wall,
And laid strong hurdles closely across
Where the traitor's tread should fall.

But we that were the Queen's bower-maids
Alone were left behind;
And with heed we drew the curtains close
Against the winter wind.

435

And now that all was still through the hall, More clearly we heard the rain That clamored ever against the glass And the boughs that beat on the pane.

But the fire was bright in the ingle-nook, 440 And through empty space around The shadows cast on the arrased wall 'Mid the pictured kings stood sudden and tall Like specters sprung from the ground.

And the bed was dight in a deep alcove; 445 And as he stood by the fire The King was still in talk with the Queen

While he doffed his goodly attire.

And the song had brought the image back
Of many a bygone year;
And many a loving word they said
With hand in hand and head laid to head;
And none of us went anear.

But Love was weeping outside the house,
A child in the piteous rain;
455
And as he watched the arrow of Death,
He wailed for his own shafts close in the sheath
That never should fly again.

And now beneath the window arose
A wild voice suddenly:
460
And the King reared straight, but the Queen
fell back
As for bitter dule to dree;

And all of us knew the woman's voice
Who spoke by the Scotish Sea.

'O King,' she cried, 'in an evil hour They drove me from thy gate;
And yet my voice must rise to thine ears;
But alas! it comes too late!

'Last night at mid-watch, by Aberdour, When the moon was dead in the skies, 470 O King, in a death-light of thine own I saw thy shape arise.

'And in full season, as erst I said, The doom had gained its growth; And the shroud had risen above thy neck 475 And covered thine eyes and mouth.

'And no moon woke, but the pale dawn broke, And still thy soul stood there:

And still thy soul stood there;
And I thought its silence cried to my soul
As the first rays crowned its hair. 480

'Since then have I journeyed fast and fain In very despite of Fate, Lest Hope might still be found in God's will: But they drove me from thy gate. 'For every man on God's ground, O King, 485
His death grows up from his birth
In a shadow-plant perpetually;
And thine towers high, a black yew-tree,
O'er the Charterhouse of Perth!'

That room was built far out from the house; 490
And none but we in the room

Might hear the voice that rose beneath,
Nor the tread of the coming doom.

For now there came a torchlight-glare,
And a clang of arms there came;
And not a soul in that space but thought
Of the foe Sir Robert Græme.

Yea, from the country of the Wild Scots,
O'er mountain, valley, and glen,
He had brought with him in murderous
league 500
Three hundred armèd men.

The King knew all in an instant's flash,
And like a King did he stand;
But there was no armor in all the room,
Nor weapon lay to his hand.

And all we women flew to the door
And thought to have made it fast;
But the bolts were gone and the bars were

And the locks were riven and brast.

And he caught the pale pale Queen in his arms 510

As the iron footsteps fell,—
Then loosed her, standing alone, and said,
'Our bliss was our farewell!'

And 'twixt his lips he murmured a prayer,
And he crossed his brow and breast;
And proudly in royal hardihood
Even so with folded arms he stood,
The prize of the bloody quest.

Then on me leaped the Queen like a deer:—
'O Catherine, help!' she cried.

And low at his feet we clasped his knees
Together side by side.

'Oh! even a king, for his people's sake, From treasonous death must hide!'

'For her sake most!' I cried, and I marked 525

The pang that my words could wring.

And the iron tongs from the chimney-nook
I snatched and held to the King:—
'Wrench up the plank! and the vault be-

neath Shall yield safe harboring.'

530

With brows low-bent, from my eager hand The heavy heft did he take:

And the plank at his feet he wrenched and

And as he frowned through the open floor, Again I said, 'For her sake!'

Then he cried to the Queen, 'God's will be

For her hands were clasped in prayer. And down he sprang to the inner crypt; And straight we closed the plank he had ripped,

And toiled to smooth it fair.

(Alas! in that vault a gap once was Wherethrough the King might have fled: But three days since close-walled had it been

By his will; for the ball would roll therein When without at the palm he played.) 545

Then the Queen cried, 'Catherine, keep the door,

And I to this will suffice!'

At her word I rose all dazed to my feet. And my heart was fire and ice.

And louder ever the voices grew, 550 And the tramp of men in mail; Until to my brain it seemed to be As though I tossed on a ship at sea In the teeth of a crashing gale.

Then back I flew to the rest; and hard 555 We strove with sinews knit

To force the table against the door But we might not compass it.

Then my wild gaze sped far down the hall To the place of the hearthstone-sill; 560 And the Queen bent ever above the floor, For the plank was rising still.

And now the rush was heard on the stair, And 'God, what help?' was our cry. And was I frenzied or was I bold? 565 I looked at each empty stanchion-hold, And no bar but my arm had I!

Like iron felt my arm, as through The staple I made it pass: — Alack! it was flesh and bone — no more! 570 'T was Catherine Douglas sprang to the door. But I fell back Kate Barlass.

With that they all thronged into the hall, Half dim to my failing ken; And the space that was but a void before 575

Was a crowd of wrathful men.

Behind the door I had fall'n and lay, Yet my sense was widely aware, And for all the pain of my shattered arm I never fainted there. 580

Even as I fell, my eves were cast Where the King leaped down to the pit; And lo! the plank was smooth in its place. And the Queen stood far from it.

And under the litters and through the

And within the presses all

The traitors sought for the King, and pierced The arras around the wall.

And through the chamber they ramped and stormed

Like lions loose in the lair. 590 And scarce could trust to their very eyes, -

For behold! no King was there.

Then one of them seized the Queen, and cried, -

'Now tell us, where is thy lord?'
And he held the sharp point over her

heart:

She drooped not her eyes nor did she start, But she answered never a word.

Then the sword half pierced the true true

But it was the Græme's own son Cried, 'This is a woman, - we seek a 600

And away from her girdle-zone He struck the point of the murderous steel; And that foul deed was not done.

And forth flowed all the throng like a sea, And 't was empty space once more: And my eyes sought out the wounded Queen As I lay behind the door.

And I said: 'Dear Lady, leave me here. For I cannot help you now; But fly while you may, and none shall 610 Of my place here lying low.'

And she said, 'My Catherine, God help thee!'

Then she looked to the distant floor, And clasping her hands, 'O God help him,' She sobbed, 'for we can no more!'

But God he knows what help may mean, If it mean to live or to die; And what sore sorrow and mighty moan On earth it may cost ere yet a throne

Be filled in His house on high. 620 And now the ladies fled with the Queen; And thorough the open door

The night-wind wailed round the empty room

And the rushes shook on the floor.

And the bed drooped low in the dark re-

Whence the arras was rent away; And the firelight still shone over the space Where our hidden secret lay.

And the rain had ceased, and the moonbeams lit

The window high in the wall, — Bright beams that on the plank that I

Through the painted pane did fall And gleamed with the splendor of Scotland's

And shield armorial.

But then a great wind swept up the skies, 635 And the climbing moon fell back; And the royal blazon fled from the floor, And nought remained on its track; And high in the darkened window-pane The shield and the crown were black, 640

And what I say next I partly saw And partly I heard in sooth, And partly since from the murderers' lips The torture wrung the truth.

For now again came the armed tread, 645 And fast through the hall it fell; But the throng was less: and ere I saw. By the voice without I could tell That Robert Stuart had come with them Who knew that chamber well. 650

And over the space the Græme strode dark

With his mantle round him flung; And in his eye was a flaming light But not a word on his tongue.

And Stuart held a torch to the floor. And he found the thing he sought; And they slashed the plank away with their swords; And O God! I fainted not!

And the traitor held his torch in the gap, All smoking and smoldering; 660 And through the vapor and fire, beneath In the dark crypt's narrow ring, With a shout that pealed to the room's high

They saw their naked King.

Half naked he stood, but stood as one 665 Who yet could do and dare:

With the crown, the King was stript away, -The Knight was reft of his battle-array, -But still the Man was there.

From the rout then stepped a villain forth, -Sir John Hall was his name;

With a knife unsheathed he leapt to the

Beneath the torchlight-flame.

Of his person and stature was the King A man right manly strong, And mightily by the shoulder-blades His foe to his feet he flung.

Then the traitor's brother, Sir Thomas Hall, Sprang down to work his worst;

And the King caught the second man by the neck

And flung him above the first.

And he smote and trampled them under him; And a long month thence they bare

All black their throats with the grip of his hands

When the hangman's hand came there. 685

And sore he strove to have had their knives, But the sharp blades gashed his hands.

Oh James! so armed, thou hadst battled there Till help had come of thy bands;

And oh! once more thou hadst held our throne 690 And ruled thy Scotish lands!

But while the King o'er his foes still raged With a heart that naught could tame, Another man sprang down to the crypt; And with his sword in his hand hardgripped. 695 There stood Sir Robert Græme.

(Now shame on the recreant traitor's heart Who durst not face his King,

700

Till the body unarmed was wearied out With two-fold combating!

Ah! well might the people sing and say, As oft ye have heard aright: — O Robert Græme, O Robert Græme, Who slew our King, God give thee shame!' For he slew him not as a knight.) 705

And the naked King turned round at bay, But his strength had passed the goal, And he could but gasp: - 'Mine hour is come;

But oh! to succor thine own soul's doom,

Let a priest now shrive my soul!' 710 And the traitor looked on the King's spent strength

And said: — 'Have I kept my word? — Yea, King, the mortal pledge that I gave? No black friar's shrift thy soul shall have, But the shrift of this red sword!'

With that he smote his King through the breast:

And all they three in the pen Fell on him and stabbed and stabbed him

Like merciless murderous men.

Yet seemed it now that Sir Robert Græme.

Ere the King's last breath was o'er, Turned sick at heart with the deadly sight And would have done no more.

But a cry came from the troop above: -'If him thou do not slay, 725 The price of his life that thou dost spare

Thy forfeit life shall pay!'

O God! what more did I hear or see. Or how should I tell the rest, But there at length our King lay slain 730 With sixteen wounds in his breast.

O God! and now did a bell boom forth, And the murderers turned and fled; -Too late, too late, O God, did it sound!—And I heard the true men mustering round, And the cries and the coming tread.

But ere they came, to the black death-gap Somewise did I creep and steal; And lo! or ever I swooned away, Through the dusk I saw where the white face lav In the Pit of Fortune's Wheel.

And now, ye Scotish maids who have heard Dread things of the days grown old, -Even at the last, of true Queen Jane May somewhat yet be told, And how she dealt for her dear lord's sake Dire vengeance manifold.

'T was in the Charterhouse of Perth, In the fair-lit Death-chapelle, That the slain King's corpse on bier was 750 With chaunt and requiem-knell.

And all with royal wealth of balin Was the body purified; And none could trace on the brow and lips The death that he had died. 755 In his robes of state he lay asleep With orb and scepter in hand; And by the crown he wore on his throne Was his kingly forehead spanned.

And, girls, 't was a sweet sad thing to see 760 How the curling golden hair, As in the day of the poet's youth. From the King's crown clustered there.

And if all had come to pass in the brain That throbbed beneath those curls, Then Scots had said in the days to come That this their soul was a different home And a different Scotland, girls!

And the Queen sat by him night and day, And oft she knelt in prayer, All wan and pale in the widow's veil That shrouded her shining hair.

And I had got good help of my hurt: And only to me some sign She made; and save the priests that were No face would she see but mine.

And the month of March wore on apace; And now fresh couriers fared Still from the country of the Wild Scots With news of the traitors snared. 780

And still as I told her day by day, Her pallor changed to sight, And the frost grew to a furnace-flame, That burnt her visage white.

And evermore as I brought her word, 785 She bent to her dead King James, And in the cold ear with fire-drawn breath, She spoke the traitors' names.

But when the name of Sir Robert Græme Was the one she had to give, 790 I ran to hold her up from the floor; For the froth was on her lips, and sore I feared that she could not live.

And the month of March wore nigh to its

And still was the death-pall spread; For she would not bury her slaughtered

Till his slayers all were dead.

And now of their dooms dread tidings

And of torments fierce and dire; And naught she spake, — she had ceased to speak, -800

But her eyes were a soul on fire.

But when I told her the bitter end
Of the stern and just award,
She leaned o'er the bier, and thrice three
times

· She kissed the lips of her lord.

805

And then she said, — 'My King, they are dead!'

And she knelt on the chapel-floor, And whispered low with a strange proud smile,—

'James, James, they suffered more!'

Last she stood up to her queenly height, 810 But she shook like an autumn leaf, As though the fire wherein she burned Then left the body, and all were turned To winter of life-long grief.

And 'O James!' she said, — 'My James!'
she said, —
'Alas for the world thing,
That a poet true and a friend of man,

In desperate days of bale and ban, Should needs be born a King!'

1881

SONNETS

THE HOUSE OF LIFE A SONNET is a moment's monument, —

Memorial from the Soul's eternity
To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fulness reverent: 5
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
As Day or Night may rule; and let Time see
Its flowering crest impearled and orient.
A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
The soul, — its converse, to what Power 't is
due: — 10
Whether for tribute to the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve; or, 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous

I. - YOUTH AND CHANGE

In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

I. - LOVE ENTHRONED

I MARKED all kindred Powers the heart finds fair: —

Truth, with awed lips; and Hope, with eyes upcast;

And Fame, whose loud wings fan the ashen Past

To signal-fires, Oblivion's flight to scare;

And Youth, with still some single golden hair 5

Unto his shoulder clinging, since the last

Embrace wherein two sweet arms held him fast;

And Life, still wreathing flowers for Death to wear.

Love's throne was not with these; but far

All passionate wind of welcome and fare-

Well
He sat in breathless bowers they dream not

Though Truth foreknow Love's heart, and Hope foretell,

And Fame be for Love's sake desirable,
And Youth be dear and Life be sweet to
Love.

IV. LOVESIGHT

When do I see thee most, beloved one? When in the light the spirits of mine eyes Before thy face, their altar, solemnize The worship of that Love through thee made

Or when in the dusk hours (we two alone,) 5 Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies, Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies, And my soul only sees thy soul its own? O love, my love! if I no more should see

Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,

Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—

How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope

The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,

The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

XV. THE BIRTH-BOND

Have you not noted, in some family
Where two were born of a first marriage-bed,
How still they own their gracious bond,
though fed

And nursed on the forgotten breast and knee? —

How to their father's children they shall be 5 In act and thought of one goodwill; but each

Shall for the other have, in silence speech, And in a word complete community? Even so, when first I saw you, seemed it,

love,
That among souls allied to mine was yet 10

One nearer kindred than life hinted of.
O born with me somewhere that men forget,

And though in years of sight and sound unmet.

Known for my soul's birth-partner well enough!

XVIII. GENIUS IN BEAUTY

BEAUTY like hers is genius. Not the call Of Homer's or of Dante's heart sublime, — Not Michael's hand furrowing the zones of time, —

Is more with compassed mysteries musical; Nay, not in Spring's or Summer's sweet footfall

More gathered gifts exuberant Life bequeathes

Than doth this sovereign face, whose lovespell breathes

Even from its shadowed contour on the wall. As many men are poets in their youth,

But for one sweet-strung soul the wires prolong 10

Even through all change the indomitable song;

So in likewise the envenomed years, whose tooth

Rends shallower grace with ruin void of ruth,

Upon this beauty's power shall wreak no wrong.

XXVI. MID-RAPTURE

Thou lovely and beloved, thou my love; Whose kiss seems still the first; whose summoning eyes,

Even now, as for our love-world's new sun-

Shed very dawn; whose voice, attuned above All modulation of the deep-bowered dove, 5 Is like a hand laid softly on the soul;

Whose hand is like a sweet voice to control.

Those worn tired brows it hath the keeping

What word can answer to thy word, — what

To thine, which now absorbs within its sphere

My worshipping face, till I am mirrored there Light-circled in a heaven of deep-drawn rays? What clasp, what kiss mine inmost heart can prove,

O lovely and beloved, O my love?

XXVII. SOUL-LIGHT

What other woman could be loved like you, Or how of you should love possess his fill? After the fulness of all rapture, still,—

As at the end of some deep avenue

A tender glamour of day, — there comes to view 5

Far in your eyes a yet more hungering thrill,—

Such fire as Love's soul-winnowing hands distil

Even from his inmost ark of light and dew. And as the traveller triumphs with the sun, Glorying in heat's mid-height, yet startide brings

Wonder new-born, and still fresh transport

From limpid lambent hours of day begun: — Even so, through eyes and voice, your soul doth move

My soul with changeful light of infinite love.

XLIII. LOVE AND HOPE

Bless love and hope. Full many a withered year

Whirled past us, eddying to its chill dooms-day:

And clasped together where the blown leaves lay,

We long have knelt and wept full many a tear.

Yet lo! one hour at last, the Spring's compeer,

Flutes softly to us from some green byway: Those years, those tears are dead, but only they:—

Bless love and hope, true soul; for we are

Cling heart to heart; nor of this hour demand

Whether in very truth, when we are dead, 10 Our hearts shall wake to know Love's golden

Sole sunshine of the imperishable land; Or but discern, through night's unfeatured

Scorn-fired at length the illusive eyes of Hope.

XLIX-LII. WILLOWWOOD

1

I sat with Love upon a woodside well, Leaning across the water, I and he; Nor ever did he speak nor looked at me, But touched his lute, wherein was audible The certain secret thing he had to tell: 5 Only our mirrored eyes met silently In the low wave; and that sound came to be The passionate voice I knew; and my tears fell.

And at their fall, his eyes beneath grew hers;

And with his foot and with his wingfeathers

He swept the spring that watered my heart's drouth.

Then the dark ripples spread to waving hair, And as I stooped, her own lips rising there Bubbled with brimming kisses at my mouth.

2

And now Love sang: but his was such a song, So meshed with half-remembrance hard to

As souls disused in death's sterility
May sing when the new birthday tarries long.
And I was made aware of a dumb throng 5
That stood aloof, one form by every tree,
All mournful forms, for each was I or she,
The shades of those our days that had no tongue.

They looked on us, and knew us and were known:

While fast together, alive from the abyss, 10 Clung the soul-wrung implacable close kiss; And pity of self through all made broken moan

Which said, 'For once, for once, for once

And still Love sang, and what he sang was this:—

5

'O ye, all ye that walk in Willowwood, That walk with hollow faces burning white; What fathom-depth of soul-struck widowhood,

What long, what longer hours, one lifelong night,

Ere ye again, who so in vain have wooed 5 Your last hope lost, who so in vain invite Your lips to that their unforgotten food, Ere ye, ere ye again shall see the light. Alas! the bitter banks in Willowwood, With tear-spurge wan, with blood-wort burning red:

Alas! if ever such a pillow could

Steep deep the soul in sleep till she were dead.—

Better all life forget her than this thing, That Willowwood should hold her wandering!'

4

So sang he: and as meeting rose and rose Together cling through the wind's wellaway Nor change at once, yet near the end of day The leaves drop loosened where the heartstain glows,— So when the song died did the kiss unclose; 5 And her face fell back drowned, and was as gray

As its gray eyes; and if it ever may
Meet mine again I know not if Love knows.
Only I know that I leaned low and drank
A long draught from the water where she
sank.

Her breath and all her tears and all her soul:

And as I leaned, I know I felt Love's face

Pressed on my neck with moan of pity and grace,

Till both our heads were in his aureole.

LV. STILLBORN LOVE

THE hour which might have been yet might not be.

Which man's and woman's heart conceived and bore

Yet whereof life was barren, — on what

Bides it the breaking of Time's weary sea? Bondchild of all consummate joys set free, 5 It somewhere sighs and serves, and mute be-

The house of Love, hears through the echoing door

His hours elect in choral consonancy. But lo! what wedded souls now hand in

Together tread at last the immortal strand 10 With eyes where burning memory lights love

Lo! how the little outcast hour has turned And leaped to them and in their faces yearned:—

'I am your child: O parents, ye have come!'

II. CHANGE AND FATE

LX. TRANSFIGURED LIFE .

As growth of form or momentary glance In a child's features will recall to mind The father's with the mother's face combined,—

Sweet interchange that memories still enhance:

And yet, as childhood's years and youth's advance, 5

The gradual mouldings leave one stamp behind,

Till in the blended likeness now we find
A separate man's or woman's countenance:—

So in the Song, the singer's Joy and Pain, Its very parents, evermore expand To bid the passion's fullgrown birth remain, transfiguring essence subtly By Art's spanned;

And from that song-cloud shaped as a man's

hand

There comes the sound as of abundant rain.

LXI. THE SONG-THROE

By thine own tears thy song must tears be-

O Singer! Magic mirror thou hast none Except thy manifest heart; and save thine

Anguish or ardor, else no amulet.

Cisterned in Pride, verse is the feathery jet 5 Of soulless air-flung fountains; nay, more

Than the Dead Sea for throats that thirst and sigh,

That song o'er which no singer's lids grew

The Song-god — He the Sun-god — is no slave

Of thine: thy Hunter he, who for thy soul 10 Fledges his shaft: to no august control Of thy skilled hand his quivered store he gave:

But if thy lips' loud cry leap to his smart, The inspired recoil shall pierce thy brother's

heart.

LXIII. INCLUSIVENESS

THE changing guests, each in a different mood,

Sit at the roadside table and arise:

And every life among them in likewise Is a soul's board set daily with new food. What man has bent o'er his son's sleep, to

brood How that face shall watch his when cold it

lies? Or thought, as his own mother kissed his

Of what her kiss was when his father wooed? May not this ancient room thou sit'st in

In separate living souls for joy or pain? 10 Nay, all its corners may be painted plain Where Heaven shows pictures of some life

spent well; And may be stamped, a memory all in

Upon the sight of lidless eyes in Hell.

LXXIII. THE CHOICE

THINK thou and act; to-morrow thou shalt

Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon the shore,

Thou say'st: 'Man's measured path is all gone o'er:

Up all his years, steeply, with strain and sigh, Man clomb until he touched the truth; and I.

Even I, am he whom it was destined for.' How should this be? Art thou then so much

Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst reap thereby?

Nay, come up hither. From this wavewashed mound

Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me; 10 Then reach on with thy thought till it be

Miles and miles distant though the last line

And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond, -

Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea.

XCIX-C. NEWBORN DEATH

To-day Death seems to me an infant child Which her worn mother Life upon my knee Has set to grow my friend and play with me; If haply so my heart might be beguiled To find no terrors in a face so mild, -If haply so my weary heart might be Unto the newborn milky eyes of thee, O Death, before resentment reconciled. How long, O Death? And shall thy feet de-

part Still a young child's with mine, or wilt thou

Fullgrown the helpful daughter of my heart, What time with thee indeed I reach the strand

Of the pale wave which knows thee what thou art.

And drink it in the hollow of thy hand?

And thou, O Life, the lady of all bliss, With whom, when our first heart beat full

and fast, I wandered till the haunts of men were passed.

And a burnt wing by and by.

Butterfly, alas for your shell, And, bright wings, fare you well.

7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7	
And in fair places found all bowers amiss Till only woods and waves might hear our	Lost love-labor and lullaby, And lowly let love lie.
kiss, 5 While to the winds all thought of Death we cast:—	Lost love-morrow and love-fellow And love's life lying low.
Ah, Life! and must I have from thee at last	Lovelorn labor and life laid by And lowly let love lie.
No smile to greet me and no babe but this? Lo! Love, the child once ours; and Song,	Late love-longing and life-sorrow And love's life lying low.
whose hair Blew like a flame and blossomed like a wreath; And Art, whose eyes were worlds by God	Beauty's body and benison With a bosom-flower new-blown.
found fair; These o'er the book of Nature mixed their	Bitter beauty and blessing banned With a breast to burn and brand.
breath With neck-twined arms, as oft we watched them there:	Beauty's bower in the dust o'erblown With a bare white breast of bone.
And did these die that thou mightst bear me Death?	Barren beauty and bower of sand With a blast on either hand.
CHIMES	Buried bars in the breakwater And bubble of the brimming weir.
HONEY-FLOWERS to the honey-comb And the honey-bees from home.	Body's blood in the breakwater And a buried body's bier.
A honey-comb and a honey-flower, And the bee shall have his hour.	Buried bones in the breakwater And bubble of the brawling weir.
A honeyed heart for the honey-comb, 5 And the humming bee flies home.	Bitter tears in the breakwater And a breaking heart to bear.
	Hollow heaven and the hurricane And hurry of the heavy rain.
A honey-cell's in the honeysuckle, And the honey-bee knows it well.	Hurried clouds in the hollow heaven And a heavy rain hard-driven.
The honey-comb has a heart of honey And the humming bee's so bonny.	The heavy rain it hurries amain And heaven and the hurricane.
A honey-flower's the honeysuckle, And the bee's in the honey-bell.	Hurrying wind o'er the heaven's hollow 55 And the heavy rain to follow.
The honeysuckle is sucked of honey, And the bee is heavy and bonny.	and the state of t
Brown shell first for the butterfly And a bright wing by and by.	William Morris (1834–1896)
Butterfly, good-bye to your shell,	SHAMEFUL DEATH
And, bright wings, speed you well. 20	THERE were four of us about that bed;
Bright lamplight for the butterfly And a burnt wing by and by	The mass-priest knelt at the side, I and his mother stood at the head,

Over his feet lay the bride;
We were quite sure that he was dead,
Though his eyes were open wide.

10

20

25

30

He did not die in the night,
He did not die in the day,
But in the morning twilight
His spirit passed away,
When neither sun nor moon was bright,
And the trees were merely grey.

He was not slain with the sword,
Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,
Yet spoke he never a word
After he came in here;
I cut away the cord
From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,
For the recreants came behind,
In a place where the hornbeams grow,
A path right hard to find,
For the hornbeam boughs swing so,
That the twilight makes it blind.

They lighted a great torch then,
When his arms were pinioned fast,
Sir John the knight of the Fen,
Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast,
With knights threescore and ten,
Hung Brave Lord Hugh at last.

I am threescore and ten,
And my hair is all turned grey,
But I met Sir John of the Fen
Long ago on a summer day,
And am glad to think of the moment when 35
I took his life away.

I am threescore and ten,
And my strength is mostly passed,
But long ago I and my men,
When the sky was overcast,
And the smoke rolled over the reeds of the
fen,
Slew Guy of the Dolorous Blast.

And now, knights all of you,
I pray you pray for Sir Hugh,
A good knight and a true,
And for Alice, his wife, pray too.

1858

AN APOLOGY

OF Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,

I cannot ease the burden of your fears, Or make quick-coming death a little thing, Or bring again the pleasure of past years, Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears, 5 Or hope again for aught that I can say, The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth,
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days
die—

Remember we a little than I was a

Remember me a little then, I pray, The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care 15
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names remembered,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,

Or long time take their memory quite away 20

From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time, Why should I strive to set the crookèd straight?

Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme Beats with light wing against the ivory gate, 25

Telling a tale not too importunate To those who in the sleepy region stay, Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did
show,
30

That through one window men beheld the spring.

And through another saw the summer glow, And through a third the fruited vines a-row, While still, unheard, but in its wonted way, Piped the drear wind of that December day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men must
be;
40

Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,

Not the poor singer of an empty day.

ATALANTA'S RACE

Through thick Arcadian woods a hunter went,

Following the beasts up, on a fresh spring day;

But since his horn-tipped bow but seldom bent

y. 1868 Light Walter

Now at the noontide naught had happed to

Within a vale he called his hounds away, 5 Hearkening the echoes of his lone voice cling About the cliffs and through the beech-trees ring.

But when they ended, still awhile he stood, And but the sweet familiar thrush could hear, And all the day-long noises of the wood, 10 And o'er the dry leaves of the vanished year His hounds' feet pattering as they drew anear,

And heavy breathing from their heads low hung.

To see the mighty cornel bow unstrung.

Then smiling did he turn to leave the place, 15
But with his first step some new fleeting

thought

A shadow cast across his sun-burnt face: I think the golden net that April brought From some warm world his wavering soul

had caught;
For, sunk in vague sweet longing, did he
go 20

Betwixt the trees with doubtful steps and slow.

Yet howsoever slow he went, at last The trees grew sparser, and the wood was

Whereon one farewell backward look he cast, Then, turning round to see what place was won, 25

With shaded eyes looked underneath the sun, And o'er green meads and new-turned furrows brown

Beheld the gleaming of King Scheeneus' town.

So thitherward he turned, and on each side The folk were busy on the teeming land, 30 And man and maid from the brown furrows cried.

Or midst the newly blossomed vines did stand,

And as the rustic weapon pressed the hand Thought of the nodding of the well-filled ear,

Or how the knife the heavy bunch should shear.

Merry it was: about him sung the birds,
The spring flowers bloomed along the firm
dry road,

The sleek-skinned mothers of the sharp-

Now for the barefoot milking-maidens lowed;

While from the freshness of his blue abode, 40 Glad his death-bearing arrows to forget, The broad sun blazed, nor scattered plagues as yet.

Through such fair things unto the gates he came,

And found them open, as though peace were there:

Wherethrough, unquestioned of his race or name,

45

He entered, and along the streets 'gan fare, Which at the first of folk were well-nigh bare:

But pressing on, and going more hastily, Men hurrying too he 'gan at last to see.

Following the last of these, he still pressed on, 50

Until an open space he came unto,
Where wreaths of fame had oft been lost
and won,

For feats of strength folk there were wont to do.

And now our hunter looked for something new.

Because the whole wide space was bare, and stilled 55
The high seats were, with eager people filled.

There with the others to a seat he gat, Whence he beheld a broidered canopy, 'Neath which in fair array King Scheneus sat Upon his throne with councilors thereby; 60 And underneath his well-wrought seat and high.

He saw a golden image of the sun, A silver image of the Fleet-foot One.

A brazen altar stood beneath their feet
Whereon a thin flame flickered in the
wind,
65

Nigh this a herald clad in raiment meet Made ready even now his horn to wind,

By whom a huge man held a sword, entwined

With yellow flowers; these stood a little space

From off the altar, night he starting-place. 70

And there two runners did the sign abide Foot set to foot, — a young man slim and fair,

Crisp-haired, well-knit, with firm limbs often tried

In places where no man his strength may spare;

Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair 75 A golden circlet of renown he wore, And in his hand an olive garland bore.

But on this day with whom shall he contend? A maid stood by him like Diana clad When in the woods she lists her bow to

Too fair for one to look on and be glad, Who scarcely yet has thirty summers had, If he must still behold her from afar;

Too fair to let the world live free from war.

She seemed all earthly matters to forget: 85 Of all tormenting lines her face was clear, Her wide gray eyes upon the goal were set Calm and unmoved as though no soul were near:

But her foe trembled as a man in fear, Nor from her loveliness one moment

His anxious face with fierce desire that burned.

Now through the hush there broke the trumpet's clang

Just as the setting sun made eventide. Then from light feet a spurt of dust there

And swiftly were they running side by

But silent did the thronging folk abide Until the turning-post was reached at last, And round about it still abreast they passed.

But when the people saw how close they ran, When half-way to the starting-point they

A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near Unto the very end of all his fear;

And scarce his straining feet the ground could feel.

And bliss unhoped-for o'er his heart 'gan steal.

But midst the loud victorious shouts he

Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound Of fluttering raiment, and thereat afeard His flushed and eager face he turned around, And even then he felt her past him bound 110 Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.

There stood she breathing like a little child Amid some warlike clamour laid asleep, For no victorious joy her red lips smiled, 115 Her cheek its wonted freshness did but keep: No glance lit up her clear gray eyes and deep, Though some divine thought softened all her

As once more rang the trumpet through the

place.

But her late foe stopped short amidst his course,

One moment gazed upon her piteously. Then with a groan his lingering feet did

To leave the spot whence he her eyes could

And, changed like one who knows his time must be

But short and bitter, without any word 125 He knelt before the bearer of the sword;

Then high rose up the gleaming deadly blade. Bared of its flowers, and through the crowded

Was silence now, and midst of it the maid Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace, 130 And he to hers upturned his sad white face; Nor did his eyes behold another sight Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.

So was the pageant ended, and all folk Talking of this and that familiar thing 135 In little groups from that sad concourse broke, For now the shrill bats were upon the wing. And soon dark night would slay the evening, And in dark gardens sang the nightingale Her little-heeded, oft-repeated tale.

And with the last of all the hunter went, Who, wondering at the strange sight he had

Prayed an old man to tell him what it meant.

Both why the vanquished man so slain had been,

And if the maiden were an earthly queen, 145 Or rather what much more she seemed to be, No sharer in the world's mortality.

'Stranger,' said he, 'I pray she soon may die Whose lovely youth has slain so many an one!

King Scheeneus' daughter is she verily, 150 Who when her eyes first looked upon the sun Was fain to end her life but new begun, For he had vowed to leave but men alone Sprung from his loins when he from earth was gone.

'Therefore he bade one leave her in the

And let wild things deal with her as they

But this being done, some cruel god thought

To save her beauty in the world's despite: Folk say that her, so delicate and white As now she is, a rough root-grubbing bear 160 Amidst her shapeless cubs at first did rear.

'In course of time the woodfolk slew her nurse,

And to their rude abode the youngling brought,

And reared her up to be a kingdom's curse; Who, grown a woman, of no kingdom

thought, 165 But armed and swift, 'mid beasts destruction

wrought, Nor spared two shaggy centaur kings to

To whom her body seemed an easy prey.

'So to this city, led by fate, she came, Whom, known by signs, whereof I cannot tell,

King Scheeneus for his child at last did claim, Nor otherwhere since that day doth she

dwell

Sending too many a noble soul to hell—What! thine eyes glisten? what then, thinkest thou

Her shining head unto the yoke to bow? 175

'Listen, my son, and love some other maid For she the saffron gown will never wear, And on no flower-strewn couch shall she be laid,

Nor shall her voice make glad a lover's ear: Yet if of Death thou hast not any fear, 180 Yea, rather, if thou lov'st him utterly, Thou still may'st woo her ere thou com'st to die,

'Like him that on this day thou sawest lie dead:

For, fearing as I deem the sea-born one, The maid has vowed e'en such a man to wed

As in the course her swift feet can outrun, But whose fails herein, his days are done: He came the nighest that was slain to-day, Although with him I deem she did but play.

'Behold, such mercy Atalanta gives 190 To those that long to win her loveliness; Be wise! be sure that many a maid there lives

Gentler than she, of beauty little less, Whose swimming eyes thy loving words shall bless,

When in some garden, knee set close to knee,

Thou sing'st the song that love may teach to thee.

So to the hunter spake that ancient man, And left him for his own home presently: But he turned round, and through the moonlight wan Reached the thick wood, and there 'twixt tree and tree 200

Distraught he passed the long night feverishly,

'Twixt sleep and waking, and at dawn arose To wage hot war against his speechless foes.

There to the hart's flank seemed his shaft to grow,

As panting down the broad green glades he flew, 205

There by his horn the Dryads well might

know

His thrust against the bear's heart had been

And there Adonis' bane his javelin slew,

But still in vain through rough and smooth he went,

For none the more his restlessness was spent. 210

So wandering, he to Argive cities came, And in the lists with valiant men he stood, And by great deeds he won him praise and fame,

And heaps of wealth for little-valued blood;

But none of all these things, or life, seemed good 215

Unto his heart, where still unsatisfied A ravenous longing warred with fear and pride.

Therefore it happed when but a month had gone

Since he had left King Scheeneus' city old, In hunting-gear again, again alone 220 The forest-bordered meads did he behold, Where still mid thoughts of August's quivering gold

Folk hoed the wheat, and clipped the vine in trust

Of faint October's purple-foaming must.

And once again he passed the peaceful gate, 225
While to his beating heart his lips did lie.

That owning not victorious love and fate, Said, half aloud, 'And here too must I try To win of alien men the mastery,

And gather for my head fresh meed of fame 230
And cast new glory on my father's name.'

In spite of that, how beat his heart, when

first
Folk said to him, 'And art thou come to see

That which still makes our city's name accurst

Among all mothers for its cruelty?

Then know indeed that fate is good to thee Because to-morrow a new luckless one Against the whitefoot maid is pledged to run.'

So on the morrow with no curious eyes As once he did, that piteous sight he saw, 240 Nor did that wonder in his heart arise As toward the goal the conquering maid 'gan draw,

Nor did he gaze upon her eyes with awe, Too full the pain of longing filled his heart For fear or wonder there to have a part. 245

But O, how long the night was ere it went! How long it was before the dawn begun Showed to the wakening birds the sun's intent

That not in darkness should the world be done!

And then, and then, how long before the

Bade silently the toilers of the earth Get forth to fruitless cares or empty mirth!

And long it seemed that in the market-place He stood and saw the chaffering folk go by, Ere from the ivory throne King Scheeneus' face 255

Looked down upon the murmur royally, But then came trembling that the time was

When he midst pitying looks his love must

And jeering voices must salute his name.

But as the throng he pierced to gain the throne, 260

His alien face distraught and anxious told
What hopeless errand he was bound upon,
And, each to each, folk whispered to behold
His godlike limbs; nay, and one woman old
As he went by must pluck him by the
sleeve 265

And pray him yet that wretched love to leave.

For sidling up she said, 'Canst thou live twice.

twice,
Fair son? canst thou have joyful youth
again,

That thus thou goest to the sacrifice Thyself the victim? Nay then, all in vain 270 Thy mother bore her longing and her pain, And one more maiden on the earth must

Hopeless of joy, nor fearing death and hell.

'O fool, thou knowest not the compact then That with the threeformed goddess she has made 275

To keep her from the loving lips of men,

And in no saffron gown to be arrayed,
And therewithal with glory to be paid,
And love of her the moonlit river sees
White 'gainst the shadow of the formless
trees.

'Come back, and I myself will pray for thee Unto the sea-born framer of delights, To give thee her who on the earth may be The fairest stirrer up to death and fights,

To quench with hopeful days and joyous nights 285
The flame that doth thy youthful heart con-

sume: Come back, nor give thy beauty to the

tomb.'

How should he listen to her earnest speech?

How should he listen to her earnest speech?
Words such as he not once or twice had said
Unto himself, whose meaning scarce could
reach 290

The firm abode of that sad hardihead— He turned about, and through the marketstead

Swiftly he passed, until before the throne In the cleared space he stood at last alone.

Then said the king, 'Stranger, what dost thou here? 295

Have any of my folk done ill to thee? Or art thou of the forest men in fear? Or art thou of the sad fraternity

Who still will strive my daughter's mates to be,

Staking their lives to win to earthly bliss 300 The lonely maid, the friend of Artemis?'

'O King,' he said, 'thou sayest the word indeed;

Nor will I quit the strife till I have won My sweet delight, or death to end my need. And know that I am called Milanion, 305 Of King Amphidamas the well-loved son: So fear not that to thy old name, O King, Much loss or shame my victory will bring.'

'Nay, Prince,' said Schœneus, 'welcome to this land

Thou wert indeed, if thou wert here to try 310
Thy strength 'gainst some one mighty of his hand:

Nor would we grudge thee well-won mastery.

But now, why wilt thou come to me to die, And at my door lay down thy luckless head, Swelling the band of the unhappy dead, 315

'Whose curses even now my heart doth fear? Lo, I am old, and know what life can be, And what a bitter thing is death anear. O Son! be wise, and hearken unto me, And if no other can be dear to thee,

At least as now, yet is the world full wide,

And bliss in seeming hopeless hearts may

bide:

'But if thou losest life, then all is lost.'
'Nay, King,' Milanion said, 'thy words are
vain.

Doubt not that I have counted well the cost. 325

But say, on what day wilt thou that I gain Fulfilled delight, or death to end my pain? Right glad were I if it could be to-day, And all my doubts at rest forever lay.'

'Nay,' said King Scheeneus, 'thus it shall not be, 330

But rather shalt thou let a month go by, And weary with thy prayers for victory What god thou know'st the kindest and most

So doing, still perchance thou shalt not die: And with my good-will wouldst thou have the maid,

For of the equal gods I grow afraid.

'And until then, O Prince, be thou my guest, And all these troublous things awhile forget.'
'Nay,' said he, 'couldst thou give my soul good rest,

And on mine head a sleepy garland set, 340 Then had I 'scaped the meshes of the net, Nor shouldst thou hear from me another word:

But now, make sharp thy fearful headingsword.

Yet will I do what son of man may do, And promise all the gods may most desire, 345

That to myself I may at least be true;
And on that day my heart and limbs so tire,
With utmost strain and measureless desire,
That, at the worst, I may but fall asleep
When in the sunlight round that sword shall
sweep.'

He went therewith, nor anywhere would bide,

But unto Argos restlessly did wend; And there, as one who lays all hope aside, Because the leech has said his life must end, Silent farewell he bade to foe and friend, 355 And took his way unto the restless sea, For there he deemed his rest and help might be.

Upon the shore of Argolis there stands A temple to the goddess that he sought, That, turned unto the lion-bearing lands, 360 Fenced from the east, of cold winds hath no thought.

Though to no homestead there the sheaves are brought,

No groaning press torments the close-clipped murk,

Lonely the fane stands, far from all men's work.

Pass through a close, set thick with myrtletrees, 365

Through the brass doors that guard the holy place,

And, entering, hear the washing of the seas That twice a-day rise high above the base,

And, with the south-west urging them, embrace

The marble feet of her that standeth there 370

That shrink not, naked though they be and fair.

Small is the fane through which the seawind sings

About Queen Venus' well-wrought image white,

But hung around are many precious things, The gifts of those who, longing for delight,

Have hung them there within the goddess' sight,

And in return have taken at her hands The living treasures of the Grecian lands.

And thither now has come Milanion, And showed unto the priests' wide open

Gifts fairer than all those that there have shown.

Silk cloths, inwrought with Indian fantasies, And bowls inscribed with sayings of the wise Above the deeds of foolish living things; And mirrors fit to be the gifts of kings. 385

And now before the Sea-born One he stands, By the sweet veiling smoke made dim and soft.

And while the incense trickles from his hands, And while the odorous smoke-wreaths hang

Thus doth he pray to her: 'O thou who oft 390

Hast holpen man and maid in their distress Despise me not for this my wretchedness!

'O goddess, among us who dwell below, Kings and great men, great for a little while, Have pity on the lowly heads that bow, 395 Nor hate the hearts that love them without guile; Wilt thou be worse than these, and is thy smile

A vain device of him who set thee here, An empty dream of some artificer?

'O great one, some men love, and are ashamed; 400

Some men are weary of the bonds of love; Yea, and by some men lightly art thou blamed,

That from thy toils their lives they cannot move,

And 'mid the ranks of men their manhood prove.

Alas! O goddess, if thou slayest me What new immortal can I serve but thee?

'Think then, will it bring honour to thy head If folk say, "Everything aside he cast And to all fame and honour was he dead, And to his one hope now is dead at last, Since all unholpen he is gone and past: Ah, the gods love not man, for certainly, He to his helper did not cease to cry."

'Nay, but thou wilt help; they who died before

Not single-hearted as I deem came here, 415 Therefore unthanked they laid their gifts before

Thy stainless feet, still shivering with their fear.

Lest in their eyes their true thought might appear,

Who sought to be the lords of that fair town, Dreaded of men and winners of renown. 420

'O Queen, thou knowest I pray not for this:
O, set us down together in some place
Where not a wrige can break our beyon of

Where not a voice can break our heaven of bliss,

Where naught but rocks and I can see her face,

Softening beneath the marvel of thy grace, 425
Where not a foot our vanished steps can

track —
The golden age, the golden age come back!

'O fairest, hear me now who do thy will, Plead for thy rebel that she be not slain,

But live and love and be thy servant still; 430

Ah, give her joy and take away my pain, And thus two long-enduring servants gain. An easy thing this is to do for me, What need of my vain words to weary thee?

'But none the less this place will I not leave 435

Until I needs must go my death to meet,

Or at thy hands some happy sign receive That in great joy we twain may one day greet

Thy presence here and kiss thy silver feet, Such as we deem thee, fair beyond all words, 440

Victorious o'er our servants and our lords.'

Then from the altar back a space he drew But from the Queen turned not his face

But 'gainst a pillar leaned, until the blue That arched the sky, at ending of the day, 445

Was turned to ruddy gold and changing grey,

And clear, but low, the nigh-ebbed windless sea

In the still evening murmured ceaselessly.

And there he stood when all the sun was down,

Nor had he moved, when the dim golden light,

Like the far lustre of a godlike town, Had left the world to seeming hopeless night, Nor would he move the more when wan moonlight

Streamed through the pillars for a little

And lighted up the white Queen's changeless smile.

455

Naught noted he the shallow-flowing sea As step by step it set the wrack a-swim; The yellow torchlight nothing noted he Wherein with fluttering gown and half-bared

The temple damsels sung their midnight hymn; 460

And naught the doubled stillness of the fane When they were gone and all was hushed again.

But when the waves had touched the marble base,

And steps the fish swim over twice a-day, The dawn beheld him sunken in his place 465 Upon the floor; and sleeping there he lay, Not heeding aught the little jets of spray

The roughened sea brought nigh, across him cast.

For as one dead all thought from him had passed.

Yet long before the sun had showed his head, 470

Long ere the varied hangings on the wall Had gained once more their blue and green and red, He rose as one some well-known sign doth

When war upon the city's gates doth fall,
And scarce like one fresh risen out of
sleep,
475

He 'gan again his broken watch to keep.

Then he turned round; not for the seagull's erv

That wheeled above the temple in his flight, Not for the fresh south wind that lovingly Breathed on the new-born day and dying night,

But some strange hope 'twixt fear and great delight

Drew round his face, now flushed, now pale and wan,

And still constrained his eyes the sea to scan.

Now a faint light lit up the southern sky,— Not sun or moon, for all the world was grey,

485

But this a bright cloud seemed, that drew anigh.

Lighting the dull waves that beneath it lay As toward the temple still it took its way, And still grew greater, till Milanion

Saw nought for dazzling light that round him shone.

But as he staggered with his arms outspread,

Delicious unnamed odours breathed around, For languid happiness he bowed his head, And with wet eyes sank down upon the

ground, Nor wished for aught, nor any dream he found 495

To give him reason for that happiness, Or make him ask more knowledge of his bliss.

At last his eyes were cleared, and he could see

Through happy tears the goddess face to face

With that faint image of Divinity, 500 Whose well-wrought smile and dainty

changeless grace
Until that morn so gladdened all the place;
Then he, unwitting cried aloud her name,
And covered up his eyes for fear and shame.

But through the stillness he her voice could hear 505

Piercing his heart with joy scarce bearable, That said, 'Milanion, wherefore dost thou fear?

I am not hard to those who love me well;

List to what I a second time will tell, And thou mayest hear perchance, and live to save 510

The cruel maiden from a loveless grave.

'See, by my feet three golden apples lie—Such fruit among the heavy roses falls,
Such fruit my watchful damsels carefully
Store up within the best loved of my
walls,
515

Ancient Damascus, where the lover calls
Above my unseen head, and faint and light
The rose-leaves flutter round me in the
night.

'And note, that these are not alone most fair With heavenly gold, but longing strange they bring 520

Unto the hearts of men, who will not care Beholding these, for any once-loved thing Till round the shining sides their fingers

And thou shalt see the well-girt swiftfoot maid

By sight of these amidst her glory stayed. 525

'For bearing these within a scrip with thee, When first she heads thee from the startingplace

Cast down the first one for her eyes to see, And when she turns aside make on apace, And if again she heads thee in the race 530 Spare not the other two to cast aside If she not long enough behind will bide.

'Farewell, and when has come the happy time

That she Diana's raiment must unbind
And all the world seems blessed with Saturn's clime,
535
And thou with eager arms about her twined

Beholdest first her grey eyes growing kind, Surely, O trembler, thou shalt scarcely then Forget the helper of unhappy men.'

Milanion raised his head at this last word, 540

For now so soft and kind she seemed to be No longer of her Godhead was he feared; Too late he looked; for nothing could he

But the white image glimmering doubtfully In the departing twilight cold and grey, 545 And those three apples on the steps that lay.

These then he caught up quivering with delight,

Yet fearful lest it all might be a dream; And though aweary with the watchful night, And sleepless nights of longing, still did deem 550 He could not sleep; but yet the first sunbeam

That smote the fane across the heaving deep. Shone on him laid in calm untroubled sleep.

But little ere the noontide did he rise, And why he felt so happy scarce could

Until the gleaming apples met his eyes.

Then, leaving the fair place where this befell
Oft he looked back as one who loved it well,
Then homeward to the haunts of men 'gan
wend

To bring all things unto a happy end. 560

Now has the lingering month at last gone by,

Again are all folk around the running place, Nor other seems the dismal pageantry Than heretofore, but that another face

Looks o'er the smooth course ready for the race, 565

For now, beheld of all, Milanion

Stands on the spot he twice has looked upon.

But yet — what change is this that holds the maid?

Does she indeed see in his glittering eye More than disdain of the sharp shearing blade, 570

Some happy hope of help and victory? The others seemed to say, 'We come to die, Look down upon us for a little while, That dead, we may bethink us of thy smile.'

But he — what look of mastery was this 575 He cast on her? why were his lips so red? Why was his face so flushed with happiness? So looks not one who deems himself but dead, E'en if to death he bows a willing head; So rather looks a god well pleased to find 580 Some earthly damsel fashioned to his mind.

Why must she drop her lids before his gaze,

And even as she casts adown her eyes
Redden to note his eager glance of praise,
And wish that she were clad in other
guise?

585

Why must the memory to her heart arise Of things unnoticed when they first were heard,

Some lover's song, some answering maiden's word?

What makes these longings, vague, without a name.

And this vain pity never felt before, 590 This sudden languor, this contempt of fame, This tender sorrow for the time past o'er, These doubts that grow each minute more and more?

Why does she tremble as the time grows near.

And weak defeat and woeful victory fear? 595

But while she seemed to hear her beating heart,

Above their heads the trumpet blast rang

And forth they sprang; and she must play her part.

Then flew her white feet, knowing not a doubt,

Though, slackening once, she turned her head about, 600

But then she cried aloud and faster fled Than e'er before, and all men deemed him dead.

But with no sound he raised aloft his hand, And thence what seemed a ray of light there flew

And past the maid rolled on along the sand; 605

Then trembling she her feet together drew And in her heart a strong desire there grew To have the toy; some god she thought had given

That gift to her, to make of earth a heaven.

Then from the course with eager steps she ran, 610

And in her odorous bosom laid the gold. But when she turned again, the greatlimbed man

Now well ahead she failed not to behold, And mindful of her glory waxing cold, Sprang up and followed him in hot pursuit.

Though with one hand she touched the golden fruit.

Note, too, the bow that she was wont to bear

She laid aside to grasp the glittering prize, And o'er her shoulder from the quiver fair Three arrows fell and lay before her eyes 620 Unnoticed, as amidst the people's cries She sprang to head the strong Milanion, Who now the turning-post had well-nigh won.

But as he set his mighty hand on it,
White fingers underneath his own were laid,
625

And white limbs from his dazzled eyes did flit.

Then he the second fruit cast by the maid:

But she ran awhile, then as one afraid Wavered and stopped, and turned and made no stay,

Until the globe with its bright fellow lay. 630

Then, as a troubled glance she cast around Now far ahead the Argive could she see, And in her garment's hem one hand she wound

To keep the double prize, and strenuously Sped o'er the course, and little doubt had she 635

To win the day, though now but scanty space Was left betwixt him and the winning-place.

Short was the way unto such wingèd feet, Quickly she gained upon him till at last He turned about her eager eyes to meet 640 And from his hand the third fair apple cast. She wavered not, but turned and ran so fast After the prize that should her bliss fulfil, _ That in her hand it lay ere it was still.

Nor did she rest, but turned about to win 645 Once more, an unblest woeful victory — And yet — and yet — why does her breath begin

To fail her, and her feet drag heavily?
Why fails she now to see if far or nigh
The goal is? Why do her grey eyes grow
dim?
650

Why do these tremors run through every limb?

She spreads her arms abroad some stay to find

Else must she fall, indeed, and findeth this, A strong man's arms about her body twined. Nor may she shudder now to feel his kiss, 655 So wrapped she is in new unbroken bliss: Made happy that the foe the prize hath won, She weeps glad tears for all her glory done.

Shatter the trumpet, hew adown the posts! Upon the brazen altar break the sword, 660 And scatter incense to appease the ghosts Of those who died here by their own award. Bring forth the image of the mighty Lord, And her who unseen o'er the runners hung, And did a deed forever to be sung. 665

Here are the gathered folk; make no delay, Open King Scheeneus' well-filled treasury, Bring out the gifts long hid from light of day, The golden bowls o'erwrought with imagery, Gold chains, and unguents brought from over sea,

The saffron gown the old Phœnician brought, Within the temple of the goddess wrought.

O ye, O damsels, who shall never see

Her, that Love's servant bringeth now to you,
Returning from another victory,
In some cool bower do all that now is due!
Since she in token of her service new
Shell give to Veryes offerings rich oney.

Shall give to Venus offerings rich enow, Her maiden zone, her arrows, and her bow.

Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837-1909)

A SONG IN TIME OF ORDER

5

30

Push hard across the sand, For the salt wind gathers breath; Shoulder and wrist and hand, Push hard as the push of death.

The wind is as iron that rings,
The foam-heads loosen and flee;
It swells and welters and swings,
The pulse of the tide of the sea.

And up on the yellow cliff
The long corn flickers and shakes;
Push, for the wind holds stiff,
And the gunwale dips and rakes.

Good hap to the fresh fierce weather,
The quiver and beat of the sea!
While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three.

Out to the sea with her there, Out with her over the sand, Let the kings keep the earth for their share! We have done with the sharers of land. 20

They have tied the world in a tether,
They have bought over God with a fee;
While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three.

We have done with the kisses that sting, 25
The thief's mouth red from the feast,
The blood on the hands of the king,
And the lie at the lips of the priest.

Will they tie the winds in a tether,
Put a bit in the jaws of the sea?
While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three.

Let our flag run out straight in the wind!

The old red shall be floated again

When the ranks that are thin shall be thinned,

When the names that were twenty are ten;

While the shepherd sets wolves on his sheep, And the emperor halters his kine. While Shame is a watchman asleep, And Faith is a keeper of swine, -Let the wind shake our flag like a feather, 45 Like the plumes of the foam of the sea! While three men hold together, The kingdoms are less by three. All the world has its burdens to bear, From Cayenne to the Austrian whips; Forth, with the rain in our hair And the salt sweet foam in our lips: In the teeth of the hard glad weather, In the blown wet face of the sea; While three men hold together. The kingdoms are less by three. 1862 BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF YEARS Before the beginning of years There came to the making of man Time, with a gift of tears; Grief, with a glass that ran; Pleasure, with pain for leaven: Summer, with flowers that fell; Remembrance fallen from heaven, And madness risen from hell; Strength without hands to smite; Love that endures for a breath; 10 Night, the shadow of light, And life, the shadow of death. And the high gods took in hand Fire, and the falling of tears, And a measure of sliding sand 15 From under the feet of the years; And froth and drift of the sea; And dust of the laboring earth; And bodies of things to be In the houses of death and of birth; And wrought with weeping and laughter, And fashioned with loathing and love, With life before and after And death beneath and above, For a day and a night and a morrow, That his strength might endure for a span With travail and heavy sorrow, The holy spirit of man.

When the devil's riddle is mastered,

We shall see Buonaparte the bastard

Kick heels with his throat in a rope.

And the galley-bench creaks with a Pope,

From the winds of the north and the south They gathered as unto strife: They breathed upon his mouth. They filled his body with life; Eyesight and speech they wrought For the veils of the soul therein, A time for labour and thought. 35 A time to serve and to sin: They gave him light in his ways, And love, and a space for delight, And beauty and length of days. And night, and sleep in the night. 40 His speech is a burning fire; With his lips he travaileth; In his heart is a blind desire, In his eyes foreknowledge of death; He weaves, and is clothed with derision; 45 Sows, and he shall not reap; His life is a watch or a vision Between a sleep and a sleep. 1865

A LEAVE-TAKING

Let us go hence, my songs; she will not hear; Let us go hence together without fear. Keep silence now, for singing-time is over, And over all old things and all things dear. She loves not you nor me as all we love her: 5 Yea, though we sang as angels in her ear, She would not hear.

Let us rise up and part: she will not know. Let us go seaward as the great winds go, Full of blown sand and foam. What help is here?

There is no help, for all these things are so, And all the world is bitter as a tear.

And how these things are, though ye strove to show,
She would not know.

We gave love many dreams and days to keep,
Flowers without scent, and fruits that would
not grow,
Saying, 'If thou wilt, thrust in thy sickle, and
reap.'
All is reaped now; no grass is left to mow:
And we that sowed, though all we fell on

Let us go home and hence: she will not

And we that sowed, though all we fell on sleep, 20
She would not weep.

Let us go hence and rest: she will not love. She shall not hear us if we sing hereof, Nor see love's ways, how sore they are and steep.

Come hence, let be, lie still; it is enough. 25 Love is a barren sea, bitter and deep; And, though she saw all heaven in flower above, She would not love. Let us give up, go down: she will not care. Though all the stars made gold of all the	If you were thrall to sorrow, And I were page to joy, We'd play for lives and seasons With loving looks and treasons And tears of night and morrow And laughs of maid and boy; If you were thrall to sorrow, And I were page to joy.	3
And the sea moving saw before it move One moon-flower making all the foam-flowers fair; Though all those waves went over us, and drove Deep down the stifling lips and drowning hair,— She would not care. 35	If you were April's lady, And I were lord in May, We'd throw with leaves for hours And draw for days with flowers, Till day like night were shady And night were bright like day; If you were April's lady, And I were lord in May.	3
Let us go hence, go hence: she will not see. Sing all once more together; surely she, She too, remembering days and words that were, Will turn a little toward us, sighing; but we, We are hence, we are gone, as though we had not been there. 40 Nay, and though all men seeing had pity on me,	If you were queen of pleasure, And I were king of pain, We'd hunt down love together, Pluck out his flying-feather, And teach his feet a measure, And find his mouth a rein; If you were queen of pleasure, And I were king of pain.	4 . 866
She would not see.	ROCOCO	
A MATCH If love were what the rose is, And I were like the leaf, Our lives would grow together In sad or singing weather, Blown fields or flowerful closes, 5	Take hands, and part with laughter; Touch lips, and part with tears; Once more and no more after, Whatever comes with years. We twain shall not re-measure The ways that left us twain, Nor crush the lees of pleasure From sanguine grapes of pain.	
Green pleasure or gray grief; If love were what the rose is, And I were like the leaf.	We twain once well in sunder, What will the mad gods do For hat with me, I wonder,	1
If I were what the words are, And love were like the tune, With double sound and single Delight our lips would mingle, With kisses glad as birds are	Or what for love with you? Forget them till November, And dream there's April yet; Forget that I remember, And dream that I forget.	1
That get sweet rain at noon; If I were what the words are, And love were like the tune. If you were life, my darling,	Time found our tired love sleeping, And kissed away his breath; But what should we do weeping, Though light love sleep to death? We have desired his lies at bisses.	2
And I your love were death, We'd shine and snow together Ere March made sweet the weather With daffodil and starling	We have drained his lips at leisure, Till there's not left to drain A single sob of pleasure, A single pulse of pain.	
And hours of fruitful breath; If you were life, my darling, And I your love were death.	Dream that the lips once breathless Might quicken if they would; Say that the soul is deathless:	2

Dream that the gods are good;		THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE	
Say March may wed September, And time divorce regret: But not that you remember,	30	Here, where the world is quiet, Here, where all trouble seems	
And not that I forget.		Dead winds' and spent waves' riot In doubtful dreams of dreams;	
We have heard from hidden places What love scarce lives and hears; We have seen on fervent faces The pallor of strange tears; We have treat the trange tears;	35	I watch the green field growing For reaping folk and sowing, For harvest-time and mowing, A sleepy world of streams.	5
We have trod the wine-vat's treasure, Whence, ripe to steam and stain, Foams round the feet of pleasure The blood-red must of pain.	40	I am tired of tears and laughter, And men that laugh and weep, Of what may come hereafter For men that sow to reap:	10
Remembrance may recover, And time bring back to time The name of your first lover, The ring of my first rhyme;		I am weary of days and hours, Blown buds of barren flowers, Desires and dreams and powers, And every thing but sleep.	15
But rose-leaves of December The frosts of June shall fret, The day that you remember, The day that I forget.	45	Here life has death for neighbor, And far from eye or ear Wan waves and wet winds labor, Weak ships and spirits steer;	20
The snake that hides and hisses In heaven, we twain have known The grief of cruel kisses, The joy whose mouth makes moan;	50	They drive adrift, and whither They wot not who make thither; But no such winds blow hither, And no such things grow here.	20
The pulse's pause and measure, Where in one furtive vein Throbs through the heart of pleasure The purpler blood of pain.	55	No growth of moor or coppice, No heather-flower or vine, But bloomless buds of poppies, Green grapes of Proserpine,	25
We have done with tears and treasons And love for treason's sake; Room for the swift new seasons, The years that burn and break.	60	Pale beds of blowing rushes Where no leaf blooms or blushes Save this whereout she crushes For dead men deadly wine.	30
Dismantle and dismember Men's days and dreams, Juliette: For love may not remember, But time will not forget.		Pale, without name or number, In fruitless fields of corn, They bow themselves and slumber	35
Life treads down love in flying, Time withers him at root; Bring all dead things and dying, Reaped sheaf and ruined fruit,	65	All night till light is born; And like a soul belated, In hell and heaven unmated, By cloud and mist abated	10
Where, crushed by three days' pressure, Our three days' love lies slain; And earlier leaf of pleasure,	70	Comes out of darkness morn. Though one were strong as seven, He too with death shall dwell,	40
And latter flower of pain. Breathe close upon the ashes, It may be flame will leap;		Nor wake with wings in heaven, Nor weep for pains in hell; Though one were fair as roses, His beauty clouds and closes;	45
Unclose the soft close lashes, Lift up the lids, and weep. Light love's extinguished ember,	75	And well though love reposes, In the end it is not well.	
Let one tear leave it wet, For one that you remember, And ten that you forget.	80	Pale, beyond porch and portal, Crowned with calm leaves, she stands Who gathers all things mortal	50
186	36	With cold immortal hands;	

55

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90

95

1866

Her languid lips are sweeter Than love's who fears to greet her To men that mix and meet her From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other, She waits for all men born; Forgets the earth her mother, The life of fruits and corn; And spring and seed and swallow Take wing for her, and follow Where summer song rings hollow, And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither, The old loves with wearier wings: And all dead years draw thither, And all disastrous things; Dead dreams of days forsaken, Blind buds that snows have shaken, Wild leaves that winds have taken, Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow, And joy was never sure; To-day will die to-morrow; Time stoops to no man's lure; And love, grown faint and fretful, With lips but half regretful Sighs, and with eyes forgetful Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living, From hope and fear set free, We thank with brief thanksgiving Whatever gods may be That no life lives for ever; That dead men rise up never: That even the weariest river Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken, Nor any change of light: Nor sound of waters shaken, Nor any sound or sight; Nor wintry leaves nor vernal, Nor days nor things diurnal: Only the sleep eternal In an eternal night.

HERTHA

I Am that which began: Out of me the years roll: Out of me God and man; I am equal and whole: God changes, and man, and the form of them bodily; I am the soul.

Before ever the sea, Or soft hair of the grass, Or fair limbs of the tree, Or the flesh-colored fruit of my branches, I was, and thy soul was in me.

Before ever land was,

First life on my sources First drifted and swam: 60 Out of me are the forces That save it or damn; Out of me, man and woman, and wild-beast and bird; before God was, I am. 15

Beside or above me Naught is there to go: Love or unlove me, Unknow me or know, I am that which unloves me and loves; I am 70 stricken, and I am the blow.

> I the mark that is missed And the arrows that miss. I the mouth that is kissed And the breath in the kiss.

75 The search, and the sought, and the seeker, the soul and the body that is.

I am that thing which blesses My spirit elate; 80 That which caresses With hands uncreate My limbs unbegotten that measure length of the measure of fate.

But what thing dost thou now, Looking Godward, to cry 'I am I, thou art thou, I am low, thou art high'?

I am thou, whom thou seekest to find him: find thou but thyself, thou art I. 35

I the grain and the furrow. The plough-cloven clod And the plough-share drawn thorough, The germ and the sod,
The deed and the doer, the seed and the
sower, the dust which is God.

40

Hast thou known how I fashioned thee, Child, underground? Fire that impassioned thee, Iron that bound. Dim changes of water, what thing of all these hast thou known of or found?

Canst thou say in thine heart Thou hast seen with thine eves With what cunning of art Thou wast wrought in what wise, By what force of what stuff thou wast shapen, and shown on my breast to the skies?

Who hath given, who hath sold it thee, Knowledge of me?

Hath the wilderness told it thee? Hast thou learnt of the sea?

Hast thou communed in spirit with night?

have the winds taken counsel with thee?

55

Have I set such a star
To show light on thy brow
That thou sawest from afar
What I show to thee now?

Have ye spoken as brethren together, the sun and the mountains and thou? 60

What is here, dost thou know it?
What was, hast thou known?

Prophet nor poet
Nor tripod nor throne

Nor spirit nor flesh can make answer, but only thy mother alone. 65

Mother, not maker,
Born, and not made;
Though her children forsake her,
Allured or afraid,

Praying prayers to the God of their fashion, she stirs not for all that have prayed.

A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy mi

To be man with thy might,

To grow straight in the strength of thy
spirit, and live out thy life as the
light.

75

I am in thee to save thee,
As my soul in thee saith;
Give thou as I gave thee,
Thy life-blood and breath,

Green leaves of thy labor, white flowers of thy thought, and red fruit of thy death.

Be the ways of thy giving As mine were to thee; The free life of thy living, Be the gift of it free;

Not as servant to lord, nor as master to slave, shalt thou give thee to me. 85

O children of banishment, Souls overcast,

Were the lights ye see vanish meant Always to last,

Ye would know not the sun overshining the shadows and stars overpast. 90

I that saw where ye trod
The dim paths of the night
Set the shadow called God
In your skies to give light;

But the morning of manhood is risen, and the shadowless soul is in sight.

The tree many-rooted
That swells to the sky
With frondage red-fruited
The life-tree am I;

In the buds of your lives is the sap of my leaves: ye shall live and not die.

But the gods of your fashion
That take and that give,
In their pity and passion
That scourge and forgive,

They are worms that are bred in the bark that falls off, they shall die and not live.

My own blood is what stanches
The wounds in my bark;
Stars caught in my branches
Make day of the dark,

And are worshipped as suns till the sunrise shall tread out their fires as a spark.

Where dead ages hide under The live roots of the tree, In my darkness the thunder Makes utterance of me;

In the clash of my boughs with each other ye hear the waves sound of the sea.

That noise is of Time,
As his feathers are spread
And his feet set to climb

Through the boughs overhead,

And my foliage rings round him and rustles, and branches are bent with his tread.

The storm-winds of ages
Blow through me and cease,
The war-wind that rages,
The spring-wind of peace,

Ere the breath of them roughen my tresses, ere one of my blossoms increase.

All sounds of all changes, All shadows and lights On the world's mountain-ranges, And stream-riven heights,

Whose tongue is the wind's tongue and language of storm-clouds on earth-shaking nights;

All forms of all faces, All works of all hands In unsearchable places Of time-stricken lands,

All death and all life, and all reigns and all ruins, drop through me as sands. 135

Though sore be my burden
And more than ye know,
And my growth have no guerdon
But only to grow,

Yet I fail not of growing for lightnings above me or death-worms below. 140

These too have their part in me,
As I too in these;
Such fire is at heart in me,
Such sap is this tree's,

Which hath in it all sounds and all secrets of infinite lands and of seas. 145

In the spring-colored hours
When my mind was as May's,
There brake forth of me flowers
By centuries of days,

Strong blossoms with perfume of manhood, shot out from my spirit as rays. 150

And the sound of them springing
. And smell of their shoots
Were as warmth and sweet singing,
And strength to my roots;

And the lives of my children made perfect with freedom of soul were my fruits.

I bid you but be; I have need not of prayer; I have need of you free

As your mouths of mine air; That my heart may be greater within me, beholding the fruits of me fair. 160

More fair than strange fruit is Of faiths ye espouse; In me only the root is That blooms in your boughs;

Behold now your god that ye made you, to feed him with faith of your vows.

In the darkening and whitening Abysses, adored, With dayspring and lightning For lamp and for sword, God thunders in heaven, and his angels are red with the wrath of the Lord. 170

O my sons, O too dutiful Towards gods not of me, Was not I enough beautiful? Was it hard to be free?

For behold, I am with you, am in you and of you; look forth now and see. 175

Lo, winged with world's wonders,
With miracles shod,
With the fires of his thunders
For raiment and rod.

God trembles in heaven, and his angels are white with the terror of God. 180

For his twilight is come on him,
His anguish is here;
And his spirits gaze dumb on him,
Grown gray from his fear:

Grown gray from his fear; And his hour taketh hold on him stricken, the last of his infinite year. 185

Thought made him and breaks him,
Truth slays and forgives;
But to you, as time takes him,

This new thing it gives, Even love, the beloved Republic, that feeds upon freedom and lives.

For truth only is living,
Truth only is whole,
And the love of his giving
Man's polestar and pole;

Man, pulse of my center, and fruit of my body, and seed of my soul. 195

One birth of my bosom;
One beam of mine eye;
One topmost blossom
That scales the sky;

Man, equal and one with me, man that is made of me, man that is I. 200

1871

A FORSAKEN GARDEN

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,

At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,

Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.

A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses 5 The steep square slope of the blossomless bed

Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses

Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone
land.

If a step should sound or a word be spoken, Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?

So long have the gray bare walks lain guest-

Through branches and briers if a man make way.

He shall find no life but the sea-wind's restless 15

Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled That crawls by a track none turn to climb To the strait waste place that the years have rifled

Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.

The thorns he spares when the rose is taken; The rocks are left when he wastes the plain:

The wind that wanders, the weeds windshaken.

These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not; 25

As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;

From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,

Could she call, there were never a rose to

Over the meadows that blossom and wither, Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song. 30 Only the sun and the rain come hither

All year long.

The sun burns sear, and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless
breath.

Only the wind here hovers and revels 35
In a round where life seems barren as
death.

Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping.

Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago. 40

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, 'Look thither,'

Did he whisper? 'Look forth from the flowers to the sea;

For the foam-flowers endure when the roseblossoms wither,

And men that love lightly may die — but we?'

And the same wind sang, and the same waves whitened,

45

And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,

In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?

And were one to the end — but what end who knows? 50

Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither, As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the

Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?

What love was ever as deep as a grave? They are loveless now as the grass above them 55

Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,

Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.

Not a breath of the time that has been hovers

In the air now soft with a summer to be. 60 Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter

Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,

or weep,
When as they that are free now of weeping
and laughter

We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again for ever; 65
Here change may come not till all change
end.

From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,

Who have left naught living to ravage and rend.

Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,

While the sun and the rain live, these shall be; 70

Till a last wind's breath, upon all these blowing,
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise, and the sheer eliff crumble,

Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,

Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble 75

The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,

Here now in his triumph where all things falter,

Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,

As a god self-slain on his own strange altar, Death lies dead.

1876

Arthur Hugh Clough (1819-1861)

QUA CURSUM VENTUS

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so — but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
10

Brief absence joined arew to feel

Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered —
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass
guides —
To that, and your own selves, be true. 20

But O blithe breeze; and O great seas, Though ne'er, that earliest parting past, On your wide plain they join again, Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought, 25 One purpose hold where'er they fare, — O bounding breeze, O rushing seas! At last, at last, unite them there.

1843

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH

SAY not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars; It may be, in you smoke concealed, Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers, And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking, Seem here no painful inch to gain, 10 Far back, through creeks and inlets making, Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly, 15
But westward, look, the land is bright.

1862

Charles Kingsley (1819-1875)

THE SANDS OF DEE

'O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Acros the sands of Dee';
The western wind was wild and dank wi

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand, And o'er and o'er the sand, And round and round the sand, As far as eye could see.

The rolling mist came down and hid the land: And never home came she.

'Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair —
A tress of golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair Among the stakes on Dee.'

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,

The cruel crawling foam,

The cruel hungry foam,

To her grave beside the sea:

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home

Across the sands of Dee.

1849

THE THREE FISHERS

THREE fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him
the best,

And the children stood watching them out of the town;

For men must work, and women must weep,

And there's little to earn, and many to keep, Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower, And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;

They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,

And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.

But men must work, and women must weep, Though storms be sudden, and waters deep, And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands 15
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,

And the women are weeping and wringing their hands

For those who will never come home to the town;

For men must work, and women must weep, And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep; 20

And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

1851

WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young.

Sydney Dobell (1824–1874)

AMERICA

Ι

MEN say, Columbia, we shall hear thy guns. But in what tongue shall be thy battle-cry? Not that our sires did love in years gone by, When all the Pilgrim Fathers were little sons

In merrie homes of Englaunde? Back, and see 5

Thy satchelled ancestor! Behold, he runs To mine, and, clasped, they tread the equal lea

To the same village-school, where side by side They spell 'our Father.' Hard by, the twinpride

Of that grey hall whose ancient oriel gleams 10

Through you baronial pines, with looks of light

Our sister-mothers sit beneath one tree.

Meanwhile our Shakspere wanders past and
dreams

His Helena and Hermia. Shall we fight?

H

Nor force nor fraud shall sunder us! O ye Who north or south, on east or western land, Native to noble sounds, say truth for truth, Freedom for freedom, love for love, and God For God; O ye who in eternal youth

5 Speak with a living and creative flood
This universal English, and do stand
Its breathing book; live worthy of that

Its breathing book; live worthy of that grand

Heroic utterance — parted, yet a whole, Far, yet unsevered, — children brave and free 10

Of the great Mother-tongue, and ye shall be Lords of an Empire wide as Shakspere's soul, Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,

And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's dream.

1855

THE SAILOR'S RETURN

This morn I lay a-dreaming,
This morn, this merry morn,
When the cock crew shrill from over the
hill,
I heard a bugle horn.

And through the dream I was dreaming,
There sighed the sigh of the sea,
And through the dream I was dreaming,
This voice came singing to me.

'High over the breakers,
Low under the lee,
Sing ho
The billow,
And the lash of the rolling sea!

'Boat, boat, to the billow,		Where, since the flit of bat,
Boat, boat, to the lee!	15	In ceaseless voice he sat,
Love, on thy pillow,		Trying the spring night over, like a tune,
Art thou dreaming of me?		Beneath the vernal moon;
222 0 0220 02 02000		And while I listed long,
'Billow, billow, breaking,		Day rose, and still he sang,
Land us low on the lee!		And all his stanchless song,
For, sleeping or waking,	20	As something falling unaware,
Sweet love, I am coming to thee!		Fell out of the tall trees he sang among,
'High, high, o'er the breakers,	,	Fell ringing down the ringing morn, an
Low, low, on the lee,		rang —
Sing ho!		Rang like a golden jewel down a golden stai
The billow	25	Is it too early? I hope not.
That brings me back to thee!'		But wheel me to the ancient oak,
185	6	On this side of the meadow;
		Let me hear the raven's croak
HOME WOUNDED		Loosened to an amorous note
HOME, WOUNDED		In the hollow shadow.
Wheel me into the sunshine,		Let me see the winter snake 5
	-	Thawing all his frozen rings
Wheel me into the shadow,		On the bank where the wren sings.
There must be leaves on the woodbine,		Let me hear the little bell,
Is the king-cup crowned in the meadow?		Where the red-wing, top-mast high,
Wheel me down to the meadow,	5	Looks towards the northern sky,
Down to the little river,		And jangles his farewell.
In sun or in shadow .		
I shall not dazzle or shiver,		Let us rest by the ancient oak,
		And see his net of shadow,
I shall be happy anywhere,	10	His net of barren shadow,
Every breath of the morning air	10	Like those wrestlers' nets of old,
Makes me throb and quiver.		Hold the winter dead and cold,
Stay wherever you will,		Hoary winter, white and cold,
By the mount or under the hill,		While all is green in the meadow.
Or down by the little river:		
	15	And when you've rested, brother mine,
Stay as long as you please,	10	Take me over the meadow; 7
Give me only a bid from the trees,		Take me along the level crown
Or a blade of grass in morning dew,		Of the bare and silent down,
Or a cloudy violet clearing to blue,		And stop by the ruined tower.
I could look on it for ever.		On its green scarp, by and by,
Wheel, wheel through the sunshine,	20	I shall smell the flowering thyme, 7
Wheel, wheel through the shadow;	20	On its wall the wall-flower.
There must be odours round the pine,		
There must be below of breathing line		In the tower there used to be
There must be balm of breathing kine		A solitary tree.
Somewhere down in the meadow.		Take me there, for the dear sake
Must I choose? Then anchor me there	25	Of those old days wherein I loved to lie 8
Beyond the beckoning poplars, where		And pull the melilote,
The larch is snooding her flowery hair		And look across the valley to the sky,
With wreaths of morning shadow.		
Among the thicket hazels of the brake		And hear the joy that filled the warm wid
Development and a state of the brake	00	hour Dalla Control of the control of
Perchance some nightingale doth shake	30	Bubble from the thrush's throat,
His feathers, and the air is full of song;	7	As into a shining mere
In those old days when I was young a	ind	Rills some rillet trebling clear,
strong,		And speaks the silent silver of the lake
He used to sing on yonder garden tree,		There mid cloistering tree-roots, year b
Beside the nursery.		year,
Ah, I remember how I loved to wake,	35	The hen-thrush sat, and he, her lief and dear
And find him singing on the self-same bou		Among the boughs did make
(I know it even now)	-0-*	A ceaseless music of her married time.
		at obtained interest of the mained mile.

And all the ancient stones grew sweet to hear,

And answered him in the unspoken rhyme Of gracious forms most musical

That tremble on the wall 95

And trim its age with airy fantasies

That flicker in the sun, and hardly seem

As if to be beheld were all,

And only to our eyes

They rise and fall, 100

And fall and rise,

Sink down like silence, or a-sudden stream

As wind-blown on the wind, as streams a wedding-chime.

But you are wheeling me while I dream, And we've almost reached the meadow! 105 You may wheel me fast through the sunshine, You may wheel me fast through the shadow, But wheel me slowly, brother mine, Through the green of the sappy meadow; For the sun, these days have been so fine, 110 Must have touched it over with celandine, And the southern hawthorn, I divine, Sheds a muffled shadow.

There blows The first primrose, 115 Under the bare bank roses: There is but one. And the bank is brown, But soon the children will come down, The ringing children come singing down, 120 To pick their Easter posies, And they'll spy it out, my beautiful, Among the bare brier-roses; And when I sit here again alone, The bare brown bank will be blind and 125 dull. Alas for Easter posies! But when the din is over and gone, Like an eye that opens after pain, I shall see my pale flower shining again; Like a fair star after a gust of rain 130 I shall see my pale flower shining again; Like a glow-worm after the rolling wain Hath shaken darkness down the lane I shall see my pale flower shining again; And it will blow here for two months And it will blow here again next year, And the year past that, and the year beyond; And through all the years till my years are o'er I shall always find it here. Shining across from the bank above, 140 Shining up from the pond below, Ere a water-fly wimple the silent pond,

Or the first green weed appear.

And I shall sit here under the tree. And as each slow bud uncloses. 145 I shall see it brighten and brighten to me, From among the leafing brier-roses, The leaning leafing roses, As at eve the leafing shadows grow, And the star of light and love 150 Draweth near o'er her airy glades, Draweth near through her heavenly shades. As a maid through a myrtle grove. And the flowers will multiply, As the stars come blossoming over the The bank will blossom, the waters blow, Till the singing children hitherward hie To gather May-day posies; And the bank will be bare wherever they go. As dawn, the primrose-girl, goes by, And alas for heaven's primroses! Blare the trumpet, and boom the gun, But, oh, to sit here thus in the sun, To sit here, feeling my work is done, While the sands of life so golden run, 165

And there 'll always be primroses.'

Looking before me here in the sun,
I see the Aprils one after one,
Primrosed Aprils one by one,
Primrosed Aprils on and on,
Till the floating prospect closes
In golden glimmers that rise and rise,
And perhaps are gleams of Paradise,
And perhaps — too far for mortal eyes —
New years of fresh primroses,
Years of earth's primroses,
Springs to be, and springs for me
Of distant dim primroses.

My soul lies out like a basking hound,

And I watch the children's posies,

And my idle heart is whispering, 'Bring whatever the years may bring,

The flowers will blossom, the birds will sing,

A hound that dreams and dozes;
Along my life my length I lay, 185
I fill to-morrow and yesterday,
I am warm with the suns that have long since set,
I am warm with the summers that are not yet,
And like one who dreams and dozes
Softly afloat on a sunny sea, 190
Two worlds are whispering over me,
And there blows a wind of roses
From the backward shore to the shore be-

From the shore before to the backward shore, And like two clouds that meet and pour 195 Each through each, till core in core

A single self reposes,	You that are so bright and gay,
The nevermore with the evermore	Will pause to hear me when I will,
	As though my head were grey; 250
Above me mingles and closes:	And though there's little I can say,
As my soul lies out like the basking hound.	Each will look kind with honour while he
House	1
And wherever it lies seems happy ground,	hears.
And when, awakened by some sweet sound,	And to your loving ears
A dreamy eye uncloses,	My thoughts will halt with honourable scars,
I see a blooming world around,	And when my dark voice stumbles with the
And I lie amid primroses — 205	weight 255
Years of sweet primroses,	Of what it doth relate
Springs of fresh primroses,	(Like that blind comrade — blinded in the
Springs to be, and springs for me	wars —
Of distant dim primroses.	Who bore the one-eyed brother that was
of distant diff printoses.	lame),
Oh to lie a-dream, a-dream,	You'll remember, 't is the same
To feel I may dream and to know you deem	That cried 'Follow me,' 260
My work is done for ever,	
And the palpitating fever	Upon a summer's day;
That gains and loses, loses and gains,	And I shall understand with unshed tears
And beats the hurrying blood on the brunt of	This great reverence that I see,
a thousand pains 215	And bless the day — and Thee,
Cooled at once by that blood-let	Lord God of victory! 265
	A J J -1 -
Upon the parapet;	And she,
And all the tedious tasked toil of the difficult	Perhaps, oh, even she
long endeavour	May look as she looked when I knew her
Solved and quit by no more fine	In those old days of childish sooth,
Than these limbs of mine, 220	Ere my boyhood dared to woo her. 270
Spanned and measured once for all	I will not seek nor sue her,
By that right hand I lost,	For I'm neither fonder nor truer
Bought up at so light a cost	Than when she slighted my love-lorn youth,
As one bloody fall	My giftless, graceless, guinealess truth,
On the soldier's bed, 225	And I only lived to rue her. 275
And three days on the ruined wall	But I'll never love another,
Among the thirstless dead.	And, in spite of her lovers and lands,
Oh to think my name is crost	She shall love me yet, my brother!
From duty's muster-roll;	As a child that holds by his mother,
That I may slumber though the clarion	Wilder Line and Line
call,	Holds with eager hands,
And live the joy of an embodied soul	
Free as a liberated ghost.	And ruddy and silent stands
1100 ab a morator gross.	In the ruddy and silent daisies,
Oh to feel a life of deed	And hears her bless her boy,
Was emptied out to feed	And lifts a wondering joy, 285
That fire of pain that burned so brief a	So I'll not seek nor sue her,
while — 235	But I'll leave my glory to woo her,
That fire from which I come, as the dead	And I'll stand like a child beside,
come	And from behind the purple pride
Forth from the irreparable tomb,	I'll lift my eyes unto her, 290
Or as a martyr on his funeral pile	And I shall not be denied.
Heaps up the burdens other men do bear	And you will love her, brother dear,
Through years of segregated care, 240	And perhaps next year you'll bring me here
And takes the total load	All through the balmy April-tide,
Upon his shoulders broad,	And she will trip like spring by my side, 295
	And be all the birds to my ear.
And steps from earth to God.	And here all three we'll sit in the sun,
Oh to think, through good or ill,	And see the Aprils one by one,
Whatever I am you'll love me still; 245	Primrosed Aprils on and on,
Oh to think, though dull I be,	Till the fleeting answer i
You that are so grand and free,	In colden climmers that rise and rise
0	In golden glimmers that rise and rise,

And perhaps are gleams of Paradise, And perhaps, too far for mortal eyes,		When Andrew Keith of Ravelston Rode through the Monday morn.	
Springs to be and springs to me,	305	His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring, His belted jewels shine!	45
Of distant dim primroses.	6	Oh, Keith of Ravelston, The sorrows of thy line!	
A NUPTIAL EVE (Keith of Ravelsto OH, happy, happy maid,	ON)	Year after year, where Andrew came, Comes evening down the glade, And still there sits a moonshine ghost Where sat the sunshine maid.	50
In the year of war and death		Her misty hair is faint and fair,	
She wears no sorrow!		She keeps the shadowy kine;	
By her face so young and fair, By the happy wreath	5	Oh, Keith of Ravelston,	55
That rules her happy hair,		The sorrows of thy line!	
She might be a bride to-morrow!		I lay my hand upon the stile,	
She sits and sings within her moonlit bow	er,	The stile is lone and cold,	
Yet, ah, her bridal breath,	10	The burnie that goes babbling by Says nought that can be told.	60
Like fragrance from some sweet high-blo		Days Hought that can be told.	00
ing flower,		Yet, stranger! here, from year to year,	
Moves from her moving lips in many	a	She keeps her shadowy kine; Oh, Keith of Ravelston,	
mournful tune!		The sorrows of thy line!	
She sings no song of love's despair, She sings no lover lowly laid,			
No fond peculiar grief	15	Step out three steps, where Andrestood —	65
Has ever touched or bud or leaf		Why blanch thy cheeks for fear?	00
Of her unblighted spring.		The ancient stile is not alone,	
She sings because she needs must sing: She sings the sorrow of the air		'T is not the burn I hear!	
Whereof her voice is made.	20	She makes her immemorial moan,	
That night in Britain howso'er		She keeps her shadowy kine;	70
On any chords the finger strayed,		Oh, Keith of Ravelston,	
They gave the notes of care. A dim sad legend old		The sorrows of thy line!	2
Long since in some pale shade	25	1000	,
Of some fair twilight told,			
She knows not when or where,		FAREWELL	
She sings, with trembling hand on the hand hand hand hand hand hand hand hand	ıng	HEAR me, hear me, now!	
lute-strings laid: —		By this heaven less pure than thou,	
The murmur of the mourning ghost		Fare thee well!	
That keeps the shadowy kine,	30	By this living light,	-
'Oh, Keith of Ravelston, The sorrows of thy line!'		Less bright, Fare thee well!	5
The soffows of thy inc:			
Ravelston, Ravelston,		By the boundless sea Of mine agony,	
The merry path that leads Down the golden morning hill,	35	Fare thee well!	
And through the silver meads;	99	That unfathomed sea	10
		Which must roll from me to thee,	
Ravelston, Ravelston,		Must roll from thee to me,	
The stile beneath the tree, The maid that kept her mother's kine,		Fare thee well!	
The song that sang she!	40	By the tears that I have bled for thee,	
		Farewell! Ry the life's blood I will shed for thee	15
She sang her song, she kept her kine, She sat beneath the thorn,		By the life's-blood I will shed for thee, Farewell!	
one sau beneath the thorn,		- CARTON CARTON	

By that field of death and fear Where I 'll fight with sword and spear The fight I 'm fighting here, Fare thee well! By a form amid the storm,	20	When thou fillest the wanderer's cup for me, 70 Farewell! When thou givest the hungry bread for me, Farewell! When thou watchest by the dead for me,
Fare thee well! By a sigh above the cry, Fare thee well! By the war-cloud and the shout That shall wrap me round about, But can never shut thee out, Fare thee well!	25	Farewell! 75 By the faith of thy pure eyes, By the hopes that shall arise Day and night to the deaf skies, Fare thee well!
By the wild and bloody close, When I loose this hell of woes, And these fires shall eat our foes, Fare thee well!	30	By that faith I cannot share, 80 Fare thee well! By this hopeless heart's despair, Fare thee well!
By all thou 'lt not forget, Fare thee well! By the joy when first we met, Fare thee well!	35	By the days I have been glad for thee, The years I shall be sad for thee, The hours I shall be mad for thee, Farewell! 1856
By the mighty love and pain Of the frantic arms that strain What they ne'er shall clasp again, Fare thee well!	40	Edward Fitzgerald (1809–1883)
By the bliss of our first kiss, Fare thee well! By the locked love of our last, Till a passion like a blast Tore the future from the past, Fare thee well!	45	THE RUBÂIYÂT OF OMAR KHAYYÂM WAKE! For the Sun who scattered into flight The Stars before him from the Field of Night, Drives Night along with them from Heav'n and strikes The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.
By the nights that I shall weep for thee, Farewell! By the vigils I shall keep for thee, Farewell! By the memories that will beam of thee, Farewell! By the dreams that I shall dream of thee Farewell!	50 2, 55	Before the phantom of False morning died, 5 Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried, 'When all the Temple is prepared within, Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?' And, as the cock crew, those who stood before The Tavern shouted—'Open then the
By the passion when I wake Of this heart that will not break, That can bleed, but cannot break, Fare thee well!		Door! You know how little while we have to stay, And, once departed, may return no more.'
By that holier woe of thine, Fare thee well! By thy love more pure than mine, Fare thee well!	60	Now the New Year reviving old Desires, The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires, Where the White Hand of Moses on the Bough Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground sus
By the days thou shalt hold dear for me, The lone life thou shalt bear for me, The grey hairs thou shalt wear for me, Farewell!	65	Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires. Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose, And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ringed Cup where no
By thy good deeds offered up for me, Farewell!		one knows; But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine, And many a Garden by the Water blows. 20

And David's lips are lockt; but in divine High-piping Pehleví, with 'Wine! Wine! Wine!

Red Wine!' - the Nightingale cries to the Rose

That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring 25 Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:

The Bird of Time has but a little way To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing.

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,

Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter

The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,

The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

Each morn a thousand Roses brings, you

Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?

And this first Summer month that brings the Rose

Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

Well, let it take them! What have we to do With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú? Let Zál and Rustum bluster as they will,

Or Hátim call to supper — heed not you. 40 With me along the strip of Herbage strown

That just divides the desert from the sown, Where name of Slave and Sultán is for-

got -And Peace to Mahmud on his golden Throne!

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough, 45 A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou Beside me singing in the Wilderness --

Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Some for the Glories of This World; and

Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come; 50 Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go, Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

Look to the blowing Rose about us - 'Lo, Laughing,' she says, 'into the world I blow,

At once the silken tassel of my Purse Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw.'

And those who husbanded the Golden grain, And those who flung it to the winds like

Alike to no such aureate Earth are turned As, buried once, Men want dug up again. 60

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts

Turns Ashes — or it prospers; and anon,

Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face. Lighting a little hour or two — is gone.

Think, in this battered Caravanserai Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day. How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp

Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:

And Bahrám, that great Hunter - the Wild Ass

Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red The Rose as where some buried Casar bled: That every Hyacinth the Garden wears 75

Dropt in her Lap from some once levely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean ---Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows

From what once levely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears To-pay of past Regret and future Fears:

To-morrow! — Why, To-morrow I may be Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best

That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,

Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,

And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,

Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth

Descend — ourselves to make a Couch for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend, Before we too into the Dust descend:

Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie, 95 Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and sans End!

Alike for those who for To-DAY prepare, And those that after some To-Morrow stare.

A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness

'Fools, your Reward is neither Here nor There.

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discussed Of the Two Worlds so wisely — they are thrust

Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn

Are scattered, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent 105 Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument About it and about: but evermore Came out by the same Door where in I went.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow, And with mine own hand wrought to make it

And this was all the Harvest that I reaped —

'I came like Water, and like Wind I go.'

Into this Universe, and Why not knowing Nor Whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing; And out of it, as Wind along the Waste, 115 I know not Whither, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking, hither hurried Whence?

And, without asking, Whither hurried hence!

Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine

Must drown the memory of that insolence!

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate

I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate, And many a Knot unraveled by the Road; But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

There was the Door to which I found no Key;

There was the Veil through which I might not see;

Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE There was — and then no more of THEE and ME.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that

In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn; 130 Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs revealed

And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

Then of the Thee in Me who works behind The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find

A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,

As from Without — 'THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!'

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn I leaned, the Secret of my Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmured — 'While you live.

Drink! — for, once dead, you never shall return.'

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answered, once did live,
And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I
kissed,

How many Kisses might it take — and give!

For I remember stopping by the way

To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:

And with its all-obliterated Tongue

It murmured — 'Gently, Brother, gently, pray!'

And has not such a Story from of Old

Down Man's successive generations
rolled 150

Of such a cled of seturated Forth

Of such a clod of saturated Earth Cast by the Maker into Human mould?

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw For Earth to drink of, but may steal below To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eve

There hidden - far beneath, and long ago.

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks up,
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you—like an empty
Cup.

Perplext no more with Human or Divine, To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign, And lose your fingers in the tresses of The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,

End in what All begins and ends in — Yes; Think then you are To-DAY what YESTER-DAY

You were — To-morrow you shall not be less.

So when the Angel of the darker Drink At last shall find you by the river-brink, 170 And offering his Cup, invite your Soul Forth to your Lips to quaff — you shall not shrink.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside, And naked on the Air of Heaven ride, Were't' not a Shame — were't not a Shame for him 175 In this clay carcase crippled to abide? 'T is but a Tent where takes his one day's rest

A Sultán to the realm of Death addrest; The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh

Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

And fear not lest Existence closing your Account, and mine, should know the like no more:

The Eternal Sáki from the Bowl has poured

Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

When You and I behind the Veil are past, 185

Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,

Which of our Coming and Departure heeds As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

A Moment's Halt — a momentary taste
Of Beingfrom the Wellamid the Waste — 190
And Lo! — the phantom Caravan has
reached

The Nothing it set out from — Oh, make haste!

Would you that spangle of Existence spend About the Secret — quick about it, Friend!

A Hair perhaps divides the False and
True — 195
And upon what, prithee, does life depend?

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True; Yes; and a single Alif were the clue —

Could you but find it — to the Treasure-

house, And peradventure to The Master too; 200

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's

Running Quicksilver-like, eludes your pains; Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi; and They change and perish all—but He remains;

A moment guessed — then back behind the Fold 205

Immerst of Darkness round the Drama rolled Which, for the Pastime of Eternity, He doth himself contrive, enact, behold.

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door.

You gaze To-DAY, while You are You — how then

To-morrow, when You shall be You no more?

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit

Of This and That endeavour and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful
Grape 215
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse

I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to
Spouse.

For 'Is' and 'Is-NOT' though with Rule and Line

And 'UP-AND-DOWN' by Logic I define, Of all that one should care to fathom, I Was never deep in anything but — Wine.

Ah, but my Computations, People say, 225 Reduced the Year to better reckoning?—Nay,

'T was only striking from the Calendar Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape, Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape 230

Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and He bid me taste of it; and 't was — the Grape!

The Grape that can with Logic Absolute
The Two and Seventy jarring Sects confute:
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice 235
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord, That all the misbelieving and black Horde Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul Scatters before him with his whirlwind

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare

Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?

A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?

And if a Curse — why, then, Who set it there?

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must, 245 Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,

Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink, To fill the Cup — when crumbled into Dust!

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain — This Life
flies; 250

One thing is certain and the rest is Lies; The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who Before us passed the door of Darkness through.

Not one returns to tell us of the Road, 255 Which to discover we must travel too.

The Revelations of Devout and Learned Who rose before us, and as Prophets burned, Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep

They told their comrades, and to Sleep returned.

I sent my soul through the Invisible, Some letter of that After-life to spell:

And by and by my Soul returned to me, And answered 'I Myself am Heav'n and Hell':

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfilled Desire, 265 And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire, Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves.

So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

We are no other than a moving row Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go 270 Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern

held In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays Upon this Checker-board of Nights and

Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays, 275

And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and

Noes, But Here or There as strikes the Player

And He that tossed you down into the Field,

He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows!

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,

Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line, Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky, 285

Whereunder crawling cooped we live and die,

Lift not your hands to *It* for help — for It As impotently moves as you or I.

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,

And there of the Last Harvest sowed the Seed: 290 And the first Morning of Creation wrote

What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

YESTERDAY This Day's Madness did prepare:

To-Morrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you
came, nor why:
295

Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

I tell you this — When, started from the Goal,

Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal,
Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtari they
flung,

In my predestined Plot of Dust and Soul 300

The Vine had struck a fibre: which about If clings my Being—let the Dervish flout; Of my Base metal may be filed a Key

That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

And this I know: whether the one True Light 305

Kindle to Love, or Wrath consume me quite, One Flash of It within the Tavern caught Better than in the Temple lost outright.

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke A conscious Something to resent the yoke 310 Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid Pure Gold for what he lent him drossallayed—

Sue for a Debt we never did contract, 315 And cannot answer — Oh the sorry trade!

O Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin Beset the Road I was to wander in,

Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round

Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin! 320

Oh Thou, who Man of Baser Earth didst make,

And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blackened — Man's forgiveness give —

and take!

As under cover of departing Day Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,

Once more within the Potter's house alone I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small, That stood along the floor and by the wall;

And some loquacious Vessels were; and some

Listened perhaps, but never talked at all.

Said one among them — 'Surely not in vain My substance of the common Earth was ta'en

And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,

Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again.'

Then said a Second — 'Ne'er a peevish Boy Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;

And He that with his hand the Vessel made

Will surely not in after Wrath destroy.' 340

After a momentary silence spake Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;

'They sneer at me for leaning all awry: What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?'

Whereat someone of the loquacious Lot — 345

I think a Súfi pipkin — waxing hot —
'All this of Pot and Potter — Tell me then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?'

'Why,' said another, 'Some there are who tell

Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell 350
The luckless Pots he marred in making—

He's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well.'

'Well,' murmured one, 'Let whose make or buy,

My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:

But fill me with the old familiar Juice, 355

Methinks I might recover by and by.'

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,

The little Moon looked in that all were seeking:

And then they jogged each other, 'Brother! Brother!

Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!' 360 Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide, And wash the Body whence the Life has died,

And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf, By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare 365 Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air

As not a True believer passing by But shall be overtaken unaware. Indeed the Idols I have loved so long

Have done my credit in this World much wrong:

Have drowned my Glory in a shallow Cup, And sold my Reputation for a Song.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before I swore — but was I sober when I swore? And then and then came Spring, and Rosein-hand

My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

And much as Wine has played the Infidel, And robbed me of my Robe of Honour— Well

I wonder often what the Vintners buy, One-half so precious as the stuff they sell. 380

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!

That Youth's sweet scented manuscript should close!

The Nightingale that in the branches sang, Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield 385

One glimpse — if dimly, yet indeed, revealed, To which the fainting Traveler might spring,

As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

Would but some wingèd Angel ere too late Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate, 390 And made the stern Recorder otherwise

And made the stern Recorder otherwise Enregister, or quite obliterate!

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire.

Would not we shatter it to bits — and then 395

Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again — How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;

How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden — and for one in
vain!
400

And when like her, O Sáki, you shall pass Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass.

And in your joyous errand reach the spot Where I made One — turn down an empty Glass!

1859, 1879

Christina Rossetti* (1830–1894)

SONG

When I am dead, my dearest, Sing no sad songs for me; Plant thou no roses at my head, Nor shady cypress-tree: Be the green grass above me With showers and dewdrops wet: And if thou wilt, remember, And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows, I shall not feel the rain; 10 I shall not hear the nightingale Sing on, as if in pain: And dreaming through the twilight That doth not rise nor set, Haply I may remember, 15 And haply may forget. 1862

5

THREE SEASONS

'A cup for hope!' she said, In springtime ere the bloom was old: The crimson wine was poor and cold By her mouth's richer red.

'A cup for love!' how low, How soft the words; and all the while Her blush was rippling with a smile Like summer after snow.

'A cup for memory!' Cold cup that one must drain alone: 10 While autumn winds are up and moan Across the barren sea.

Hope, memory, love: Hope for fair morn, and love for day, And memory for the evening grey 15 And solitary dove.

1862

UP-HILL

Does the road wind up-hill all the way? Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place? A roof for when the slow dark hours begin. May not the darkness hide it from my face? You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night? Those who have gone before. Then must I knock, or call when just in sight? They will not keep you standing at that

door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak? Of labour you shall find the sum. Will there be beds for me and all who seek? 15 Yea, beds for all who come.

1862

5

10

15

THE SUMMER IS ENDED

Wreathe no more lilies in my hair, For I am dying, Sister sweet: Or, if you will for the last time Indeed, why make me fair Once for my winding-sheet.

Pluck no more roses for my breast, For I, like them, fade in my prime: Or, if you will, why pluck them still, That they may share my rest Once more for the last time.

Weep not for me when I am gone, Dear tender one, but hope and smile: Or, if you cannot choose but weep, A little while weep on, Only a little while.

1896

SLEEPING AT LAST

SLEEPING at last, the trouble and tumult over, Sleeping at last, the struggle and horror

past, Cold and white, out of sight of friend and of

lover. Sleeping at last.

No more a tired heart downcast or over-

No more pangs that wring or shifting fears that hover,

Sleeping at last in a dreamless sleep locked fast.

*Poetical Works, Globe Edition, The Macmillan Company, 1924. By permission of the Publishers.

Fast asleep. Singing birds in their leafy cover

Cannot wake her, nor shake her the gusty

Under the purple thyme and the purple clover 10 Sleeping at last.

1896

James Thomson (1834-1882)

THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT

PROEM

Lo, thus, as prostrate, 'In the dust I write My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears.'

Yet why evoke the spectres of black night
To blot the sunshine of exultant years?
Why disinter dead faith from mouldering

hidden? 5 Why break the seals of mute despair unbid-

den,

And wail life's discords into careless ears?

Because a cold rage seizes one at whiles
To show the bitter old and wrinkled truth
Stripped naked of all vesture that beguiles, 10
False dreams, false hopes, false masks and
modes of youth;

Because it gives some sense of power and passion

In helpless impotence to try to fashion Our woe in living words howe'er uncouth.

Surely I write not for the hopeful young, 15 Or those who deem their happiness of worth.

Or such as pasture and grow fat among
The shows of life and feel nor doubt nor
dearth,

Or pious spirits with a God above them
To sanctify and glorify and love them,
Or sages who foresee a heaven on earth.

For none of these I write, and none of these Could read the writing if they deigned to

So may they flourish, in their due degrees, On our sweet earth and in their unplaced sky. 25

If any cares for the weak words here written, It must be some one desolate, Fate-smitten, Whose faith and hope are dead, and who would die.

Yes, here and there some weary wanderer In that same city of tremendous night, 30 Will understand the speech, and feel a stir
Of fellowship in all-disastrous fight;
'I suffer mute and lonely, yet another
Uplifts his voice to let me know a brother
Travels the same wild paths though out of

Travels the same wild paths though out of sight.' 35

O sad Fraternity, do I unfold Your dolorous mysteries shrouded from of yore?

Nay, be assured; no secret can be told To any who divined it not before:

None uninitiate by many a presage 40 Will comprehend the language of the message,

Although proclaimed aloud for evermore.

Т

The City is of Night; perchance of Death, But certainly of Night; for never there Can come the lucid morning's fragrant breath

After the dewy dawning's cold grey air; The moon and stars may shine with scorn or pity;

The sun has never visited that city, For it dissolveth in the daylight fair.

Dissolveth like a dream of night away; 50
Though present in distempered gloom of thought

And deadly weariness of heart all day.

But when a dream night after night is brought

Throughout a week, and such weeks few or many

Recur each year for several years, can any 55 Discern that dream from real life in aught?

For life is but a dream whose shapes return, Some frequently, some seldom, some by night

And some by day, some night and day: we learn,

The while all change and many vanish quite, 60

In their recurrence with recurrent changes A certain seeming order; where this ranges We count things real; such is memory's might.

A river girds the city west and south,

The main north channel of a broad lagoon,

Regurging with the salt tides from the mouth;

Waste marshes shine and glister to the moon

For leagues, then moorland black, then stony ridges:

Great piers and causeways, many noble bridges,

Connect the town and islet suburbs strewn. 70

Upon an easy slope it lies at large,

And scarcely overlaps the long curved crest

Which swells out two leagues, from the river marge.

A trackless wilderness rolls north and west, Savannahs, savage woods, enormous mountains

Bleak uplands, black ravines with torrent fountains;

And eastward rolls the shipless sea's unrest.

The city is not ruinous, although

Great ruins of an unremembered past, With others of a few short years ago 8

More sad, are found within its precincts vast.

The street-lamps always burn; but scarce a casement

In house or palace front from roof to basement

Doth glow or gleam athwart the mirk air cast.

The street-lamps burn amidst the baleful glooms, 85

Amidst the soundless solitudes immense Of rangèd mansions dark and still as tombs. The silence which benumbs or strains the

Fulfils with awe the soul's despair unweeping:

Myriads of habitants are ever sleeping, 90 Or dead, or fled from nameless pestilence!

Yet as in some necropolis you find

Perchance one mourner to a thousand dead,

So there; worn faces that look deaf and blind Like tragic masks of stone. With weary tread, 95

Each wrapt in his own doom, they wander, wander,

Or sit foredone and desolately ponder

Through sleepless hours with heavy drooping head.

Mature men chiefly, few in age or youth, A woman rarely, now and then a child: 100

A child! If here the heart turns sick with ruth

To see a little one from birth defiled, Or lame or blind, as preordained to languish Through youthless life, think how it bleeds with anguish

To meet one erring in that homeless wild.

They often murmur to themselves, they speak

To one another seldom, for their woe Broods maddening inwardly and scorns to

wreak
Itself abroad; and if at whiles it grow

To frenzy which must rave, none heeds the clamour,

Unless there waits some victim of like glamour,

To rave in turn, who lends attentive show.

The City is of Night, but not of Sleep;

There sweet sleep is not for the weary brain;

The pitiless hours like years and ages creep,

A night seems termless hell. This dread-

ful strain

Of thought and consciousness which never ceases,

Or which some moments' stupor but increases,

This, worse than woe, makes wretches there insane.

They leave all hope behind who enter there:

One certitude while sane they cannot leave,

One anodyne for torture and despair;

The certitude of Death, which no reprieve Can put off long; and which, divinely tender, But waits the outstretched hand to promptly render 125

That draught whose slumber nothing can

bereave.

Π

Because he seemed to walk with an intent I followed him; who shadowlike and frail.

Unswervingly though slowly onward went, Regardless, wrapt in thought as in a veil:

Thus step for step with lonely sounding feet We travelled many a long dim silent street.

At length he paused: a black mass in the gloom

A tower that merged into the heavy sky; Around, the huddled stones of grave and tomb:

Some old God's-acre now corruption's sty:

He murmured to himself with dull despair. Here Faith died, poisoned by this charnel

Then turning to the right went on once more, And travelled weary roads without sus-

And reached at last a low wall's open door,

Whose villa gleamed beyond the foliage

He gazed, and muttered with a hard despair. Here Love died, stabbed by its own wor-

shipped pair.

Then turning to the right resumed his

And travelled streets and lanes with wondrous strength,

Until on stooping through a narrow arch

We stood before a squalid house at length: He gazed, and whispered with a cold despair, Here Hope died, starved out in its utmost lair.

When he had spoken thus, before he stirred, I spoke, perplexed by something in the

Of desolation I had seen and heard

In this drear pilgrimage to ruined shrines: When Faith and Love and Hope are dead indeed.

Can Life still live? By what doth it pro-

ceed?

As whom his one intense thought overpowers,

He answered coldly, Take a watch, erase The signs and figures of the circling hours,

Detach the hands, remove the dialface:

The works proceed until run down; although

Bereft of purpose, void of use, still go.

Then turning to the right paced on again, And traversed squares and travelled streets whose glooms

Seemed more and more familiar to my 165

And reached that sullen temple of the

And paused to murmur with the old despair, Here Faith died, poisoned by this charnel

I ceased to follow, for the knot of doubt Was severed sharply with a cruel knife: 170 He circled thus for ever tracing out

The series of the fraction left of Life;

Perpetual recurrence in the scope Of but three terms, dead Faith, dead Love. dead Hope.

He stood alone within the spacious square 175 Declaiming from the central grassy mound,

With head uncovered and with streaming

As if large multitudes were gathered round:

A stalwart shape, the gestures full of might, The glances burning with unnatural light: -

As I came through the desert thus it was, As I came through the desert: All was black,

In heaven no single star, on earth no track; A brooding hush without a stir or note,

The air so thick it clotted in my throat; 185 And thus for hours; then some enormous

Swooped past with savage cries and clanking

But I strode on austere: No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was, 190 As I came through the desert: Eyes of fire Glared at me throbbing with a starved de-

The hoarse and heavy and carnivorous breath

Was hot upon me from deep jaws of death; Sharp claws, swift talons, fleshless fingers

Plucked at me from the bushes, tried to hold: But I strode on austere;

No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was, As I came through the desert: Lo you,

there.

That hillock burning with a brazen glare; Those myriad dusky flames with points a-glow

Which writhed and hissed and darted to and

A Sabbath of the Serpents, heaped pell-mell For Devil's roll-call and some fête of Hell: 205

Yet I strode on austere: No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was, As I came through the desert: Meteors ran And crossed their javelins on the black skyspan; 210 The zenith opened to a gulf of flame,

The dreadful thunderbolts jarred earth's fixed frame:

The ground all heaved in waves of fire that surged

And weltered round me sole there unsubmerged:

Yet I strode on austere; 215 No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was, As I came through the desert: Air once more, And I was close upon a wild sea-shore;

Enormous cliffs arose on either hand, 220 The deep tide thundered up a league-broad strand;

White foambelts seethed there, wan spray swept and flew;

The sky broke, moon and stars and clouds and blue:

And I strode on austere; No hope could have no fear. 225

As I came through the desert thus it was, As I came through the desert: On the left The sun arose and crowned a broad cragcleft:

There stopped and burned out black, except

A bleeding eyeless socket, red and dim; 230 Whereon the moon fell suddenly southwest, And stood above the right-hand cliffs at rest:

Still I strode on austere; No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was, 235 As I came through the desert: From the right

A shape came slowly with a ruddy light; A woman with a red lamp in her hand, Bareheaded and barefooted on that strand; O desolation moving with such grace! 240 O anguish with such beauty in thy face!

I fell as on my bier, Hope travailed with such fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was, As I came through the desert: I was twain, 245

Two selves distinct that cannot join again; One stood apart and knew but could not stir, And watched the other stark in swoon and her:

And she came on, and never turned aside, Between such sun and moon and roaring tide: 250

And as she came more near My soul grew mad with fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was, As I came through the desert: Hell is mild And piteous matched with that accursed wild:

A large black sign was on her breast that bowed,

A broad black band ran down her snowwhite shroud;

That lamp she held was her own burning heart.

Whose blood-drops trickled step by step apart;

The mystery was clear; Mad rage had swallowed fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: By the sea
She knelt and bent above that senseless me;
Those lamp-drops fell upon my white brow
there,

265

She tried to cleanse them with her tears and hair;

She murmured words of pity, love, and woe, She heeded not the level rushing flow:

And mad with rage and fear,
I stood stonebound so near.

270

As I came through the desert thus it was, As I came through the desert: When the tide

Swept up to her there kneeling by my side, She clasped that corpse-like me, and they were borne

Away, and this vile me was left forlorn; 275 I know the whole sea cannot quench that heart.

Or cleanse that brow, or wash those two apart:

They love; their doom is drear, Yet they nor hope nor fear; But I, what do I here?

280

VI

I sat forlornly by the river-side, And watched the bridge-lamps glow like golden stars

Above the blackness of the swelling tide,

Down which they struck rough gold in
ruddier bars;

And heard the heave and plashing of the flow 285

Against the wall a dozen feet below.

Large elm-trees stood along that river-walk;
And under one, a few steps from my seat,
I heard strange voices join in stranger talk,
Although I had not heard approaching
feet;
290

These bodiless voices in my waking dream Flowed dark words blending with the sombre stream:—

And you have after all come back; come back. I was about to follow on your track.

And you have failed: our spark of hope is black.

That I have failed is proved by my return:
The spark is quenched, nor ever more will burn.

But listen: and the story you shall learn.

I reached the portal common spirits fear,
And read the words above it, dark and
clear,
300
'Leave hope behind, all ye who enter here':

And would have passed in, gratified to gain That positive eternity of pain, Instead of this insufferable inane.

A demon warder clutched me, Not so fast:

First leave your hopes behind! — But years have passed

Since I left all behind me, to the last:

You cannot count for hope, with all your wit, This bleak despair that drives me to the Pit: How could I seek to enter void of it? 310

He snarled, What thing is this which apes a soul,

And would find entrance to our gulf of dole Without the payment of the settled toll?

Outside the gate he showed an open chest: Here pay their entrance fees the souls unblest;

Cast in some hope, you enter with the rest.

This is Pandora's box; whose lid shall shut, And Hell-gate too, when hopes have filled it;

They are so thin that it will never glut.

I stood a few steps backwards, desolate; 320 And watched the spirits pass me to their fate, And fling off hope, and enter at the gate.

When one casts off a load he springs upright, Squares back his shoulders, breathes with all his might,

And briskly paces forward strong and light:

But these, as if they took some burden, bowed:

The whole frame sank; however strong and proud

Before, they crept in quite infirm and cowed.

And as they passed me, earnestly from each A morsel of his hope I did beseech, 330 To pay my entrance; but all mocked my speech.

Not one would cede a tittle of his store Though knowing that in instants three or four

He must resign the whole for evermore.

So I returned. Our destiny is fell; 335
For in this Limbo we must ever dwell,
Shut out alike from Heaven and Earth and
Hell.

The others sighed back, Yea; but if we grope With care through all this Limbo's dreary scope.

We yet may pick up some minute lost hope; 340

And, sharing it between us, entrance win, In spite of fiends so jealous for gross sin: Let us without delay our search begin.

VIII

While I still lingered on that river-walk,
And watched the tide as black as our black
doom,
345

I heard another couple join in talk,
And saw them to the left hand in the gloom
Seated against an elm bole on the ground,
Their eyes intent upon the stream profound.

'I never knew another man on earth 350 But had some joy and solace in his life, Some chance of triumph in the dreadful strife:

My doom has been unmitigated dearth.'

'We gaze upon the river, and we note
The various vessels large and small that
float,
355
Ignoring every wrecked and sunken boat.'

'And yet I asked no splendid dower, no spoil Of sway or fame or rank or even wealth; But homely love with common food and health,

And nightly sleep to balance daily toil.' 360

'This all-too humble soul would arrogate Unto itself some signalising hate From the supreme indifference of Fate!'

'Who is most wretched in this dolorous place?

I think myself; yet I would rather be 365
My miserable self than He, than He

Who formed such creatures to His own disgrace.

'The vilest thing must be less vile than Thou From whom it had its being, God and Lord! Creator of all woe and sin! abhorred, 370 Malignant and implacable! I vow

'That not for all Thy power furled and unfurled,

For all the temples to Thy glory built, Would I assume the ignominious guilt Of having made such men in such a world.'

'As if a Being, God or Fiend, could reign, At once so wicked, foolish, and insane, As to produce men when He might refrain!

'The world rolls round for ever like a mill; It grinds out death and life and good and ill; 380

It has no purpose, heart or mind or will.

'While air of Space and Time's full river flow The mill must blindly whirl unresting so: It may be wearing out, but who can know?

'Man might know one thing were his sight less dim; 385

That it whirls not to suit his petty whim, That it is quite indifferent to him.

'Nay, does it treat him harshly as he saith? It grinds him some slow years of bitter breath,

Then grinds him back into eternal death.' 390

\mathbf{X}

The mansion stood apart in its own ground; In front thereof a fragrant garden-lawn, High trees about it, and the whole walled round:

The massive iron gates were both with-drawn;

And every window of its front shed light, 395 Portentous in that City of the Night.

But though thus lighted it was deadly still As all the countless bulks of solid gloom: Perchance a congregation to fulfil

Solemnities of silence in this doom, 400
Mysterious rites of dolour and despair
Permitting not a breath of chant or prayer?

Broad steps ascended to a terrace broad Whereon lay still light from the open door; The hall was noble, and its aspect awed, 405 Hung round with heavy black from dome to floor;

And ample stairways rose to left and right Whose balustrades were also draped with night.

I paced from room to room, from hall to hall, Nor any life throughout the maze discerned; 410

But each was hung with its funereal pall,
And held a shrine, around which tapers
burned,

With picture or with statue or with bust, All copied from the same fair form of dust:

A woman very young and very fair; 415
Beloved by bounteous life and joy and
youth,

And loving these sweet lovers, so that care
And age and death seemed not for her in
sooth:

Alike as stars, all beautiful and bright, These shapes lit up that mausolean night. 420

At length I heard a murmur as of lips,
And reached an open oratory hung
With heaviest blackness of the whole eclipse;
Beneath the dome a fuming censer swung;
And one lay there upon a low white bed, 425
With tapers burning at the foot and head:

The Lady of the images: supine,
Deathstill, lifesweet, with folded palms she

And kneeling there as at a sacred shrine
A young man wan and worn who seemed to
pray;
430

A crucifix of dim and ghostly white Surmounted the large altar left in night:—

The chambers of the mansion of my heart, In every one whereof thine image dwells, Are black with grief eternal for thy sake. 435

The inmost oratory of my soul, Wherein thou ever dwellest quick or dead, Is black with grief eternal for thy sake.

I kneel beside thee and I clasp the cross With eyes for ever fixed upon that face, 440 So beautiful and dreadful in its calm.

I kneel here patient as thou liest there; As patient as a statue carved in stone, Of adoration and eternal grief.

Whilst thou dost not awake I cannot move; 445
And something tells me thou wilt never wake
And I alive feel turning into stone.

Most beautiful were Death to end my grief, Most hateful to destroy the sight of thee, Dear vision better than all death or life. 450

But I renounce all choice of life or death, For either shall be ever at thy side, And thus in bliss or woe be ever well. —

He murmured thus and thus in monotone, Intent upon that uncorrupted face, 455 Entranced except his moving lips alone:

I glided with hushed footsteps from the

place.

This was the festival that filled with light That palace in the City of the Night.

XII

Our isolated units could be brought 460 To act together for some common end?

For one by one, each silent with his thought,
I marked a long loose line approach and
wend

Athwart the great cathedral's cloistered square,

And slowly vanish from the moonlit air. 465

Then I would follow in among the last:

And in the porch a shrouded figure stood, Who challenged each one pausing ere he passed,

With deep eyes burning through a blank

white hood:

Whence come you in the world of life and light 470

To this our City of Tremendous Night? --

From pleading in a senate of rich lords For some scant justice to our countless hordes

Who toil half-starved with scarce a human

right:

I wake from daydreams to this real night. 475

From wandering through many a solemn scene

Of opium visions, with a heart serene And intellect miraculously bright: I wake from daydreams to this real night.

From making hundreds laugh and roar with

By my transcendent feats of mimicry, And humour wanton as an elfish sprite: I wake from daydreams to this real night.

From prayer and fasting in a lonely cell, Which brought an ecstasy ineffable 485 Of love and adoration and delight: I wake from daydreams to this real night.

From ruling on a splendid kingly throne
A nation which beneath my rule has grown
Year after year in wealth and arts and
might:
490

I wake from daydreams to this real night.

From preaching to an audience fired with faith

The Lamb who died to save our souls from death,

Whose blood hath washed our scarlet sins wool-white:

I wake from daydreams to this real night. 495

From drinking fiery poison in a den Crowded with tawdry girls and squalid

Who hoarsely laugh and curse and brawl and fight:

I wake from daydreams to this real night.

From picturing with all beauty and all grace 500

First Eden and the parents of our race, A luminous rapture unto all men's sight: I wake from daydreams to this real night.

From writing a great work with patient plan To justify the ways of God to man, 505 And show how ill must fade and perish quite: I wake from daydreams to this real night.

From desperate fighting with a little band Against the powerful tyrants of our land, To free our brethren in their own despite: 510 I wake from daydreams to this real night.

Thus, challenged by that warder sad and stern,

Each one responded with his countersign, Then entered the cathedral; and in turn

I entered also, having given mine; 515 But lingered near until I heard no more, And marked the closing of the massive door.

XIV

Large glooms were gathered in the mighty fane.

With tinted moongleams slanting here and there,

And all was hush: no swelling organstrain, 520

No chant, no voice or murmuring of prayer;

No priests came forth, no tinkling censers fumed.

And the high altar space was unillumed.

Around the pillars and against the walls
Leaned men and shadows; others seemed
to brood

525

Bent or recumbent in secluded stalls.

Perchance they were not a great multitude
Save in that city of so lonely streets

Where one may count up every face he meets.

All patiently awaited the event 530 Without a stir or sound, as if no less Self-occupied, doomstricken, while attent. And then we heard a voice of solemn stress From the dark pulpit, and our gaze there met Two eyes which burned as never eyes burned vet.

Two steadfast and intolerable eyes Burning beneath a broad and rugged brow; The head behind it of enormous size,

And as black fir-groves in a large wind bow, Our rooted congregation, gloom-arrayed, 540 By that great sad voice deep and full were swaved: -

O melancholy Brothers, dark, dark, dark! O battling in black floods without an ark! O spectral wanderers of unholy Night! My soul hath bled for you these sunless

With bitter blood-drops running down like

Oh, dark, dark, withdrawn from joy and light!

My heart is sick with anguish for your bale! Your woe hath been my anguish; yea, I quail

And perish in your perishing unblest. 550 And I have searched the heights and depths, the scope

Of all our universe, with desperate hope To find some solace for your wild unrest.

And now at last authentic word I bring, Witnessed by every dead and living

Good tidings of great joy for you, for all: There is no God; no Fiend with names di-

Made us and tortures us; if we must pine, It is to satiate no Being's gall.

It was the dark delusion of a dream, 560 That living Person conscious and supreme, Whom we must curse for cursing us with

life:

Whom we must curse because the life He

Could not be buried in the quiet grave, Could not be killed by poison or by

This little life is all we must endure, The grave's most holy peace is ever sure. We fall asleep and never wake again; Nothing is of us but the mouldering flesh, elements dissolve and merge afresh In earth, air, water, plants, and other men.

We finish thus: and all our wretched race Shall finish with its cycle, and give place To other beings, with their own time-

Infinite æons ere our kind began; Infinite æons after the last man

Has joined the mammoth in earth's tomb and womb.

575

We bow down to the universal laws, Which never had for man a special clause Of cruelty or kindness, love or hate: If toads and vultures are obscene to sight, If tigers burn with beauty and with might, Is it by favour or by wrath of fate?

All substance lives and struggles evermore Through countless shapes continually at 585 war.

By countless interactions interknit: If one is born a certain day on earth, All times and forces tended to that birth, Not all the world could change or hinder it.

I find no hint throughout the Universe 590 Of good or ill, of blessing or of curse; I find alone Necessity Supreme;

With infinite Mystery, abysmal, dark, 'Unlighted ever by the faintest spark

For us the flitting shadows of a dream. 595 O Brothers of sad lives! they are so brief;

A few short years must bring us all relief: Can we not bear these years of labouring breath?

But if you would not this poor life fulfil, Lo, you are free to end it when you will, 600 Without the fear of waking after death. —

The organ-like vibrations of his voice Thrilled through the vaulted aisles and died away

The yearning of the tones which bade rejoice Was sad and tender as a requiem lay: 605 Our shadowy congregation rested still

As brooding on that 'End it when you will.'

XVI

Our shadowy congregation rested still, As musing on that message we had heard And brooding on that 'End it when you will';

Perchance awaiting yet some other word; When keen as lightning through a muffled

Sprang forth a shrill and lamentable cry:—

The man speaks sooth, alas! the man speaks sooth:

We have no personal life beyond the grave; 615

There is no God; Fate knows nor wrath nor

Can I find here the comfort which I crave?

In all eternity I had one chance.

One few years' term of gracious human

The splendours of the intellect's advance. 620

The sweetness of the home with babes and

The social pleasures with their genial wit; The fascination of the worlds of art, The glories of the worlds of nature, lit

By large imagination's glowing heart; 625

The rapture of mere being, full of health; The careless childhood and the ardent

youth, The strenuous manhood winning various

wealth,

The reverend age serene with life's long truth:

All the sublime prerogatives of Man; The storied memories of the times of old, The patient tracking of the world's great

Through sequences and changes myriadfold.

This chance was never offered me before; For me the infinite Past is blank and

This chance recurreth never, nevermore: Blank, blank for me the infinite To-come.

And this sole chance was frustrate from my birth.

A mockery, a delusion; and my breath Of noble human life upon this earth So racks me that I sigh for senseless death.

My wine of life is poison mixed with gall, My noonday passes in a nightmare dream, I worse than lose the years which are my all: What can console me for the loss supreme?

Speak not of comfort where no comfort is, Speak not at all: can words make foul things fair?

Our life's a cheat, our death a black abyss: Hush and be mute envisaging despair. —

This vehement voice came from the northern

Rapid and shrill to its abrupt harsh close; And none gave answer for a certain while.

For words must shrink from these most wordless woes;

At last the pulpit speaker simply said. With humid eyes and thoughtful drooping head: -

My Brother, my poor Brothers, it is thus; This life itself holds nothing good for us, But it ends soon and nevermore can be;

And we knew nothing of it ere our birth, And shall know nothing when consigned to

I ponder these thoughts and they comfort

XVIII

I wandered in a suburb of the north,

And reached a spot whence three close lanes led down,

Beneath thick trees and hedge rows winding

Like deep brook channels, deep and dark and lown:

The air above was wan with misty light, The dull grey south showed one vague blur of white.

I took the left-hand lane and slowly trod Its earthen footpath, brushing as I went

The humid leafage; and my feet were

With heavy languor, and my frame downbent.

With infinite sleepless weariness outworn. So many nights I thus had paced forlorn.

After a hundred steps I grew aware Of something crawling in the lane below: 675

It seemed a wounded creature prostrate

That sobbed with pangs in making progress slow,

The hind limbs stretched to push, the fore limbs then

To drag; for it would die in its own den.

But coming level with it I discerned That it had been a man; for at my tread It stopped in its sore travail and half-turned, Leaning upon its right, and raised its head,

And with the left hand twitched back as in

Long grey unreverend locks befouled with 685

A haggard filthy face with bloodshot eyes, An infamy for manhood to behold.

He gasped all trembling, What, you want my

You leave, to rob me, wine and lust and gold

And all that men go mad upon, since you 690 Have traced my sacred secret of the clue?

You think that I am weak and must submit; Yet I but scratch you with this poisoned blade.

And you are dead as if I clove with it

That false fierce greedy heart. Betrayed!

betrayed

695

I fling this phial if you seek to pass, And you are forthwith shrivelled up like

And then with sudden change, Take thought! take thought!

Have pity on me! it is mine alone.

If you could find, it would avail you naught; 700

Seek elsewhere on the pathway of your own:

For who of mortal or immortal race The lifetrack of another can retrace?

Did you but know my agony and toil!

Two lanes diverge up yonder from this lane;

705

My thin blood marks the long length of their soil;

Such clue I left, who sought my clue in vain:

My hands and knees are worn both flesh and bone;

I cannot move but with continual moan.

But I am in the very way at last

To find the long-lost broken golden thread
Which reunites my present with my past,
If you but go your own way. And I said,

I will retire as soon as you have told
Whereunto leadeth this lost thread of gold.
715

And so you know it not! he hissed with scorn; I feared you, imbecile! It leads me back From this accursed night without a morn,

And through the deserts which have else no track,

And through vast wastes of horror-haunted time, 720

To Eden innocence in Eden's clime:

And I become a nursling soft and pure,
An infant cradled on its mother's knee,

Without a past, love-cherished and secure; Which if it saw this loathsome present Me, 725

Would plunge its face into the pillowing breast,

And scream abhorrence hard to lull to rest.

He turned to grope; and I retiring brushed Thin shreds of gossamer from off my face, And mused, His life would grow, the germ uncrushed; 730

He should to antenatal night retrace, And hide his elements in that large womb Beyond the reach of man-evolving Doom.

And even thus, what weary way were planned,

To seek oblivion through the far-off gate 735

Of birth, when that of death is close at hand! For this is law, if law there be in Fate: What never has been, yet may have its

The thing which has been, never is again.

XIX

The mighty river flowing dark and deep, 740
With ebb and flood from the remote seatides

Vague-sounding through the City's sleepless sleep.

world.

Is named the River of the Suicides;

For night by night some lorn wretch overweary,

And shuddering from the future yet more dreary, 745

Within its cold secure oblivion hides.

One plunges from a bridge's parapet,
As by some blind and sudden free

As by some blind and sudden frenzy hurled;
Another wades in slow with purpose set

Until the waters are above him furled; 750
Another in a boat with dreamlike motion
Glides drifting down into the desert ocean,
To starve or sink from out the desert

They perish from their suffering surely thus, For none beholding them attempts to

The while each thinks how soon, solicitous, He may seek refuge in the self-same wave; Some hour when tired of ever-vain endurance Impatience will forerun the sweet assurance Of perfect peace eventual in the graye. 760

When this poor tragic-farce has palled us long,

Why actors and spectators do we stay? — To fill our so-short *rôles* out right or wrong; To see what shifts are yet in the dull play For our illusion; to refrain from grieving 765

Dear foolish friends by our untimely leaving:
But those asleep at home, how blest are
they!

Yet it is but for one night after all:
What matters one brief night of dreary

When after it the weary eyelids fall 770 Upon the weary eyes and wasted brain;

And all sad scenes and thoughts and feelings vanish

In that sweet sleep no power can ever banish,
That one best sleep which never wakes
again.

XX

I sat me weary on a pillar's base, 775
And leaned against the shaft; for broad moonlight

O'erflowed the peacefulness of cloistered space.

A shore of shadow slanting from the right: The great cathedral's western front stood there.

A wave-worn rock in that calm sea of air. 780

Before it, opposite my place of rest,

Two figures faced each other, large, austere:

A couchant sphinx in shadow to the breast, An angel standing in the moonlight clear; So mighty by magnificence of form, 785 They were not dwarfed beneath that mass enorm.

Upon the cross-hilt of a naked sword
The angel's hands, as prompt to smite,
were held;

His vigilant, intense regard was poured
Upon the creature placidly unquelled, 790
Whose front was set at level gaze which
took

No heed of aught, a solemn trance-like look.

And as I pondered these opposed shapes

My eyelids sank in stupor, that dull swoon
Which drugs and with a leaden mantle
drapes

795

The outworn to worse weariness. But soon A sharp and clashing noise the stillness broke, And from the evil lethargy I woke.

The angel's wings had fallen, stone on stone, And lay there shattered; hence the sudden sound:

A warrior leaning on his sword alone Now watched the sphinx with that regard profound;

The sphinx unchanged looked forthright, as aware

Of nothing in the vast abyss of air.

Again I sank in that repose unsweet, 805
Again a clashing noise my slumber rent;

The warrior's sword lay broken at his feet: An unarmed man with raised hands impotent Now stood before the sphinx, which ever kept

Such mien as if with open eyes it slept. 810

My eyelids sank in spite of wonder grown; A louder crash upstartled me in dread:

The man had fallen forward, stone on stone, And lay there shattered, with his trunkless head

Between the monster's large quiescent paws, 815

Beneath its grand front changeless as life's laws.

The moon had circled westward full and bright,

And made the temple-front a mystic dream, And bathed the whole enclosure with its light,

The sworded angel's wrecks, the sphinx supreme: 820

I pondered long that cold majestic face Whose vision seemed of infinite void space.

XXI

Anear the centre of that northern crest
Stands out a level upland bleak and bare,
From which the city east and south and
west
825

Sinks gently in long waves; and thronèd there

An Image sits, stupendous, superhuman, The bronze colossus of a wingèd Woman, Upon a graded granite base foursquare.

Low-seated she leans forward massively, 830 With cheek on clenched left hand, the forearm's might

Erect, its elbow on her rounded knee; Across a clasped book in her lap the right Upholds a pair of compasses; she gazes

With full set eyes, but wandering in thick mazes 835 Of sombre thought beholds no outward

Words cannot picture her; but all men know That solemn sketch the pure sad artist wrought

Three centuries and threescore years ago,
With phantasies of his peculiar
thought:
840

The instruments of carpentry and science Scattered about her feet, in strange alliance With the keen wolf-hound sleeping undis-

traught;

sight.

Scales, hour-glass, bell, and magic-square above:

The grave and solid infant perched beside, 845

cess;

That all the oracles are dumb or cheat With open winglets that might bear a dove, Intent upon its tablets, heavy-eyed; Because they have no secret to express; That none can pierce the vast black veil Her folded wings as of a mighty eagle, But all too impotent to lift the regal uncertain Because there is no light beyond the curtain; Robustness of her earth-born strength and That all is vanity and nothingness. pride; And with those wings, and that light wreath Titanic from her high throne in the north, which seems That City's sombre Patroness and Queen, To mock her grand head and the knotted In bronze sublimity she gazes forth Over her Capital of teen and threne, Of forehead charged with baleful thoughts Over the river with its isles and bridges, and dreams. The marsh and moorland, to the stern rock-The household bunch of keys, the houseridges. wife's gown Confronting them with a coëval mien. Voluminous, indented, and yet rigid As if a shell of burnished metal frigid; The moving moon and stars from east to The feet thick-shod to tread all weakness 900 Circle before her in the sea of air: down; Shadows and gleams glide round her solemn The comet hanging o'er the waste dark seas, The massy rainbow curved in front of it, Her subjects often gaze up to her there: Beyond the village with the masts and The strong to drink new strength of iron entrees; durance, The snaky imp, dog-headed, from the Pit, The weak new terrors; all, renewed assur-Bearing upon its batlike leathern pinions Her name unfolded in the sun's dominions, And confirmation of the old despair. The 'Melencolia' that transcends all wit. 1874 Thus has the artist copied her, and thus 865 Surrounded to expound her form sublime, Her fate heroic and calamitous; NIGHT Fronting the dreadful mysteries of Time, Unvanguished in defeat and desolation, HE cried out through the night: Undaunted in the hopeless conflagration 870 'Where is the light? Of the day setting on her baffled prime. Shall nevermore Open Heaven's door? Baffled and beaten back she works on still. Oh, I am left Weary and sick of soul she works the more, 5 Lonely, bereft!' Sustained by her indomitable will: The hands shall fashion and the brain He cried out through the night: shall pore It spread vaguely white, And all her sorrow shall be turned to labour, With its ghost of a moon Till death the friend-foe piercing with his Above the dark swoon 10 sabre Of the earth lying chill, That mighty heart of hearts ends bitter Breathless, grave still. He cried out through the night: But as if blacker night could dawn on night, His voice in its might With tenfold gloom on moonless night un-Rang forth far and far, starred. 15 And then like a star A sense more tragic than defeat and blight, Dwindled from sense More desperate than strife with hope de-In the Immense. barred, More fatal than the adamantine Never He cried out through the night: Encompassing her passionate endeavour, No answering light, Dawns glooming in her tenebrous re-No syllabled sound: gard: Beneath and around The sense that every struggle brings defeat A long shuddering thrill Because Fate holds no prize to crown suc-Then all again still.

1881

Thomas Edward Brown * (1830-1897)

IBANT OBSCURAE

To-NIGHT I saw three maidens on the beach, Dark-robed descending to the sea,

So slow, so silent of all speech,

And visible to me

Only by that strange drift-light, dim, forlorn, 5

Of the sun's wreck and clashing surges born. Each after other went,

And they were gathered to his breast —

It seemed to me a sacrament

Of some stern creed unblest: 10
As when to rocks, that cheerless girt the bay.

They bound thy holy limbs, Andromeda.

1868

SONG

Look at me, sun, ere thou set
In the far sea;
From the gold and the rose and the jet
Look full at me!

Leave on my brow a trace
Of tenderest light;
Kiss me upon the face,
Kiss for good-night.

1893

THE LAUGH

An empty laugh, I heard it on the road Shivering the twilight with its lance of mirth; And yet why empty? Knowing not its birth,

This much I know, that it goes up to God; And if to God, from God it surely starts, 5 Who has within Himself the secret springs Of all the lovely, causeless, unclaimed things, And loves them in His very heart of hearts. A girl of fifteen summers, pure and free, Æolian, vocal to the lightest touch 10 Of fancy's winnowed breath — Ah, happy such

Whose life is music of the eternal sea! Laugh on, laugh loud and long, O merry child.

And be not careful to unearth a cause: Thou art serenely placed above our laws, 15 And we in thee with God are reconciled.

OPIFEX

As I was carving images from clouds,

And tinting them with soft ethereal dyes Pressed from the pulp of dreams, one comes, and cries:—

'Forbear!' and all my heaven with gloom en-

shrouds.

'Forbear! Thou hast no tools wherewith to essay 5

The delicate waves of that elusive grain: Wouldst have due recompense of vulgar pain?

The potter's wheel for thee, and some coarse clay!

'So work, if work thou must, O humbly skilled!

Thou hast not known the Master; in thy soul 10

His spirit moves not with a sweet control; Thou art outside, and art not of the guild.'

Thereat I rose, and from his presence passed, But, going, murmured:— 'To the God above,

Who holds my heart, and knows its store of love,

I turn from thee, thou proud iconoclast.'

Then on the shore God stooped to me, and said: —

'He spake the truth: even so the springs are set

That move thy life, nor will they suffer let, Nor change their scope; else, living, thou wert dead. 20

'This is thy life: indulge its natural flow, And carve these forms. They yet may find a place

On shelves for them reserved. In any case, I bid thee carve them, knowing what I know.'

1893

A WISH

Or two things one: with Chaucer let me ride, And hear the Pilgrims' tales; or, that denied, Let me with Petrarch in a dew-sprent grove Ring endless changes on the bells of love.

1893

THE VOICES OF NATURE

This cluck of water in the tangles — What said it to the Angles?

* Collected Poems, The Macmillan Company, 1900. By permission of the Publishers.

What to the Jutes, This wave sip-sopping round the salt searosts? With what association did it hit on 5 The tympanum of a Damnonian Briton? To tender Guinevere, to Britomart, The stout of heart, Along the guarded beach Spoke it the same speech 10 It speaks to me— This sopping of the sea?	Then it were hard to tell With what a toss, with what a swing, The dainty thing Resumed its proper level, And sent me to the devil. I know it did — you doubt it? I turned, and saw them whispering about it 1901
Surely the plash Of water upon stones, Encountering in their ears the tones Of dominant passions masterful, Made but a bourdon for the chord Of a great key, that rested lord Of all the music, straining not the bones Of Merlin's scull; And in the ear of Vivian its frets Were silver castanets That tinkled 'mong the vanities, and quick-	ODE WE are the music-makers, And we are the dreamers of dreams, Wandering by lone sea-breakers, And sitting by desolate streams; World-losers and world-forsakers, On whom the pale moon gleams:
ened The free, full-blooded pulse, Nor sickened 25 Her soul, nor stabbed her to the heart. Strange! that to me this gurgling of the dulse Allays no smart, Consoles no nerve, Rounds off no curve — 30 Alack! Comes rather like a sigh, A question that has no reply — Opens a deep misgiving What is this life I 'm living — 35 Our fathers were not so — Silence, thou moaning wrack! And yet I do not know. And yet I would go back.	Yet we are the movers and shakers Of the world for ever, it seems. With wonderful deathless ditties We build up the world's great cities, And out of a fabulous story We fashion an empire's glory: One man with a dream, at pleasure, Shall go forth and conquer a crown; And three with a new song's measure Can trample a kingdom down. We, in the ages lying In the buried past of the earth, Built Nineveh with our sighing, And Babel itself in our mirth; And o'erthrew them with prophesying To the Old of the New World's worth;
JUVENTA PERENNIS If youth be thine, Spare not to drink its wine; If youth be fled, Hold up The golden cup — 5 God's grapes are always red. I BENDED UNTO ME I BENDED unto me a bough of May,	For each age is a dream that is dying, Or one that is coming to birth. A breath of our inspiration Is the life of each generation; A wondrous thing of our dreaming Unearthly, impossible seeming— The soldier, the king, and the peasant Are working together in one, Till our dream shall become their present, And their work in the world be done. They had no vision amazing Of the goodly house they are raising; They had no divine foreshowing Of the land to which they are going: But on one man's soul it hath broken,
That I might see and smell: It bore it in a sort of way, It bore it very well.	A light that doth not depart; And his look, or a word he hath spoken, Wrought flame in another man's heart. 40

And therefore to-day is thrilling With a past day's late fulfilling; And the multitudes are enlisted In the faith that their fathers resisted, And, scorning the dream of to-morrow, Are bringing to pass, as they may, In the world, for its joys or its sorrow, The dream that was scorned yesterday.	Her pale robe, clinging to the grass, Seemed like a snake That bit the grass and ground, alas! And a sad trail did make. 20 She went up slowly to the gate; And there, just as of yore, She turned back at the last to wait, And say farewell once more.
But we, with our dreaming and singing, Ceaseless and sorrowless we! The glory about us clinging 50	
Of the glorious futures we see,	A LOVE SYMPHONY
Our souls with high music ringing: O men! it must ever be That we dwell, in our dreaming and singing, A little apart from ye.	Along the garden ways just now I heard the flowers speak; The white rose told me of your brow, The red rose of your cheek, The lily of your bended head, 5
For we are afar with the dawning And the suns that are not yet high, And out of the infinite morning	The bindweed of your hair: Each looked its loveliest and said You were more fair.
Intrepid you hear us cry — 60 How, spite of your human scorning, Once more God's future draws nigh, And already goes forth the warning That ye of the past must die.	I went into the wood anon, And heard the wild birds sing, How sweet you were; they warbled on, Piped, trilled the self-same thing. Thrush, blackbird, linnet, without pause,
Great hail! we cry to the comers 65 From the dazzling unknown shore; Bring us hither your sun and your summers, And renew our world as of yore;	The burden did repeat, And still began again because You were more sweet.
You shall teach us your song's new numbers, And things that we dreamed not before: 70 Yea, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers, And a singer who sings no more. 1874	And then I went down to the sea, And heard it murmuring too, Part of an ancient mystery, All made of me and you. How many a thousand years ago I loved, and you were sweet,— Longer I could not stay, and so I fled back to your feet.
SONG	1881
I MADE another garden, yea, For my new love; I left the dead rose where it lay, And set the new above. Why did the summer not begin?	Robert Louis Stevenson * (1850–1894)
Why did my heart not haste?	REQUIEM
My old love came and walked therein, And laid the garden waste. She entered with her weary smile,	Under the wide and starry sky, Dig the grave and let me lie. Glad did I live and gladly die,
Just as of old; She looked around a little while,	And I laid me down with a will.
And shivered at the cold. Her passing touch was death to all, Her passing look a blight: She made the white rose-petals fall,	This be the verse you grave for me: Here he lies where he longed to be; Home is the sailor, home from the sea, And the hunter home from the hill.
And turned the red rose white	1887

IN THE STATES		Rudely plucked from their hiding,	
With half a heart I wander here		Never a word they spoke:	
		A son and his aged father —	
As from an age gone by A brother — yet though young in years,		Last of the dwarfish folk.	4
An elder brother, I.			
All elder brother, 1.		And the king sat high on his charger,	
You speak another tongue than mine,	5	He looked on the little men;	
Though both were English born.		And the dwarfish and swarthy couple	
I towards the night of time decline,		Looked at the king again.	
You mount into the morn.		Down by the shore he had them;	4
I ou mount mount		And there on the giddy brink —	
Youth shall grow great and strong and i	free,	'I will give you life, ye vermin,	
But age must still decay:	10	For the secret of the drink.'	
To-morrow for the States — for me,			
England and Yesterday.		There stood the son and father	
188	37	And they looked high and low;	50
		The heather was red around them,	
		The sea rumbled below.	
HEATHER ALE		And up and spoke the father,	
		Shrill was his voice to hear:	
From the bonny bells of heather		'I have a word in private,	58
They brewed a drink long-syne,		A word for the royal ear.	
Was sweeter far than honey,		v	
Was stronger far than wine.		'Life is dear to the aged,	
They brewed it and they drank it,	5	And honour a little thing;	
And lay in a blessèd swound		I would gladly sell the secret,'	
For days and days together		Quoth the Pict to the king.	60
In their dwellings underground.		His voice was small as a sparrow's,	
		And shrill and wonderful clear:	
There rose a king in Scotland,		'I would gladly sell my secret,	
A fell man to his foes,	10	Only my son I fear.	
He smote the Picts in battle,			
He hunted them like roes.		'For life is a little matter,	68
Over miles of the red mountain		And death is nought to the young;	
He hunted as they fled,		And I dare not sell my honour	
And strewed the dwarfish bodies	15	Under the eye of my son.	
Of the dying and the dead.		Take him, O king, and bind him,	
Summer came in the country,		And cast him far in the deep;	70
Red was the heather bell;		And it's I will tell the secret	
But the manner of the brewing		That I have sworn to keep.'	
Was none alive to tell.	20		
In graves that were like children's		They took the son and bound him,	
On many a mountain head,		Neck and heels in a thong,	
The Brewsters of the Heather		And a lad took him and swung him,	75
Lay numbered with the dead.		And flung him far and strong,	
		And the sea swallowed his body,	
The king in the red moorland	25	Like that of a child of ten; —	
Rode on a summer's day;		And there on the cliff stood the father,	
And the bees hummed, and the curlews		Last of the dwarfish men.	80
Cried beside the way.		(/D	
The king rode, and was angry,		'True was the word I told you:	
Black was his brow and pale,	30	Only my son I feared;	
To rule in a land of heather		For I doubt the sapling courage	
And lack the Heather Ale.		That goes without the beard.	
It fortuned that his vassals,		But now in vain is the torture,	88
Riding free on the heath,		Fire shall never avail:	
Came on a stone that was fallen	0.5	Here dies in my bosom	
And vermin hid beneath.	35	The secret of Heather Ale.'	001
The policault.		18	391

William Ernest Henley (1849–1903)		Walking in maiden wise, Modest and kind and fair,	
BALLADE OF TRUISMS		The freshness of spring in her eyes And the fulness of spring in her hair.	
GOLD or silver, every day, Dies to gray. There are knots in every skein. Hours of work and hours of play Fade away Into one immense Inane. Shadow and substance, chaff and gra Are as vain As the foam or as the spray.	5 in,	Cloud-shadow and scudding sun-burst Were swift on the floor of the sea, And a mad wind was romping its worst, But what was their magic to me? Or the charm of the midsummer skies? I only saw she was there, A dream of the sea in her eyes And the kiss of the sea in her hair.	10
Life goes crooning, faint and fain,	10	I watched her vanish in space;	
One refrain: — If it could be always May!' Though the earth be green and gay, Though, they say, Man the cup of heaven may drain; Though, his little world to sway, He display Hoard on hoard of pith and brain:	15	She came where I walked no more; But something had passed of her grace To the spell of the wave and the shore; And now, as the glad stars rise, She comes to me, rosy and rare, The delight of the wind in her eyes And the hand of the wind in her hair. 188	,
Autumn brings a mist and rain	00		
That constrain Him and his to know decay,	20	O, GATHER ME THE ROSE	
Where undimmed the lights that war Would remain, If it could be always May. Yea, alas, must turn to Nay	e 25	O, GATHER me the rose, the rose, While yet in flower we find it, For summer smiles, but summer goes, And winter waits behind it!	
Flesh to clay. Chance and Time are ever twain. Men may scoff, and men may pray, But they pay		For with the dream foregone, foregone, The deed forborne forever, The worm, regret, will canker on, And Time will turn him never.	5
Every pleasure with a pain. Life may soar, and Fortune deign To explain Where her prizes hide and stray; But we lack the lusty train	30	So well it were to love, my love, And cheat of any laughter. The fate beneath us and above, The dark before and after.	10
We should gain, If it could be always May. Envoy	35	The myrtle and the rose, the rose, The sunshine and the swallow, The dream that comes, the wish that goes, The memories that follow!	, 15
Fime, the pedagogue, his cane Might retain, But his charges all would stray Fruanting in every lane — Jack with Jane —	40	OUT OF THE NIGHT THAT COVE	
If it could be always May. TO MY MOTHER	1888	Our of the night that covers me, Black as the Pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable soul.	
CHIMING a dream by the way With ocean's rapture and roar, met a maiden to-day Walking alone on the shore:		In the fell clutch of circumstance I have not winced nor cried aloud. Under the bludgeonings of chance My head is bloody, but unbowed.	5

10

Beyond this place of wrath and tears Looms but the Horror of the shade, And yet the menace of the years Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate, How charged with punishments the scroll, I am the master of my fate: 15 I am the captain of my soul.

1888

PROSE

ESSAYS

John Henry Newman (1801–1890)

WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY

popularly as I could, what a University was, I should draw my answer from its ancient designation of a Studium Generale, or 'School of Universal Learning.' This description parts in one spot; — from all parts; else, how will you find professors and students for every department of knowledge? and in one spot; else, how can there be any school mental form, it is a school of knowledge of every kind, consisting of teachers and learners from every quarter. Many things are requisite to complete and satisfy the idea University seems to be in its essence a place for the communication and circulation of thought, by means of personal intercourse. through a wide extent of country.

able in the idea thus presented to us; and if this be a University, then a University does but contemplate a necessity of our nature, and is but one specimen in a particular adduced in others, of a provision for that necessity. Mutual education, in a large sense of the word, is one of the great and incessant occupations of human society, carried on partly with set purpose, and partly not. 35 One generation forms another; and the existing generation is ever acting and reacting upon itself in the persons of its individual members. Now, in this process, books, I need scarcely say, that is, the litera scripta, 40 of trade, is called 'a good article,' when they

are one special instrument. It is true; and emphatically so in this age. Considering the prodigious powers of the press, and how they are developed at this time in the never-If I were asked to describe as briefly and 5 intermitting issue of periodicals, tracts, pamphlets, works in series, and light literature, we must allow there never was a time which promised fairer for dispensing with every other means of information and inimplies the assemblage of strangers from all 10 struction. What can we want more, you will say, for the intellectual education of the whole man, and for every man, than so exuberant and diversified and persistent a promulgation of all kinds of knowledge? at all? Accordingly, in its simple and rudi-15 Why, you will ask, need we go up to knowledge, when knowledge comes down to us? The Sibyl wrote her prophecies upon the leaves of the forest, and wasted them; but here such careless profusion might be pruembodied in this description; but such a 20 dently indulged, for it can be afforded without loss, in consequence of the almost fabulous fecundity of the instrument which these latter ages have invented. We have sermons in stones, and books in the running There is nothing far-fetched or unreason-25 brooks; works larger and more comprehensive than those which have gained for ancients an immortality, issue forth every morning, and are projected onward to the ends of the earth at the rate of hundreds of department out of many which might be 30 miles a day. Our seats are strewed, our pavements are powdered, with swarms of little tracts: and the very bricks of our city walls preach wisdom, by largely informing us where we can at once cheaply purchase it. I allow all this, and much more; such certainly is our popular education, and its effects are remarkable. Nevertheless, after

all, even in this age, when men are really

serious about getting what, in the language

aim at something precise, something refined. something really luminous, something really large, something choice, they go to another market; they avail themselves, in some shape or other, of the rival method, the ancient method, of oral instruction, of present communication between man and man, of teachers instead of teaching, of the personal influence of a master, and the humble initiation of a disciple, and, in consequence, of 10 the course of thought, and the form, lineagreat centres of pilgrimage and throng, which such a method of education necessarily involves. This, I think, will be found good in all those departments or aspects of society, men together, or to constitute what is called 'a world.' It holds in the political world. and in the high world, and in the religious world; and it holds also in the literary and scientific world.

If the actions of men may be taken as any test of their convictions, then we have reason for saying this, viz.; - that the province and the inestimable benefit of the litera scripta is that of being a record of truth, and 25 ready, that I should think it tiresome to an authority of appeal, and an instrument of teaching in the hands of a teacher; but that, if we wish to become exact and fully furnished in any branch of knowledge which is diversified and complicated, we must 30 been employed. consult the living man and listen to his living voice. I am not bound to investigate the cause of this, and anything I may say will, I am conscious, be short of its full analysis: perhaps we may suggest that no books can 35 society, from society are obtained. All that get through the number of minute questions which it is possible to ask on any extended subject, or hit upon the very difficulties which are respectively felt by each reader in succession. Or again, that no book can 40 the lofty principle, the delicacy of thought, convey the special spirit and delicate peculiarities of its subject with that rapidity and certainty which attend on the sympathy of mind with mind, through the eyes, the look, the accent, and the manner, in casual 45 come by nature, some of them may be found expressions thrown off at the moment, and the unstudied turns of familiar conversation. But I am already dwelling too long on what is but an incidental portion of my main subject. Whatever be the cause, the fact 50 learned from books? are they not necessarily is undeniable. The general principles of any study you may learn by books at home; but the detail, the colour, the tone, the air, the

life which makes it live in us, you must catch all these from those in whom it lives already. You must imitate the student in French or German, who is not content with his gram-5 mar, but goes to Paris or Dresden: you must take example from the young artist, who aspires to visit the great Masters in Florence and in Rome. Till we have discovered some intellectual daguerreotype, which takes off ments, and features of truth, as completely and minutely as the optical instrument produces the sensible object, we must come to the teachers of wisdom to learn wisdom, we which possess an interest sufficient to bind 15 must repair to the fountain, and drink there. Portions may go from thence to the ends of the earth by means of books, but the fulness is in one place alone. It is in such assemblages and congregations of intellect 20 that books themselves, the masterpieces of human genius, are written, or at least originated.

> The principle on which I have been insisting is so obvious, and instances in point so proceed with the subject, except that one or two illustrations may serve to explain my own language about it, which may not have been as clear as the subject on which it has

> For instance, the polished manners and highbred behaviour which are so difficult of attainment, and so strictly personal when attained, which are so much admired in goes to constitute a gentleman, - the carriage, gait, address, gestures, voice; the ease, the self-possession, the courtesy, the power of conversing, the success in not offending; the happiness of expression, the taste and propriety, the generosity and forbearance, the candour and consideration, the openness of hand; - these qualities, some of them in any rank, some of them are a direct precept of Christianity; but the full assemblage of them, bound up in the unity of an individual character, do we expect they can be acquired, where they are to be found, in high society? The very nature of the case leads us to say so; you cannot fence without an

antagonist, nor challenge all comers in disputation before you have supported a thesis; and in like manner, it stands to reason, you cannot learn to converse till you have the world to converse with; you cannot un- 5 of politics. learn your natural bashfulness, or awkwardness, or stiffness, or other besetting deformity, till you serve your time in some school of manners. Well, and is it not so in the great houses of the land, are the centres to which at stated times the country comes up, as to shrines of refinement and good taste; and then in due time the country tion of those social accomplishments which those very visits serve to call out and heighten in the gracious dispensers of them. We are unable to conceive how the 'gentlemaintained in this way it is.

And now a second instance, and here too I am going to speak without personal experience of the subject I am introducing. more than I have figured in the beau monde: yet I cannot but think that statesmanship, as well as high breeding, is learned, not by books, but in certain centres of education. puts a clever man au courant with politics and affairs of state in a way surprising to himself. A member of the Legislature, if tolerably observant, begins to see things go no change. Words have a meaning now, and ideas a reality, such as they had not He hears a vast deal in public speeches and private conversation which ures and events, the action of parties, and the persons of friends and enemies, are brought out to the man who is in the midst of them with a distinctness which the most throw around them. It is access to the fountain-heads of political wisdom and experience, it is daily intercourse, of one kind or another, with the multitude who go up to access to the contributions of fact and opinion thrown together by many witnesses from many quarters, which does this for

However, I need not account for a fact to which it is sufficient to appeal; that the Houses of Parliament and the atmosphere around them are a sort of University

As regards the world of science, we find

a remarkable instance of the principle which I am illustrating, in the periodical meetings for its advance which have arisen in the matter of fact? The metropolis, the court, 10 course of the last twenty years, such as the British Association. Such gatherings would to many persons appear at first sight simply preposterous. Above all subjects of study, Science is conveved, is propagated, by books, goes back again home, enriched with a por-15 or by private teaching; experiments and investigations are conducted in silence; discoveries are made in solitude. have philosophers to do with festive celebrities, and panegyrical solemnities with mathemanlike' can otherwise be maintained; and 20 matical and physical truth? Yet on a closer attention to the subject, it is found that not even scientific thought can dispense with the suggestions, the instruction, the stimulus, the sympathy, the intercourse with mankind I admit I have not been in Parliament, any 25 on a large scale, which such meetings secure. A fine time of year is chosen, when days are long, skies are bright, the earth smiles, and all nature rejoices; a city or town is taken by turns, of ancient name or modern opulence. If it be not presumption to say so, Parliament 30 where buildings are spacious and hospitality hearty. The novelty of place and circumstance, the excitement of strange, or the refreshment of well-known faces, the majesty of rank or of genius, the amiable charities of with new eyes, even though his views under-35 men pleased both with themselves and with each other; the elevated spirits, the circulation of thought, the curiosity; the morning sections, the outdoor exercise, the wellfurnished, well-earned board, the not unis never put into print. The bearing of meas-40 graceful hilarity, the evening circle; the brilliant lecture, the discussions or collisions or guesses of great men one with another, the narratives of scientific processes, of hopes, disappointments, conflicts, and successes, diligent perusal of newspapers will fail to 45 the splendid eulogistic orations; these and the like constituents of the annual celebration, are considered to do something real and substantial for the advance of knowledge which can be done in no other way. them, it is familiarity with business, it is 50 course they can but be occasional; they answer to the annual Act, or Commencement. or Commemoration of a University, not to its ordinary condition; but they are of a University nature: and I can well believe in their utility. They issue in the promotion of a certain living and, as it were, bodily communication of knowledge from one to another, of a general interchange of ideas, and a comparison and adjustment of science with science, of an enlargement of mind. intellectual and social, of an ardent love of the particular study which may be chosen by each individual, and a noble devotion to 10 cession of masters and schools, one after its interests.

Such meetings, I repeat, are but periodical, and only partially represent the idea of a University. The bustle and whirl which are their usual concomitants are in ill keeping 15 It does not indeed seat itself merely in centres with the order and gravity of earnest intellectual education. We desiderate the means of instruction without the interruption of our ordinary habits; nor need we seek it long, for the natural course of things brings 20 but it concurs in the principle of a University it about, while we debate over it. In every great country, the metropolis itself becomes a sort of necessary University, whether we will or no. As the chief city is the seat of the court, of high society, of politics, and of law, 25 language, Oral Tradition. It is the living so, as a matter of course, is it the seat of letters also: and at this time, for a long term of years, London and Paris are in fact and in operation Universities, though in Paris its famous University is no more, and in London 30 by his eyes and ears, through his affections, a University scarcely exists except as a board of management. The newspapers, magazines, reviews, journals, and periodicals of all kinds, the publishing trade, the libraries, museums, and academies there found, the 35 explaining, by progressing, and then recurlearned and scientific societies, necessarily invest it with the functions of a University; and that atmosphere of intellect, which in a former age hung over Oxford or Bologna or Salamanca, has, with the change of time, 40 the arduous task of disabusing the mind of moved away to the centre of civil government. Thither come up youths from all parts of the country, the students of law, medicine, and the fine arts, and the employés and attachés of literature. There 45 of them; but St. Irenæus does not hesitate they live, as chance determines; and they are satisfied with their temporary home, for they find in it all that was promised to them there. They have not come in vain, as far as their own object in coming is concerned. 50 of learning: the hermits of the deserts were, They have not learned any particular religion, but they have learned their own particular profession well. They have,

moreover, become acquainted with the habits, manners, and opinions of their place of sojourn, and done their part in maintaining the tradition of them. We cannot then 5 be without virtual Universities; a metropolis is such: the simple question is, whether the education sought and given should be based on principle, formed upon rule, directed to the highest ends, or left to the random sucanother, with a melancholy waste of thought and an extreme hazard of truth.

Religious teaching itself affords us an illustration of our subject to a certain point. of the world: this is impossible from the nature of the case. It is intended for the many, not the few; its subject-matter is truth necessary, not truth recondite and rare: so far as this, that its great instrument, or rather organ, has ever been that which nature prescribes in all education, the personal presence of a teacher, or, in theological voice, the breathing form, the expressive countenance, which preaches, which catechises. Truth, a subtle, invisible, manifold spirit, is poured into the mind of the scholar imagination, and reason; it is poured into his mind and is sealed up there in perpetuity, by propounding and repeating it, by questioning and requestioning, by correcting and ring to first principles, by all those ways which are implied in the word 'catechising.' In the first ages it was a work of long time: months, sometimes years, were devoted to the incipient Christian of its pagan errors, and of moulding it upon the Christian faith. The Scriptures indeed were at hand for the study of those who could avail themselves to speak of whole races who had been converted to Christianity, without being able to read them. To be unable to read or write was in those times no evidence of want in this sense of the word, illiterate; yet the great St. Anthony, though he knew not letters, was a match in disputation for the

learned philosophers who came to try him. Didymus again, the great Alexandrian theologian, was blind. The ancient discipline, called the Disciplina Arcani, involved the of Revelation were not committed to books, but passed on by successive tradition. The doctrines of the Blessed Trinity and the Eucharist appear to have been so handed length reduced to writing, they have filled many folios, which after all have left much unsaid.

But I have said more than enough in illustration; I end as I began; — a Univer-15 sity is a place of concourse, whither students come from every quarter for every kind of knowledge. You cannot have the best of every kind everywhere; you must go to some great city or emporium for it. There you 20 Patrick, to attempt it. have all the choicest productions of nature and art all together, which you find each in its own separate place elsewhere. All the riches of the land, and of the world, are carried up thither; there are the best markets, 25 and there the best workmen. It is the centre of trade, the supreme court of fashion, the umpire of rival skill, and the standard of things rare and precious. It is the place for hearing wonderful voices and miraculous performers. It is the place for great preachers, great orators, great nobles, great statesmen. In the nature of things, greatness a centre. Such, then, for the third or fourth time, is a University; I hope I do not weary out the reader by repeating it. It is the place to which a thousand schools make contriburange and speculate, sure to find its equal in some antagonist activity, and its judge in the tribunal of truth. It is a place where inquiry is pushed forward, and discoveries innocuous, and error exposed, by the collision of mind with mind, and knowledge with knowledge. It is the place where the professor becomes eloquent, and a missionary and complete and most winning form, pouring it forth with the zeal of enthusiasm, and lighting up his own love of it in the breasts of

his hearers. It is the place where the catechist makes good his ground as he goes, treading in the truth day by day into the ready memory, and wedging and tightening same principle. The more sacred doctrines 5 it into the expanding reason. It is a place which attracts the affections of the young by its fame, wins the judgment of the middle-aged by its beauty, and rivets the memory of the old by its associations. It is down for some hundred years; and when at 10 a seat of wisdom, a light of the world, a minister of the faith, an Alma Mater of the rising generation. It is this and a great deal more, and demands a somewhat better head and hand than mine to describe it well.

> Such is it in its idea and in its purpose; such in good measure has it before now been in fact. Shall it ever be again? We are going forward in the strength of the Cross, under the patronage of Mary, in the name of

1854

John Ruskin (1819–1900)

TRAFFIC

My good Yorkshire friends, you asked me down here among your hills that I might talk to you about this Exchange you are seeing galleries of first-rate pictures, and for 30 going to build: but earnestly and seriously asking you to pardon me, I am going to do nothing of the kind. I cannot talk, or at least can say very little, about this same Exchange. I must talk of quite other things. and unity go together; excellence implies 35 though not willingly; - I could not deserve your pardon, if, when you invited me to speak on one subject, I wilfully spoke on another. But I cannot speak, to purpose, of anything about which I do not care; and tions; in which the intellect may safely 40 most simply and sorrowfully I have to tell you, in the outset, that I do not care about this Exchange of yours.

If, however, when you sent me your invitation, I had answered, 'I won't come, I don't verified and perfected, and rashness rendered 45 care about the Exchange of Bradford,' you would have been justly offended with me. not knowing the reasons of so blunt a carelessness. So I have come down, hoping that you will patiently let me tell you why, on preacher of science, displaying it in its most 50 this, and many other such occasions, I now remain silent, when formerly I should have caught at the opportunity of speaking to a gracious audience.

In a word, then, I do not care about this Exchange, - because you don't; and because you know perfectly well I cannot make you. Look at the essential conditions of the case, which you, as business men, know 5 the wood hyacinths.' 'You, little boy with perfectly well, though perhaps you think I forget them. You are going to spend £30,000, which to you, collectively, is nothing; the buying a new coat is, as to the cost of it, a much more important matter of 10 consideration to me, than building a new Exchange is to you. But you think you may as well have the right thing for your money. You know there are a great many odd styles of architecture about; you don't want to do 15 like what is right. Doing is the great thing: anything ridiculous: you hear of me, among others, as a respectable architectural manmilliner; and you send for me, that I may tell you the leading fashion: and what is. in our shops, for the moment, the newest and 20 little boy likes throwing stones at the sparsweetest thing in pinnacles.

Now, pardon me for telling you frankly, you cannot have good architecture merely by asking people's advice on occasion. All good architecture is the expression of national 25 doing it. But they only are in a right moral life and character; and it is produced by a prevalent and eager national taste, or desire for beauty. And I want you to think a little of the deep significance of this word 'taste'; for no statement of mine has been more 30 in the cupboard, though he bravely bears his earnestly or oftener controverted than that good taste is essentially a moral quality. 'No,' say many of my antagonists, 'taste is one thing, morality is another. Tell us what is pretty: we shall be glad to know that; 35 make people not merely do the right things, but we need no sermons even were you able to preach them, which may be doubted.'

Permit me, therefore, to fortify this old dogma of mine somewhat. Taste is not only a part and an index of morality — it is the 40 but to hunger and thirst after justice. ONLY morality. The first, and last, and closest trial question to any living creature is, 'What do you like?' Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are. Go out into the street, and ask the first man or woman 45 liking. Taste for any pictures or statues is you meet, what their 'taste' is; and if they answer candidly, you know them, body and soul. 'You, my friend in the rags, with the unsteady gait, what do you like?' 'A pipe and a quartern of gin.' I know you. 'You, 50 Take a picture by Teniers, of sots quarrelgood woman, with the quick step and tidy bonnet, what do you like?' 'A swept hearth, and a clean tea-table; and my husband

opposite me, and a baby at my breast.' Good, I know you also. 'You, little girl with the golden hair and the soft eyes, what do you like?' 'My canary, and a run among the dirty hands, and the low forehead, what do you like?' 'A shy at the sparrows, and a game at pitch farthing.' Good; we know them all now. What more need we ask? 'Nav,' perhaps you answer: 'we need rather to ask what these people and children do, than what they like. If they do right, it is no matter that they like what is wrong; and if they do wrong, it is no matter that they and it does not matter that the man likes drinking, so that he does not drink; nor that the little girl likes to be kind to her canary. if she will not learn her lessons; nor that the rows, if he goes to the Sunday School.' Indeed, for a short time, and in a provisional sense, this is true. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like state when they have come to like doing it; and as long as they don't like it, they are still in a vicious state. The man is not in health of body who is always thinking of the bottle thirst; but the man who heartily enjoys water in the morning, and wine in the evening, each in its proper quantity and time. And the entire object of true education is to but enjoy the right things: — not merely industrious, but to love industry — not merely learned, but to love knowledge - not merely pure, but to love purity - not merely just,

But you may answer or think, 'Is the liking for outside ornaments, - for pictures, or statues, or furniture, or architecture, a moral quality?' Yes, most surely, if a rightly set not a moral quality, but taste for good ones is. Only here again we have to define the word 'good.' I don't mean by 'good,' clever — or learned — or difficult in the doing. ing over their dice; it is an entirely clever picture; so clever that nothing in its kind has ever been done equal to it; but it is also an entirely base and evil picture. It is an expression of delight in the prolonged contemplation of a vile thing, and delight in that is an 'unmannered,' or 'immoral' quality. It is 'bad taste' in the profoundest sense it is the taste of the devils. On the other hand, a picture of Titian's, or a Greek statue, or a Greek coin, or a Turner landscape, expresses delight in the perpetual contemplaentirely moral quality - it is the taste of the angels. And all delight in fine art, and all love of it, resolve themselves into simple love of that which deserves love. That deserving ought to have an opposite word, hateliness, to be said of the things which deserve to be hated); and it is not an indifferent nor optional thing whether we love this or that; ing. What we like determines what we are, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.

As I was thinking over this, in walking up the title of a book standing open in a bookseller's window. It was — 'On the necessity of the diffusion of taste among all classes.' 'Ah,' I thought to myself, 'my classifying where will your classes be? The man who likes what you like, belongs to the same class with you, I think. Inevitably so. You may put him to other work if you choose: but, by the condition you have brought him into, he 35 will dislike the work as much as you would You get hold of a scavenger, vourself. or a costermonger, who enjoyed the Newgate Calendar for literature, and 'Pop goes the him like Dante and Beethoven? I wish you joy of your lessons; but if you do, you have made a gentleman of him: - he won't like to go back to his costermongering.'

this so, that, if I had time to-night, I could show you that a nation cannot be affected by any vice, or weakness, without expressing it, legibly, and forever, either in bad art, or by virtue, small or great, which is not manifestly expressed in all the art which circumstances enable the people possessing that

virtue to produce. Take, for instance, your great English virtue of enduring and patient courage. You have at present in England only one art of any consequence - that is, 5 iron-working. You know thoroughly well how to cast and hammer iron. Now, do you think in those masses of lava which you build volcanic cones to melt, and which you forge at the mouths of the Infernos you have tion of a good and perfect thing. That is an 10 created; do you think, on those iron plates, your courage and endurance are not written forever - not merely with an iron pen, but on iron parchment? And take also your great English vice — European vice — vice is the quality which we call 'loveliness' - (we 15 of all the world - vice of all other worlds that roll or shine in heaven, bearing with them yet the atmosphere of hell — the vice of jealousy, which brings competition into your commerce, treachery into your councils. but it is just the vital function of all our be-20 and dishonor into your wars — that vice which has rendered for you, and for your next neighboring nation, the daily occupations of existence no longer possible, but with the mail upon your breasts and the sword Fleet Street the other day, my eye caught 25 loose in its sheath; so that at last, you have realized for all the multitudes of the two great peoples who lead the so-called civilization of the earth, - you have realized for them all, I say, in person and in policy, what friend, when you have diffused your taste, 30 was once true only of the rough Border riders of your Cheviot hills -

> 'They carved at the meal With gloves of steel, And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred;' -

do you think that this national shame and dastardliness of heart are not written as legibly on every rivet of your iron armor as Weasel' for music. You think you can make 40 the strength of the right hands that forged

Friends, I know not whether this thing be the more ludicrous or the more melancholy. It is quite unspeakably both. Suppose, in-And so completely and unexceptionally is 45 stead of being now sent for by you, I had been sent for by some private gentleman, living in a suburban house, with his garden separated only by a fruit wall from his next door neighbor's; and he had called me to want of art; and that there is no national 50 consult with him on the furnishing of his drawing room. I begin looking about me, and find the walls rather bare; I think such and such a paper might be desirable - per-

haps a little fresco here and there on the ceiling — a damask curtain or so at the windows. 'Ah,' says my employer, 'damask curtains, indeed! That's all very fine, but you know I can't afford that kind of thing just 5 which cover your once wild hills, churches now!' 'Yet the world credits you with a splendid income!' 'Ah, ves,' says my friend. 'but do you know, at present, I am obliged to spend it nearly all in steel-traps?' 'Steeltraps! for whom?' 'Why, for that fellow on 10 the mansions and mills are never Gothic. the other side of the wall, you know: we 're very good friends, capital friends, but we are obliged to keep our traps set on both sides of the wall; we could not possibly keep on friendly terms without them, and our spring 15 Italian style superseded the Gothic, churches guns. The worst of it is, we are both clever fellows enough; and there's never a day passes that we don't find out a new trap, or a new gun-barrel, or something; we spend about fifteen millions a year each in our 20 Whitehall, Sir Christopher Wren builds an traps, take it all together; and I don't see how we're to do with less.' A highly comic state of life for two private gentlemen! but for two nations, it seems to me, not wholly comic? Bedlam would be comic, perhaps, if 25 thinking of changing your architecture back there were only one madman in it; and your Christmas pantomime is comic, when there is only one clown in it; but when the whole world turns clown, and paints itself red with its own heart's blood instead of vermilion, it 30 a pre-eminently sacred and beautiful mode is something else than comic, I think.

Mind, I know a great deal of this is play, and willingly allow for that. You don't know what to do with yourselves for a sensation: fox-hunting and cricketing will not 35 may seem at first as if it were graceful and carry you through the whole of this unendurably long mortal life: you liked pop-guns when you were schoolboys, and rifles and Armstrongs are only the same things better made: but then the worst of it is, that what 40 fact has; and remember that it is not you was play to you when boys, was not play to the sparrows; and what is play to you now, is not play to the small birds of State neither; and for the black eagles, you are somewhat

I must get back to the matter in hand, however. Believe me, without farther instance, I could show you, in all time, that every nation's vice, or virtue, was written in its art: the soldiership of early Greece; the 50 father's house to go on a long journey on foot, sensuality of late Italy: the visionary religion of Tuscany; the splendid human energy of Venice. I have no time to do this

tonight (I have done it elsewhere before now); but I proceed to apply the principle to ourselves in a more searching manner.

I notice that among all the new buildings and schools are mixed in due, that is to say. in large proportion, with your mills and mansions; and I notice also that the churches and schools are almost always Gothic, and May I ask the meaning of this; for, remember, it is peculiarly a modern phenomenon? When Gothic was invented, houses were Gothic as well as churches; and when the were Italian as well as houses. If there is a Gothic spire to the cathedral of Antwerp. there is a Gothic belfry to the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels; if Inigo Jones builds an Italian Italian St. Paul's. But now you live under one school of architecture, and worship under another. What do you mean by doing this? Am I to understand that you are to Gothic: and that you treat your churches experimentally, because it does not matter what mistakes you make in a church? Or am I to understand that you consider Gothic of building, which you think, like the fine frankincense, should be mixed for the tabernacle only, and reserved for your religious services? For if this be the feeling, though it reverent, at the root of the matter, it signifies neither more nor less than that you have separated your religion from your life.

For consider what a wide significance this only, but all the people of England, who are behaving thus, just now.

You have all got into the habit of calling the church 'the house of God.' I have seen, shy of taking shots at them, if I mistake not. 45 over the doors of many churches, the legend actually carved, 'This is the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.' Now, note where that legend comes from, and of what place it was first spoken. A boy leaves his to visit his uncle: he has to cross a wild hilldesert; just as if one of your own boys had to cross the wolds to visit an uncle at Carlisle. The second or third day your boy finds himself somewhere between Hawes and Brough, in the midst of the moors, at sunset. It is stony ground, and boggy; he cannot go to sleep, on Wharnside, where best he may, gathering a few of the stones together to put under his head: - so wild the place is, he cannot get anything but stones. And there, and he sees a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reaches to heaven, and the angels of God are seen ascending and descending upon it. And when he wakes out of his sleep, he says, 'How dreadful is this place; 15 of your One and Mighty Lord and Lar. surely, this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.' This PLACE, observe; not this church; not this city; not this stone, even, which he puts up his head has lain. But this place; this windy slope of Wharnside; this moorland hollow, torrent-bitten, snow-blighted! this any place where God lets down the ladder. And how are you to determine where it may be, but by being ready for it always? Do you know where the lightning is to fall next? You do know that, partly; you can guide the lightof the Spirit, which is as that lightning when it shines from the east to the west.

But the perpetual and insolent warping of that strong verse to serve a merely ecclesiinstances in which we sink back into gross Judaism. We call our churches 'temples.' Now, you know perfectly well they are not temples. They have never had, never can They are 'synagogues' — 'gathering places' — where you gather yourselves together as an assembly; and by not calling them so, you again miss the force of another mighty text the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the churches' (we should translate it), 'that they may be seen of men. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy pray to thy Father,' — which is, not in chancel nor in aisle, but 'in secret.'

Now you feel, as I say this to you - I

know you feel - as if I were trying to take away the honor of your churches. Not so; I am trying to prove to you the honor of your houses and your hills; not that the one foot farther that night. Down he lies, 5 Church is not sacred - but that the whole Earth is. I would have you feel what careless, what constant, what infectious sin there is in all modes of thought, whereby, in calling your churches only 'holy,' you call your lying under the broad night, he has a dream; 10 hearths and homes 'profane'; and have separated yourselves from the heathen by casting all your household gods to the ground, instead of recognizing, in the place of their many and feeble Lares, the presence

'But what has all this to do with our Exchange?' you ask me, impatiently. My dear friends, it has just everything to do with it: on these inner and great questions depend for a memorial — the piece of flint on which 20 all the outer and little ones; and if you have asked me down here to speak to you, because you had before been interested in anything I have written, you must know that all I have vet said about architecture was to show this. are you to know where that will be? or how 25 The book I called The Seren Lamps was to show that certain right states of temper and moral feeling were the magic powers by which all good architecture, without exception, had been produced. The Stones of Venning; but you cannot guide the going forth 30 ice had, from beginning to end, no other aim than to show that the Gothic architecture of Venice had arisen out of, and indicated in all its features, a state of pure national faith. and of domestic virtue; and that its Renastical purpose, is only one of the thousand 35 aissance architecture had arisen out of, and in all its features indicated, a state of concealed national infidelity, and of domestic corruption. And now, you ask me what style is best to build in, and how can I have, anything whatever to do with temples. 40 answer, knowing the meaning of the two styles, but by another question - do you mean to build as Christians or as infidels? And still more — do you mean to build as honest Christians or as honest infidels? as - 'Thou, when thou prayest, shalt not be as 45 thoroughly and confessedly either one or the other? You don't like to be asked such rude questions. I cannot help it; they are of much more importance than this Exchange business; and if they can be at once ancloset, and when thou hast shut thy door, 50 swered, the Exchange business settles itself in a moment. But before I press them farther, I must ask leave to explain one point clearly.

In all my past work, my endeavor has been to show that good architecture is essentially religious - the production of a faithful and virtuous, not of an infidel and corrupted people. But in the course of doing 5 European, because Asiatic and African arthis, I have had also to show that good architecture is not ecclesiastical. People are so apt to look upon religion as the business of the clergy, not their own, that the moment they hear of anything depending on 'reli-10 Egypt, and Syria, and India, is just good or gion,' they think it must also have depended on the priesthood; and I have had to take what place was to be occupied between these two errors, and fight both, often with seeming contradiction. Good architecture is the 15 Wisdom and Power; the Mediæval, which work of good and believing men: therefore. you say, at least some people say, 'Good architecture must essentially have been the work of the clergy, not of the laity.' No a thousand times no; good architecture has 20 — and now, at last, we English have got a always been the work of the commonalty, not of the clergy. What, you say, those glorious cathedrals - the pride of Europe did their builders not form Gothic architecture? No: they corrupted Gothic architec-25 shipped the God of Wisdom; so that whatture. Gothic was formed in the baron's castle, and the burgher's street. It was formed by the thoughts, and hands, and powers of laboring citizens and warrior kings. By the monk it was used as an instrument for 30 pressed in the word, of which we keep the the aid of his superstition: when that superstition became a beautiful madness, and the best hearts of Europe vainly dreamed and pined in the cloister, and vainly raged and perished in the crusade — through that fury 35 head. We are only with the help of recent of perverted faith and wasted war, the Gothic rose also to its loveliest, most fantastic, and, finally, most foolish dreams; and, in those dreams, was lost.

misunderstanding me when I come to the gist of what I want to say tonight; - when I repeat, that every great national architecture has been the result and exponent of a great national religion. You can't have bits 45 as it were,) of the outmost and superficial of it here, bits there - you must have it everywhere or nowhere. It is not the monopoly of a clerical company - it is not the exponent of a theological dogma - it is not the hieroglyphic writing of an initiated 50 knowledge spring terror, dissension, danger, priesthood; it is the manly language of a people inspired by resolute and common purpose, and rendering resolute and common

fidelity to the legible laws of an undoubted

Now there have as yet been three distinct schools of European architecture. I sav. chitectures belong so entirely to other races and climates, that there is no question of them here; only, in passing, I will simply assure you that whatever is good or great in great for the same reasons as the buildings on our side of the Bosphorus. We Europeans, then, have had three great religions: the Greek, which was the worship of the God of was the Worship of the God of Judgment and Consolation; the Renaissance, which was the worship of the God of Pride and Beauty: these three we have had — they are past. fourth religion, and a God of our own, about which I want to ask you. But I must explain these three old ones first.

I repeat, first, the Greeks essentially worever contended against their religion. - to the Jews a stumbling block, - was, to the Greeks — Foolishness.

The first Greek idea of deity was that exremnant in our words 'Di-urnal' and 'Divine' — the god of Day, Jupiter the revealer. Athena is his daughter, but especially daughter of the Intellect, springing armed from the investigation beginning to penetrate the depth of meaning couched under the Athenaic symbols; but I may note rapidly, that her ægis, the mantle with the serpent fringes, I hope, now, that there is no risk of your 40 in which she often, in the best statues, is represented as folding up her left hand, for better guard; and the Gorgon, on her shield. are both representative mainly of the chilling horror and sadness (turning men to stone, spheres of knowledge — that knowledge which separates, in bitterness, hardness, and sorrow, the heart of the full-grown man from the heart of the child. For out of imperfect and disdain; but from perfect knowledge, given by the full-revealed Athena, strength and peace, in sign of which she is crowned with the olive spray, and bears the resistless

This, then, was the Greek conception of purest Deity; and every habit of life, and from the seeking this bright, serene, resistless wisdom; and setting himself, as a man, to do things evermore rightly and strongly; not with any ardent affection or ultimate energy of will, as knowing that for failure there was no consolation, and for sin there was no remission. And the Greek architecture rose unerring, bright, clearly defined, and self-contained.

Next followed in Europe the great Christian faith, which was essentially the religion of Comfort. Its great doctrine is the remission of sins: for which cause, it happens, too sin and sickness themselves are partly glorified, as if, the more you had to be healed of, the more divine was the healing. The practical result of this doctrine, in art, is a conof imaginary states of purification from them: thus we have an architecture conceived in a mingled sentiment of melancholy and aspiration, partly severe, partly luxuriant, needs, and every one of our fancies, and be strong or weak with us, as we are strong or weak ourselves. It is, of all architecture, the basest, when base people build it — of all. the noblest, when built by the noble.

And now note that both these religions— Greek and Mediæval - perished by falsehood in their own main purpose. The Greek religion of Wisdom perished in a false philoscalled.' The Mediæval religion of Consolation perished in false comfort; in remission of sins given lyingly. It was the selling of absolution that ended the Mediæval faith: absolution which, to the end of time, will mark false Christianity. Pure Christianity gives her remission of sins only by ending them; but false Christianity gets her re-And there are many ways of compounding for them. We English have beautiful little quiet ways of buying absolution, whether in low Church or high, far more cunning than any of Tetzel's trading.

Then, thirdly, there followed the religion of Pleasure, in which all Europe gave itself every form of his art developed themselves 5 to luxury, ending in death. First, bals masqués in every saloon, and then guillotines in every square. And all these three worships issue in vast temple building. Your Greek worshiped Wisdom, and built you the Parhope; but with a resolute and continent 10 thenon — the Virgin's temple. The Mediæval worshiped Consolation, and built you Virgin temples also — but to our Lady of Salvation. Then the Revivalist worshiped beauty, of a sort, and built you Versailles 15 and the Vatican. Now, lastly, will you tell me what we worship, and what we build?

You know we are speaking always of the real, active, continual, national worship; that by which men act, while they live; not often, in certain phases of Christianity, that 20 that which they talk of, when they die. Now, we have, indeed, a nominal religion, to which we pay tithes of property and sevenths of time: but we have also a practical and earnest religion, to which we devote tinual contemplation of sin and disease, and 25 nine-tenths of our property, and six-sevenths of our time. And we dispute a great deal about the nominal religion: but we are all unanimous about this practical one; of which I think you will admit that the ruling which will bend itself to every one of our 30 goddess may be best generally described as the 'Goddess of Getting-on,' or 'Britannia of the Market.' The Athenians had an 'Athena Agoraia,' or Athena of the Market: but she was a subordinate type of their goddess. 35 while our Britannia Agoraia is the principal type of ours. And all your great architectural works are, of course, built to her. It is long since you built a great cathedral; and how you would laugh at me if I proposed ophy - 'Oppositions of science, falsely so 40 building a cathedral on the top of one of these hills of yours, to make it an Acropolis! But your railroad mounds, vaster than the walls of Babylon; your railroad stations. vaster than the temple of Ephesus, and inand I can tell you more, it is the selling of 45 numerable; your chimneys, how much more mighty and costly than cathedral spires! your harbor piers; your warehouses; your exchanges! - all these are built to your great Goddess of 'Getting-on': and she has mission of sins by compounding for them. 50 formed, and will continue to form, your architecture, as long as you worship her; and it is quite vain to ask me to tell you how to build to her; you know far better than I.

There might indeed, on some theories, be a conceivably good architecture for Exchanges — that is to say, if there were any heroism in the fact or deed of exchange. which might be typically carved on the out- 5 doubt who is strongest? It might be asside of your building. For, you know, all beautiful architecture must be adorned with sculpture or painting; and for sculpture or painting, you must have a subject. And hitherto it has been a received opinion among 10 There are always the elements to fight with, the nations of the world that the only right subjects for either, were heroisms of some sort. Even on his pots and his flagons, the Greek put a Hercules slaving lions, or an Apollo slaving serpents, or Bacchus slaving 15 be — that he is paid little for it — and regumelancholy giants, and earthborn despondencies. On his temples, the Greek put contests of great warriors in founding states, or of gods with evil spirits. On his houses and temples alike, the Christian put carvings of 20 is that a knight-errant does not expect to be angels conquering devils; or of hero-martyrs exchanging this world for another: subject inappropriate, I think, to our direction of exchange here. And the Master of Christians not only left his followers without any 25 go on fervent crusades, to recover the tomb orders as to the sculpture of affairs of exchange on the outside of buildings, but gave some strong evidence of his dislike of affairs of exchange within them. And yet there might surely be a heroism in such affairs; 30 and are perfectly ready to give the Gospel and all commerce become a kind of selling of doves, not impious. The wonder has always been great to me, that heroism has never been supposed to be in anywise consistent with the practice of supplying people with 35 fixed salaries; and to be as particular about food, or clothes; but rather with that of quartering one's self upon them for food, and stripping them of their clothes. Spoiling of armor is an heroic deed in all ages; but the selling of clothes, old, or new, has 40 But I can only at present suggest decorating never taken any color of magnanimity. Yet one does not see why feeding the hungry and clothing the naked should ever become base business, even when engaged in on a large scale. If one could contrive to attach the 45 the Market, who may have, perhaps adnotion of conquest to them anyhow! so that, supposing there were anywhere an obstinate race, who refused to be comforted, one might take some pride in giving them compulsory comfort! and as it were, 'occupying a coun-50 dix forit quae non peperit. Then, for her spear, try' with one's gifts, instead of one's armies? If one could only consider it as much a victory to get a barren field sown, as to get an

eared field stripped; and contend who should build villages, instead of who should 'carry' them! Are not all forms of heroism conceivable in doing these serviceable deeds? You certained by push of spade, as well as push of sword. Who is wisest? There are witty things to be thought of in planning other business than campaigns. Who is brayest? stronger than men; and nearly as merci-

The only absolutely and unapproachably heroic element in the soldier's work seems to larly: while you traffickers, and exchangers. and others occupied in presumably benevolent business, like to be paid much for it and by chance. I never can make out how it paid for his trouble, but a peddler-errant always does; — that people are willing to take hard knocks for nothing, but never to sell ribbons cheap; that they are ready to of a buried God, but never on any travels to fulfil the orders of a living one; — that they will go anywhere barefoot to preach their faith, but must be well bribed to practise it. gratis, but never the loaves and fishes.

If you choose to take the matter up on any such soldierly principle; to do your commerce, and your feeding of nations, for giving people the best food, and the best cloth, as soldiers are about giving them the best gunpowder, I could carve something for you on your exchange worth looking at. its frieze with pendant purses; and making its pillars broad at the base, for the sticking of bills. And in the innermost chambers of it there might be a statue of Britannia of visably, a partridge for her crest, typical at once of her courage in fighting for noble ideas, and of her interest in game; and round its neck, the inscription in golden letters, Pershe might have a weaver's beam; and on her shield, instead of St. George's Cross, the Milanese boar, semi-fleeced, with the town of Gennesaret proper, in the field; and the legend 'In the best market,' and her corselet, of leather, folded over her heart in the shape of a purse, with thirty slits in it, for a piece month. And I doubt not but that people would come to see your exchange, and its goddess, with applause.

Nevertheless. I want to point out to you yours. She differs from the great Greek and Mediæval deities essentially in two things first, as to the continuance of her presumed power; secondly, as to the extent of it.

Ist, as to the Continuance.

The Greek Goddess of Wisdom gave continual increase of wisdom, as the Christian Spirit of Comfort (or Comforter) continual increase of comfort. There was no question, with these, of any limit or cessation of func-20 tion. But with your Agora Goddess, that is just the most important question. Getting on — but where to? Gathering together but how much? Do you mean to gather always — never to spend? you joy of your goddess, for I am just as well off as you, without the trouble of worshiping her at all. But if you do not spend, somebody else will — somebody else many other such errors) that I have fearlessly declared your so-called science of Political Economy to be no science; because, namely, it has omitted the study of exactly the study of spending. For spend you must, and as much as you make, ultimately. You gather corn: - will you bury England under a heap of grain; or will you, when you have will you make your house-roofs of it, or pave your streets with it? That is still one way of spending it. But if you keep it, that you may get more, I'll give you more; I'll give imagine — if you can tell me what you'll do with it. You shall have thousands of gold pieces; - thousands of thousands millions - mountains, of gold; where will of silver upon a golden Pelion — make Ossa like a wart? Do you think the rain and dew would then come down to you, in the streams

from such mountains, more blessedly than they will down the mountains which God has made for you, of moss and whinstone? But it is not gold that you want to gather! of money to go in at, on each day of the 5 What is it? greenbacks? No; not those neither. What is it then - is it ciphers after a capital I? Cannot you practise writing ciphers, and write as many as you want! Write ciphers for an hour every morning, in certain strange characters in this goddess of 10 a big book, and say every evening, I am worth all those naughts more than I was vesterday. Won't that do? Well, what in the name of Plutus is it you want? Not gold. not greenbacks, not ciphers after a capital 15 I? You will have to answer, after all, 'No; we want, somehow or other, money's worth. Well, what is that? Let your Goddess of Getting-on discover it, and let her learn to

> stav therein. II. But there is vet another question to be asked respecting this Goddess of Gettingon. The first was of the continuance of her power; the second is of its extent.

Pallas and the Madonna were supposed to If so I wish 25 be all the world's Pallas, and all the world's Madonna. They could teach all men, and they could comfort all men. But, look strictly into the nature of the power of your Goddess of Getting-on; and you will find must. And it is because of this (among 30 she is the Goddess -- not of everybody's getting on — but only of somebody's getting on. This is a vital, or rather deathful, distinction. Examine it in your own ideal of the state of national life which this Goddess the most important branch of the business — 35 is to evoke and maintain. I asked you what it was, when I was last here; - you have never told me. Now, shall I try to tell you?

Your ideal of human life then is, I think, that it should be passed in a pleasant ungathered, finally eat? You gather gold: - 40 dulating world, with iron and coal everywhere underneath it. On each pleasant bank of this world is to be a beautiful mansion, with two wings; and stables, and coachhouses; a moderately sized park; a large you all the gold you want - all you can 45 garden and hothouses; and pleasant carriage drives through the shrubberies. In this mansion are to live the favored votaries of the Goddess; the English gentleman, with his gracious wife, and his beautiful family: he you keep them? Will you put an Olympus 50 always able to have the boudoir and the jewels for the wife, and the beautiful ball dresses for the daughters, and hunters for the sons, and a shooting in the Highlands for himself. At the bottom of the bank, is to be the mill; not less than a quarter of a mile long, with a steam engine at each end, and two in the middle, and a chimney three constant employment from eight hundred to a thousand workers, who never drink, never strike, always go to church on Sunday, and always express themselves in respectful

language. Is not that, broadly, and in the main features, the kind of thing you propose to yourselves? It is very pretty indeed, seen from above; not at all so pretty, seen from below. For, observe, while to one family 15 leading rough lives, establish the true dynasthis deity is indeed the Goddess of Gettingon, to a thousand families she is the Goddess of not Getting-on. 'Nay,' you say, 'they have all their chance.' Yes, so has every one in a lottery, but there must always be 20 cause you are king of a small part of the nathe same number of blanks. 'Ah! but in a lottery it is not skill and intelligence which take the lead, but blind chance.' What then! do you think the old practice, that 'they should take who have the power, and they 25 yourself. should keep who can,' is less iniquitous, when the power has become power of brains instead of fist? and that, though we may not take advantage of a child's or a woman's weakness, we may of a man's foolishness? 30 Even good things have no abiding power — 'Nay, but finally, work must be done, and some one must be at the top, some one at the bottom.' Granted, my friends. Work must always be, and captains of work must always be; and if you in the least remember 35 determine whether change of growth, or the tone of any of my writings, you must know that they are thought unfit for this age, because they are always insisting on need of government, and speaking with scorn of liberty. But I beg you to observe 40 that there is a wide difference between being captains or governors of work, and taking the profits of it. It does not follow, because you are general of an army, that you are to take all the treasure, or land, it wins; 45 (if it fight for treasure or land;) neither, because you are king of a nation, that you are to consume all the profits of the nation's Real kings, on the contrary, are known invariably by their doing quite the 50 such benevolence safely. I know that even reverse of this, - by their taking the least

possible quantity of the nation's work for themselves. There is no test of real king-

hood so infallible as that. Does the crowned creature live simply, bravely, unostentatiously? probably he is a King. Does he cover his body with jewels, and his table hundred feet high. In this mill are to be in 5 with delicates? in all probability he is not a King. It is possible he may be, as Solomon was; but that is when the nation shares his splendor with him. Solomon made gold, not only to be in his own palace as 10 stones, but to be in Jerusalem as stones. But, even so, for the most part, these splendid kinghoods expire in ruin, and only the true kinghoods live, which are of royal laborers governing loyal laborers; who, both ties. Conclusively, you will find that because you are king of a nation, it does not follow that you are to gather for yourself all the wealth of that nation; neither, betion, and lord over the means of its maintenance — over field, or mill, or mine. are you to take all the produce of that piece of the foundation of national existence for

> You will tell me I need not preach against these things, for I cannot mend them. No, good friends, I cannot; but you can, and you will: or something else can and will. and shall these evil things persist in victorious evil? All history shows, on the contrary, that to be the exact thing they never can do. Change must come; but it is ours to change of death. Shall the Parthenon be in ruins on its rock, and Bolton priory in its meadow, but these mills of yours be the consummation of the buildings of the earth. and their wheels be as the wheels of eternity? Think you that 'men may come, and men may go,' but — mills — go on forever? Not so: out of these, better or worse shall come: and it is for you to choose which.

> I know that none of this wrong is done with deliberate purpose. I know, on the contrary, that you wish your workmen well; that you do much for them, and that you desire to do more for them, if you saw your way to all this wrong and misery are brought about by a warped sense of duty, each of you striving to do his best; but, unhappily, not

knowing for whom this best should be done. And all our hearts have been betrayed by the plausible impiety of the modern economist, telling us that, 'To do the best for ourselves, is finally to do the best for others.' Friends, our great Master said not so: and most absolutely we shall find this world is not made so. Indeed, to do the best for others, is finally to do the best for ourfixed on that issue. The Pagans had got beyond that. Hear what a Pagan says of this matter: hear what were, perhaps, the last written words of Plato, — if not the last yet assuredly in fact and power his parting words - in which, endeavoring to give full crowning and harmonious close to all his thoughts, and to speak the sum of them by his strength and his heart fail him, and the words cease, broken off forever.

They are at the close of the dialogue called 'Critias,' in which he describes, partly the early state of Athens; and the genesis, and order, and religion, of the fabled isle of Atlantis: in which genesis he conceives the same first perfection and final degeneracy of expressed by saying that the Sons of God intermarried with the daughters of men, for he supposes the earliest race to have been indeed the children of God; and to have corthe spot of his children.' And this, he says, was the end; that indeed 'through many generations, so long as the God's nature in them yet was full, they were submissive to lovingly to all that had kindred with them in divineness; for their uttermost spirit was faithful and true, and in every wise great; so that, in all meekness of wisdom, they dealt life; and despising all things except virtue. they cared little what happened day by day, and bore lightly the burden of gold and of possessions; for they saw that, if only their things would be increased together with them; but to set their esteem and ardent pursuit upon material possession would be to lose

that first, and their virtue and affection together with it. And by such reasoning, and what of the divine nature remained in them, they gained all this greatness of which we 5 have already told; but when the God's part of them faded and became extinct, being mixed again and again, and effaced by the prevalent mortality: and the human nature at last exceeded, they then became unable to selves; but it will not do to have our eyes 10 endure the courses of fortune; and fell into shapelessness of life, and baseness in the sight of him who could see, having lost everything that was fairest of their honor; while to the blind hearts which could not discern actually written (for this we cannot know), 15 the true life, tending to happiness, it seemed that they were then chiefly noble and happy, being filled with all iniquity of inordinate possession and power. Whereupon, the God of gods, whose Kinghood is in laws, beholding the imagined sentence of the Great Spirit, 20 a once just nation thus cast into misery, and desiring to lay such punishment upon them as might make them repent into restraining, gathered together all the gods into his dwelling place, which from heaven's center from real tradition, partly in ideal dream, 25 overlooks whatever has part in creation; and having assembled them, he said'—

The rest is silence. Last words of the chief wisdom of the heathen, spoken of this idol of riches; this idol of yours; this golden man, which in our own Scriptural tradition is 30 image, high by measureless cubits, set up where your green fields of England are furnace-burnt into the likeness of the plain of Dura; this idol, forbidden to us, first of all idols, by our own Master and faith: forrupted themselves, until 'their spot was not 35 bidden to us also by every human lip that has ever, in any age or people, been accounted of as able to speak according to the purposes of God. Continue to make that forbidden deity your principal one, and soon the sacred laws, and carried themselves 40 no more art, no more science, no more pleasure will be possible. Catastrophe will come: or, worse than catastrophe, slow moldering and withering into Hades. But if you can fix some conception of a true human state of with each other, and took all the chances of 45 life to be striven for - life, good for all men, as for yourselves; if you can determine some honest and simple order of existence; following those trodden ways of wisdom, which are pleasantness, and seeking her quiet and common love and virtue increased, all these 50 withdrawn paths, which are peace; - then, and so sanctifying wealth into 'commonwealth,' all your art, your literature, your daily labors, your domestic affection, and citizen's duty, will join and increase into one magnificent harmony. You will know then how to build, well enough; you will build with stone well, but with flesh better; temples not made with hands, but riveted of hearts; and that kind of marble, crimsonveined, is indeed eternal.

1866

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894)

ÆS TRIPLEX

themselves so sharp and final, and so terrible and melancholy in their consequences, that the thing stands alone in man's experience. and has no parallel upon earth. It outdoes all other accidents because it is the last of 20 there is something indescribably reckless and them. Sometimes it leaps suddenly upon its victims, like a Thug; sometimes it lays a regular siege and creeps upon their citadel during a score of years. And when the business is done, there is sore havoc made in 25 a fiery mountain; ordinary life begins to other people's lives, and a pin knocked out by which many subsidiary friendships hung together. There are empty chairs, solitary walks, and single beds at night. Again, in taking away our friends, death does 30 something like a defiance of the Creator. not take them away utterly, but leaves behind a mocking, tragical, and soon intolerable residue, which must be hurriedly concealed. Hence a whole chapter of sights and customs striking to the mind, from the pyramids of 35 Egypt to the gibbets and dule trees of mediæval Europe. The poorest persons have a bit of pageant going towards the tomb; memorial stones are set up over the least memorable; and, in order to preserve some 40 crowded space, among a million other worlds show of respect for what remains of our old loves and friendships, we must accompany it with much grimly ludicrous ceremonial, and the hired undertaker parades before the door. All this, and much more of the same sort, ac-45 is the human body with all its organs, but a companied by the eloquence of poets, has gone a great way to put humanity in error; nay, in many philosophies the error has been embodied and laid down with every circumstance of logic; although in real life the 50 meal we eat, we are putting one or more of bustle and swiftness, in leaving people little time to think, have not left them time enough to go dangerously wrong in practice.

As a matter of fact, although few things are spoken of with more fearful whisperings than this prospect of death, few have less influence on conduct under healthy circum-5 stances. We have all heard of cities in South America built upon the side of fiery mountains, and how, even in this tremendous neighborhood, the inhabitants are not a jot more impressed by the solemnity of mortal 10 conditions than if they were delying gardens in the greenest corner of England. There are serenades and suppers and much gallantry among the myrtles overhead; and meanwhile the foundation shudders underfoot. The changes wrought by death are in 15 the bowels of the mountain growl, and at any moment living ruin may leap sky-high into the moonlight, and tumble man and his merry-making in the dust. In the eyes of very young people, and very dull old ones, desperate in such a picture. It seems not credible that respectable married people, with umbrellas, should find appetite for a bit of supper within quite a long distance of smell of high-handed debauch when it is carried on so close to a catastrophe: and even cheese and salad, it seems, could hardly be relished in such circumstances without It should be a place for nobody but hermits dwelling in prayer and maceration, or mere born-devils drowning care in a perpetual carouse.

> And yet, when one comes to think upon it calmly, the situation of these South American citizens forms only a very pale figure for the state of ordinary mankind. This world itself, travelling blindly and swiftly in overtravelling blindly and swiftly in contrary directions, may very well come by a knock that would set it into explosion like a penny squib. And what, pathologically looked at, mere bagful of petards? The least of these is as dangerous to the whole economy as the ship's powder-magazine to the ship; and with every breath we breathe, and every them in peril. If we clung as devotedly as some philosophers pretend we do to the abstract idea of life, or were half as frightened

as they make out we are, for the subversive accident that ends it all, the trumpets might sound by the hour and no one would follow them into battle — the blue-peter might fly at the truck, but who would climb into a sea-going ship? Think (if these philosophers were right) with what a preparation of spirit we should affront the daily peril of the dinner-table: a deadlier spot than any battletion of our ancestors have miserably left their bones! What woman would ever be lured into marriage, so much more dangerous than the wildest sea? And what would it be every step we take in life we find the ice growing thinner below our feet, and all around us and behind us we see our contemporaries going through. By the time a man istence is a mere miracle; and when he lays his old bones in bed for the night, there is an overwhelming probability that he will never see the day. Do the old men mind it, as a merrier: they have their grog at night, and tell the raciest stories: they hear of the death of people about their own age, or even vounger, not as if it was a grisly warning, outlived some one else; and when a draught might puff them out like a guttering candle, or a bit of a stumble shatter them like so much glass, their old hearts keep sound and laughter, through years of man's age compared to which the valley at Balaclava was as safe and peaceful as a village cricketgreen on Sunday. It may fairly be quesit was a much more daring feat for Curtius to plunge into the gulf, than for any old gentleman of ninety to doff his clothes and clamber into bed.

sideration, with what unconcern and gaiety mankind pricks on along the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The whole way is one wilderness of snares, and the end of it, for ruin. And yet we go spinning through it all, like a party for the Derby. Perhaps the reader remembers one of the humorous de-

vices of the deified Caligula; how he encouraged a vast concourse of holiday-makers on to his bridge over Baiæ bay; and when they were in the height of their enjoyment, 5 turned loose the Prætorian guards among the company, and had them tossed into the sea. This is no bad miniature of the dealings of nature with the transitory race of man. Only, what a chequered picnic we have of it, even field in history, where the far greater propor-10 while it lasts! and into what great waters, not to be crossed by any swimmer, God's pale Prætorian throws us over in the end!

We live the time that a match flickers; we pop the cork of a ginger-beer bottle, and the to grow old? For, after a certain distance, 15 earthquake swallows us on the instant. Is it not odd, is it not incongruous, is it not, in the highest sense of human speech, incredible, that we should think so highly of the ginger-beer, and regard so little the devourgets well into the seventies, his continued ex-20 ing earthquake? The love of Life and the fear of Death are two famous phrases that grow harder to understand the more we think about them. It is a well-known fact that an immense proportion of boat accidents would matter of fact? Why, no. They were never 25 never happen if people held the sheet in their hands instead of making it fast; and vet. unless it be some martinet of a professional mariner or some landsman with shattered nerves, every one of God's creatures makes but with a simple childlike pleasure at having 30 it fast. A strange instance of man's unconcern and brazen boldness in the face of death!

We confound ourselves with metaphysical phrases, which we import into daily talk with unaffrighted, and they go on, bubbling with 35 noble inappropriateness. We have no idea of what death is, apart from its circumstances and some of its consequences to others: and although we have some experience of living there is not a man on earth who has flown so tioned (if we look to the peril only) whether 40 high into abstraction as to have any practical guess at the meaning of the word life. All literature, from Job and Omar Khayyam to Thomas Carlyle or Walt Whitman, is but an attempt to look upon the human state with Indeed, it is a memorable subject for con-45 such largeness of view as shall enable us to rise from the consideration of living to the Definition of Life. And our sages give us about the best satisfaction in their power when they say that it is a vapour, or a show, those who fear the last pinch, is irrevocable 50 or made out of the same stuff with dreams. Philosophy, in its more rigid sense, has been at the same work for ages: and after a myriad bald heads have wagged over the problem, and piles of words have been heaped one upon another into dry and cloudy volumes without end, philosophy has the honour of laying before us, with modest pride, her contribution towards the subject: that life is a Permanent Possibility of Sensation. Truly a fine result! A man may very well love beef, or hunting, or a woman; but surely, surely, not a Permanent Possibility of Sensation! He may be afraid of a precipice, or a 10 the trap is laid. But we are so fond of life dentist, or a large enemy with a club, or even an undertaker's man: but not certainly of abstract death. We may trick with the word life in its dozen senses until we are weary of tricking; we may argue in terms of 15 this glowing bride of ours, to the appetites, all the philosophies on earth, but one fact remains true throughout - that we do not love life, in the sense that we are greatly preoccupied about its conservation; that we do not, properly speaking, love life at all, 20 but as for caring about the Permanence of but living. Into the views of the least careful there will enter some degree of providence: no man's eyes are fixed entirely on the passing hour; but although we have some anticipation of good health, good weather, 25 bag's end, as the French say - or whether wine, active employment, love, and selfapproval, the sum of these anticipations does not amount to anything like a general view of life's possibilities and issues: nor are those who cherish them most vividly, at all the 30 istic poetry-books, about its vanity and most scrupulous of their personal safety. To be deeply interested in the accidents of our existence, to enjoy keenly the mixed texture of human experience, rather leads a man to disregard precautions, and risk his neck 35 situations there is but one conclusion posagainst a straw. For surely the love of living is stronger in an Alpine climber roping over a peril, or a hunter riding merrily at a stiff fence, than in a creature who lives upon a diet and walks a measured distance in the 40 ache and terror from the thought of death interest of his constitution.

There is a great deal of very vile nonsense talked upon both sides of the matter: tearing divines reducing life to the dimensions of a mere funeral procession, so short as to be 45 Already an old man, he ventured on his hardly decent; and melancholy unbelievers vearning for the tomb as if it were a world too far away. Both sides must feel a little ashamed of their performances now and again when they draw in their chairs to 50 a good man's cultivation, so it is the first dinner. Indeed, a good meal and a bottle of wine is an answer to most standard works upon the question. When a man's heart

warms to his viands, he forgets a great deal of sophistry, and soars into a rosy zone of contemplation. Death may be knocking at the door, like the Commander's statue: we 5 have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock. Passing bells are ringing all the world over. All the world over, and every hour, some one is parting company with all his aches and ecstasies. For us also that we have no leisure to entertain the terror of death. It is a honeymoon with us all through, and none of the longest. Small blame to us if we give our whole hearts to to honour, to the hungry curiosity of the mind, to the pleasure of the eyes in nature. and the pride of our own nimble bodies.

We all of us appreciate the sensations; the Possibility, a man's head is generally very bald, and his senses very dull, before he comes to that. Whether we regard life as a lane leading to a dead wall - a mere we think of it as a vestibule or gymnasium. where we wait our turn and prepare our faculties for some more noble destiny; whether we thunder in a pulpit, or pule in little athebrevity; whether we look justly for years of health and vigour, or are about to mount into a Bath-chair, as a step towards the hearse: in each and all of these views and sible: that a man should stop his ears against paralysing terror, and run the race that is set before him with a single mind. No one surely could have recoiled with more heartthan our respected lexicographer; and yet we know how little it affected his conduct, how wisely and boldly he walked, and in what a fresh and lively vein he spoke of life. Highland tour; and his heart, bound with triple brass, did not recoil before twentyseven individual cups of tea. As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth part of intelligence to recognize our precarious estate in life, and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact. A frank and somewhat headlong carriage, not looking too anxiously before, not dallying in maudlin regret over the past, stamps the man who is well armoured for this world.

And not only well armoured for himself, but a good friend and a good citizen to boot. We do not go to cowards for tender dealing; there is nothing so cruel as panic: the man most time to consider others. That eminent chemist who took his walks abroad in tin shoes, and subsisted wholly upon tepid milk, had all his work cut out for him in consideras prudence has begun to grow up in the brain, like a dismal fungus, it finds its first expression in a paralysis of generous acts. The victim begins to shrink spiritually: he temperature, and takes his morality on the principle of tin shoes and tepid milk. The care of one important body or soul becomes so engrossing, that all the noises of the outer parlour with the regulated temperature; and the tin shoes go equably forward over blood and rain. To be otherwise is to ossify; and the scruple-monger ends by standing stocksleeve, and a good whirling weathercock of a brain, who reckons his life as a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded, makes a very different acquaintance of the fast, and gathers impetus as he runs, until, if he be running towards anything better than wildfire, he may shoot up and become a constellation in the end. Lord look after his he; and he has at the key of the position, and swashes through incongruity and peril towards his aim. Death is on all sides of him with pointed batteries, as he is on all him round; mim-mouthed friends and relations hold up their hands in quite a little elegiacal synod about his path: and what cares he for all this? Being a true lover of spontaneous in his inside, he must, like any other soldier, in any other stirring, deadly warfare, push on at his best pace until he

touch the goal. 'A peerage or Westminster Abbey!' cried Nelson in his bright, boyish, heroic manner. These are great incentives; not for any of these, but for the plain satis-5 faction of living, of being about their business in some sort or other, do the brave, serviceable men of every nation tread down the nettle danger, and pass flyingly over all the stumbling-blocks of prudence. Think of who has least fear for his own carcass, has 10 the heroism of Johnson, think of that superb indifference to mortal limitation that set him upon his dictionary, and carried him through triumphantly until the end! Who, if he were wisely considerate of things at large, would ate dealings with his own digestion. So soon 15 ever embark upon any work much more considerable than a half-penny post card? Who would project a serial novel, after Thackeray and Dickens had each fallen in mid-course? Who would find heart enough to begin to develops a fancy for parlours with a regulated 20 live, if he dallied with the consideration of death?

And, after all, what sorry and pitiful quibbling all this is! To forego all the issues of living in a parlour with a regulated temworld begin to come thin and faint into the 25 perature — as if that were not to die a hundred times over, and for ten years at a stretch! As if it were not to die in one's own lifetime, and without even the sad immunities of death! As if it were not to die, and still. Now the man who has his heart on his 30 yet be the patient spectators of our own pitiable change! The Permanent Possibility is preserved, but the sensations carefully held at arm's length, as if one kept a photographic plate in a dark chamber. It is betworld, keeps all his pulses going true and 35 ter to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it, than to die daily in the sickroom. By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even health, Lord have a care of his soul, says 40 if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honour useful labour. A spirit goes out of the man who sides of all of us; unfortunate surprises gird 45 means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that living, a fellow with something pushing and 50 has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laving out vast projects, and planning monstrous foundations. flushed with hope, and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be at once tripped up and silenced: is there not some- 5 thing brave and spirited in such a termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made 10 symbols and ratios. Symbols and ratios their fine saving that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man. this is to die young. Death has not been 15 distances; and the suns and worlds themsuffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the 20 tion, where there is no habitable city for the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happystarred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

1881

PULVIS ET UMBRA *

We look for some reward of our endeavours and are disappointed; not success, not hap-30 sis can help us to conceive; to whose incredpiness, not even peace of conscience, crowns our ineffectual efforts to do well. Our frailties are invincible, our virtues barren; the battle goes sore against us to the going down of the sun. The canting moralist tells us 35 atoms with a pediculous malady; swelling of right and wrong; and we look abroad, even on the face of our small earth, and find them change with every climate, and no country where some action is not honoured for a virtue and none where it is not branded 40 through varying stages. This vital putresfor a vice; and we look in our experience, and find no vital congruity in the wisest rules, but at the best a municipal fitness. It is not strange if we are tempted to despair of good. We ask too much. Our religions and 45 will sometimes check our breathing so that moralities have been trimmed to flatter us, till they are all emasculate and sentimentalised, and only please and weaken. Truth is of a rougher strain. In the harsh face of life, faith can read a bracing gospel. The 50 in the hard rock the crystal is forming. human race is a thing more ancient than the ten commandments; and the bones and

revolutions of the Kosmos, in whose joints we are but moss and fungus, more ancient still.

Of the Kosmos in the last resort, science reports many doubtful things and all of them appalling. There seems no substance on this solid globe on which we stamp: nothing but carry us and bring us forth and beat us down: gravity that swings the incommensurable suns and worlds through space, is but a figment varying inversely as the squares of selves, imponderable figures of abstractions, NH₃ and H₂O. Consideration dares not dwell upon this view; that way madness lies; science carries us into zones of speculamind of man.

But take the Kosmos with a grosser faith. as our senses give it us. We behold space sown with rotary islands, suns and worlds 25 and the shards and wrecks of systems: some. like the sun, still blazing: some rotting, like the earth; others, like the moon, stable in desolation. All of these we take to be made of something we call matter: a thing no analyible properties no familiarities can reconcile our minds. This stuff, when not purified by the lustration of fire, rots uncleanly into something we call life: seized through all its in tumours that become independent, sometimes even (by an abhorrent prodigy) locomotory; one splitting into millions, millions cohering into one, as the malady proceeds cence of the dust, used as we are to it, yet strikes us with occasional disgust, and the profusion of worms in a piece of ancient turf, or the air of a marsh darkened with insects, we aspire for cleaner places. But none is clean: the moving sand is infected with lice; the pure spring, where it bursts out of the mountain, is a mere issue of worms; even

In two main shapes this eruption covers the countenance of the earth: the animal and

* Across the Plains. By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

the vegetable: one in some degree the inversion of the other: the second rooted to the spot: the first coming detached out of its natal mud, and scurrying abroad with the heavens on the wings of birds: a thing so inconceivable that, if it be well considered, the heart stops. To what passes with the anchored vermin, we have little clue: doubtdelights and killing agonies: it appears not how. But of the locomotory, to which we ourselves belong, we can tell more. These share with us a thousand miracles: the tion of sound, things that bridge space; the miracles of memory and reason, by which the present is conceived, and when it is gone, its image kept living in the brains of man and imperious desires and staggering consequences. And to put the last touch upon this mountain mass of the revolting and the inconceivable, all these prey upon each other, them inside themselves, and by that summary process, growing fat: the vegetarian, the whale, perhaps the tree, not less than the lion of the desert; for the vegetarian is only the eater of the dumb.

Meanwhile our rotary island loaded with predatory life, and more drenched with blood, both animal and vegetable, than ever mutinied ship, scuds through space with cheeks to the reverberation of a blazing world, ninety million miles away.

the disease of agglutinated dust, lifting alternate feet or lying drugged with slumber: killing, feeding, growing, bringing forth small copies of himself; grown upon with and glitter in his face; a thing to set children screaming; — and yet looked at nearlier. known as his fellows know him, how surprising are his attributes! Poor soul, here for filled with desires so incommensurate and so inconsistent, savagely surrounded, savagely descended, irremediably condemned to prev

upon his fellow lives: who should have blamed him had he been of a piece with his destiny and a being merely barbarous? And we look and behold him instead filled with myriad feet of insects or towering into the 5 imperfect virtues: infinitely childish, often admirably valiant, often touchingly kind; sitting down, amidst his momentary life, to debate of right and wrong and the attributes of the deity; rising up to do battle for an egg less they have their joys and sorrows, their 10 or die for an idea; singling out his friends and his mate with cordial affection; bringing forth in pain, rearing with long-suffering solicitude, his young. To touch the heart of his mystery, we find in him one thought, strange miracles of sight, of hearing, of the projec-15 to the point of lunacy: the thought of duty; the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbour, to his God: an ideal of decency, to which he would rise if it were possible: a limit of shame, below which, brute; the miracle of reproduction, with its 20 if it be possible, he will not stoop. The design in most men is one of conformity; here and there, in picked natures, it transcends itself and soars on the other side, arming martyrs with independence; but in all, in lives tearing other lives in pieces, cramming 25 their degrees, it is a bosom thought: — Not in man alone, for we trace it in dogs and cats whom we know fairly well, and doubtless some similar point of honour sways the elephant, the oyster, and the louse, of whom we 30 know so little: - But in man, at least, it sways with so complete an empire that merely selfish things come second, even with the selfish: that appetites are starved, fears are conquered, pains supported; that almost unimaginable speed, and turns alternate 35 the dullest shrinks from the reproof of a glance, although it were a child's; and all but the most cowardly stand amid the risks of war; and the more noble, having strongly conceived an act as due to their ideal, affront What a monstrous spectre is this man, 40 and embrace death. Strange enough if, with their singular origin and perverted practice, they think they are to be rewarded in some future life: stranger still, if they are persuaded of the contrary, and think this hair like grass, fitted with eyes that move 45 blow, which they solicit, will strike them senseless for eternity. I shall be reminded what a tragedy of misconception and misconduct man at large presents: of organised injustice, cowardly violence, and treacherous so little, cast among so many hardships, 50 crime; and of the damning imperfections of the best. They cannot be too darkly drawn. Man is indeed marked for failure in his efforts to do right. But where the best consistently

miscarry, how tenfold more remarkable that all should continue to strive; and surely we should find it both touching and inspiriting. that in a field from which success is banished. our race should not cease to labour.

If the first view of this creature, stalking in his rotatory isle, be a thing to shake the courage of the stoutest, on this nearer sight, he startles us with an admiring wonder. It matters not where we look, under what climate 10 the dust, this inheritor of a few years and sorwe observe him, in what stage of society, in what depth of ignorance, burthened with what erroneous morality; by camp-fires in Assiniboia, the snow powdering his shoulders. the wind plucking his blanket, as he sits, 15 ceived with screams a little while ago by passing the ceremonial calumet and uttering his grave opinions like a Roman senator: in ships at sea, a man inured to hardship and vile pleasures, his brightest hope a fiddle in a tavern and a bedizened trull who sells her-20 of man denies in vain his kinship with the self to rob him, and he for all that simple, innocent, cheerful, kindly like a child, constant to toil, brave to drown, for others; in the slums of cities, moving among indifferent millions to mechanical employments, with 25 unattainable ideal, the same constancy in out hope of change in the future, with scarce a pleasure in the present, and yet true to his virtues, honest up to his lights, kind to his neighbours, tempted perhaps in vain by the bright gin-palace, perhaps long-suffering 30 brutes, that we can scarce trace and scarce with the drunken wife that ruins him; in India (a woman this time) kneeling with broken cries and streaming tears, as she drowns her child in the sacred river; in the brothel, the discard of society, living mainly 35 ant? Rather this desire of well-doing and on strong drink, fed with affronts, a fool, a thief, the comrade of thieves, and even here keeping the point of honour and the touch of pity, often repaying the world's scorn with service, often standing firm upon a scruple, 40 tues and one temple of pious tears and perand at a certain cost, rejecting riches: everywhere some virtue cherished or affected, everywhere some decency of thought and carriage, everywhere the ensign of man's ineffectual goodness: - ah! if I could show 45 and forest, the squirrel in the oak, the thouyou this! if I could show you these men and women, all the world over, in every stage of history, under every abuse of error, under every circumstance of failure, without hope, without help, without thanks, still obscurely 50 do well; like us receive at times unmerited fighting the lost fight of virtue, still clinging, in the brothel or on the scaffold, to some rag of honour, the poor jewel of their souls!

They may seek to escape, and yet they cannot; it is not alone their privilege and glory. but their doom; they are condemned to some nobility; all their lives long, the desire 5 of good is at their heels, the implacable hunter.

Of all earth's meteors, here at least is the most strange and consoling: That this ennobled lemur, this hair-crowned bubble of rows, should yet deny himself his rare delights, and add to his frequent pains, and live for an ideal, however misconceived. Nor can we stop with man. A new doctrine, recanting moralists, and still not properly worked into the body of our thoughts, lights us a step farther into the heart of this rough but noble universe. For nowadays the pride original dust. He stands no longer like a thing apart. Close at his heels we see the dog, prince of another genus: and in him too. we see dumbly testified the same cultus of an failure. Does it stop with the dog? We look at our feet where the ground is blackened with the swarming ant: a creature so small, so far from us in the hierarchy of comprehend his doings; and here also, in his ordered polities and rigorous justice, we see confessed the law of duty and the fact of individual sin. Does it stop, then, with the this doom of frailty run through all the grades of life: rather is this earth, from the frosty top of Everest to the next margin of the internal fire, one stage of ineffectual virseverance. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together. It is the common and the god-like law of life. The browsers, the biters, the barkers, the hairy coats of field sand-footed creeper in the dust, as they share with us the gift of life, share with us the love of an ideal: strive like us - like us are tempted to grow weary of the struggle — to refreshment, visitings of support, returns of courage; and are condemned like us to be crucified between that double law of the

members and the will. Are they like us, I wonder, in the timid hope of some reward, some sugar with the drug? do they, too, stand aghast at unrewarded virtues, at the suffertake to be just, and the prosperity of such as, in our blindness we call wicked? It may be, and vet God knows what they should look for. Even while they look, even while they repent, the foot of man treads them by 10 effort, or utters the language of complaint. thousands in the dust, the yelping hounds burst upon their trail, the bullet speeds, the knives are heating in the den of the vivisectionist; or the dew falls, and the generation of a day is blotted out. For these are crea-15

tures, compared with whom our weakness is strength, our ignorance wisdom, our brief span eternity.

And as we dwell, we living things, in our ings of those whom, in our partiality, we 5 isle of terror and under the imminent hand of death. God forbid it should be man the erected, the reasoner, the wise in his own eyes — God forbid it should be man that wearies in well-doing, that despairs of unrewarded Let it be enough for faith, that the whole creation groans in mortal frailty, strives with unconquerable constancy: surely not all in vain.

1892

CRITICISM

Matthew Arnold (1822–1888)

THE STUDY OF POETRY

cause in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact: it has attached its emotion But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea is the fact. The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry.'

Let me be permitted to quote these words of my own, as uttering the thought which should, in my opinion, go with us and govern us in all our study of poetry. In the present stream to the world-river of poetry that we are invited to follow. We are here invited to trace the stream of English poetry. But whether we set ourselves, as here, to follow mighty river of poetry, or whether we seek to know them all, our governing thought

should be the same. We should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive of it as capable of higher uses, and 'The future of poetry is immense, be-20 called to higher destinies, than those which in general men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without accredited dogma which is not shown to be 25 poetry, our science will appear incomplete: and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. Science, I say, will appear incomplete without it. For finely and truly does to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. 30 Wordsworth call poetry 'the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science'; and what is a countenance without its expression? Again, Wordsworth finely and truly calls poetry 'the breath and finer 35 spirit of all knowledge': our religion, parading evidences such as those on which the popular mind relies now; our philosophy. pluming itself on its reasonings about causation and finite and infinite being; what are work it is the course of one great contributory 40 they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge? The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted to them, for having taken them seriously; and the more we perceive their only one of the several streams that make the 45 hollowness, the more we shall prize 'the breath and finer spirit of knowledge' offered to us by poetry.

But if we conceive thus highly of the destinies of poetry, we must also set our standard for poetry high, since poetry, to be capable of fulfilling such high destinies, must be poetry of a high order of excellence. We must accustom ourselves to a high standard and to a strict judgment. Sainte-Beuve relates that Napoleon one day said, when somebody was spoken of in his presence as a charlatan: 'Charlatan as much as you 10 minds at the outset, and should compel ourplease; but where is there not charlatanism?' - 'Yes,' answers Sainte-Beuve, 'in politics, in the art of governing mankind, that is perhaps true. But in the order of thought. in art, the glory, the eternal honour is that 15 of the strength and joy to be drawn from charlatanism shall find no entrance; herein lies the inviolableness of that noble portion of man's being.' It is admirably said, and let us hold fast to it. In poetry, which is thought and art in one, it is the glory, the 20 ful, by two other kinds of estimate, the hiseternal honour, that charlatanism shall find no entrance: that this noble sphere be kept inviolate and inviolable. Charlatanism is for confusing or obliterating the distinctions between excellent and inferior, sound and 25 and they may count to us really. They may unsound or only half-sound, true and untrue or only half-true. It is charlatanism, conscious or unconscious, whenever we confuse or obliterate these. And in poetry, more than anywhere else, it is unpermissible to 30 course of development we may easily bring confuse or obliterate them. For in poetry the distinction between excellent and inferior. sound and unsound or only half-sound, true and untrue or only half-true, is of paramount importance. It is of paramount importance 35 arises in our poetic judgments the fallacy because of the high destinies of poetry. In poetry, as a criticism of life under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty, the spirit of our race will find, we have said, as time 40 stances, have great power to swav our estigoes on and as other helps fail, its consolation and stay. But the consolation and stay will be of power in proportion to the power of the criticism of life. And the criticism of life will be of power in proportion as the 45 tance. Here also we over-rate the object of poetry conveying it is excellent rather than inferior, sound rather than unsound or halfsound, true rather than untrue or half-true.

The best poetry is what we want: the best poetry will be found to have a power 50 by an estimate which we may call personal. of forming, sustaining, and delighting us, as nothing else can. A clearer, deeper sense of the best in poetry, and of the strength

and joy to be drawn from it, is the most precious benefit which we can gather from a poetical collection such as the present. And yet in the very nature and conduct of 5 such a collection there is inevitably something which tends to obscure in us the consciousness of what our benefit should be, and to distract us from the pursuit of it. We should therefore steadily set it before our selves to revert constantly to the thought of it as we proceed.

Yes; constantly in reading poetry, a sense for the best, the really excellent, and it, should be present in our minds and should govern our estimate of what we read. But this real estimate, the only true one, is liable to be superseded, if we are not watchtoric estimate and the personal estimate, both of which are fallacious. A poet or a poem may count to us historically, they may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves. count to us historically. The course of development of a nation's language, thought. and poetry, is profoundly interesting: and by regarding a poet's work as a stage in this ourselves to make it of more importance as poetry than in itself it really is, we may come to use a language of quite exaggerated praise in criticising it; in short, to over-rate it. So caused by the estimate which we may call historic. Then, again, a poet or a poem may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves. Our personal affinities, likings, and circummate of this or that poet's work, and to make us attach more importance to it as poetry than in itself it really possesses, because to us it is, or has been, of high imporour interest, and apply to it a language of praise which is quite exaggerated. And thus we get the source of a second fallacy in our poetic judgments - the fallacy caused

Both fallacies are natural. It is evident how naturally the study of the history and development of a poetry may incline a man

to pause over reputations and works once conspicuous but now obscure, and to quarrel with a careless public for skipping, in obedience to mere tradition and habit, from one another, ignorant of what it misses, and of the reason for keeping what it keeps, and of the whole process of growth in its poetry. The French have become diligent students of lected; the study makes many of them dissatisfied with this so-called classical poetry. the court-tragedy of the seventeenth century, a poetry which Pellisson long ago reproached with its want of the true poetic stamp, with 15 must read our classic with open eyes, and its politesse stérile et rampante, but which nevertheless has reigned in France as absolutely as if it had been the perfection of classical poetry indeed. The dissatisfaction critic, M. Charles d'Héricault, the editor of Clément Marot, goes too far when he says that 'the cloud of glory playing round a classic is a mist as dangerous to the future of poses of history.' 'It hinders,' he goes on, it hinders us from seeing more than one single point, the culminating and exceptional point; the summary, fictitious and arbistitutes a halo for a physiognomy, it puts a statue where there was once a man, and hiding from us all trace of the labour, the attempts, the weaknesses, the failures, it show us how the thing is done, it imposes upon us a model. Above all, for the historian this creation of classic personages is inadmissible; for it withdraws the poet from his relationships, it blinds criticism by conventional admiration, and renders the investigation of literary origins unacceptable. gives us a human personage no longer, but work, like Jupiter on Olympus: and hardly will it be possible for the young student, to whom such work is exhibited at such a distance from him, to believe that it did not issue ready made from that divine head.'

All this is brilliantly and tellingly said. but we must plead for a distinction. Everything depends on the reality of a poet's clas-

sic character. If he is a dubious classic, let us sift him: if he is a false classic, let us explode him. But if he is a real classic, if his work belongs to the class of the very best famous name or work in its national poetry to 5 (for this is the true and right meaning of the word classic, classical), then the great thing for us is to feel and enjoy his work as deeply as ever we can, and to appreciate the wide difference between it and all work which has their own early poetry, which they long neg- 10 not the same high character. This is what is salutary, this is what is formative; this is the great benefit to be got from the study of poetry. Everything which interferes with it, which hinders it, is injurious. True, we not with eves blinded with superstition; we must perceive when his work comes short, when it drops out of the class of the very best, and we must rate it, in such cases, at its is natural; yet a lively and accomplished 20 proper value. But the use of this negative criticism is not in itself, it is entirely in its enabling us to have a clearer sense and a deeper enjoyment of what is truly excellent. To trace the labour, the attempts, the weaka literature as it is intolerable for the pur-25 nesses, the failures of a genuine classic, to acquaint oneself with his time and his life and his historical relationships, is mere literary dilettantism unless it has that clear sense and deeper enjoyment for its end. It may trary, of a thought and of a work. It sub-30 be said that the more we know about a classic the better we shall enjoy him; and, if we lived as long as Methuselah and had all of us heads of perfect clearness and wills of perfect steadfastness, this might be true in claims not study but veneration; it does not 35 fact as it is plausible in theory. But the case here is much the same as the case with the Greek and Latin studies of our schoolboys. The elaborate philological groundwork which we require them to lav is in time, from his proper life, it breaks historical 40 theory an admirable preparation for appreciating the Greek and Latin authors worthily. The more thoroughly we lay the groundwork, the better we shall be able, it may be said, to enjoy the authors. True, if time were a God seated immovable amidst His perfect 45 not so short, and schoolboys' wits not so soon tired and their power of attention exhausted: only, as it is, the elaborate philological preparation goes on, but the authors are little known and less enjoyed. So with the inves-50 tigator of 'historic origins' in poetry. He ought to enjoy the true classic all the better for his investigations; he often is distracted from the enjoyment of the best, and with the less good he overbusies himself, and is prone to over-rate it in proportion to the trouble which it has cost him.

The idea of tracing historic origins and historical relationships cannot be absent from a compilation like the present. And naturally the poets to be exhibited in it will be assigned to those persons for exhibition who are known to prize them highly, rather than to those who have no special inclination 10 The poem has vigour and freshness; it is towards them. Moreover the very occupation with an author, and the business of exhibiting him, disposes us to affirm and amplify his importance. In the present work, therefore, we are sure of frequent tempta- 15 and beautiful work, a monument of epic tion to adopt the historic estimate, or the personal estimate, and to forget the real estimate; which latter, nevertheless, we must employ if we are to make poetry yield us its full benefit. So high is that benefit, 20 the genuine epic, and distinguish it from the the benefit of clearly feeling and of deeply enjoying the really excellent, the truly classic in poetry, that we do well, I say, to set it fixedly before our minds as our object in studying poets and poetry, and to make the 25 praise due to epic poetry of the highest order desire of attaining it the one principle to which, as the Imitation says, whatever we may read or come to know, we always return. Cum multa legeris et cognoveris, ad unum semper oportet redire principium.

The historic estimate is likely in especial to affect our judgment and our language when we are dealing with ancient poets: the personal estimate when we are dealing with poets our contemporaries, or at any rate 35 That is primitive work, I repeat, with an modern. The exaggerations due to the historic estimate are not in themselves, perhaps, of very much gravity. Their report hardly enters the general ear; probably they do not always impose even on the literary 40 men who adopt them. But they lead to a dangerous abuse of language. So we hear Cædmon, amongst our own poets, compared to Milton. I have already noticed the enthusiasm of one accomplished French critic 45 Vitet gives to the Chanson de Roland. If our for 'historic origins.' Another eminent French critic, M. Vitet, comments upon that famous document of the early poetry of his nation, the Chanson de Roland. It is indeed a most interesting document. The joculator 50 or jongleur Taillefer, who was with William the Conqueror's army at Hastings, marched before the Norman troops, so said the

tradition, singing 'of Charlemagne and of Roland and of Oliver, and of the vassals who died at Roncevaux'; and it is suggested that in the Chanson de Roland by one Turol-5 dus or Théroulde, a poem preserved in a manuscript of the twelfth century in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, we have certainly the matter, perhaps even some of the words of the chant which Taillefer sang. not without pathos. But M. Vitet is not satisfied with seeing in it a document of some poetic value, and of very high historic and linguistic value; he sees in it a grand genius. In its general design he finds the grandiose conception, in its details he finds the constant union of simplicity with greatness, which are the marks, he truly says, of artificial epic of literary ages. One thinks of Homer; this is the sort of praise which is given to Homer, and justly given. Higher praise there cannot well be, and it is the only, and to no other. Let us try, then, the Chanson de Roland at its best. Roland, mortally wounded, lavs himself down under a pine-tree, with his face turned toward Spain 30 and the enemy-

'De plusurs choses à remembrer li prist, De tantes teres cume li bers cunquist, De dulce France, des humes de sun lign, De Carlemagne sun seignor ki l'nurrit.'

undeniable poetic quality of its own. It deserves such praise, and such praise is sufficient for it. But now turn to Homer-

"Ως φάτο, τοὺς δ ήδη κατέχεν φυσίζους αἶα έν Λακεδαίμονι αδθι, φίλη έν πατρίδι γαίη.

We are here in another world, another order of poetry altogether; here is rightly due such supreme praise as that which M. words are to have any meaning, if our judgments are to have any solidity, we must not heap that supreme praise upon poetry of an order immeasurably inferior.

Indeed there can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent, and can therefore do us most good, than to have always in one's

mind lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry. Of course we are not to require be very dissimilar. But if we have any tact 5 Sat on his faded cheek . . .' this other poetry to resemble them; it may we shall find them, when we have lodged them well in our minds, an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic quality, and also the degree of this quality, in all other poetry which we 10 of Proserpine, the loss may place beside them. Short passages, even single lines, will serve our turn quite sufficiently. Take the two lines which I have just quoted from Homer, the poet's comment on Helen's mention of her brothers; — or 15 them, are enough even of themselves to keep take his

*Α δειλώ τί σφῶϊ δόμεν Πηληϊ ἄνακτι θνητῷ; ὑμεῖς δ' ἐστὸν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε. the address of Zeus to the horses of Peleus; or take finally his

Καὶ σέ, γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἀκούομεν ὅλβιον

the words of Achilles to Priam, a suppliant before him. Take that incomparable line and a half of Dante, Ugolino's tremendous words-

> 'Io no piangeva; sì dentro impietrai. Piangevan elli . . .'

take the lovely words of Beatrice to Virgil-

' Io son fatta da Dio, sua mercè, tale, Che la vostra miseria non mi tange. Nè fiamma d'esto incendio non m'assale ...'

take the simple, but perfect, single line — 'In la sua volontade è nostra pace.'

the Fourth's expostulation with sleep—

'Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains In cradle of the rude imperious surge . . .'

and take, as well, Hamlet's dying request to Horatio -

'If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart, Absent thee from felicity awhile,

To tell my story

Take of Milton that Miltonic passage —

'Darkened so, yet shone Above them all the archangel; but his face Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care

add two such lines as --

'And courage never to submit or yield And what is else not to be overcome . . .'

and finish with the exquisite close to the loss

'. . . which cost Ceres all that pain To seek her through the world.

These few lines, if we have tact and can use clear and sound our judgments about poetry, to save us from fallacious estimates of it, to conduct us to a real estimate.

The specimens I have quoted differ widely $\mathring{\eta}$ ἴνα δυστήνοισι μετ' ἀνδράσιν ἄλγε' ἔχητον; $_{20}$ from one another, but they have in common the possession of the very highest poetical quality. If we are thoroughly penetrated by their power, we shall find that we have acquired a sense enabling us, whatever 25 poetry may be laid before us, to feel the degree in which a high poetical quality is present or wanting there. Critics give themselves great labour to draw out what in the abstract constitutes the characters of a high 30 quality of poetry. It is much better simply to have recourse to concrete examples; to take specimens of poetry of the high, the very highest quality, and to say: The characters of a high quality of poetry are 35 what is expressed there. They are far better recognized by being felt in the verse of the master, than by being perused in the prose of the critic. Nevertheless if we are urgently pressed to give some critical account of them, Take of Shakespeare a line or two of Henry 40 we may safely, perhaps, venture on laying down, not indeed how and why the characters arise, but where and in what they arise. They are in the matter and substance of the poetry, and they are in its manner and 45 style. Both of these, the substance and matter on the one hand, the style and manner on the other, have a mark, an accent, of high beauty, worth, and power. But if we are asked to define this mark and accent in the And in this harsh world draw thy breath in 50 abstract, our answer must be: No, for we should thereby be darkening the question, not clearing it. The mark and accent are as given by the substance and matter of that poetry, by the style and manner of that poetry, and of all other poetry which is

akin to it in quality.

Only one thing we may add as to the substance and matter of poetry, guiding ourselves by Aristotle's profound observation that the superiority of poetry over history consists in its possessing a higher truth and a higher seriousness (φιλοσοφώτερον καί σπουδαιότερον). Let us add, therefore, to 10 of that poetry, its productions in the langue what we have said, this: that the substance and matter of the best poetry acquire their special character from possessing, in an eminent degree, truth and seriousness. We may add yet further, what is in itself evi-15 the first literature of modern Europe to dent, that to the style and manner of the best poetry their special character, their accent, is given by their diction, and, even vet more, by their movement. And though we distinguish between the two characters, 20 and thirteenth centuries, is due to its poetry the two accents, of superiority, yet they are nevertheless vitally connected one with the other. The superior character of truth and seriousness, in the matter and substance of the best poetry, is inseparable from the 25 and stronger in England, at the court of our superiority of diction and movement marking its style and manner. The two superiorities are closely related, and are in steadfast proportion one to the other. So far as high poetic truth and seriousness are wanting to 30 poems which took possession of the heart and a poet's matter and substance, so far also, we may be sure, will a high poetic stamp of diction and movement be wanting to his style and manner. In proportion as this high stamp of diction and movement, again, 35 can be placed in competition with them.' is absent from a poet's style and manner, we shall find, also, that high poetic truth and seriousness are absent from his substance and matter.

their whole force lies in their application. And I could wish every student of poetry to make the application of them for himself. Made by himself, the application would impress itself upon his mind far more deeply 45 parleure en est plus délitable et plus commune than made by me. Neither will my limits allow me to make any full application of the generalities above propounded; but in the hope of bringing out, at any rate, some significance in them, and of establishing an im-50 country, as follows: portant principle more firmly by their means, I will, in the space which remains to me, follow rapidly from the commencement the

course of our English poetry with them in

Once more I return to the early poetry of France, with which our own poetry, in 5 its origins, is indissolubly connected. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, that seed-time of all modern language and literature, the poetry of France had a clear predominance in Europe. Of the two divisions d' oil and its productions in the langue d' oc. the poetry of the langue d' oc, of southern France, of the troubadours, is of importance because of its effect on Italian literature; strike the true and grand note, and to bring forth, as in Dante and Petrarch it brought forth, classics. But the predominance of French poetry in Europe, during the twelfth of the langue d' oïl, the poetry of northern France and of the tongue which is now the French language. In the twelfth century the bloom of this romance-poetry was earlier Anglo-Norman kings, than in France itself. But it was a bloom of French poetry: and as our native poetry formed itself, it formed itself out of this. The romanceimagination of Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are French; 'they are.' as Southey justly says, 'the pride of French literature, nor have we anything which Themes were supplied from all quarters: but the romance-setting which was common to them all, and which gained the ear of Europe, was French. This constituted for So stated, these are but dry generalities; 40 the French poetry, literature, and language, at the height of the Middle Age, an unchallenged predominance. The Italian Brunetto Latini, the master of Dante, wrote his Treasure in French because, he says, 'la à toutes gens.' In the same century, the thirteenth, the French romance-writer, Christian of Troves, formulates the claims, in chivalry and letters, of France, his native

> 'Or vous ert par ce livre apris, Que Gresse ot de chevalerie Le premier los et de clergie;

Puis vint chevalerie à Rome, Et de la clergie la some, Qui ore est en France venue. Diex doinst qu'ele i soit retenue, Et que li lius li abelisse Tant que de France n'isse L'onor qui s'i est arestée!'

'Now by this book you will learn that first Greece had the renown for chivalry and letters passed to Rome, and now it is come to France. God grant it may be kept there; and that the place may please it so well, that the honour which has come to make stay in France may never depart thence!'

Yet it is now all gone, this French romancepoetry, of which the weight of substance and the power of style are not unfairly represented by this extract from Christian of timate can we persuade ourselves now to think that any of it is of poetical importance.

But in the fourteenth century there comes an Englishman nourished on this poetry, words, rhyme, metre from this poetry; for even of that stanza which the Italians used, and which Chaucer derived immediately from the Italians, the basis and sug-Chaucer (I have already named him) fascinated his contemporaries, but so too did Christian of Troyes and Wolfram of Eschenbach. Chaucer's power of fascination, howdoes not need the assistance of the historic estimate; it is real. He is a genuine source of joy and strength, which is flowing still for us and will flow always. He will be read, as read now. His language is a cause of difficulty for us: but so also, and I think in quite as great a degree, is the language of Burns. In Chaucer's case, as in that of Burns, it is a difficulty to be unhesitatingly accepted and 45 And the virtue is irresistible. overcome.

If we ask ourselves wherein consists the immense superiority of Chaucer's poetry over the romance-poetry — why it is that in passing from this to Chaucer we suddenly 50 that a single line is enough to show the feel ourselves to be in another world, we shall find that his superiority is both in the substance of his poetry and in the style of his

poetry. His superiority in substance is given by his large, free, simple, clear yet kindly view of human life, - so unlike the total want, in the romance-poets, of all in-5 telligent command of it. Chaucer has not their helplessness; he has gained the power to survey the world from a central, a truly human point of view. We have only to call to mind the Prologue to The Canterbury ters: then chivalry and the primacy in let-10 Tales. The right comment upon it is Dryden's: 'It is sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty.' And again: 'He is a perpetual fountain of good sense.' It is by a large, free, sound represen-15 tation of things, that poetry, this high criticism of life, has truth of substance; and Chaucer's poetry has truth of substance.

Of his style and manner, if we think first of the romance-poetry and then of Chaucer's Troyes. Only by means of the historic es-20 divine liquidness of diction, his divine fluidity of movement, it is difficult to speak temperately. They are irresistible, and justify all the rapture with which his successors speak of his 'gold dew-drops of speech.' taught his trade by this poetry, getting 25 Johnson misses the point entirely when he finds fault with Dryden for ascribing to Chaucer the first refinement of our numbers, and says that Gower also can show smooth numbers and easy rhymes. gestion was probably given in France. 30 refinement of our numbers means something far more than this. A nation may have versifiers with smooth numbers and easy rhymes, and yet may have no real poetry at all. Chaucer is the father of our splendid ever, is enduring; his poetical importance 35 English poetry; he is our 'well of English undefiled,' because by the lovely charm of his diction, the lovely charm of his movement, he makes an epoch and founds a tradition. In Spenser, Shakspere, Milton, time goes on, far more generally than he is 40 Keats, we can follow the tradition of the liquid diction, the fluid movement, of Chaucer; at one time it is his liquid diction of which in these poets we feel the virtue, and at another time it is his fluid movement.

> Bounded as is my space, I must yet find room for an example of Chaucer's virtue, as I have given examples to show the virtue of the great classics. I feel disposed to say charm of Chaucer's verse; that merely one line like this

> > 'O martyr souded in virginitee!'

has a virtue of manner and movement such as we shall not find in all the verse of romance-poetry; — but this is saving nothing. The virtue is such as we shall not find, perhaps, in all English poetry, outside the poets 5 necessary union with poetic truth of style. whom I have named as the special inheritors of Chaucer's tradition. A single line, however, is too little if we have not the strain of Chaucer's verse well in our memory; let us take a stanza. It is from The Prioress's 10 classic of Christendom, the immortal poet Tale, the story of the Christian child murdered in a Jewry -

'My throte is cut unto my nekke-bone, Saidè this child, and as by way of kinde I should have deyd, yea, longè time agone; But Jesu Christ, as ye in bookès finde, Will that his glory last and be in minde, And for the worship of his mother dere Yet may I sing O Alma loud and clere.'

to feel how delicate and evanescent is the charm of verse, we have only to read Wordsworth's first three lines of this stanza after Chaucer's -

'My throat is cut unto the bone, I trow, Said this young child, and by the law of kind I should have died, yea, many hours ago.'

The charm is departed. It is often said that the power of liquidness and fluidity in Chau-30 substance of Chaucer's poetry, his view of cer's verse was dependent upon a free, a licentious dealing with language, such as is now impossible; upon a liberty, such as Burns too enjoyed, of making words like neck, bird, into a dissyllable by adding to 35 it. It is this chiefly which gives to our spirits them, and words like cause, rhyme, into a dissyllable by sounding the e mute. It is true that Chaucer's fluidity is conjoined with this liberty, and is admirably served by it; but we ought not to say that it was 40 esteemed. A voice from the slums of Paris, dependent upon it. It was dependent upon his talent. Other poets with a like liberty do not attain to the fluidity of Chaucer; Burns himself does not attain to it. Poets, again, who have a talent akin to Chaucer's, 45 more of this important poetic virtue of such as Shakspere or Keats, have known how to attain to his fluidity without the like liberty.

And vet Chaucer is not one of the great classics. His poetry transcends and effaces, 50 life, is that their virtue is sustained. easily and without effort, all the romancepoetry of Catholic Christendom; it transcends and effaces all the English poetry

contemporary with it, it transcends and effaces all the English poetry subsequent to it down to the age of Elizabeth. Of such avail is poetic truth of substance, in its natural and And yet, I say, Chaucer is not one of the great classics. He has not their accent. What is wanting to him is suggested by the mere mention of the name of the first great who died eighty years before Chaucer. -Dante. The accent of such verse as

'In la sua volontade è nostra pace . . .'

15 is altogether beyond Chaucer's reach: we praise him, but we feel that this accent is out of the question for him. It may be said that it was necessarily out of the reach of any poet in the England of that stage of Wordsworth has modernized this Tale, and 20 growth. Possibly; but we are to adopt a real, not a historic, estimate of poetry. However we may account for its absence, something is wanting, then, to the poetry of Chaucer, which poetry must have before it 25 can be placed in the glorious class of the best. And there is no doubt what that something is. It is the $\sigma\pi\sigma\nu\delta\alpha\iota\dot{\sigma}\tau\eta s$, the high and excellent seriousness, which Aristotle assigns as one of the grand virtues of poetry. The things and his criticism of life, has largeness. freedom, shrewdness, benignity; but it has not this high seriousness. Homer's criticism of life has it, Dante's has it, Shakspere's has what they can rest upon; and with the increasing demands of our modern ages upon poetry, this virtue of giving us what we can rest upon will be more and more highly fifty or sixty years after Chaucer, the voice of poor Villon out of his life of riot and crime. has at its happy moments (as, for instance, in the last stanza of La Belle Heaulmière) seriousness than all the productions of Chaucer. But its apparition in Villon, and in men like Villon, is fitful: the greatness of the great poets, the power of their criticism of

> To our praise, therefore, of Chaucer as a poet there must be this limitation; he lacks the high seriousness of the great classics,

and therewith an important part of their virtue. Still, the main fact for us to bear in mind about Chaucer is his sterling value according to that real estimate which we truth of substance, though he has not high poetic seriousness, and corresponding to his truth of substance he has an exquisite virtue of style and manner. With him is born our real poetry.

But for my present purpose I need not dwell on our Elizabethan poetry, or on the continuation and close of this poetry in Milton. We all of us profess to be agreed in recognize it as great poetry, our greatest, and Shakspere and Milton as our poetical classics. The real estimate, here, has universal currency. With the next age of our historic estimate of that poetry has established itself; and the question is, whether it will be found to coincide with the real estimate.

whole eighteenth century which followed it. sincerely believed itself to have produced poetical classics of its own, and even to have made advance, in poetry, beyond all its riously disputable the opinion 'that the sweetness of English verse was never understood or practised by our fathers.' Cowley could see nothing at all in Chaucer's poetry. seen, praised its matter admirably; but of its exquisite manner and movement all he can find to say is that 'there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is Addison, wishing to praise Chaucer's numbers, compares them with Dryden's own. And all through the eighteenth century, and down even into our own times, the stereofound in our early poetry has been, that it even approached the verse of Dryden, Addison, Pope, and Johnson.

Are Dryden and Pope poetical classics? them as such, and which has been so long established that it cannot easily give way. the real estimate? Wordsworth and Cole-

ridge, as is well known, denied it; but the authority of Wordsworth and Coleridge does not weigh much with the young generation, and there are many signs to show that the firmly adopt for all poets. He has poetic 5 eighteenth century and its judgments are coming into favour again. Are the favourite poets of the eighteenth century classics?

It is impossible within my present limits to discuss the question fully. And what man 10 of letters would not shrink from seeming to dispose dictatorially of the claims of two men who are, at any rate, such masters in letters as Dryden and Pope: two men of such admirable talent, both of them, and one of the estimate of this poetry; we all of us 15 them, Dryden, a man, on all sides, of such energetic and genial power? And yet, if we are to gain the full benefit from poetry, we must have the real estimate of it. I cast about for some mode of arriving, in the poetry divergency and difficulty begin. An 20 present case, at such an estimate without offence. And perhaps the best way is to begin, as it is easy to begin, with cordial

When we find Chapman, the Elizabethan The age of Dryden, together with our 25 translator of Homer, expressing himself in his preface thus: 'Though truth in her very nakedness sit in so deep a pit, that from Gades to Aurora and Ganges few eyes can sound her, I hope yet those few here will so predecessors. Dryden regards as not se-30 discover and confirm, that, the date being out of her darkness in this morning of our poet, he shall now gird his temples with the sun,' — we pronounce that such a prose is intolerable. When we find Milton writing: Dryden heartily admired it, and, as we have 35 'And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he, who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem,' — we pronounce that natural and pleasing, though not perfect.' 40 such a prose has its own grandeur, but that it is obsolete and inconvenient. But when we find Dryden telling us: 'What Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to translate in typed phrase of approbation for good verse 45 my declining years; struggling with wants. oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write.' then we exclaim that here at last we have the true English prose, a prose such as we would Is the historic estimate, which represents 50 all gladly use if we only knew how. Yet Dryden was Milton's contemporary.

> But after the Restoration the time had come when our nation felt the imperious

need of a fit prose. So, too, the time had likewise come when our nation felt the imperious need of freeing itself from the absorbing preoccupation which religion in the Puritan age had exercised. It was impossible 5 out that high seriousness, has poetic largethat this freedom should be brought about without some negative excess, without some neglect and impairment of the religious life of the soul; and the spiritual history of the eighteenth century shows us that the freedom 10 poetic application? Do you ask me whether was not achieved without them. Still, the freedom was achieved; the preoccupation, an undoubtedly baneful and retarding one if it had continued, was got rid of. And as with religion amongst us at that period. 15 so it was also with letters. A fit prose was a necessity; but it was impossible that a fit prose should establish itself amongst us without some touch of frost to the imaginative life of the soul. The needful qualities 20 for a fit prose are regularity, uniformity, precision, balance. The men of letters, whose destiny it may be to bring their nation to the attainment of a fit prose, must of necessity, whether they work in prose or in 25 may write in verse, though they may in a verse, give a predominating, an almost exclusive attention to the qualities of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance. But an almost exclusive attention to these qualities involves some repression and silencing of 30 ture and age; the position of Gray is singu-

We are to regard Dryden as the puissant and glorious founder, Pope as the splendid high-priest, of our age of prose and reason, of our excellent and indispensable eighteenth 35 But he lived with the great poets, he lived. century. For the purposes of their mission and destiny their poetry, like their prose, is admirable. Do you ask me whether Dryden's verse, take it almost where you will, is not good?

'A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged, Fed on the lawns and in the forest ranged.

I answer: Admirable for the purposes of the inaugurator of an age of prose and reason. 45 them at times. He is the scantiest and frail-Do you ask me whether Pope's verse, take it almost where you will, is not good?

'To Hounslow Heath I point, and Banstead Down:

my own.'

I answer: Admirable for the purposes of the high-priest of an age of prose and reason.

But do you ask me whether such verse proceeds from men with an adequate poetic criticism of life, from men whose criticism of life has a high seriousness, or even, withness, freedom, insight, benignity? Do you ask me whether the application of ideas to life in the verse of these men, often a powerful application, no doubt, is a powerful the poetry of these men has either the matter or the inseparable manner of such an adequate poetic criticism: whether it has the accent of

'Absent thee from felicity awhile . . .'

'And what is else not to be overcome . . .' or of

'O martyr souded in virginitee!'

I answer: It has not and cannot have them; it is the poetry of the builders of an age of prose and reason. Though they certain sense be masters of the art of versification, Dryden and Pope are not classics of our poetry, they are classics of our prose.

Grav is our poetical classic of that literalar, and demands a word of notice here. He has not the volume or the power of poets who, coming in times more favourable, have attained to an independent criticism of life. above all, with the Greeks, through perpetually studying and enjoying them; and he caught their poetic point of view for regarding life, caught their poetic manner. 40 The point of view and the manner are not self-sprung in him, he caught them of others; and he had not the free and abundant use of them. But whereas Addison and Pope never had the use of them, Gray had the use of est of classics in our poetry, but he is a classic.

And now, after Gray, we are met, as we draw towards the end of the eighteenth cen-Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks 50 tury, we are met by the great name of Burns. We enter now on times where the personal estimate of poets begins to be rife, and where the real estimate of them is not reached without difficulty. But in spite of the disturbing pressures of personal partiality, of national partiality, let us try to reach a real estimate of the poetry of Burns.

belongs to the eighteenth century, and has

little importance for us.

'Mark ruffian Violence, distained with crimes, Rousing elate in these degenerate times; 10 View unsuspecting Innocence a prev, As guileful Fraud points out the erring way; While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong!'

Evidently this is not the real Burns, or his 15 name and fame would have disappeared long ago. Nor is Clarinda's love poet, Sylvander, the real Burns either. But he tells us himself: 'These English songs gravel me to language that I have of my native tongue. In fact, I think that my ideas are more barren in English than in Scotch. I have been at Duncan Gray to dress it in English, but English turn naturally, in Burns, to the poems in our own language, because we can read them easily; but in those poems we have not the real Burns.

poems. Let us boldly say that of much of this poetry, a poetry dealing perpetually with Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners, a Scotchman's estimate is apt to be personal. A Scotchman is used to this world 35 of Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners; he has a tenderness for it; he meets its poet half way. In this tender mood he reads pieces like the Holy Fair or Halloween. But this world of Scotch drink, 40 Scotch religion, and Scotch manners is against a poet, not for him, when it is not a partial countryman who reads him; for in itself it is not a beautiful world, and no one can deny that it is of advantage to a poet to 45 deal with a beautiful world. Burns' world of Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners, is often a harsh, a sordid, a repulsive world: even the world of his Cotter's Saturday Night is not a beautiful world. 50 No doubt a poet's criticism of life may have such truth and power that it triumphs over its world and delights us. Burns may tri-

umph over his world, often he does triumph over his world, but let us observe how and where. Burns is the first case we have had where the bias of the personal estimate By his English poetry Burns in general 5 tends to mislead; let us look at him closely, he can bear it.

Many of his admirers will tell us that we have Burns, convivial, genuine, delightful, here —

'Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair Than either school or college; It kindles wit, it waukens lair, It pangs us fou o' knowledge. Be 't whiskey gill or penny wheep Or ony stronger potion, It never fails, on drinking deep, To kittle up our notion

By night or day.'

There is a great deal of that sort of thing in death. I have not the command of the 20 Burns, and it is unsatisfactory, not because it is bacchanalian poetry, but because it has not that accent of sincerity which bacchanalian poetry, to do it justice, very often has. There is something in it of bravado, someall I can do is desperately stupid.' We 25 thing which makes us feel that we have not the man speaking to us with his real voice; something, therefore, poetically unsound.

With still more confidence will his admirers tell us that we have the genuine The real Burns is of course in his Scotch 30 Burns, the great poet, when his strain asserts the independence, equality, dignity, of men. as in the famous song For a' that and a' that —

> 'A prince can mak' a belted knight, A marquis, duke, and a' that: But an honest man's aboon his might, Guid faith he mauna fa' that! For a' that and a' that, Their dignities, and a' that, The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth, Are higher rank than a' that.'

Here they find his grand, genuine touches: and still more, when this puissant genius. who so often set morality at defiance, falls moralizing -

> 'The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love Luxuriantly indulge it; But never tempt th' illicit rove, Tho' naething should divulge it. I waive the quantum o' the sin, The hazard o' concealing, But och! it hardens a' within, And petrifies the feeling.'

Or in a higher strain -

'Who made the heart, 't is He alone Decidedly can try us:

He knows each chord, its various tone: Each spring, its various bias.

Then at the balance let's be mute. We never can adjust it;

What 's done we partly may compute. But know not what 's resisted.'

Or in a better strain yet, a strain, his admirers will say, unsurpassable —

> 'To make a happy fire-side clime To weans and wife, That 's the true pathos and sublime Of human life.'

of Burns will say to us; there is the application of ideas to life! There is, undoubtedly. The doctrine of the last-quoted lines coincides almost exactly with what was the aim and end, Xenophon tells us, of all the teach-20 ing of Socrates. And the application is a powerful one; made by a man of vigourous understanding, and (need I say?) a master of

But for supreme poetical success more is 25 required than the powerful application of ideas to life; it must be an application under the conditions fixed by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty. Those laws fix as an essential condition, in the poet's treat-30 truly poetic, therefore; and his manner of ment of such matters as are here in question, high seriousness: - the high seriousness which comes from absolute sincerity. The accent of high seriousness, born of absolute sincerity, is what gives to such verse as

'In la sua volontade è nostra pace . . .'

to such criticism of life as Dante's, its power. Is this accent felt in the passages which I have been quoting from Burns? Surely not; 40 manner, the manner of Burns has spring, surely, if our sense is quick, we must perceive that we have not in those passages a voice from the very inmost soul of the genuine Burns; he is not speaking to us from these depths, he is more or less preaching, 45 but when the largeness and freedom of Burns And the compensation for admiring such passages less, from missing the perfect poetic accent in them, will be that we shall admire more the poetry where that accent is found.

the high seriousness of the great classics, and the virtue of matter and manner which goes with that high seriousness is wanting to his

work. At moments he touches it in a profound and passionate melancholy, as in those four immortal lines taken by Byron as a motto for The Bride of Abudos, but which 5 have in them a depth of poetic quality such as resides in no verse of Byron's own —

> 'Had we never loved sae kindly. Had we never loved sae blindly. Never met, or never parted. We had ne'er been broken-hearted.'

But a whole poem of that quality Burns cannot make; the rest, in the Farewell to Nancu, is verbiage.

We arrive best at the real estimate of There is criticism of life for you, the admirers 15 Burns, I think, by conceiving his work as having truth of matter and truth of manner, but not the accent or the poetic virtue of the highest masters. His genuine criticism of life, when the sheer poet in him speaks, is ironic; it is not -

> 'Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme These woes of mine fulfil. Here firm I rest, they must be best Because they are Thy will!'

It is far rather: Whistle owre the lave o't! Yet we may say of him as of Chaucer, that of life and the world, as they come before him, his view is large, free, shrewd, benignant, rendering what he sees is to match. But we must note, at the same time, his great difference from Chaucer. The freedom of Chaucer is heightened, in Burns, by a fiery, reckless 35 energy; the benignity of Chaucer deepens, in Burns, into an overwhelming sense of the pathos of things; — of the pathos of human nature, the pathos, also, of non-human nature. Instead of the fluidity of Chaucer's bounding swiftness. Burns is by far the greater force, though he has perhaps less charm. The world of Chaucer is fairer, richer, more significant than that of Burns; get full sweep, as in Tam o' Shanter, or still more in that puissant and splendid production. The Jolly Beggars, his world may be what it will, his poetic genius triumphs over No: Burns, like Chaucer, comes short of 50 it. In the world of The Jolly Beggars there is more than hideousness and squalor, there is bestiality; yet the piece is a superb poetic success. It has a breadth, truth, and power

which make the famous scene in Auerbach's Cellar, of Goethe's Faust, seem artificial and tame beside it, and which are only matched

by Shakspeare and Aristophanes.

Here, where his largeness and freedom 5 serve him so admirably, and also in those poems and songs where to shrewdness he adds infinite archness and wit, and to benignity infinite pathos, where his manner is result, - in things like the address to the Mouse whose home he had ruined, in things like Duncan Gray, Tam Glen, Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad, Auld Lang Syne here we have the genuine Burns, of whom the real estimate must be high indeed. Not a classic, nor with the excellent σπουδαιότης of the great classics, nor with a verse rising but a poet with thorough truth of substance and an answering truth of style, giving us a poetry sound to the core. We all of us have a leaning towards the pathetic, and may be touches of piercing, sometimes almost intolerable, pathos; for verse like -

'We twa hae paidl't i' the burn From mornin' sun till dine; But seas between us braid hae roared, Sin auld lang syne . . .'

where he is as lovely as he is sound. But perhaps it is by the perfection of soundness of his lighter and archer masterpieces that 35 supreme importance. We are often told he is poetically most wholesome for us. For the votary misled by a personal estimate of Shelley, as so many of us have been, are, and will be, - of that beautiful spirit building

'Pinnacled dim in the intense inane' —

no contact can be wholesomer than the contact with Burns at his archest and soundest. Side by side with the

'On the brink of the night and the morning My coursers are wont to respire, But the Earth has just whispered a warning,

of Prometheus Unbound, how salutary, how very salutary, to place this from Tam Glen —

'My minnie does constantly deave me And bids me beware o' young men; They flatter, she says, to deceive me; But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?'

But we enter on burning ground as we approach the poetry of times so near to us poetry like that of Byron, Shelley, and Wordsworth — of which the estimates are so often not only personal, but personal with flawless, and a perfect poetic whole is the 10 passion. For my purpose, it is enough to have taken the single case of Burns, the first poet we come to of whose work the estimate formed is evidently apt to be personal, and to have suggested how we may proceed, using (this list might be made much longer), — 15 the poetry of the great classics as a sort of touchstone, to correct this estimate, as we had previously corrected by the same means the historic estimate where we met with it. A collection like the present, with its sucto a criticism of life and a virtue like theirs; 20 cession of celebrated names and celebrated poems, offers a good opportunity to us for resolutely endeavouring to make our estimates of poetry real. I have sought to point out a method which will help us in inclined perhaps to prize Burns most for his 25 making them so, and to exhibit it in use so far as to put any one who likes in a way of applying it for himself.

At any rate the end to which the method and the estimate are designed to lead, and 30 from leading to which, if they do lead to it, they get their whole value, - the benefit of being able clearly to feel and deeply to enjoy the best, the truly classic, in poetry, — is an end, let me say it once more at parting, of that an era is opening in which we are to see multitudes of a common sort of readers, and masses of a common sort of literature: that such readers do not want and could not relish his many-coloured haze of words and images 40 anything better than such literature, and that to provide it is becoming a vast and profitable industry. Even if good literature entirely lost currency with the world, it would still be abundantly worth while to 45 continue to enjoy it by oneself. But it never will lose currency with the world, in spite of momentary appearances; it never will lose supremacy. Currency and supremacy That their flight must be swifter than are insured to 10, not swifter than 50 deliberate and conscious choice, but by something far deeper. — by the instinct of selfpreservation in humanity.

1880

Malter Pater (1839-1894)

STYLE

the most part in differentiation, in the resolution of an obscure and complex object into its component aspects, it is surely the stupidest of losses to confuse things which right reason has put asunder, to lose the 10 there. sense of achieved distinctions, the distinction between poetry and prose, for instance, or, to speak more exactly, between the laws and characteristic excellences of verse and prose composition. On the other hand, those 15 somewhat diminished effect from one whose who have dwelt most emphatically on the distinction between prose and verse, prose and poetry, may sometimes have been tempted to limit the proper functions of prose too narrowly; and this again is at least 20 all unconsciously, by many a scanning line. false economy, as being, in effect, the renunciation of a certain means or faculty, in a world where after all we must needs make the most of things. Critical efforts to limit art a priori, by anticipations regarding the 25 tive pronoun. It might have been foreseen natural incapacity of the material with which this or that artist works, as the sculptor with solid form, or the prose-writer with the ordinary language of men, are always liable to be discredited by the facts 30 need therefore of great modifications in of artistic production; and while prose is actually found to be a coloured thing with Bacon, picturesque with Livy and Carlyle, musical with Cicero and Newman, mystical and intimate with Plato and Michelet and 35 nical or accidental one of the absence or Sir Thomas Browne, exalted or florid, it may be, with Milton and Taylor, it will be useless to protest that it can be nothing at all, except something very tamely and narrowly confined to mainly practical ends - a kind 40 between imaginative and unimaginative of 'good round-hand'; as useless as the protest that poetry might not touch prosaic subjects as with Wordsworth; or an abstruse matter as with Browning, or treat contemporary life nobly as with Tennyson. In 45 peculiar sense of fact, whether past or pressubordination to one essential beauty in all good literary style, in all literature as a fine art, as there are many beauties of poetry so the beauties of prose are many, and it is the business of criticism to estimate them 50 psychology of the last century, and with it as such: as it is good in the criticism of verse to look for those hard, logical and quasiprosaic excellences which that too has, or

needs. To find in the poem, amid the flowers, the allusions, the mixed perspectives, of Lycidas for instance, the thought, the logical structure: - how wholesome! how Since all progress of mind consists for 5 delightful! as to identify in prose what we call the poetry, the imaginative power, not treating it as out of place and a kind of vagrant intruder, but by way of an estimate of its rights, that is, of its achieved powers.

Dryden, with the characteristic instinct of his age, loved to emphasize the distinction between poetry and prose, the protest against their confusion with each other, coming with poetry was so prosaic. In truth, his sense of prosaic excellence affected his verse rather than his prose, which is not only fervid, richly figured, poetic, as we say, but vitiated. Setting up correctness, that humble merit of prose, as the central literary excellence, he is really a less correct writer than he may seem, still with an imperfect mastery of the relathat, in the rotations of mind, the province of poetry in prose would find its assertor; and, a century after Dryden, amid very different intellectual needs, and with the literary form, the range of the poetic force in literature was effectively enlarged by Wordsworth. The true distinction between prose and poetry he regarded as the almost techpresence of metrical beauty, or, say! metrical restraint; and for him the opposition came to be between verse and prose of course; but, as the essential dichotomy in this matter, writing, parallel to De Quincey's distinction between 'the literature of power and the literature of knowledge,' in the former of which the composer gives us not fact, but his

Dismissing then, under sanction of Wordsworth, that harsher opposition of poetry to prose, as savouring in fact of the arbitrary the prejudice that there can be but one only beauty of prose style, I propose here to point out certain qualities of all literature as a fine art, which, if they apply to the literature of fact, apply still more to the literature of the imaginative sense of fact, while they apply indifferently to verse and prose, so far as either is really imaginative — certain conditions of true art in both alike, which conditions may also contain in them the secret of the proper discrimination and guardianship of the peculiar excellences of either.

The line between fact and something quite different from external fact is, indeed, hard to draw. In Pascal, for instance, in the persuasive writers generally, how difficult to argument which, if it is to be worth anything at all, must consist of facts or groups of facts, becomes a pleading — a theorem no longer, but essentially an appeal to the reader to catch the writer's spirit, to think with him, 20 if one can or will — an expression no longer of fact but of his sense of it, his peculiar intuition of a world, prospective, or discerned below the faulty conditions of the present, in actual world. In science, on the other hand, in history so far as it conforms to scientific rule, we have a literary domain where the imagination may be thought to be always an tions of literature reduce themselves eventually to the transcribing of fact, so all the excellences of literary form in regard to science are reducible to various kinds of volved in all 'skilled work' whatever, in the drafting of an act of parliament, as in sewing. Yet here again, the writer's sense of fact, in history especially, and in all those borders of science, will still take the place of fact, in various degrees. Your historian. for instance, with absolutely truthful intention, amid the multitude of facts preselecting assert something of his own humour, something that comes not of the world without but of a vision within. So Gibbon moulds his unwieldy material to a preconceived view. moving full of poignant sensibility amid the records of the past, each, after his own sense, modifies - who can tell where and to what

degree? — and becomes something else than a transcriber; each, as he thus modifies. passing into the domain of art proper. For just in proportion as the writer's aim, con-5 sciously or unconsciously, comes to be the transcribing, not of the world, not of mere fact, but of his sense of it, he becomes an artist, his work fine art; and good art (as I hope ultimately to show) in proportion to the 10 truth of his presentment of that sense; as in those humbler or plainer functions of literature also, truth — truth to bare fact, there — is the essence of such artistic quality as they may have. Truth! there can be no define the point where, from time to time, 15 merit, no craft at all, without that. And further, all beauty is in the long run only fineness of truth, or what we call expression, the finer accommodation of speech to that vision within.

- The transcript of his sense of fact rather than the fact, as being preferable, pleasanter, more beautiful to the writer himself. In literature, as in every other product of human skill, in the moulding of a bell or a either case changed somewhat from the 25 platter for instance, wherever this sense asserts itself, wherever the producer so modifies his work as, over and above its primary use or intention, to make it pleasing (to himself, of course, in the first instance) there, 'fine' intruder. And as, in all science, the func-30 as opposed to merely serviceable art, exists. Literary art, that is, like all art which is in any way imitative or reproductive of fact — form, or colour, or incident — is the representation of such fact as connected with soul, painstaking; this good quality being in-35 of a specific personality, in its preferences, its volition and power.

Such is the matter of imaginative or artistic literature - this transcript, not of mere fact, but of fact in its infinite variety. complex subjects which do but lie on the 40 as modified by human preference in all its infinitely varied forms. It will be good literary art not because it is brilliant or sober, or rich, or impulsive, or severe, but just in proportion as its representation of sented to him must needs select, and in 45 that sense, that soul-fact, is true, verse being only one department of such literature, and imaginative prose, it may be thought, being the special art of the modern world. That imaginative prose should be the special and Livy, Tacitus, Michelet, 50 opportune art of the modern world results from two important facts about the latter: first, the chaotic variety and complexity of its interests, making the intellectual issue. the really master currents of the present time incalculable — a condition of mind little susceptible of the restraint proper to verse form, so that the most characteristic verse of the nineteenth century has been lawless verse; and secondly, an all-pervading naturalism, a curiosity about everything whatever as it really is, involving a certain humility of attitude, cognate to what must, after all, be the less ambitious form of literature. And 10 of a lover of words, he will resist a constant prose thus asserting itself as the special and privileged artistic faculty of the present day, will be, however critics may try to narrow its scope, as varied in its excellence as humanity itself reflecting on the facts of 15 He will feel the obligation not of the laws its latest experience — an instrument of many stops, meditative, observant, descriptive, eloquent, analytic, plaintive, fervid. Its beauties will be not exclusively 'pedestrian': it will exert, in due measure, all the varied 20 scribing the rejection of many a neology. charms of poetry, down to the rhythm which. as in Cicero, or Michelet, or Newman, at their best, gives its musical value to every syllable.

The literary artist is of necessity a scholar. and in what he proposes to do will have in 25 no favour to short-cuts, or hackneved illusmind, first of all, the scholar and the scholarly conscience - the male conscience in this matter, as we must think it, under a system of education which still to so large an extent limits real scholarship to men. In his self-30 of a challenge for minute consideration; the criticism, he supposes always that sort of reader who will go (full of eyes) warily, considerately, though without consideration for him, over the ground which the female conscience traverses so lightly, so amiably, 35 strument, and therefore, indirectly, with the For the material in which he works is no more a creation of his own than the sculptor's marble. Product of a myriad various minds and contending tongues, compact of obscure and minute association, a language has 40 its own abundant and often recondite laws, in the habitual and summary recognition of which scholarship consists. A writer, full of a matter he is before all things anxious to express, may think of those laws, the limi-45 manner of a true master we mean what tations of vocabulary, structure, and the like, as a restriction, but if a real artist will find in them an opportunity. His punctilious observance of the proprieties of his medium will diffuse through all he writes a general 50 language in his freedoms with it, addition air of sensibility, of refined usage. Exclusiones debitae naturae - the exclusions, or rejections, which nature demands - we

know how large a part these play, according to Bacon, in the science of nature. In a somewhat changed sense, we might say that the art of the scholar is summed up in the 5 observance of those rejections demanded by the nature of his medium, the material he must use. Alive to the value of an atmosphere in which every term finds its utmost degree of expression, and with all the jealousy tendency on the part of the majority of those who use them to efface the distinctions of language, the facility of writers often reinforcing in this respect the work of the yulgar. only, but of those affinities, avoidances, those mere preferences, of his language, which through the associations of literary history have become a part of its nature, premany a license, many a gipsy phrase which might present itself as actually expressive. His appeal, again, is to the scholar, who has great experience in literature, and will show tration, or an affectation of learning designed for the unlearned. Hence a contention, a sense of self-restraint and renunciation. having for the susceptible reader the effect attention of the writer, in every minutest detail, being a pledge that it is worth the reader's while to be attentive too, that the writer is dealing scrupulously with his inreader himself also, that he has the science of the instrument he plays on, perhaps, after all, with a freedom which in such case will be the freedom of a master.

For meanwhile, braced only by those restraints, he is really vindicating his liberty in the making of a vocabulary, an entire system of composition, for himself, his own true manner: and when we speak of the is essential in his art. Pedantry being only the scholarship of le cuistre (we have no English equivalent) he is no pedant, and does but show his intelligence of the rules of or expansion, which like the spontaneities of manner in a well-bred person will still further illustrate good taste. - The right

vocabulary! Translators have not invariably seen how all-important that is in the work of translation, driving for the most part at idiom or construction; whereas, if the with its elementary particles, Plato, for instance, being often reproducible by an exact following, with no variation in structure, of word after word, as the pencil follows a word or syllable be not of false colour, to change my illustration a little.

Well! that is because any writer worth translating at all has winnowed and searched words he would select in systematic reading of a dictionary, and still more of the words he would reject were the dictionary other than Johnson's: and doing this with his search of an instrument for the adequate expression of that, he begets a vocabulary faithful to the colouring of his own spirit, and in the strictest sense original. in truth, in its scholars, who recognizing always that every language possesses a genius, a very fastidious genius, of its own, expand at once and purify its very elements, which must needs change along with the 30 fastidious scholarship throughout! changing thoughts of living people. Ninety years ago, for instance, great mental force, certainly, was needed by Wordsworth, to break through the consecrated poetic assothat was his, that was to become in a measure the language of the next generation. But he did it with the tact of a scholar also. English, for a quarter of a century past, has been for half a century, the phraseology of the great German metaphysical movement of eighty years ago; in part also the language of mystical theology: and none but pedants resources. For many years to come its enterprise may well lie in the naturalisation of the vocabulary of science, so only it be under the eye of sensitive scholarship — in a liberal for after all the chief stimulus of good style is to possess a full, rich, complex matter to grapple with. The literary artist, therefore,

will be well aware of physical science; science also attaining, in its turn, its true literary ideal. And then, as the scholar is nothing without the historic sense, he will be apt to original be first-rate, one's first care should be 5 restore not really obsolete or really worn-out words, but the finer edge of words still in use: ascertain, communicate, discover words like these it has been part of our 'business' to misuse. And still, as language was drawing under tracing-paper, so only each 10 made for man, he will be no authority for correctnesses which, limiting freedom of utterance, were yet but accidents in their origin; as if one vowed not to say 'its,' which ought to have been in Shakspere; through his vocabulary, is conscious of the 15 'his' and 'hers,' for inanimate objects, being but a barbarous and really inexpressive survival. Yet we have known many things like this. Racy Saxon monosyllables, close to us as touch and sight, he will intermix readily peculiar sense of the world ever in view, in 20 with those long, savoursome, Latin words, rich in 'second intention.' In this late day certainly, no critical process can be conducted reasonably without eclecticism. Of such eclecticism we have a justifying example living authority which language needs lies, 25 in one of the first poets of our time. How illustrative of monosyllabic effect, of sonorous Latin, of the phraseology of science, of metaphysic, of colloquialism even, are the writings of Tennyson; yet with what a fine.

A scholar writing for the scholarly, he will of course leave something to the willing intelligence of his reader. 'To go preach to the first passer-by,' says Montaigne, 'to ciations of a century, and speak the language 35 become tutor to the ignorance of the first I meet, is a thing I abhor'; a thing, in fact, naturally distressing to the scholar, who will therefore ever be shy of offering uncomplimentary assistance to the reader's wit. To assimilating the phraseology of pictorial art; 40 really strentious minds there is a pleasurable stimulus in the challenge for a continuous effort on their part, to be rewarded by securer and more intimate grasp of the author's sense. Self-restraint, a skilful economy will regret a great consequent increase of its 45 of means, ascesis, that too has a beauty of its own; and for the reader supposed there will be an æsthetic satisfaction in that frugal closeness of style which makes the most of a word, in the exaction from every sentence naturalisation of the ideas of science too, 50 of a precise relief, in the just spacing out of word to thought, in the logically filled space connected always with the delightful sense of difficulty overcome.

Different classes of persons, at different times, make, of course, very various demands upon literature. Still, scholars, I suppose, and not only scholars, but all disinterested lovers of books, will always look to it, as to all other fine art, for a refuge, a sort of cloistral refuge, from a certain vulgarity in the actual world. A perfect poem like Lucidas. a perfect fiction like Esmond, the perfect handling of a theory like Newman's Idea of a 10 afford, to attend to just that, to just that University, has for them something of the uses of a religious 'retreat.' Here, then, with a view to the central need of a select few, those 'men of a finer thread' who have formed and maintain the literary ideal, 15 from the last finish of the gem-engraver everything, every component element will have undergone exact trial, and, above all. there will be no uncharacteristic or tarnished or vulgar decoration, permissible ornament being for the most part structural, or neces-20 rough-hewn block of stone. sary. As the painter in his picture, so the artist in his book, aims at the production by honourable artifice of a peculiar atmosphere. 'The artist,' says Schiller, 'may be known rather by what he omits'; and in literature, 25 that latent colour and imagery which lantoo, the true artist may be best recognized by his tact of omission. For to the grave reader words too are grave; and the ornamental word, the figure, the accessory form or colour or reference, is rarely content to 30 on the alert not only for obviously mixed die to thought precisely at the right moment, but will inevitably linger awhile, stirring a long 'brain-wave' behind it of perhaps quite alien associations.

tendency of the sort of scholarly attentiveness of mind I am recommending. But the true artist allows for it. He will remember that, as the very word ornament indicates what is in itself non-essential, so the 'one 40 language will be realized as colour and light beauty' of all literary style is of its very essence, and independent, in prose and verse alike, of all removable decoration; that it may exist in its fullest luster, as in Flaubert's Madame Bovary, for instance, or in Stend-45 glass as if it were clear; and while half the hal's Le Rouge et Le Noir, in a composition utterly unadorned, with hardly a single suggestion of visibly beautiful things. Parallel, allusion, the allusive way generally, the flowers in the garden: - he knows the nar-50 pressing, and worse than nothing, because cotic force of these upon the negligent intelligence to which any diversion, literally, is welcome, any vagrant intruder, because one

can go wandering away with it from the immediate subject. Jealous, if he have a really quickening motive within, of all that does not hold directly to that, of the facile, the 5 otiose, he will never depart from the strictly pedestrian process, unless he gains a ponderable something thereby. Even assured of its congruity, he will still question its serviceableness. Is it worth while, can we figure or literary reference, just then? -Surplusage! he will dread that, as the runner on his muscles. For in truth all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage. blowing away the last particle of invisible dust, back to the earliest divination of the finished work to be, lying somewhere, according to Michelangelo's fancy, in the

And what applies to figure or flower must be understood of all other accidental or removable ornaments of writing whatever: and not of specific ornament only, but of all guage as such carries in it. A lover of words for their own sake, to whom nothing about them is unimportant, a minute and constant observer of their physiognomy, he will be metaphors of course, but for the metaphor that is mixed in all our speech, though a rapid use may involve no cognition of it. Currently recognizing the incident, the Just there, it may be, is the detrimental 35 colour, the physical elements or particles in words like absorb, consider, extract, to take the first that occur, he will avail himself of them, as further adding to the resources of expression. The elementary particles of and shade through his scholarly living in the full sense of them. Still opposing the constant degradation of language by those who use it carelessly, he will not treat coloured world is using figure unconsciously, will be fully aware not only of all that latent figurative texture in speech, but of the vague, lazy, half-formed personification — a rhetoric, deit has no really rhetorical motive — which plays so large a part there, and, as in the case of more ostentatious ornament, scrupulously exact of it, from syllable to syllable,

its precise value.

So far I have been speaking of certain conditions of the literary art arising out of the works, the essential qualities of language and its aptitudes for contingent ornamentation, matters which define scholarship as science and good taste respectively. They quality of good style: more intimate, as coming nearer to the artist himself. The otiose, the facile, surplusage: why are these abhorrent to the true literary artist, except ture is all-important, felt, or painfully missed, everywhere? — that architectural concepception of work, which foresees the end in the beginning and never loses sight of it, till the last sentence does but, with undiminished vigour, unfold and justify the first - a condition of literary art, which, in contradistinction to another quality of the call the necessity of mind in style.

An acute philosophical writer, the late Dean Mansel (a writer whose works illustrate the literary beauty there may be in economy of a fine rhetorical gift) wrote a book, of fascinating precision in a very obscure subject, to show that all the technical laws of logic are but means of securing, unity, the strict identity with itself, of the apprehending mind. All the laws of good writing aim at a similar unity or identity of the mind in all the processes by which term is right, and has its essential beauty, when it becomes, in a manner, what it signifies, as with the names of simple sensations. To give the phrase, the sentence, the strucor essay, a similar unity with its subject and with itself: - style is in the right way when it tends towards that. All depends upon the original unity, the vital prehension or view. So much is true of all art, which therefore requires always its logic, its comprehensive reason — insight.

foresight, retrospect, in simultaneous action - true, most of all, of the literary art, as being of all the arts most closely cognate to the abstract intelligence. Such logical comedium or material in or upon which it 5 herency may be evidenced not merely in the lines of composition as a whole, but in the choice of a single word, while it by no means interferes with, but may even prescribe, much variety, in the building of the sentence are both subservient to a more intimate 10 for instance, or in the manner, argumentative, descriptive, discursive, of this or that part or member of the entire design. The blithe, crisp sentence, decisive as a child's expression of its needs, may alternate with because, in literary as in all other art, struc-15 the long-contending, victoriously intricate sentence; the sentence, born with the integrity of a single word, relieving the sort of sentence in which, if you look closely, you can see much contrivance, much adjustment, and in every part is conscious of all the rest, 20 to bring a highly qualified matter into compass at one view. For the literary architecture, if it is to be rich and expressive, involves not only foresight of the end in the beginning, but also development or growth artist himself, to be spoken of later, I shall 25 of design, in the process of execution, with many irregularities, surprises, and afterthoughts; the contingent as well as the necessary being subsumed under the unity of the whole. As truly, to the lack of such closeness, and with obvious repression or 30 architectural design, of a single, almost visual, image, vigorously informing an entire, perhaps very intricate, composition, which shall be austere, ornate, argumentative, fanciful, yet true from first to last to in each and all of its apprehensions, the 35 that vision within, may be attributed those weaknesses of conscious or unconscious repetition of word, phrase, motive, or member of the whole matter, indicating, as Flaubert was aware, an original structure in thought not the word is associated to its import. The 40 organically complete. With such foresight, the actual conclusion will most often get itself written out of hand, before, in the more obvious sense, the work is finished. With some strong and leading sense of the world. tural member, the entire composition, song, 45 the tight hold of which secures true composition and not mere loose accretion, the literary artist, I suppose, goes on considerately, setting joint to joint, sustained by yet restraining the productive ardour, retracing wholeness and identity, of the initiatory ap-50 the negligences of his first sketch, repeating his steps only that he may give the reader a sense of secure and restful progress, readjusting mere assonances even, that they may soothe the reader, or at least not interrupt him on his way; and then, somewhere before the end comes, is burdened, inspired, with his conclusion, and betimes delivered of it. leaving off, not in weariness and because he finds himself at an end, but in all the freshness of volition. His work now structurally complete, with all the accumulating effect of secondary shades of meaning, he finishes the whole up to the just proportion of that ante- 10 tact has, for the sensitive, laid open a privipenultimate conclusion, and all becomes expressive. The house he has built is rather a body he has informed. And so it happens, to its greater credit, that the better interest even of a narrative to be recounted, a story 15 denborg, the Tracts for the Times: - there, to be told, will often be in its second reading. And though there are instances of great writers who have been no artists, an unconscious tact sometimes directing work in which we may detect, very pleasurably, 20 certain writers of quite other than theological many of the effects of conscious art, yet one of the greatest pleasures of really good prose literature is in the critical tracing out of that conscious artistic structure, and the pervading sense of it as we read. Yet of poetic 25 fluence. At their best, these writers become. literature too; for, in truth, the kind of constructive intelligence here supposed is one of the forms of the imagination.

That is the special function of mind, in philosophically, the distinction is real enough practically, for they often interfere, are sometimes in conflict, with each other. Blake, in the last century, is an instance of preponderating soul, embarrassed, at a loss, in 35 or otherwise, with a drift towards unity an era of preponderating mind. As a quality of style, at all events, soul is a fact, in certain writers — the way they have of absorbing language, of attracting it into the peculiar spirit they are of, with a subtlety which 40 vague or infinite, as the influence of a living makes the actual result seem like some inexplicable inspiration. By mind, the literary artist reaches us, through static and objective indications of design in his work, legible to all. By soul, he reaches us, somewhat ca-45 ciate the quality of soul in literary art. They priciously perhaps, one and not another, through vagrant sympathy and a kind of immediate contact. Mind we cannot choose but approve where we recognize it; soul may repel us, not because we misunderstand it. 50 this sense of the word, that it does but sug-The way in which theological interests sometimes avail themselves of language is perhaps the best illustration of the force I mean to

indicate generally in literature, by the word soul. Ardent religious persuasion may exist. may make its way, without finding any equivalent heat in language: or, again, it 5 may enkindle words to various degrees, and when it really takes hold of them doubles its force. Religious history presents many remarkable instances in which, through no mere phrase-worship, an unconscious literary leged pathway from one to another. 'The altar-fire,' people say, 'has touched those lips!' The Vulgate, the English Bible, the English Prayer-Book, the writings of Swewe have instances of widely different and largely diffused phases of religious feeling in operation as soul in style. But something of the same kind acts with similar power in literature, on behalf of some wholly personal and peculiar sense of theirs. Most easily illustrated by theological literature, this quality lends to profane writers a kind of religious inas we say sometimes, 'prophets'; such character depending on the effect not merely of their matter, but of their matter as allied to, in 'electric affinity' with, peculiar form, and Mind and soul: - hard to ascertain 30 working in all cases by an immediate sympathetic contact, on which account it is that it may be called soul, as opposed to mind, in style. And this, too, is a faculty of choosing and rejecting what is congruous — unity of atmosphere here, as there of design — soul securing colour (or perfume, might we say?) as mind secures form, the latter being essentially finite, the former person is practically infinite. There are some to whom nothing has any real interest. or real meaning, except as operative in a given person; and it is they who best appreseem to know a person, in a book, and make way by intuition: yet, although they thus enjoy the completeness of a personal information, it is still a characteristic of soul, in gest what can never be uttered, not as being different from, or more obscure than, what actually gets said, but as containing that

plenary substance of which there is only one phase or facet in what is there expressed.

If all high things have their martyrs, Gustave Flaubert might perhaps rank as the martyr of literary style. In his printed correspondence, a curious series of letters, written in his twenty-fifth year, records what seems to have been his one other passion — a series of letters which, with its its tone of harmonious gray, and the sense of disillusion in which the whole matter ends, might have been, a few slight changes supposed, one of his own fictions. Writing 'taking thought' mainly, by constant and delicate pondering, as in his love for literature, a heart really moved, but still more. and as the pledge of that emotion, a loyalty to his work. Madame X., too, is a literary 20 artist, and the best gifts he can send her are precepts of perfection in art, counsels for the effectual pursuit of that better love. In his love-letters it is the pains and pleasures of art he insists on, its solaces: he communi-25 were not, before all else, the beautiful.' cates secrets, reproves, encourages, with a view to that. Whether the lady was dissatisfied with such divided or indirect service. the reader is not enabled to see: but sees that, on Flaubert's part at least, a living 30 person could be no rival of what was, from first to last, his leading passion, a somewhat solitary and exclusive one.

'I must scold you (he writes) for one thing, which shocks, scandalises me, the small con-35 covery, in every phrase, of that word, that cern, namely, you show for art just now. As regards glory be it so: there, I approve. But for art! — the one thing in life that is good and real - can you compare with it an earthly love? - prefer the adoration of a 40 invincible patience, certain that he had not relative beauty to the cultus of the true beauty? Well! I tell you the truth. That is the one thing good in me: the one thing I have, to me estimable. For yourself, you blend with the beautiful a heap of alien 45 expressions in the world, all forms and turns things, the useful, the agreeable, what not? -

'The only way not to be unhappy is to shut yourself up in art, and count everything else as nothing. Pride takes the place 50 that might just do: the problem of style was of all beside when it is established on a large basis. Work! God wills it. That, it seems to me, is clear. -

'I am reading over again the *Æneid*, certain verses of which I repeat to myself to satiety. There are phrases there which stay in one's head, by which I find myself 5 beset, as with those musical airs which are forever returning, and cause you pain, you love them so much. I observe that I no longer laugh much, and am no longer depressed. I am ripe. You talk of my serenity, fine casuistries, its firmly repressed anguish, 10 and envy me. It may well surprise you. Sick, irritated, the prey a thousand times a day of cruel pain, I continue my labour like a true working-man, who, with sleeves turned up, in the sweat of his brow, beats away to Madame X, certainly he does display, by 15 at his anyil, never troubling himself whether it rains or blows, for hail or thunder. I was not like that formerly. The change has taken place naturally, though my will has counted for something in the matter. —

'Those who write in good style are sometimes accused of a neglect of ideas, and of the moral end, as if the end of the physician were something else than healing, of the painter than painting — as if the end of art

What, then, did Flaubert understand by beauty, in the art he pursued with so much fervour, with so much self-command? Let us hear a sympathetic commentator: -

'Possessed of an absolute belief that there exists but one way of expressing one thing, one word to call it by, one adjective to qualify, one verb to animate it, he gave himself to superhuman labour for the disverb, that epithet. In this way, he believed in some mysterious harmony of expression, and when a true word seemed to him to lack euphony still went on seeking another, with yet got hold of the unique word. . . . A thousand preoccupations would beset him at the same moment, always with this desperate certitude fixed in his spirit: Among all the of expression, there is but one — one form, one mode — to express what I want to say.'

The one word for the one thing, the one thought, amid the multitude of words, terms, there! — the unique word, phrase, sentence. paragraph, essay, or song, absolutely proper to the single mental presentation or vision

within. In that perfect justice, over and above the many contingent and removable beauties with which beautiful style may charm us, but which it can exist without. independent of them yet dexterously availing itself of them, omnipresent in good work, in function at every point, from single epithets to the rhythm of a whole book, lay the specific, indispensable, very intellectual, beauty of literature, the possibility of which con-10 ness, ease and closeness alike, have nothing stitutes it a fine art.

One seems to detect the influence of a philosophic idea there, the idea of a natural economy, of some pre-existent adaptation. between a relative, somewhere in the world 15 towards a due end, as so often with Flaubert of thought, and its correlative, somewhere in the world of language - both alike, rather, somewhere in the mind of the artist, desiderative, expectant, inventive - meeting each other with the readiness of 'soul and 20 body reunited,' in Blake's rapturous design; and, in fact, Flaubert was fond of giving his theory philosophical expression. -

'There are no beautiful thoughts (he would say) without beautiful forms, and conversely. 25 with diseased nerves. Often, perhaps, the As it is impossible to extract from a physical body the qualities which really constitute it—colour, extension, and the like—without reducing it to a hollow abstraction, in a word. without destroying it; just so it is impossible 30 the phrase,' which gathered all the other to detach the form from the idea, for the idea

only exists by virtue of the form.'

All the recognized flowers, the removable ornaments of literature (including harmony and ease in reading aloud, very carefully 35 stitutes the true artist is not the slowness or considered by him) counted, certainly; for these too are part of the actual value of what one says. But still, after all, with Flaubert, the search, the unwearied research, was not for the smooth, or winsome, or forcible word, 40 talk,' he writes, odd, trying lover, to Maas such, as with false Ciceronians, but quite simply and honestly, for the word's adjustment to its meaning. The first condition of this must be, of course, to know yourself, to have ascertained your own sense exactly. 45 matter of love. I grow so hard to please as a Then, if we suppose an artist, he says to the reader. — I want you to see precisely what I see. Into the mind sensitive to 'form,' a flood of random sounds, colours, incidents, is ever penetrating from the world without, to 50 for him, certainly, was the condition of a become, by sympathetic selection, a part of its very structure, and, in turn, the visible vesture and expression of that other world it

sees so steadily within, nav. already with a partial conformity thereto, to be refined, enlarged, corrected, at a hundred points: and it is just there, just at those doubtful points 5 that the function of style, as tact or taste, intervenes. The unique term will come more quickly to one than another, at one time than another, according also to the kind of matter in question. Quickness and slowto do with the artistic character of the true word found at last. As there is a charm of ease, so there is also a special charm in the signs of discovery, of effort and contention himself — in the style which has been pliant. as only obstinate, durable metal can be, to the inherent perplexities and recusancy of a certain difficult thought.

If Flaubert had not told us, perhaps we should never have guessed how tardy and painful his own procedure really was, and after reading his confession may think that his almost endless hesitation had much to do felicity supposed will be the product of a happier, a more exuberant nature than Flaubert's. Aggravated, certainly, by a morbid physical condition, that anxiety in 'seeking small ennuis of a really quiet existence into a kind of battle, was connected with his lifelong contention against facile poetry, facile art - art, facile and flimsy: and what conquickness of the process, but the absolute success of the result. As with those labourers in the parable, the prize is independent of the mere length of the actual day's work. 'You dame X. -

'You talk of the exclusiveness of my literary tastes. That might have enabled you to divine what kind of a person I am in the literary artist, that I am driven to despair. I shall end by not writing another line.'

'Happy,' he cries, in a moment of discouragement at that patient labour, which great success. --

'Happy those who have no doubts of themselves! who lengthen out, as the pen runs on, Again -

all that flows forth from their brains. As for me, I hesitate, I disappoint myself, turn round upon myself in despite: my taste is augmented in proportion as my natural some dubious word out of all proportion to the pleasure I get from a whole page of good writing. One would have to live two centuries to attain a true idea of any matter phemy: genius is not long-continued patience. Still, there is some truth in the statement, and more than people think, especially as regards our own day. Art! art! art! bitter deception! phantom that glows 15 safeguards! with light, only to lead one on to destruction.'

'I am growing so peevish about my writing. I am like a man whose ear is true refuse to reproduce precisely those sounds of which he has the inward sense. Then the tears come rolling down from the poor scraper's eyes and the bow falls from his hand.'

Coming slowly or quickly, when it comes, as it came with so much labour of mind, but also with so much luster, to Gustave Flaubert, this discovery of the word will be, like strict analysis: effect of an intuitive condition of mind, it must be recognized by like intuition on the part of the reader, and a sort of immediate sense. In every one of was, below all mere contrivance, shaping and afterthought, by some happy instantaneous concourse of the various faculties of the mind with each other, the exact appremeaning. And that it fits with absolute justice will be a judgment of immediate sense in the appreciative reader. We all feel this in what may be called inspired translation. inward to outward. In literature, as in all forms of art, there are the absolute and the merely relative or accessory beauties; and precisely in that exact proportion of the style, prose or verse. All the good qualities, the beauties, of verse also, are such, only as precise expression.

In the highest as in the lowliest literature, then, the one indispensable beauty is, after all, truth: - truth to bare fact in the latter, as to some personal sense of fact, diverted vigour decreases, and I afflict my soul over 5 somewhat from men's ordinary sense of it, in the former; truth there as accuracy, truth here as expression, that finest and most intimate form of truth, the vraie vérité. And what an eclectic principle this really is! emwhatever. What Buffon said is a big blas- 10 ploying for its one sole purpose — that absolute accordance of expression to idea — all other literary beauties and excellences whatever: how many kinds of style it covers, explains, justifies, and at the same time Scott's facility, Flaubert's deeply pondered evocation of 'the phrase,' are equally good art. Say what you have to say, what you have a will to say, in the simplest, the most direct and exact manner but who plays falsely on the violin: his fingers 20 possible, with no surplusage: — there, is the justification of the sentence so fortunately born, 'entire, smooth, and round,' that it needs no punctuation, and also (that is the point!) of the most elaborate period, if it be 25 right in its elaboration. Here is the office of ornament: here also the purpose of restraint in ornament. As the exponent of truth, that austerity (the beauty, the function, of which in literature Flaubert underall artistic success and felicity, incapable of 30 stood so well) becomes not the correctness or purism of the mere scholar, but a security against the otiose, a jealous exclusion of what does not really tell towards the pursuit of relief, of life and vigour in the portraiture of those masterly sentences of Flaubert there 35 one's sense. License again, the making free with rule, if it be indeed, as people fancy, a habit of genius, flinging aside or transforming all that opposes the liberty of beautiful production, will be but faith to one's own meanhension of what was needed to carry the 40 ing. The seeming baldness of Le Rouge et Le Noir is nothing in itself; the wild ornament of Les Misérables is nothing in itself; and the restraint of Flaubert, amid a real natural opulence, only redoubled beauty - the Well! all language involves translation from 45 phrase so large and so precise at the same time, hard as bronze, in service to the more perfect adaptation of words to their matter. Afterthoughts, retouchings, finish, will be of profit only so far as they too really serve term to its purpose is the absolute beauty of 50 to bring out the original, initiative, generative, sense in them.

In this way, according to the well-known saying, 'The style is the man,' complex or simple, in his individuality, his plenary sense of what he really has to say, his sense of the world; all cautions regarding style arising out of so many natural scruples as to the medium through which alone he can expose 5 characteristic art of the nineteenth century, that inward sense of things, the purity of this medium, its laws or tricks of refraction: nothing is to be left there which might give conveyance to any matter save that. Style in all its varieties, reserved or opulent, terse, 10 of literature presenting to the imagination, abundant, musical, stimulant, academic, so long as each is really characteristic or expressive, finds thus its justification, the sumptuous good taste of Cicero being as truly the man himself, and not another, 15 to bring literature too under those conditions. justified, yet insured inalienably to him. thereby, as would have been his portrait by Raffaelle, in full consular splendour, on his ivory chair.

a relegation of style to the subjectivity, the mere caprice, of the individual, which must soon transform it into mannerism. Not so! since there is, under the conditions supposed, for those elements of the man, for every linea-25 quality in things everywhere, of all good art. ment of the vision within, the one word, the one acceptable word, recognisable by the sensitive, by others 'who have intelligence' in the matter, as absolutely as ever anything can be in the evanescent and delicate region 30 but on the matter. Thackeray's Esmond, of human language. The style, the manner, would be the man, not in his unreasoned and really uncharacteristic caprices, involuntary or affected, but in absolutely sincere apprehension of what is most real to him. 35 great ends, or the depth of the note of re-But let us hear our French guide again. -

'Styles (says Flaubert's commentator), Styles, as so many peculiar moulds, each of which bears the mark of a particular writer, who is to pour into it the whole content of 40 conditions I have tried to explain as conhis ideas, were no part of his theory. What he believed in was Style: that is to say, a certain absolute and unique manner of expressing a thing, in all its intensity and colour. For him the form was the work it-45 other, or to such presentment of new or old As in living creatures, the blood, nourishing the body, determines its very contour and external aspect, just so, to his mind, the matter, the basis, in a work of art, imposed, necessarily, the unique, the just 50 great art; if, over and above those qualities expression, the measure, the rhythm — the form in all its characteristics.'

If the style be the man, in all the colour

and intensity of a veritable apprehension. it will be in a real sense 'impersonal.'

I said, thinking of books like Victor Hugo's Les Misérables, that prose literature was the as others, thinking of its triumphs since the youth of Bach, have assigned that place to Music and prose literature are, in one sense, the opposite terms of art: the art through the intelligence, a range of interests. as free and various as those which music presents to it through sense. And certainly the tendency of what has been here said is by conformity to which music takes rank as the typically perfect art. If music be the ideal of all art whatever, precisely because in music it is impossible to distinguish the form A relegation, you may say perhaps - 20 from the substance or matter, the subject from the expression, then, literature, by finding its specific excellence in the absolute correspondence of the term to its import, will be but fulfilling the condition of all artistic

Good art, but not necessarily great art; the distinction between great art and good art depending immediately, as regards literature at all events, not on its form, surely, is greater art than Vanity Fair, by the greater dignity of its interests. It is on the quality of the matter it informs or controls, its compass, its variety, its alliance to volt, or the largeness of hope in it, that the greatness of literary art depends, as The Divine Comedy, Paradise Lost, Les Misérables, The English Bible, are great art. Given the stituting good art; - then, if it be devoted further to the increase of men's happiness, to the redemption of the oppressed, or the enlargement of our sympathies with each truth about ourselves and our relation to the world as may ennoble and fortify us in our sojourn here, or immediately, as with Dante, to the glory of God, it will be also I summed up as mind and soul — that colour and mystic perfume, and that reasonable structure, it has something of the soul of

humanity in it, and finds its logical, its architectural place, in the great structure of human life.

1888

Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837 - 1909)

KING LEAR *

If nothing were left of Shakespeare but the single tragedy of King Lear, it would still be as plain as it is now that he was the greatest of this play can only be compared with Æschylus: the Hebrew prophets and the creator of Job are sometimes as sublime in imagination and in passion, but always quite telligence. Sophocles is as noble, as beautiful, and as kindly a thinker and a writer: but the gentle Shakespeare could see farther and higher and wider and deeper at a glance tophanes had as magnificent a power of infinitely joyous wit and infinitely inexhaustible humour: but whom can he show us or offer us to be set against Falstaff or neither the lyric nor the prophetic power of the Greeks and the Hebrews: but then it must be observed and remembered that he. and he alone among poets and among men, transcendent gifts as these. Freedom of thought and sublimity of utterance came hand in hand together into English speech: our first great poet, if loftiness and splendour of greatness, was Christopher Marlowe. From his dead hand the one man born to excel him, and to pay a due and a deathless tribute to his deathless memory, took up the heritage of dauntless thought, of daring 45 first great critic and apostle or interpreter of imagination, and of since unequalled song.

The tragedy of King Lear, like the trilogy of the Oresteia, is a thing imcomparable and unique. To compare it with Othello is as Agamemnon with the Prometheus of the one man comparable with Shakespeare. And the

result, for any reader of human intelligence and decent humility in sight of what is highest in the spiritual world, must always be a sense of adoring doubt and exulting 5 hesitation. In Othello and in Prometheus a single figure, an everlasting and godlike type of heroic and human agony, dominates and dwarfs all others but those of the traitor Iago and the tyrant God. There is no Cly-10 tæmnestra in the one, and there is no 'The gentle lady Cordelia in the other. married to the Moor' is too gentle for comparison with the most glorious type of womanhood which even Shakespeare ever man that ever lived. As a poet, the author 15 created before he conceived and brought forth Imogen. No one could have offered to Cordelia the tribute of so equivocal a compliment as was provoked by the submissive endurance of Desdemona - 'Truly, an obeincomparably inferior in imaginative in-20 dient lady.' Antigone herself - and with Antigone alone can we imagine the meeting of Cordelia in the heaven of heavens — is not so divinely human as Cordelia. We love her all the more, with a love that at once than ever could the gentle Sophocles. Aris-25 tempers and heightens our worship, for the rough and abrupt repetition of her nobly unmerciful reply to her father's fond and fatuous appeal. Almost cruel and assuredly severe in its uncompromising self-respect, the Fool? It is true that Shakespeare has 30 this brief and natural word of indignantly reticent response is the key-note of all that follows — the spark which kindles into eternal life the most tragic of all tragedies in the world. All the yet unimaginable horror of could well afford to dispense even with such 35 the future becomes at once inevitable and assured when she shows herself so young and so untender - so young and true. And what is the hereditary horror of doom once inuminent over the house of Atreus to this of spirit and of word be taken as the test 40 instant imminence of no supernatural but a more awfully natural fate? Cursed and cast out, she leaves him and knows that she leaves him in the hands of Goneril and Regan.

Coleridge, the greatest though not the Shakespeare, has noted 'these daughters and these sisters' as the only characters in Shakespeare whose wickedness is ultranatural — something outside and beyond the inevitable a temptation as to compare the 50 presumable limits of human evil. It would be well for human nature if it were so; but is it? They are 'remorseless, treacherous,

^{*}Three Plays of Shakespeare, Harper and Brothers, 1909. By permission of the Publishers.

lecherous, kindless'; hot and hard, cold and cunning, savage and subtle as a beast of the field or the wilderness or the jungle. But such dangerous and vicious animals are not more exceptional than the noblest and purest of their kind. An Iago is abnormal: his wonderful intelligence, omnipotent and infallible within its limit and its range, gives to the unclean and maleficent beast that he is the dignity and the mystery of a devil. 10 Goneril and Regan would be almost vulgarly commonplace by comparison with him if the conditions of their life and the circumstances of their story were not so much more extraordinary than their instincts and 15 among all poets and all men approved their acts. 'Regan,' according to Coleridge, 'is not, in fact, a greater monster than Goneril, but she has the power of casting more venom.' A champion who should wish to enter the lists on behalf of Goneril 20 types of imaginable humanity. Kent and might plead that Regan was so much more of a Gadarean sow than her elder sister as to be, for all we know, incapable of such passion as flames out in Goneril at the thought of foreign banners spread in a 25 harmony. Setting aside for a moment the noiseless land.

'Where's thy drum? France spreads his banners in our noiseless land; With plumèd helm thy slayer begins [his] threats:

Whiles thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and criest 'Alack, why does he so?'

Beast and she-devil as she is, she rises in that instant to the level of an unclean and a criminal Joan of Arc. Her advocate might 35 also invoke as an extenuating circumstance the fact that she poisoned Regan.

François-Victor Hugo, the author of the best and fullest commentary ever written on the text of which he gave us the most 40 intellect and facetious idiocy as mistake it wonderful and masterly of all imaginable translations, has perhaps unwittingly enforced and amplified the remark of Coleridge on the difference between the criminality of the one man chosen by chance and pre-45 equally unequalled skill in the selection and destined by nature as the proper paramour of either sister and the monstrosity of the creatures who felt towards him as women feel towards the men they love. Edmund is not a more true-born child of hell than a true-50 fied the genius of a poet than was that which born son of his father. Goneril and Regan are legitimate daughters of the pit; the man who excites in them such emotion as in such

as they are may pass as the substitute for love is but a half-blooded fellow from the infernal as well as the human point of view. His last wish is to undo the last and most 5 monstrous of his crimes. Such a wish would have been impossible to either of the sisters by whom he can boast with his dving breath that Edmund was beloved.

'I pant for life: some good I mean to do, Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send. Be brief in it, to the castle; for my writ Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia; Nay, send in time.'

The incomparable genius of the greatest itself incomparable for ever by the possibly unconscious instinct which in this supreme work induced or compelled him to set side by side the very lowest and the very highest Oswald, Regan and Cordelia, stand out in such relief against each other that Shakespeare alone could have wrought their several figures into one perfect scheme of spiritual reflection that outside the work of Æschylus there is no such poetry in the world, we must remember that there is no such realism. And there is no discord between the supreme 30 sublimities of impassioned poetry and the humblest realities of photographic prose. Incredible and impossible as it seems, the impression of the one is enhanced and intensified by the impression of the other.

That Shakespeare's judgment was as great and almost as wonderful as his genius has been a commonplace of criticism ever since the days of Coleridge; questionable only by such dirty and dwarfish creatures of simian for a sign of wit instead of dullness, and of distinction instead of degradation, to deny the sun in heaven and affirm the fragrance of a sewer. But I do not know whether his composition of material for the construction of a masterpiece has or has not been as all but universally recognized. No more happy and no more terrible inspiration ever gloribade the greatest of them all inweave or fuse together the legend of Lear and his daughters with the story of Gloucester and his sons.

It is possible that an episode in Sidney's Arcadia may have suggested, as is usually supposed or usually repeated, the notion or conception of this more than tragic underplot; but the student will be disappointed 5 who thinks to find in the sweet and sunbright work of Sidney's pure and happy genius a touch or a hint of such tragic horror as could only be conceived and made endarker as well as brighter, genius of Shakespeare. And this fearful understudy in terror is a necessary, an indispensable, part of the most wonderful creation ever imagined Book of Job, the author of the Eumenides, can show nothing to be set beside the third act of King Lear. All that is best and all that is worst in man might have been brought mind's eye of the spectator or the student without the intervention of such servile ministers as take part with Goneril and Regan against their father. Storm and lightas they became to Lear, no less conscious and responsible partners in the superhuman inhumanity of an unimaginable crime. The close of the Prometheus itself seems less comparison with a scene which is not the close and is less terrible than the close of King Lear. And it is no whit more terrible than it is beautiful. The splendour of the lightning and the menace of the thunder 35 whispered or muttered or hinted or suggested serve only or mainly to enhance the effect of suffering and the potency of passion on the spirit and the conscience of a man. The sufferer is transfigured: but he is not transformed. Mad or sane, living or dying, he is 40 allowed that his country is not more than passionate and vehement, single-hearted and self-willed. And therefore it is that the fierce appeal, the fiery protest against the social iniquities and the legal atrocities of civilized mankind, which none before the greatest of 45 the aspiration and the faith of Victor Hugo, all Englishmen had ever dreamed of daring to utter in song or set forth upon the stage, comes not from Hamlet, but from Lear. The young man whose infinite capacity of thought and whose delicate scrupulosity of 50 him to do good work for its own sake and for conscience at once half disabled and half deified him could never have seen what was revealed by suffering to an old man who had

never thought or felt more deeply or more keenly than an average labourer or an average king. Lear's madness, at all events, was assuredly not his enemy, but his friend.

The rule of Elizabeth and her successor may have been more arbitrary than we can now understand how the commonwealth of England could accept and could endure; but how far it was from a monarchy, from a durable by the deeper as well as higher, and 10 government really deserving of that odious and ignominious name, we may judge by the fact that this play could be acted and published. Among all its other great qualities, among all the many other attributes which and realized by man. The author of the 15 mark it for ever as matchless among the works of man, it has this above all, that it is the first great utterance of a cry from the heights and the depths of the human spirit on behalf of the outcasts of the world together and flashed together upon the 20 on behalf of the social sufferer, clean or unclean, innocent or criminal, thrall or free. To satisfy the sense of righteousness, the craving for justice, as unknown and unimaginable by Dante as by Chaucer, a change ning, thunder and rain, become to us, even 25 must come upon the social scheme of things which shall make an end of the actual relations between the judge and the cutpurse, the beadle and the prostitute, the beggar and the king. All this could be uttered, could spiritually and overpoweringly fearful by 30 be prophesied, could be thundered from the English stage at the dawn of the seventeenth century. Were it within the power of omnipotence to create a German or a Russian Shakespeare, could anything of the sort be from the boards of a Russian or a German theatre at the dawn of the twentieth? When a Tolstoi or a Sudermann can do this, and can do it with impunity in success, it will be three centuries behind England in civilization and freedom. Not political reform, but social revolution as beneficent and as bloodless, as absolute and as radical, as enkindled is the key-note of the creed and the watchword of the gospel according to Shakespeare. Not, of course, that it was not his first and last aim to follow the impulse which urged love of his own art: but this he could not do without delivery of the word that was in him — the word of witness against wrong

done by oversight as well as by cruelty, by negligence as surely as by crime. These things were hidden from the marvellous wisdom of Hamlet, and revealed to the more marvellous insanity of Lear.

There is nothing of the miraculous in this marvel: the mere presence and companionship of the Fool should suffice to account for it: Cordelia herself is but a little more adorably worthy of our love than the poor 10 the most dramatic and the most poetic of all fellow who began to pine away after her going into France and before his coming into sight of the reader or spectator. Here again the utmost humiliation imaginable of social state and daily life serves only to exalt and 15 imagination exceeds and transcends at all to emphasize the nobility and the manhood of the natural man. The whip itself cannot degrade him; the threat of it cannot change his attitude towards Lear: the dread of it cannot modify his defiance of Goneril. 20 that it endures and bears witness what man Being, if not half-witted, not altogether as other men are, he urges Lear to return and ask his daughters' blessing rather than brave the midnight and the storm: but he cleaves to his master with the divine instinct of 25 fidelity and love which is not, though it should be, as generally recognized in the actual nature of a cat as in the proverbial nature of a dog. And when the old man is trembling on the very verge of madness, he 30 English blank verse. Chaucer and Spenser sees and understands the priceless worth of such devotion and the godlike wisdom of such folly. In the most fearfully pathetic of all poems the most divinely pathetic touch of all is the tender thought of the houseless king 35 of the word, great. Neither pathos nor for the suffering of such a fellow-sufferer as his fool. The whirlwind of terror and pity in which we are living as we read may at first confuse and obscure to the sight of a boyish reader the supreme significance and 40 distinguished from invention or from fancy: the unutterable charm of it. But if any elder does not feel it too keenly and too deeply for tears, it is a pity that he should waste his time and misuse his understanding in the study of Shakespeare.

There is nothing in all poetry so awful, so nearly unendurable by the reader who is compelled by a natural instinct of imagination to realize and believe it, as the close of the Choephoræ, except only the close of King 50 there is something of genuine greatness in Lear. The cry of Ugolino to the earth that would not open to swallow and to save is not

quite so fearful in its pathos. But the skill which made use of the stupid old chronicle or tradition to produce this final masterpiece of tragedy is coequal with the genius which 5 created it. The legendary Cordelia hanged herself in prison, long after her father's death, when defeated in battle by the sons of Goneril. And this most putrid and contemptible tradition suggested to Shakespeare scenes and all events that ever bade all men not devoid of understanding understand how much higher is the genius of man than the action of chance: how far the truth of points the accident of fact. That an event may have happened means nothing and matters nothing; that a man such as Æschylus or Shakespeare imagined it means this: may be, at the highest of his powers and the noblest of his nature, for ever.

1902

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE *

The first great English poet was the father of English tragedy and the creator of were great writers and great men: they shared between them every gift which goes to the making of a poet except the one which alone can make a poet, in the proper sense humour nor fancy nor invention will suffice for that: no poet is great as a poet whom no one could ever pretend to recognize as sublime. Sublimity is the test of imagination as and the first English poet whose powers can be called sublime was Christopher Marlowe.

The majestic and exquisite excellence of various lines and passages in Marlowe's first 45 play must be admitted to relieve, if it cannot be allowed to redeem, the stormy monotony of Titanic truculence which blusters like a simoom: through the noisy course of its ten fierce acts. With many and heavy faults Tamburlaine the Great; and for two grave reasons it must always be remembered with distinction and mentioned with honour. It is the first poem ever written in English blank verse, as distinguished from mere rhymeless decasyllabics: and it contains one of the noblest passages — perhaps, indeed, the noblest in the literature of the world-ever written by one of the greatest masters of poetry in loving praise of the glorious delights and sublime submission to the everlasting limits qualities, in unfaltering and infallible command of the right note of music and the proper tone of colour for the finest touches of poetic execution, no poet of the most elaboevery consummate resource of luxurious learning and leisurely refinement, has ever excelled the best and most representative work of a man who had literally no models often, if not always, compelled to write against time for his living.

The just and generous judgment passed by Goethe on the Faustus of his English subject is somewhat more than sufficient to counterbalance the slighting or the sneering references to that magnificent poem which might have been expected from the ignorance And the particular note of merit observed, the special point of the praise conferred, by the great German poet should be no less sufficient to dispose of the vulgar misconceptenders to criticism, which regards a writer than whom no man was ever born with a finer or a stronger instinct for perfection of excellence in execution as a mere noble or scribbler of crude and rude genius, whose unhewn blocks of verse had in them some veins of rare enough metal to be quarried and polished by Shakespeare. What most im-Marlowe was a quality the want of which in the author of Manfred is proof enough to consign his best work to the second or third class at most. 'How greatly it is all planned!' the first requisite of all great work, and one 50 allel in all the range of tragedy. of which the highest genius possible to a greatly gifted barbarian could by no possibility understand the nature or conceive the

existence. That Goethe 'had thought of translating it' is perhaps hardly less precious a tribute to its greatness than the fact that it has been actually and admirably translated 5 by the matchless translator of Shakespeare - the son of Victor Hugo, whose labour of love may thus be said to have made another point in common, and forged as it were another link of union, between Shakespeare of his art. In its highest and most distinctive 10 and the young master of Shakespeare's youth. Of all great poems in dramatic form it is perhaps the most remarkable for absolute singleness of aim and simplicity of construction; yet is it wholly free from all rate modern school, working at ease upon 15 possible imputation of monotony or aridity. Tamburlaine is monotonous in the general roll and flow of its stately and sonorous verse through a noisy wilderness of perpetual bluster and slaughter; but the unity of tone before him, and probably or evidently was 20 and purpose in Doctor Faustus is not unrelieved by change of manner and variety of incident. The comic scenes, written evidently with as little labour as of relish, are for the most part scarcely more than tranpredecessor in tragic treatment of the same 25 scripts, thrown into the form of dialogue, from a popular prose History of Dr. Faustus. and therefore should be set down as little to the discredit as to the credit of the poet. Few masterpieces of any age in any language of Byron or the incompetence of Hallam. 30 can stand beside this tragic poem — it has hardly the structure of a play — for the qualities of terror and splendour, for intensity of purpose and sublimity of note. In the vision of Helen, for example, the intense tion yet lingering among sciolists and pre-35 perception of loveliness gives actual sublimity to the sweetness and radiance of mere beauty in the passionate and spontaneous selection of words the most choice and perfect; and in like manner the sublimity of savage of letters, a rough self-taught sketcher 40 simplicity in Marlowe's conception and expression of the agonies endured by Faustus under the immediate imminence of his doom gives the highest note of beauty, the quality of absolute fitness and propriety, to the sheer pressed the author of Faust in the work of 45 straightforwardness of speech in which his agonizing horror finds vent ever more and more terrible from the first to the last equally beautiful and fearful verse of that tremendous monologue which has no par-

It is now a commonplace of criticism to observe and regret the decline of power and interest after the opening acts of The Jew of Malta. This decline is undeniable, though even the latter part of the play is not wanting in rough energy and a coarse kind of interest; but the first two acts would be sufficient foundation for the durable fame of a dramatic poet. In the blank verse of Milton alone, who perhaps was hardly less indebted than Shakespeare was before him to Marlowe as the first English master of word-music in its grander forms, has the 10 glory or the melody of passages in the opening soliloguv of Barabas been possibly surpassed. The figure of the hero before it degenerates into caricature is as finely touched as the poetic execution is excellent; 15 terest. That anti-papal ardour is indeed the and the rude and rapid sketches of the minor characters show at least some vigour and vivacity of touch.

In Edward II the interest rises and the execution improves as visibly and as greatly 20 It is possible to conjecture what it would be with the course of the advancing story as they decline in The Jew of Malta. scene of the king's deposition at Kenilworth is almost as much finer in tragic effect and poetic quality as it is shorter and less elabo-25 the death of Marlowe. rate than the corresponding scene in Shakespeare's King Richard II. The terror of the death scene undoubtedly rises into horror; but this horror is with skilful simplicity of treatment preserved from passing into 30 thiest English precursor of Swift in vivid, disgust. In pure poetry, in sublime and splendid imagination, this tragedy is excelled by Doctor Faustus; in dramatic power and positive impression of natural effect it is as certainly the masterpiece of Marlowe. It 35 even lyric verse, but in nowise qualified to was almost inevitable, in the hands of any poet but Shakespeare, that none of the characters represented should be capable of securing or even exciting any finer sympathy or more serious interest than attends on the 40 of his fellows. In this somewhat thin-spun mere evolution of successive events or the mere display of emotions (except always in the great scene of the deposition) rather animal than spiritual in their expression of rage or tenderness or suffering. The exact 45 scribe what is essentially inimitable and to balance of mutual effect, the final note of scenic harmony between ideal conception and realistic execution, is not yet struck with perfect accuracy of touch and security of hand; but on this point also Marlowe has 50 spired by the unattainable model to which here come nearer by many degrees to Shakespeare than any of his other predecessors have ever come near to Marlowe.

Of The Massacre at Paris it is impossible to judge fairly from the garbled fragment of its genuine text, which is all that has come down to us. To Mr. Collier, among num-5 berless other obligations, we owe the discovery of a striking passage excised in the piratical edition which gives us the only version extant of this unlucky play; and which, it must be allowed, contains nothing of quite equal value. This is obviously an occasional and polemical work, and being as it is overcharged with the anti-Catholic passion of the time, has a typical quality which gives it some empirical significance and inonly note of unity in a rough and ragged chronicle which shambles and stumbles onward from the death of Queen Jeanne of Navarre to the murder of the last Valois. fruitless to affirm, that it gave a hint in the next century to Nathaniel Lee for his far superior and really admirable tragedy on the same subject, issued ninety-seven years after

The tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage, was probably completed for the stage after that irreparable and incalculable loss to English letters by Thomas Nash, the worpure, and passionate prose, embodying the most terrible and splendid qualities of a personal and social satirist; a man gifted also with some fair faculty of elegiac and put on the buskin left behind him by the 'famous gracer of tragedians,' as Marlowe had already been designated by their common friend Greene from among the worthiest and evidently hasty play a servile fidelity to the text of Virgil's narrative has naturally resulted in the failure which might have been expected from an attempt at once to tranreproduce it under the hopelessly alien conditions of dramatic adaptation. The one really noble passage in a generally feeble and incomposite piece of work is, however, uninthe dramatists have been only too obsequious in their subservience.

It is as nearly certain as anything can be

which depends chiefly upon cumulative and collateral evidence that the better part of what is best in the serious scenes of King Henry VI is mainly the work of Marlowe. That he is, at any rate, the principal author of the second and third plays passing under that name among the works of Shakespeare, but first and imperfectly printed as The Contention between the Two Famous Houses a matter of debate among competent judges. The crucial difficulty of criticism in this matter is to determine, if indeed we should not rather say to conjecture, the authorship as they generally do a power of comparatively high and pure comic realism to which nothing in the acknowledged works of any pre-Shakespearean dramatist is even reoriginal text of these scenes as they stand unpurified by the ultimate revision of Shakespeare, there are tones and touches which recall rather the clownish horseplay and anything in the lighter interludes of his very earliest plays. We find the same sort of thing which we find in their writings, only better done than they usually do it, rather worse done than usual. And even in the final text of the tragic or metrical scenes the highest note struck is always, with one magnificent and unquestionable exception. than of Shakespeare while yet in great measure his disciple.

It is another commonplace of criticism to affirm that Marlowe had not a touch of twinkle of humour: but it is an indisputable fact that he had. In The Massacre at Paris, the soliloquy of the soldier lying in wait for the minion of Henri III has the passage in the Contention which was cancelled by the reviser. The same hand is unmistakable in both these broad and boyish outbreaks of unseemly but undeniable decorous, we must admit that the tradition which denies all sense of humour and all instinct of wit to the first great poet of England

is no less unworthy of serious notice or elaborate refutation than the charges and calumnies of an informer who was duly hanged the year after Marlowe's death. For 5 if the same note of humour is struck in an undoubted play of Marlowe's and in a play of disputed authorship, it is evident that the rest of the scene in the latter play must also be Marlowe's. And in that unquestionable of York and Lancaster, can hardly be now 10 case the superb and savage humour of the terribly comic scenes which represent with such rough magnificence of realism the riot of Jack Cade and his ruffians through the ravaged streets of London must be recognizof the humourous scenes in prose, showing 15 able as no other man's than his. It is a pity we have not before us for comparison the comic scenes or burlesque interludes of Tamburlaine which the printer or publisher, as he had the impudence to avow in motely comparable. Yet, especially in the 20 his prefatory note, purposely omitted and left out.

The author of A Study of Shakespeare was therefore wrong, and utterly wrong, when in a book issued some quarter of a century ago homely ribaldry of his predecessors than 25 he followed the lead of Mr. Dvce in assuming that because the author of Doctor Faustus and The Jew of Malta 'was as certainly' and certainly it is difficult to deny that whether as a mere transcriber or as an than such work as Shakespeare's a little 30 original dealer in pleasantry he sometimes was - 'one of the least and worst among jesters as he was one of the best and greatest among poets,' he could not have had a hand in the admirable comic scenes of The rather in the key of Marlowe at his best 35 Taming of the Shrew. For it is now, I should hope, unnecessary to insist that the able and conscientious editor to whom his fame and his readers owe so great a debt was over-hasty in assuming and asserting that comic genius, not a gleam of wit in him or a 40 he was a poet 'to whom, we have reason to believe, nature had denied even a moderate talent for the humourous.' The serious or would-be poetical scenes of the play are as unmistakably the work of an imitator as are same very rough but very real humour as a 45 most of the better passages in Titus Andronicus and King Edward III. Greene or Peele may be responsible for the bad poetry, but there is no reason to suppose that the great poet whose mannerisms he fun: and if we might wish it rather less in-50 imitated with so stupid a servility was incapable of the good fun.

Had every copy of Marlowe's boyish version or perversion of Ovid's Elegies deservedly perished in the flames to which it was judicially condemned by the sentence of a brace of prelates, it is possible that an occasional bookworm, it is certain that no poetical student, would have deplored its destruction, if its demerits - hardly relieved, as his first competent editor has happily remarked, by the occasional incidence of a fine and felicitous couplet - could in that case have been imagined. translation of the first book of Lucan alternately rises above the original and falls short of it: often inferior to the Latin in point and weight of expressive rhetoric, now and then brightened by a clearer note of po-15 impeccable perfection of separate lines or etry and lifted into a higher mood of verse. Its terseness, vigour, and purity of style would in any case have been praiseworthy, but are nothing less than admirable, if not wonderful, when we consider how close 20 criticism to over-estimate. To none of them the translator has on the whole (in spite of occasional slips into inaccuracy) kept himself to the most rigid limit of literal representation, phrase by phrase and often line by line. The really startling force and felicity 25 unmixedly an influence for good. He first, of occasional verses are worthier of remark than the inevitable stiffness and heaviness of others, when the technical difficulty of such a task is duly taken into account.

of the loveliest fragments in the whole range of descriptive and fanciful poetry would have secured a place for Marlowe among the memorable men of his epoch, even if his plays had perished with himself. Passionate Shepherd remains ever since unrivalled in its way - a way of pure fancy

and radiant melody without break or lanse. The untitled fragment, on the other hand, has been very closely rivalled, perhaps very happily imitated, but only by the greatest 5 lyric poet of England — by Shelley alone. Marlowe's poem of Hero and Leander. closing with the sunrise which closes the night of the lover's union, stands alone in its age, and far ahead of the work of any possible His 10 competitor between the death of Spenser and the dawn of Milton. In clear mastery of narrative and presentation, in melodious ease and simplicity of strength, it is not less preeminent than in the adorable beauty and passages.

The place and the value of Christopher Marlowe as a leader among English poets it would be almost impossible for historical all, perhaps, have so many of the greatest among them been so deeply and so directly indebted. Nor was ever any great writer's influence upon his fellows more utterly and and he alone, guided Shakespeare into the right way of work; his music, in which there is no echo of any man's before him, found its own echo in the more prolonged but hardly One of the most faultless lyrics and one 30 more exalted harmony of Milton's. He is the greatest discoverer, the most daring and inspired pioneer, in all our poetic literature. Before him there was neither genuine blank verse nor genuine tragedy in our language. His 35 After his arrival the way was prepared, the paths were made straight, for Shakespeare.

MODERN PERIOD

POETRY

10

15

20

25

Edmund Gosse (1849–

IMPRESSION

In these restrained and careful times Our knowledge petrifies our rhymes; Ah! for that reckless fire men had When it was witty to be mad,

When wild conceits were piled in scores, And lit by flaring metaphors, When all was crazed and out of tune, — Yet throbbed with music of the moon.

If we could dare to write as ill
As some whose voices haunt us still,
Even we, perchance, might call our own
Their deep enchanting undertone.

We are too diffident and nice, Too learned and too over-wise, Too much afraid of faults to be The flutes of bold sincerity.

For, as this sweet life passes by, We blink and nod with critic eye; We've no words rude enough to give Its charm so frank and fugitive.

The green and scarlet of the Park, The undulating streets at dark, The brown smoke blown across the blue, This colored city we walk through;—

The pallid faces full of pain, The field-smell of the passing wain, The laughter, longing, perfume, strife, The daily spectacle of life;—

Ah! how shall this be given to rhyme, By rhymesters of a knowing time? 30 Ah! for the age when verse was glad, Being godlike, to be bad and mad.

Eugene Lee-Hamilton* (1845–1907)

WHAT THE SONNET IS

FOURTEEN small broidered berries on the hem Of Circe's mantle, each of magic gold;

Fourteen of lone Calypso's tears that rolled Into the sea, for pearls to come of them;
Fourteen clear signs of omen in the gem 5
With which Medea human fate foretold;
Fourteen small drops, which Faustus, growing old,

Craved of the Fiend, to water Life's dry

It is the pure white diamond Dante brought To Beatrice; the sapphire Laura wore 10 When Petrarch cut it sparkling out of thought;

The ruby Shakespeare hewed from his heart's core;

The dark, deep emerald that Rossetti wrought

For his own soul, to wear for evermore.

1894

ON HIS 'SONNETS OF THE WINGLESS HOURS'

I wrought them like a targe of hammered gold

On which all Troy is battling round and round;

Or Circe's cup, embossed with snakes that wound

Through buds and myrtles, fold on scaly fold;

Or like gold coins, which Lydian tombs may hold,

Stamped with winged racers, in the old red ground;

Or twined gold armlets from the funeral mound

Of some great viking, terrible of old.

I know not in what metal I have wrought;

Nor whether what I fashioned will be
thrust

Beneath the clods that hide forgotten thought;

But if it is of gold it will not rust;

And when the time is ripe it will be brought Into the sun and glitter through its dust.

1894

* Poems, Canterbury Poets, Walter Scott Publishing Company. By Permission.

Alfred Austin* (1835-1913)

AT SHELLEY'S HOUSE AT LERICI

Maiden, with English hair and eyes
The colour of Italian skies,
What seek you by this shore?
'I seek, sir, for the latest home
Where Shelley dwelt, and, o'er the foam
Speeding, returned no more.'

Come, then with me: I seek it, too.
Are you his kith? For strangely you
Resemble him in mien.
'No, save it be that all are kin
Who cherish the same thoughts within,
And gaze on things unseen.'

It should be easy, sure, to find.
Waves close in front, woods close behind,
Green shutters, whitewashed walls;
A little space of rocky ground,
Where climbs the wave, and, round and
round,
The seagull curves and calls.

Lo! there it stands. A quiet spot,
Untenanted, it seems forgot,
Like shrine from which the God
Hath vanished, and but left behind
A something in the air, the wind,
Recalling where he trod.

Upon this balcony how oft,

When waves were smooth and winds were soft,

As now, he must have stood,

As now, he must have stood,
And dreamed of days when men should be
Bondless as this unfettered sea,
And peaceful as that wood.

What would he find if came he now?

A phantom crown on kingly brow,
Veiled sceptre, trembling throne;
Pulpits where threat and curse have ceased,
And shrines whereat half-sceptic priest 35
Worships, too oft, alone.

With muffled psalm and whispered hymn,
At secret dawn or twilight dim,
A pious remnant pray;
For their maimed rites indulgence plead, 40
And, half uncertain of their creed,

Explain their God away.

Gone the conventions Shelley cursed:
The first are last, the last are first;
The lame the halt the blind

The lame, the halt, the blind,
Now in the seat of power, along
With the far-seeing and the strong,
Mould mandates for mankind.

No longer doth man's will decide,
And woman's feebler impulse guide;
He yields to her his might:
Duty hath grown an old-world tale,
And chaste Obedience rends her veil,
For epicene delight.

Where now do towering despots reign
Over lithe knee and servile brain,
The sacred, the base, the bought?
Monarchs themselves now bend with awe
Before the kingliness of Law,
The majesty of Thought.

55
60

Yes, Kings have gone, or reign as slaves; Religion mumbles round our graves, But shapes our lives no more: Tradition, thrice-spurned Sibyl, burns The leaves mob Sovereignty spurns, Contemptuous of her lore.

Fair Maiden with the sea-blue eyes,
With whom, beneath these sea-blue skies,
Shelley had loved to live,
Forgive me if his dream, unborn
Then, but not adult, moves my scorn:
Would He too not forgive?

For where both Crown and Cowl defied
Sue for the ruth they once denied,
What would he find instead?
A fiercer despot, fouler creed,
The Rule of Gold, the Rites of Greed,
And a bitterer cry for bread.

Wake, poet! and retune your strings.
The earth now swarms with petty kings, 8
Seated on self-made thrones,
And altar-tables richly spread,
Where Roguery consecrates the bread,
And Opulence atones.

Here Shelley prayed that War might cease 85 From earth, and Pentecostal Peace
Descend with dovelike breath.
Look round this bay! each treeless gorge,
Each scarred ravine, incessant forge
The instruments of death.

From Salterbrand's unfreezing peaks
To sunny Manfredonia's creeks,
Have alien satraps gone;
But, guarding Italy the Free,
Her murderous mammoth-monsters, see, 95
Come grimly wallowing on.

Yes, here He dwelt and dreamed: and there, Gleams *Porto Venere* the fair,

The mockery of a name.

Where fervent Venus once was Queen, 100
Hot Mars now ravishes the scene,
And fans a fiercer flame.

45

^{*} Narrative Poems, The Macmillan Company, 1891. By permission of the Publishers.

Fair Maiden with the English brow,
Although from me, who shortly now
Must tread life's downward slope,
Illusions one by one depart,
Still foster in your virgin heart
The embryo of Hope.

The hills remain, the woods, the waves;
And they alone are dupes or slaves
Who, spurning Nature's breast,
Too high would soar, too deep would sound,
And madden vainly round and round
The orbit of unrest.

Pity, too, lingers. As I speak,
The teardrops tremble on your cheek,
Too silent to deceive;
And with assuaging hand you show
How tenderness still tempers woe,
And none need singly grieve.

Yes! sweet it were, with you for guide,
To float across that dimpling tide,
And on its farther shore,
To prove if Venus still holds sway,
And, wandering with you round the bay, 125
Tempt back one's youth once more.

But, child! it is not Shelley's world.
Fancy's light sails had best be furled,
Before they surge and swell,
What helm can steer the heart? or who
Keep moored, inspired by such as You?
Heaven prosper you! Farewell.

1891

IN THE MONTH WHEN SINGS THE CUCKOO

HARK! Spring is coming. Her herald sings
Cuckoo!
The air resounds and the woodland rings,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Leave the milking pail and the mantling
cream,
And down by the meadow, and up by the
stream,
Wheream,

Where movement is music and life a dream,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

Away with old Winter's frowns and fears,

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! 10

Now May with a smile dries April's tears,

Cuckoo!

When the bees are humming in bloom and

And the kine sit chewing the moist green cud,
Shall the snow not melt in a maiden's
blood,
In the month when sings the cuckoo?

The popinjay mates and the lapwing woos; Cuckoo!

In the lane is a footstep. I wonder Whose?

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! 20

How sweet are low whispers! and sweet, so

sweet,

When the warm hands touch and the shy lips meet,

And sorrel and woodruff are round our feet, In the month when sings the cuckoo.

Your face is as fragrant as moist musk-rose; 25

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

All the year in your cheek the windflower blows;

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
You flit as blithely as bird on wing;
And when you answer, and when they sing,

I know not if they or You be Spring

I know not if they, or You, be Spring, In the month when pairs the cuckoo.

Will you love me still when the blossom droops?

When the cracked husk falls and the field-fare troops?

Cuckoo!

Let sere leaf or snowdrift shade your brow, By the soul of the Spring, sweet-heart, I vow, I will love you then as I love you now, In the month when sings the cuckoo. 40

Smooth, smooth is the sward where the loosestrife grows,

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
As we lie and hear in a dreamy doze,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

And smooth is the curve of a maiden's cheek,

45
When she loves to listen but fears to speak

When she loves to listen but fears to speak, And we yearn but we know not what we seek, In the month when sings the cuckoo.

But in warm mid summer we hear no more, Cuckoo! 50 And August brings not, with all its store.

And August brings not, with all its store,
Cuckoo!

When Autumn shivers on Winter's brink, And the wet wind wails through crevice and chink,

We gaze at the logs, and sadly think
Of the month when called the cuckoo.

But the cuckoo comes back and shouts once more,

Cuckoo!

And the world is as young as it was before; Cuckoo! Cuckoo! 60

It grows not older for mortal tears, The pillow unpressed, and the guilt un-For the falsehood of men or for women's turned. fears: Cuckoo! Cuckoo! 'T is as young as it was in the bygone years, 'T was easy to gibe at a beldame's fear When first was heard the cuckoo. For the quick brief blush and the sidelong-I will love you then as I love you now, But if maids will gad in the youth of the Cuckoo! year, They should heed what says What cares the Spring for a broken vow? the Cuckoo! Cuckoo! cuckoo. The broods of last year are pairing, this; And there will never lack, while love is There are marks in the meadow laid up for bliss. hay, Fresh ears to cozen, fresh lips to kiss, In the month when sings the cuckoo. And the tread of a foot where no foot should stray: O cruel bird! will you never have done? Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! The banks of the pool are broken down, 115 You sing for the cloud, as you sang for the Where the water is quiet and deep and sun: Cuckoo! Cuckoo! The very spot, if one longed to drown, You mock me now as you mocked me then, And no more to hear the cuckoo. When I knew not yet that the loves of men Are as brief as the glamour of glade and glen, 'T is a full taut net and heavy haul, And the glee of the fleeting cuckoo. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! 120 Look! her auburn hair and her trim new O, to lie once more in the long fresh grass, shawl! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! And dream of the sounds and scents that Draw a bit this way where 't is not so steep; pass; There, cover her face! She but seems asleep; Cuckoo! Cuckoo! While the swallows skim and the graylings To savour the woodbine, surmise the 125 dove. 85 And joyously sings the cuckoo. With no roof save the far-off sky above, 1891 And a curtain of kisses round couch of love, While distantly called the cuckoo. But if now I slept, I should sleep to wake Oscar Wilde* (1856–1900) To the sleepless pang and the dreamless REQUIESCAT To the wild babe blossom within my heart, To the darkening terror and swelling smart, TREAD lightly, she is near To the searching look and the words apart, Under the snow, And the hint of the tell-tale cuckoo. Speak gently, she can hear The daisies grow. The meadow grows thick, and the stream runs deep, All her bright golden hair В Cuckoo! Tarnished with rust, Where the aspens quake and the willows She that was young and fair weep; Fallen to dust. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Lily-like, white as snow, The dew of the night and the morning heat Will close up the track of my farewell She hardly knew 10 She was a woman, so feet: -So good-bye to the life that once was sweet, Sweetly she grew. When so sweetly called the cuckoo. Coffin-board, heavy stone, Lie on her breast, The kine are unmilked, and the cream un-I vex my heart alone, 15 churned,

Cuckoo!

* Poems, The Modern Library, Inc. By permission of the Publishers.

She is at rest.

Peace, Peace, she cannot hear Lyre or sonnet, All my life's buried here, Heap earth upon it. 188	20 31	Some kill their love when they are young And some when they are old; Some strangle with the hands of Lust, Some with the hands of Gold: The kindest use a knife, because The dead so soon grow cold.	5, 45
THE BALLAD OF READING GAO	L	Some love too little, some too long, Some sell, and others buy; Some do the deed with many tears, And some without a sigh:	50
He did not wear his scarlet coat, For blood and wine are red, And blood and wine were on his hands		For each man kills the thing he loves, Yet each man does not die.	
When they found him with the dead, The poor dead woman whom he loved, And murdered in her bed.	5	On a day of dark disgrace, Nor have a noose about his neck,	55
He walked amongst the Trial Men In a suit of shabby grey; A cricket cap was on his head,		Nor a cloth upon his face, Nor drop feet foremost through the floor Into an empty space.	60
And his step seemed light and gay; But I never saw a man who looked So wistfully at the day.	- 10	He does not sit with silent men Who watch him night and day;	
I never saw a man who looked With such a wistful eye Upon that little tent of blue Which prisoners call the sky,	15	Who watch him when he tries to weep, And when he tries to pray; Who watch him lest himself should rob The prison of its prey.	65
And at every drifting cloud that went With sails of silver by.		He does not wake at dawn to see Dread figures throng his room,	
I walked, with other souls in pain, Within another ring, And was wondering if the man had done A great or little thing,	20	The shivering Chaplain robed in white, The Sheriff stern with gloom, And the Governor all in shiny black, With the yellow face of Doom.	70
When a voice behind me whispered low, 'That fellow's got to swing.'		He does not rise in piteous haste To put on convict-clothes,	
Dear Christ! the very prison walls Suddenly seemed to reel, And the sky above my head became Like a casque of scorching steel; And, though I was a soul in pain,	25	While some coarse-mouthed Doctor gloa and notes Each new and nerve-twitched pose, Fingering a watch whose little ticks Are like horrible hammer-blows.	its, 75
My pain I could not feel.	30	He does not know that sickening thirst	
I only knew what hunted thought Quickened his step, and why He looked upon the garish day With such a wistful eye; The man had killed the thing he loved	35	That sands one's throat, before The hangman with his gardener's gloves Slips through the padded door, And binds one with three leathern thongs, That the throat may thirst no more.	, 80
And so he had to die.		He does not bend his head to hear The Burial Office read,	85
Yet each man kills the thing he loves, By each let this be heard, Some do it with a bitter look, Some with a flattering word,	40	Nor, while the terror of his soul Tells him he is not dead, Cross his own coffin, as he moves Into the hideous shed.	90
The coward does it with a kiss, The brave man with a sword!		He does not stare upon the air Through a little roof of glass:	

He does not pray with lips of clay For his agony to pass;		And through a murderer's collar take His last look at the sky?	
Nor feel upon his shuddering cheek The kiss of Caiaphas.	95	It is sweet to dance to violins	145
		When Love and Life are fair:	140
II		To dance to flutes, to dance to lutes Is delicate and rare:	
Six weeks our guardsman walked the y In the suit of shabby grey: His cricket cap was on his head,	ard,	But it is not sweet with nimble feet To dance upon the air!	150
And his step seemed light and gay,	100	So with curious eyes and sick surmise	
But I never saw a man who looked So wistfully at the day.		We watched him day by day, And wondered if each one of us	
I never saw a man who looked		Would end the self-same way,	
With such a wistful eye	105	For none can tell to what red Hell His sightless soul may stray.	155
Upon that little tent of blue Which prisoners call the sky,	105	At last the dead man walked no more	
And at every wandering cloud that trail. Its ravelled fleeces by.	ed	Amongst the Trial Men,	
		And I knew that he was standing up In the black dock's dreadful pen,	160
He did not wring his hands, as do Those witless men who dare	110	And that never would I see his face	100
To try to rear the changeling Hope In the cave of black Despair:		In God's sweet world again.	
He only looked upon the sun,		Like two doomed ships that pass in store. We had crossed each other's way:	m
And drank the morning air.		But we made no sign, we said no word,	165
He did not wring his hands nor weep, Nor did he peek or pine,	115	We had no word to say; For we did not meet in the holy night,	
But he drank the air as though it held		But in the shameful day.	
Some healthful anodyne; With open mouth he drank the sun,		A prison wall was round us both,	
As though it had been wine!	120	Two outcast men we were: The world had thrust us from its heart,	170
And I and all the souls in pain,		And God from out His care:	
Who tramped the other ring, Forgot if we ourselves had done		And the iron gin that waits for Sin Had caught us in its snare.	
A great or little thing,		The orași as ii io siaio	
And watched with gaze of dull amaze The man who had to swing.	125	III	
And strange it was to see him pass		In Debtors' Yard the stones are hard, And the dripping wall is high,	175
With a step so light and gay,		So it was there he took the air	
And strange it was to see him look So wistfully at the day,	130	Beneath the leaden sky, And by each side a Warder walked,	
And strange it was to think that he	200	For fear the man might die.	180
Had such a debt to pay.		Or else he sat with those who watched	
		His anguish night and day; Who watched him when he rose to week)
For oak and elm have pleasant leaves That in the spring-time shoot:		And when he crouched to pray;	
But grim to see is the gallows-tree,	135	Who watched him lest himself should rob Their scaffold of its prey.	185
With its adder-bitten root, And, green or dry, a man must die		The Governor was strong upon	
Before it bears its fruit!		The Regulations Act:	
The loftiest place is that seat of grace	140	The Doctor said that Death was but A scientific fact:	190
For which all worldlings try: But who would stand in hempen band	140	And twice a day the Chaplain called,	
Upon a scaffold high.		And left a little tract.	

And twice a day he smoked his pipe, And drank his quart of beer: His soul was resolute, and held No hiding-place for fear; He often said that he was glad The hangman's hands were near.	195	The hangman, with his little bag, Went shuffling through the gloom: And each man trembled as he crept Into his numbered tomb.	248
But why he said so strange a thing No Warder dared to ask: For he to whom a watcher's doom Is given as his task, Must set a lock upon his lips, And make his face a mask.	200	That night the empty corridors Were full of forms of Fear, And up and down the iron town Stole feet we could not hear, And through the bars that hide the star White faces seemed to peer.	250 rs
Or else he might be moved, and try To comfort or console: And what should Human Pity do Pent up in Murderers' Hole? What word of grace in such a place Could help a brother's soul?	205	He lay as one who lies and dreams In a pleasant meadow-land, The watchers watched him as he slept, And could not understand How one could sleep so sweet a sleep With a hangman close at hand.	255
With slouch and swing around the ring We trod the Fools' Parade! We did not care: we knew we were The Devil's Own Brigade:	0.15	But there is no sleep when men must we Who never yet have wept: So we — the fool, the fraud, the knave — That endless vigil kept, And through each brain on hands of pai Another's terror crept.	260 —
And shaven head and feet of lead Make a merry masquerade. We tore the tarry rope to shreds With blunt and bleeding nails; We rubbed the doors, and scrubbed floors, And cleaned the shining rails:	the 220	Alas! it is a fearful thing To feel another's guilt! For, right within, the sword of Sin Pierced to its poisoned hilt, And as molten lead were the tears we she For the blood we had not spilt.	265 ed 270
And, rank by rank, we soaped the plank, And clattered with the pails. We sewed the sacks, we broke the stone We turned the dusty drill: We banged the tins, and bawled	the	The Warders with their shoes of felt Crept by each padlocked door, And peeped and saw, with eyes of awe, Grey figures on the floor, And wondered why men knelt to pray	275
hymns, And sweated on the mill: But in the heart of every man Terror was lying still.	225	Who never prayed before. All through the night we knelt and pray Mad mourners of a corse! The troubled plumes of midnight were	yed,
So still it lay that every day Crawled like a weed-clogged wave: And we forgot the bitter lot That waits for fool and knave,	230	The plumes upon a hearse: And bitter wine upon a sponge Was the savour of Remorse.	280
Till once, as we tramped in from work, We passed an open grave. With yawning mouth the yellow hole Gaped for a living thing; The very mud cried out for blood	235	The grey cock crew, the red cock crew, But never came the day: And crookèd shapes of Terror crouched, In the corners where we lay: And each evil sprite that walks by night	285
To the thirsty asphalte ring: And we knew that ere one dawn grew fa Some prisoner had to swing. Right in we went, with soul intent On Death and Dread and Doom:	ir 240	Before us seemed to play. They glided past, they glided fast, Like travelers through a mist: They mocked the moon in a rigadoon Of delicate turn and twist,	2 90
		,	

And with formal pace and loathsome grace The phantoms keep their tryst.	At six o'clock we cleaned our cells, At seven all was still,
With mop and mow, we saw them go, Slim shadows hand in hand: About, about, in ghostly rout They trod a saraband: And the damned grotesques made ara-	But the sough and swing of a mighty wing 345 The prison seemed to fill, For the Lord of Death with icy breath Had entered in to kill.
besques, Like the wind upon the sand! 300	He did not pass in purple pomp, Nor ride a moon-white steed. Three yards of cord and a sliding board
With the pirouettes of marionettes, They tripped on pointed tread: But with flutes of Fear they filled the ear,	Are all the gallows' need: So with rope of shame the Herald came To do the secret deed.
As their grisly masque they led, And loud they sang, and long they sang, For they sang to wake the dead.	We were as men who through a fen Of filthy darkness grope: We did not dare to breathe a prayer,
'Oho!' they cried, 'The World is wide, But fettered limbs go lame! And once, or twice, to throw the dice	Or to give our anguish scope: Something was dead in each of us, And what was dead was Hope 360
Is a gentlemanly game, But he does not win who plays with Sin In the Secret House of Shame.'	For Man's grim Justice goes its way, And will not swerve aside: It sleave the growth of the strong
No things of air these antics were, That frolicked with such glee: To men whose lives were held in gyves, 315	It slays the weak, it slays the strong, It has a deadly stride: With iron heel it slays the strong, The monstrous parricide!
And whose feet might not go free, Ah! wounds of Christ! they were living things, Most terrible to see.	We waited for the stroke of eight: Each tongue was thick with thirst: For the stroke of eight is the stroke of Fate That makes a man accursed, 370
Around, around, they waltzed and wound; Some wheeled in smirking pairs; With the minging step of a demiron	And Fate will use a running noise For the best man and the worst.
With the mincing step of a demirep Some sidled up the stairs: And with subtle sneer, and fawning leer, Each helped us at our prayers.	We had no other thing to do, Save to wait for the sign to come: So, like things of stone in a valley lone, Quiet we sat and dumb:
The morning wind began to moan, 325 But still the night went on:	But each man's heart beat thick and quick, Like a madman on a drum!
Through its giant loom the web of gloom Crept till each thread was spun: And, as we prayed, we grew afraid Of the Justice of the Sun. 330	With sudden shock the prison-clock Smote on the shivering air, And from all the gaol rose up a wail Of impotent despair, 380
The moaning wind went wandering round The weeping prison-wall:	Like the sound that frightened marshes hear From some leper in his lair.
Till like a wheel of turning steel We felt the minutes crawl: O moaning wind! what had we done To have such a seneschal?	And as one sees most fearful things In the crystal of a dream, We saw the greasy hempen rope Hooked to the blackened beam,
At last I saw the shadowed bars, Like a lattice wrought in lead,	And heard the prayer the hangman's snare Strangled into a scream. 390
Move right across the whitewashed wall That faced my three-plank bed, 340 And I knew that somewhere in the world God's dreadful dawn was red.	And all the woe that moved him so That he gave that bitter cry, And the wild regrets, and the bloody sweats, None knew so well as I:

For he who lives more lives than one More deaths than one must die.	395	And kept their herd of brutes, Their uniforms were spick and span, And they wore their Sunday suits,	445
There is no chapel on the day On which they hang a man:			, 450
The Chaplain's heart is far too sick, Or his face is far too wan, Or there is that written in his eyes Which none should look upon.	400	For where a grave had opened wide, There was no grave at all: Only a stretch of mud and sand By the hideous prison-wall, And a little heap of burning lime,	455
So they kept us close till nigh on noon, And then they rang the bell,		That the man should have his pall.	100
And the Warders with their jingling keys Opened each listening cell, And down the iron stair we tramped, Each from his separate Hell.	400		4 60
Out into God's sweet air he went, But not in wonted way,	410	He lies, with fetters on each foot, Wrapt in a sheet of flame!	
For this man's face was white with fear And that man's face was grey, And I never saw sad men who looked So wistfully at the day.	r,	And the soft flesh by day,	465
I never saw sad men who looked With such a wistful eye Upon that little tent of blue We prisoners called the sky,	415	It eats the flesh and bone by turns, But it eats the heart alway.	
And at every careless cloud that passed In happy freedom by. But there were those amongst us all	420	For three long years they will not sow Or root or seeding there: For three long years the unblessed spot Will sterile be and bare,	470
Who walked with downcast head, And knew that, had each got his due, They should have died instead: He had but killed a thing that lived,	425	And look upon the wondering sky With unreproachful stare. They think a murderer's heart wou	
Whilst they had killed the dead. For he who sins a second time Wakes a dead soul to pain, And draws it from its spotted shroud, And makes it bleed again,	430	Each simple seed they sow. It is not true! God's kindly earth Is kindlier than men know, And the red rose would but blow more re	475 ed,
And makes it bleed great gouts of blood And makes it bleed in vain!		The white rose whiter blow. Out of his mouth a red, red rose!	480
		Out of his heart a white! For who can say by what strange way,	
Like ape or clown, in monstrous garb With crooked arrows starred, Silently we went round and round	435	Christ brings His will to light, Since the barren staff the pilgrim bore Bloomed in the great Pope's sight?	485
The slippery asphalte yard; Silently we went round and round And no man spoke a word.		But neither milk-white rose nor red May bloom in prison air; The shard, the pebble, and the flint,	
Silently we went round and round, And through each hollow mind The Memory of dreadful things	440	A 7 - 4 17 · * 43	490
Rushed like a dreadful wind, And Horror stalked before each man, And Terror crept behind.		So never will wine-red rose or white, Petal by petal, fall On that stretch of mud and sand the	hat
		7.	495

By the hideous prison-wall, To tell the men who tramp the yard That God's Son died for all.		But straws the wheat and saves the chaff With a most evil fan.	545
Yet though the hideous prison-wall Still hems him round and round, And a spirit may not walk by night That is with fetters bound, And a spirit may but weep that lies In such unholy ground,	500	This too I know — and wise it were If each could know the same — That every prison that men build Is built with bricks of shame, And bound with bars lest Christ should How men their brothers maim. With bars they blur the gracious moon, And blind the goodly sun:	550 see
He is at peace — this wretched man — At peace, or will be soon: There is no thing to make him mad, Nor does Terror walk at noon, For the lampless Earth in which he lies Has neither Sun nor Moon.	505	And they do well to hide their Hell, For in it things are done That Son of God nor Son of Man Ever should look upon!	555
They hanged him as a beast is hanged: They did not even toll A requiem that might have brought Rest to his startled soul, But hurriedly they took him out, And hid him in a hole.	515	The vilest deeds like poison weeds, Bloom well in prison-air; It is only what is good in Man That wastes and withers there: Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate, And the Warder is Despair.	560
They stripped him of his canvas clothe	es,	For they starve the little frightened child Till it weeps both night and day:	
And gave him to the flies: They mocked the purple swollen throat, And the stark and staring eyes: And with laughter loud they heaped shroud	520 the	And they scourge the weak, and flog fool, And gibe the old and grey, And some grow mad, and all grow bad, And none a word may say.	the 570
In which their convict lies. The Chaplain would not kneel to pray By his dishonoured grave: Nor mark it with that blessèd Cross That Christ for sinners gave, Because the man was one of those Whom Christ came down to save. Yet all is well; he has but passed	525	Each narrow cell in which we dwell Is a foul and dark latrine, And the fetid breath of living Death Chokes up each grated screen, And all, but Lust, is turned to dust In Humanity's machine. The brackish water that we drink Creeps with a loathsome slime, And the bitter bread they weigh in scale	575
To life's appointed bourne: And alien tears will fill for him Pity's long-broken urn, For his mourners will be outcast men, And outcasts always mourn.	530	Is full of chalk and lime, And Sleep will not lie down, but walks Wild-eyed, and cries to Time.	580
I know not whether Laws be right, Or whether Laws be wrong; All that we know who lie in gaol Is that the wall is strong; And that each day is like a year,	535	But though lean Hunger and green Thirs Like asp with adder fight, We have little care of prison fare, For what chills and kills outright Is that every stone one lifts by day Becomes one's heart by night.	585
A year whose days are long. But this I know, that every Law That men have made for Man, Since first Man took his brother's life, And the sad world began,	540	With midnight always in one's heart, And twilight in one's cell, We turn the crank, or tear the rope, Each in his separate Hell, And the silence is more awful far Than the sound of a brazen bell.	590

And never a human voice comes near To speak a gentle word: And the eye that watches through the door Is pitiless and hard: And by all forgot, we rot and rot, With soul and body marred.	In silence let him lie: No need to waste the foolish tear, Or heave the windy sigh: The man had killed the thing he loved,
And thus we rust Life's iron chain Degraded and alone: And some men curse, and some men weep And some men make no moan: But God's eternal Laws are kind And break the heart of stone.	Some with a flattering word,
	1000
And every human heart that breaks, In prison-cell or yard, Is as that broken box that gave Its treasure to the Lord, 610	John Davidson* (1857–1909)
And filled the unclean leper's house With the scent of costliest nard.	A BALLAD OF HEAVEN
Ah! happy they whose hearts can break And peace of pardon win! How else may man make straight his plan 618	Sometimes in a nos with languetter shook.
And cleanse his soul from Sin? How else but through a broken heart May Lord Christ enter in?	His wife and child went clothed in rags, And in a windy garret starved: He trod his measures on the flags, And high on heaven his music carved.
And he of the swollen purple throat, And the stark and staring eyes, Waits for the holy hands that took The Thief to Paradise;	Wistful he grew but never feared; For always on the midnight skies His rich orchestral score appeared In stars and zones and galaxies.
And a broken and a contrite heart The Lord will not despise.	He thought to copy down his score:
The man in red who reads the Law Gave him three weeks of life,	The moonlight was his lamp: he said, 'Listen, my love'; but on the floor His wife and child were lying dead.
Three little weeks in which to heal His soul of his soul's strife, And cleanse from every blot of blood	Her hollow eyes were open wide; He deemed she heard with special zest: Her death's-head infant coldly eyed
The hand that held the knife. 636 And with tears of blood he cleansed the hand	The desert of her shrunken breast 20
The hand that held the steel: For only blood can wipe out blood, And only tears can heal: And the crimson stain that was of Cain 63: Became Christ's snow-white seal.	'Listen, my love: my work is done; I tremble as I touch the page To sign the sentence of the sun
	'The slow adagio begins; 25
In Reading gaol by Reading town There is a pit of shame,	The winding-sheets are ravelled out That swathe the minds of men, the sins That wrap their rotting souls about.
And in it lies a wretched man Eaten by teeth of flame, In a burning winding-sheet he lies, And his grave has got no name.	'The dead are heralded along; With silver trumps and golden drums, And flutes and oboes, keen and strong, My brave andante singing comes.
* By permission of Doc	

'Then like a python's sumptuous dress The frame of things is cast away, And out of Time's obscure distress, The thundering scherzo crashes Day.	They clad him in a robe of light, And gave him heavenly food to eat; Great seraphs praised him to the height, Archangels sat about his feet.
'For three great orchestras I hope My mighty music shall be scored: On three high hills they shall have scope With heaven's vault for a sounding- board. 40	God, smiling, took him by the hand, And led him to the brink of heaven: He saw where systems whirling stand, Where galaxies like snow are driven.
'Sleep well, love; let your eyelids fall; Cover the child; goodnight, and if What? Speak the traitorous end of all! Both cold and hungry cold and stiff!	Dead silence reigned; a shudder ran Through space; Time furled his wearied wings; 90 A slow adagio then began Sweetly resolving troubled things.
'But no, God means us well, I trust: Dear ones, be happy, hope is nigh: We are too young to fall to dust, And too unsatisfied to die.'	The dead were heralded along: As if with drums and trumps of flame, And flutes and oboes keen and strong, A brave andante singing came.
He lifted up against his breast The woman's body stark and wan; And to her withered bosom pressed The little skin-clad skeleton.	Then like a python's sumptuous dress The frame of things was cast away, And out of Time's obscure distress The conquering scherzo thundered Day.
'You see you are alive,' he cried. He rocked them gently to and fro. 'No, no, my love, you have not died; Nor you, my little fellow; no.'	He doubted; but God said 'Even so; Nothing is lost that's wrought with tears: The music that you made below Is now the music of the spheres.'
Long in his arms he strained his dead And crooned an antique lullaby; Then laid them on the lowly bed,	A BALLAD OF HELL
And broke down with a doleful cry. 60 'The love, the hope, the blood, the brain, Of her and me, the budding life, And my great music — all in vain! My unscored work, my child, my wife!	'A LETTER from my love to-day! Oh, unexpected, dear appeal!' She struck a happy tear away, And broke the crimson seal.
'We drop into oblivion, And nourish some suburban sod: My work, this woman, this my son, Are now no more: there is no God.	'My love, there is no help on earth, No help in heaven; the dead-man's bell Must toll our wedding; our first hearth Must be the well-paved floor of hell.'
'The world's a dustbin; we are due, And death's cart waits: be life accurst!' 70 He stumbled down beside the two, And clasping them, his great heart burst.	The colour died from out her face, Her eyes like ghostly candles shone; She cast dread looks about the place, Then clenched her teeth and read right on.
Straightway he stood at heaven's gate, Abashed and trembling for his sin: I trow he had not long to wait, For God came out and led him in.	'I may not pass the prison door; Here must I rot from day to day, Unless I wed whom I abhor, My cousin, Blanche of Valencay.
And then there ran a radiant pair, Ruddy with haste and eager-eyed To meet him first upon the stair — His wife and child beatified. 80	'At midnight with my dagger keen I 'll take my life; it must be so. Meet me in hell to-night, my queen, For weal and woe.' 20

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She laughed although her face was wan, She girded on her golden belt, She took her jewelled ivory fan, And at her glowing missal knelt.

Then rose, 'And am I mad?' she said; She broke her fan, her belt untied; With leather girt herself instead, And stuck a dagger at her side.

She waited, shuddering in her room,
Till sleep had fallen on all the house.
30
She never flinched; she faced her doom:
They two must sin to keep their vows.

Then out into the night she went,
And stooping crept by hedge and tree;
Her rose-bush flung a snare of scent,
And caught a happy memory.

She fell, and lay a minute's space; She tore the sward in her distress; The dewy grass refreshed her face; She rose and ran with lifted dress.

She started like a morn-caught ghost
Once when the moon came out and stood
To watch; the naked road she crossed,
And dived into the murmuring wood.

The branches snatched her streaming cloak; 45
A live thing shrieked; she made no stay!
She hurried to the trysting-oak—
Right well she knew the way.

Without a pause she bared her breast,
And drove her dagger home and fell, 50
And lay like one that takes her rest,
And died and wakened up in hell.

She bathed her spirit in the flame,
And near the centre took her post;
From all sides to her ears there came,
The dreary anguish of the lost.

The devil started at her side,
Comely, and tall, and black as jet.
'I am young Malespina's bride;
Has he come hither yet?'

'My poppet, welcome to your bed.'
'Is Malespina here?'
'Not he! To-morrow he must wed
His cousin Blanche, my dear!'

'You lie, he died with me to-night.'
'Not he! it was a plot.' 'You lie.'
'My dear, I never lie outright.'
'We died at midnight he and I.'

The devil went. Without a groan
She, gathered up in one fierce prayer, 70
Took root in hell's midst all alone,
And waited for him there.

She dared to make herself at home
Amidst the wail, the uneasy stir.
The blood-stained flame that filled the dome,
Scentless and silent, shrouded her.

How long she stayed I cannot tell;
But when she felt his perfidy,
She marched across the floor of hell;
And all the damned stood up to see. 80

The devil stopped her at the brink:
She shook him off; she cried, 'Away!'
'My dear, you have gone mad, I think.'
'I was betrayed: I will not stay.'

Across the weltering deep she ran;
A stranger thing was never seen:
The damned stood silent to a man;
They saw the great gulf set between.

85

To her it seemed a meadow fair; And flowers sprang up about her feet. 90 She entered heaven; she climbed the stair And knelt down at the mercy-seat.

Seraphs and saints with one great voice
Welcomed that soul that knew not fear;
Amazed to find it could rejoice,
Hell raised a hoarse half-human cheer.
1894

Francis Thompson* (1859-1907)

TO OLIVIA

I FEAR to love thee, Sweet, because Love's the ambassador of loss; White flake of childhood, clinging so To my soiled raiment, thy shy snow At tenderest touch will shrink and go. Love me not, delightful child. My heart, by many snares beguiled, Has grown timorous and wild. It would fear thee not at all, Wert thou not so harmless-small. 10 Because thy arrows, not yet dire, Are still unbarbed with destined fire, I fear thee more than hadst thou stood Full-panoplied in womanhood. 1893

* Complete Poems, The Modern Library, Inc. By permission of the Publishers.

10

75

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

I FLED Him, down the nights and down the days;

I fled Him, down the arches of the years; I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways

Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears I hid from Him, and under running laugh-

Up vistaed hopes I sped; And shot, precipitated,

Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears, From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.

> But with unhurrying chase. And unperturbed pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,

They beat — and a Voice beat More instant than the Feet -

'All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,

By many a hearted casement, curtained red, Trellised with intertwining charities;

(For, though I knew His love Who followed, Yet was I sore adread

Least, having Him, I must have naught be-

But, if one little casement parted wide, The gust of His approach would clash it to. Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pur-

Across the margent of the world I fled. And troubled the gold gateways of the

Smiting for shelter on their clanged bars: Fretted to dulcet jars

And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.

I said to dawn: Be sudden — to eve: Be

With thy young skiey blossoms heap me

From this tremendous Lover! Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see! I tempted all His servitors, but to find My own betrayal in their constancy, In faith to Him their fickleness to me,

Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.

To all swift things for swiftness did I sue: Clung to the whistling mane of every wind. But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,

The long savannahs of the blue; Or whether, Thunder-driven, They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven,

Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet: —

Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to

Still with unhurrying chase, And unperturbed pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy, Came on the following Feet,

And a Voice above their beat -'Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me.'

I sought no more that, after which I straved. In face of man or maid;

But still within the little children's eyes Seems something, something that replies,

They at least are for me, surely for me! I turned me to them very wistfully;

But, just as their young eyes grew sudden

With dawning answers there,

Their angel plucked them from me by the

'Come then, ye other children, Nature's share

With me' (said I) 'your delicate fellowship; Let me greet you lip to lip,

Let me twine with you caresses,

Wantoning 65 Lady-Mother's vagrant With our tresses.

Banqueting

With her in her wind-walled palace, Underneath her azured daïs,

Quaffing, as your taintless way is, From a chalice

Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring.' So it was done:

I in their delicate fellowship was one — Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.

I knew all the swift importings On the wilful face of skies;

I knew how the clouds arise Spumèd of the wild sea-snortings;

All that's born or dies Rose and drooped with — made them

Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine — With them joyed and was bereaven.

I was heavy with the even,

When she lit her glimmering tapers 85 Round the day's dead sanctities.

I laughed in the morning's eyes. I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,

Heaven and I wept together, And its sweet tears were salt with mortal

Against the red throb of its sunset-heart

I laid my own to beat,

And share commingling heat;

But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.

In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek. 95

For ah! we know not what each other says,
These things and I; in sound I speak —
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by

silences.

Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;

Let her, if she would owe me, 100 Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show

The breasts o' her tenderness: Never did any milk of hers once bless

My thirsting mouth.

Nigh and nigh draws the chase, 105 With unperturbed pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy; And past those noisèd Feet

A voice comes yet more fleet —

'Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st
not Me.'

110

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke! My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,

And smitten me to my knee; I am defenceless utterly,

I slept, methinks, and woke,
115
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
I shook the pillaring hours

And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,

I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years — 120

My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.

My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,

Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.

Yea, faileth now even dream

The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist; 125 Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist

I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist, Are yielding; cords of all too weak account For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.

Ah! is Thy love indeed A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,

Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?

Ah! must —

Designer infinite!—

Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?

My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;

And now my heart is as a broken fount, Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever

From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful branches of my mind. 140
Such is; what is to be?

The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind? I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds; Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds From the hid battlements of Eternity, 145 Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then Round the half-glimpsèd turrets slowly wash again:

But not ere him who summoneth I first have seen, enwound

With glooming robes purpureal, cypresscrowned; 150

His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.

Whether man's heart or life it be which yields

Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields Be dunged with rotten death? Now of that long pursuit 155

Now of that long pursuit

Comes on at hand the bruit;

That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:

'And is thy earth so marred, Shattered in shard on shard?

Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me! 160

'Strange, piteous, futile thing!
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught'
(He said),

'And human love needs human meriting:

How hast thou merited — 165
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?

Alack, thou knowest not

How little worthy of any love thou art! Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,

Save Me, save only Me?

All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,

But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.

All which thy child's mistake

Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:

Rise, clasp My hand, and come!'

Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?

'Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest, 180 I am He Whom thou seekest! Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.'

1895

ENVOY

Go, songs, for ended is our brief, sweet play;
Go, children of swift joy and tardy sorrow:
And some are sung, and that was yesterday,
And some unsung, and that may be tomorrow.

Go forth; and if it be o'er stony way, 5 Old joy can lend what newer grief must borrow:

And it was sweet, and that was yesterday, And sweet is sweet, though purchased with sorrow.

Go, songs, and come not back from your far way:

And if men ask you why ye smile and sorrow,

Tell them ye grieve, for your hearts know To-day,

Tell them ye smile, for your eyes know To-morrow.

1897

Robert Bridges * (1844-

ELEGY

ON A LADY WHOM GRIEF FOR THE DEATH OF HER BETROTHED KILLED

ASSEMBLE, all ye maidens, at the door, And all ye loves, assemble; far and wide Proclaim the bridal, that proclaimed before Has been deferred to this late eventide:

For on this night the bride, 5
The days of her betrothal over,

Leaves the parental hearth for evermore; To-night the bride goes forth to meet her lover.

Reach down the wedding vesture, that has lain

Yet all unvisited, the silken gown: 10
Bring out the bracelets, and the golden chain
Her dearer friends provided; sere and
brown

Bring out the festal crown,
And set it on her forehead lightly:
Though it be withered, twine no wreath
again;
15

This only is the crown she can wear rightly.

Cloke her in ermine, for the night is cold, And wrap her warmly, for the night is long, In pious hands the flaming torches hold, While her attendants, chosen from among 20 Her faithful virgin throng,

May lay her in her cedar litter, Decking her coverlet with sprigs of gold, Roses, and lilies white that best befit her.

Sound flute and tabor, that the bridal be 25 Not without music, nor with these alone; But let the viol lead the melody, With lesser intervals, and plaintive moan

Of sinking semitone:

And, all in choir, the virgin voices 30 Rest not from singing in skilled harmony The song that aye the bridegroom's ear rejoices.

Let the priests go before, arrayed in white, And let the dark-stoled minstrels follow slow, Next they that bear her, honoured on this night,

And then the maidens, in a double row, Each singing soft and low,

And each on high a torch upstaying:
Unto her lover lead her forth with light,
With music, and with singing, and with
praying.

40

'T was at this sheltering hour he nightly came,

And found her trusty window open wide, And knew the signal of the timorous flame, That long the restless curtain would not hide

Her form that stood beside; 45
As scarce she dared to be delighted,
Listening to that sweet tale, that is no

To faithful lovers, that their hearts have plighted.

But now for many days the dewy grass
Has shown no markings of his feet at
morn: 50

And watching she has seen no shadow pass The moonlit walk, and heard no music borne Upon her ear forlorn.

In vain has she looked out to greet him; He has not come, he will not come, alas!

So let us bear her out where she must meet him.

Now to the river bank the priests are come: The bark is ready to receive its freight: Let some prepare her place therein, and some Embark the litter with its slender weight: 60

* By permission of John Murray, Publisher.

5

5

The rest stand by in state,
And sing her a safe passage over;
While she is oared across to her new home,
Into the arms of her expectant lover.

And thou, O lover, that art on the watch, 65 Where, on the banks of the forgetful streams, The pale indifferent ghosts wander, and snatch

The sweeter moments of their broken dreams.—

Thou, when the torchlight gleams, When thou shalt see the slow procession.

And when thine ears the fitful music catch, Rejoice, for thou art near to thy possession.

I LOVE ALL BEAUTEOUS THINGS

I LOVE all beauteous things, I seek and adore them; God hath no better praise, And man in his hasty days Is honoured for them.

I too will something make
And joy in the making;
Although tomorrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking. 10

THE IDLE LIFE I LEAD

The idle life I lead
Is like a pleasant sleep,
Wherein I rest and heed
The dreams that by me sweep.

And still of all my dreams
In turn so swiftly past,
Each in its fancy seems
A nobler than the last.

And every eve I say,
Noting my step in bliss,
That I have known no day
In all my life like this.

1890

NIGHTINGALES

BEAUTIFUL must be the mountains whence ye come,

And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom

Ye learn your song:

Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,

Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air 5

Bloom the year long!

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams:

Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,

A throe of the heart,

Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound, 10
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,

For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret; and
then,

As night is withdrawn 15 From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of May,

Dream, while the innumerable choir of day Welcome the dawn.

1894

William Watson* (1858-)

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE

I

The old rude church, with bare, bald tower, is here;

Beneath its shadow high-born Rotha flows; Rotha, remembering well who slumbers near, And with cool murmur lulling his repose.

Rotha, remembering well who slumbers near. 5

His hills, his lakes, his streams are with him yet.

Surely the heart that read her own heart clear

Nature forgets not soon: 't is we forget.

We that with vagrant soul his fixity

Have slighted; faithless, done his deep faith wrong; 10

Left him for poorer loves, and bowed the knee

To misbegotten strange new gods of song.

Yet, led by hollow ghost or beckoning elf
Far from her homestead to the desert
bourn,

The vagrant soul returning to herself Wearily wise, must needs to him return.

^{*} By arrangement with the Author.

To him and to the powers that with him dwell:—

Inflowings that divulged not whence they came:

And that secluded spirit unknowable,

The mystery we make darker with a name; 20

The Somewhat which we name but cannot know,

Ev'n as we name a star and only see

His quenchless flashings forth, which ever show

And ever hide him, and which are not he.

II

Poet who sleepest by this wandering wave! 25

When thou wast born, what birth-gift hadst thou then?

To thee what wealth was that the Immortals gave,

The wealth thou gavest in thy turn to men?

Not Milton's keen, translunar music thine; Not Shakespeare's cloudless, boundless human view; 30

Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine; Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge knew.

What hadst thou that could make so large amends

For all thou hadst not and thy peers possessed,

Motion and fire, swift means to radiant

ends? — 35

Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest.

From Shelley's dazzling glow or thunderous haze,

haze,
From Byron's tempest-anger, tempestmirth,

Men turned to thee and found — not blast and blaze.

Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace on earth.

Nor peace that grows by Lethe, scentless flower,

There in white languors to decline and cease:

But peace whose names are also rapture,

Clear sight, and love: for these are parts of peace.

 \mathbf{III}

If less divinely frenzied than of yore, In lieu of feelings she has wondrous skill To simulate emotion felt no more.

Not such the authentic Presence pure, that made

This valley vocal in the great days gone!— 50

In his great days, while yet the springtime played

About him, and the mighty morning shone.

No word-mosaic artificer, he sang

A lofty song of lowly weal and dole.

Right from the heart, right to the heart it sprang,

55

Or from the soul leapt instant to the soul.

He felt the charm of childhood, grace of youth,

Grandeur of age, insisting to be sung.

The impassioned argument was simple truth
Half-wondering at its own melodious
tongue.

60

Impassioned? ay, to the song's ecstatic core!
But far removed were clangour, storm and
feud:

For plenteous health was his, exceeding store

Of joy, and an impassioned guietude.

IV

A hundred years ere he to manhood came, 65 Song from celestial heights had wandered down.

Put off her robe of sunlight, dew and flame, And donned a modish dress to charm the Town.

Thenceforth she but festooned the porch of things;

Apt at life's lore, incurious what life meant. 70

Dextrous of hand, she struck her lute's few strings;

Ignobly perfect, barrenly content.

Unflushed with ardour and unblanched with awe,

Her lips in profitless derision curled, She saw with dull emotion — if she saw — 75 The vision of the glory of the world.

The human masque she watched, with dreamless eyes

In whose clear shallows lurked no trembling shade:

The stars, unkenned by her, might set and rise.

Unmarked by her, the daisies bloom and fade.

The age grew sated with her sterile wit.

Herself waxed weary on her loveless

throne.

Men felt life's tide, the sweep and surge of it, And craved a living voice, a natural tone.

For none the less, though song was but half true,

The world lay common, one abounding theme.

Man joyed and wept, and fate was ever new,

And love was sweet, life real, death no dream.

In sad, stern verse the rugged scholar-sage Bemoaned his toil unvalued, youth uncheered.

His numbers were the vesture of the age, But, 'neath it beating, the great heart was heard.

From dewy pastures, uplands sweet with thyme,

A virgin breeze freshened the jaded day. It wafted Collins' lonely vesper-chime, 95 It breathed abroad the frugal note of Gray.

It fluttered here and there, nor swept in vain

The dusty haunts where futile echoes dwell.—

Then, in a cadence soft as summer rain,
And sad from Auburn voiceless, drooped
and fell.

It drooped and fell, and one 'neath northern skies,

With southern heart, who tilled his father's field,

Found Poesy a-dying, bade her rise

And touch quick Nature's hem and go forth healed.

On life's broad plain the ploughman's conquering share

Upturned the fallow lands of truth anew, And o'er the formal garden's trim parterre The peasant's team a ruthless furrow drew.

Bright was his going forth, but clouds ere long

Whelmed him; in gloom his radiance set, and those

Twin morning stars of the new century's song,

Those morning stars that sang together, rose.

In elvish speech the *Dreamer* told his tale
Of marvellous oceans swept by fateful
wings.—

The Seer strayed not from earth's human pale,

But the mysterious face of common things

He mirrored as the moon in Rydal Mere
Is mirrored, when the breathless night

hangs blue:

Strangely remote she seems and wondrous near,

And by some nameless difference born anew.

 \mathbf{v}

Peace — peace — and rest! Ah, how the lyre is loth,
Or powerless now, to give what all men

seek!

Either it deadens with ignoble sloth Or deafens with shrill tumult, loudly weak.

Where is the singer whose large notes and

Can heal, and arm, and plenish, and sustain?

Lo, one with empty music floods the ear,
And one, the heart refreshing, tires the
brain.

And idly tuneful, the loquacious throng
Flutter and twitter, prodigal of time,
And little masters make a toy of song

Till grave men weary of the sound of rhyme.

And some go prankt in faded antique dress, Abhorring to be hale and glad and free;

And some parade a conscious naturalness, 135 The scholar's not the child's simplicity.

Enough; — and wisest who from words forbear.

The kindly river rails not as it glides; And suave and charitable, the winning air

Chides not at all, or only him who chides. 140

VI

Nature! we storm thine ear with choric notes.

Thou answerest through the calm great nights and days,

'Laud me who will: not tuneless are your throats;

Yet if ye paused I should not miss the praise.

We falter, half-rebuked, and sing again. 145 We chant thy desertness and haggard gloom, Or with thy splendid wrath inflate the strain. Or touch it with thy colour and perfume. One, his melodious blood aflame for thee. Wooed with fierce lust, his hot heart worlddefiled. One, with the upward eye of infancy, Looked in thy face, and felt himself thy child. Thee he approached without distrust or Beheld thee throned, an awful queen. above . Climbed to thy lap and merely laid his Against thy warm wild heart of motherlove. He heard that vast heart beating—thou didst Thy child so close, and lov'dst him unaware. Thy beauty gladdened him; yet he scarce Had loved thee, had he never found thee For thou wast not as legendary lands To which with curious eyes and ears we Nor wast thou as a fane 'mid solemn sands, Where palmers halt at evening. Thou wast home. And here, at home, still bides he; but he Not to be wakened even at thy word; Though we, vague dreamers, dream he somewhere keeps An ear still open to thy voice still heard, -Thy voice, as heretofore, about him blown, For ever blown about his silence now; 170 Thy voice, though deeper, yet so like his own That almost, when he sang, we deemed 't was thou! VII Behind Helm Crag and Silver Howe the

Of the retreating day is less and less.

Soon will the lordlier summits, here un-

Gather the night about their nakedness.

The half-heard bleat of sheep comes from the Faint sounds of childish play are in the air. The river murmurs past. All else is still. The very graves seem stiller than they were. Afar though nation be on nation hurled. And life with toil and ancient pain depressed, Here one may scarce believe the whole wide Is not at peace, and all man's heart at rest. Rest! 't was the gift he gave; and peace! the He spread, for spirits fevered with the sun. To him his bounties are come back — here In rest, in peace, his labour nobly done. WHEN BIRDS WERE SONGLESS When birds were songless on the bough. I heard thee sing. The world was full of winter, thou Wert full of spring. To-day the world's heart feels anew 5 The vernal thrill, And thine beneath the rueful yew Is wintry chill. 1890 ENGLAND MY MOTHER ENGLAND my mother, Wardress of waters, Builder of peoples, Maker of men, -Hast thou yet leisure 5 Left for the muses? Heed'st thou the songsmith Forging the rhyme? Deafened with tumults, How canst thou hearken? 10 Strident is faction, Demos is loud. Lazarus, hungry, Menaces Dives; 15 Labour the giant Chafes in his hold. Yet do the songsmiths

Quit not their forges;

Still on life's anvil Forge they the rhyme.	20	Floweth from all things, Poured without pause,
Still the rapt faces Glow from the furnace: Breath of the smithy Scorches their brows.		Cease we to echo Faintly the descant Whereto for ever Dances the world.
Yea, and thou hear'st them? So shall the hammers Fashion not vainly Verses of gold.	25	So let the songsmith Proffer his rhyme-gift, England my mother, Maker of men. 75
Lo, with the ancient Roots of man's nature, Twines the eternal Passion of song.	30	Grey grows thy count'nance, Full of the ages; Time on thy forehead Sits like a dream: 80
Ever Love fans it, Ever Life feeds it; Time cannot age it, Death cannot slay.	35	Song is the potion All things renewing, Youth's one elixir, Fountain of morn.
Deep in the world-heart Stand its foundations, Tangled with all things, Twin-made with all.	40	Thou, at the world-loom Weaving thy future, Fitly may'st temper Toil with delight.
Nay, what is Nature's Self, but an endless Strife toward music, Euphony, rhyme?		Deemest thou, labour Only is earnest? 90 Grave is all beauty, Solemn is joy.
Trees in their blooming, Tides in their flowing, Stars in their circling, Tremble with song.	45	Song is no bauble — Slight not the songsmith, England my mother, Maker of men.
God on His throne is Eldest of poets: Unto His measures Moveth the Whole.	50	THE WORLD IN ARMOUR
Therefore deride not Speech of the muses, England my mother, Maker of men.	55	Under this shade of crimson wings abhorred That never wholly leaves the sky serene, While Vengeance sleeps a sleep so light, between Dominions that acclaim Thee overlord,— Sadly the blast of Thy tremendous word, 5
Nations are mortal, Fragile is greatness; Fortune may fly thee, Song shall not fly. Song the all-girdling, Song cannot perish: Men shall make music, Man shall make music,	60	Whate'er its mystic purport may have been, Echoes across the ages, Nazarene: Not to bring peace Mine errand, but a sword. For lo, Thy world uprises and lies down In armour, and its Peace is War, in all 10 Save the great death that weaves War's dreadful crown; War unennobled by heroic pain,
Man shall give ear. Not while the choric Chant of creation	65	War where none triumph, none sublimely fall, War that sits smiling, with the eyes of Cain.

15

20

When London's Plague, that day by day enrolled His thousands dead, nor deigned his rage to

abate

Till grass was green in silent Bishopsgate, Had come and passed like thunder, - still, 't is told,

The monster, driven to earth, in hovels old

And haunts obscure, though dormant, lingered late,

Till the dread Fire, one roaring wave of fate, Rose, and swept clean his last retreat and hold.

In Europe live the dregs of Plague today, Dregs of full many an ancient Plague and dire, —

Old wrongs, old lies of ages blind and cruel. What if alone the world-war's world-wide

Can purge the ambushed pestilence away? Yet woe to him that idly lights the fuel!

III

A moment's fantasy, the vision came Of Europe dipped in fiery death, and so Mounting re-born, with vestal limbs aglow, Splendid and fragrant from her bath of flame. It fleeted; and a phantom without name, 5 Sightless, dismembered, terrible, said: 'Lo, I am that ravished Europe men shall know After the morn of blood and night of shame.' The spectre passed, and I beheld alone The Europe of the present, as she stands, 10 Powerless from terror of her own vast power, 'Neath novel stars, beside a brink unknown; And round her the sad Kings, with sleepless hands.

Piling the fagots, hour by doomful hour.

1893

THE SAINT AND THE SATYR

SAINT ANTHONY the eremite He wandered in the wold, And there he saw a hoofèd wight That blew his hands for cold.

'What dost thou here in misery, That better far wert dead? The eremite Saint Anthony Unto the Satyr said.

'Lorn in the wold,' the thing replied, 'I sit and make my moan,

For all the gods I loved have died. And I am left alone.

'Silent, in Paphos, Venus sleeps, And Jove, on Ida, mute: And every living creature weeps Pan and his perished flute.

'The Faun, his laughing heart is broke: The nymph, her fountain fails; And driven from out the hollow oak The Hamadryad wails.

'A God more beautiful than mine Hath conquered mine, they say. -Ah, to that fair young God of thine, For me I pray thee pray!'

1893

I DO NOT ASK

I do not ask to have my fill Of wine, or love, or fame. I do not, for a little ill, Against the gods exclaim.

One boon of Fortune I implore. With one petition kneel: At least caress me not, before Thou break me on thy wheel.

1895

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SONG

APRIL, April, Laugh thy girlish laughter: Then, the moment after, Weep thy girlish tears! April, that mine ears Like a lover greetest, If I tell thee, sweetest, All my hopes and fears, April, April, Laugh thy golden laughter, 10 But, the moment after, Weep thy golden tears!

1897

Rudpard Kipling* (1865-

THE BALLAD OF FISHER'S BOARDING-HOUSE

THAT night, when through the mooringchains

The wide-eyed corpse rolled free,

* Verse, Inclusive Edition, Doubleday, Page & Co. Copyright, 1891-1919. By permission of Author and Publishers.

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To blunder down by Garden Reach	But seamen learnt — what landsmer
And rot at Kedgeree, The tale the Hughli told the shoal The lean shoal told to me.	know — 55 That neither gifts nor gain Can hold a winking Light o' Love
'T was Fultah Fisher's boarding-house, Where sailor-men reside,	Or Fancy's flight restrain, When Anne of Austria rolled her eyes On Hans the blue-eyed Dane.
And there were men of all the ports From Mississip to Clyde, 10	Since Life is strife, and strife means knife,
And regally they spat and smoked, And fearsomely they lied.	From Howrah to the Bay, And he may die before the dawn Who liquored out the day,
They lied about the purple Sea That gave them scanty bread, They lied about the Farth boroath	In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house We woo while yet we may.
They lied about the Earth beneath, The Heavens overhead, For they had looked too often on	But cold was Hans the blue-eyed Dane, Bull-throated, bare of arm,
Black rum when that was red. They told their tales of wreck and wrong,	And laughter shook the chest beneath The maid Ultruda's Charm — 70 The little silver crucifix
Of shame and lust and fraud, 20 They backed their toughest statements with	That keeps a man from harm.
The Brimstone of the Lord, And crackling oaths went to and fro Across the fist-banged board.	'You speak to Salem Hardieker; You was his girl, I know. I ship mineselfs to-morrow, see, 75
And there was Hans the blue-eyed Dane, 25 Bull-throated, bare of arm,	Und round the Skaw we go, South, down the Cattegat, by Hjelm, To Besser in Saro.'
Who carried on his hairy chest The maid Ultruda's charm— The little silver crucifix That keeps a man from harm.	When love rejected turns to hate, All ill betide the man. 'You speak to Salem Hardieker'—
And there was Jake Without-the-Ears, And Pamba the Malay,	She spoke as woman can. A scream—a sob—'He called me— names!'
And Carboy Gin the Guinea cook, And Luz from Vigo Bay,	And then the fray began.
And Honest Jack who sold them slops And harvested their pay.	An oath from Salem Hardieker, 85 A shriek upon the stairs, A dance of shadows on the wall,
And there was Salem Hardieker, A lean Bostonian he— Russ, German, English, Halfbreed, Finn,	A knife-thrust unawares — And Hans came down, as cattle drop,
Yank, Dane, and Portugee, At Fultah Fisher's boarding-house	Across the broken chairs. 90
They rested from the sea. Now Anne of Austria shared their drinks,	In Anne of Austria's trembling hands, The weary head fell low: —
Collinga knew her fame, From Tarnau in Galicia 45	'I ship mineselfs to-morrow, straight For Besser in Saro;
To Jaun Bazaar she came, To eat the bread of infamy And take the wage of shame.	Und there Ultruda comes to me At Easter, und I go
She held a dozen men to heel — Rich spoil of war was hers, 50	'South, down the Cattegat — What's here? There — are — no — lights — to — guide!'
In hose and gown and ring and chain, From twenty mariners, And, by Port Law, that week, men called	The mutter ceased, the spirit passed, And Anne of Austria cried In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
Her Salem Hardieker's.	When Hans the mighty died.

Thus slew they Hans the blue-eyed Dane. Bull-throated, bare of arm, But Anne of Austria looted first 105 The maid Ultruda's charm — The little silver crucifix That keeps a man from harm. 1886 GUNGA DIN You may talk o' gin and beer When you're quartered safe out'ere, An' you 're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot But when it comes to slaughter You will do your work on water, An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it. Now in Injia's sunny clime, Where I used to spend my time A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen, Of all them black-faced crew 10 The finest man I knew Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din. He was 'Din! Din! Din! You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din! Hi! Slippery hitherao! Water, get it! Panee lao! You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din!' The uniform 'e wore Was nothin' much before, An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind, 20 For a piece o' twisty rag An' a goatskin water-bag Was all the field-equipment 'e could find. When the sweatin' troop-train lay In a sidin' through the day, Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows crawl, We shouted 'Harry By!' Till our throats were bricky-dry, Then we wopped 'im cause 'e couldn't serve It was 'Din! Din! Din! You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you You put some juldee in it Or I'll marrow you this minute If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga 'E would dot an' carry one Till the longest day was done; An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear. If we charged or broke or cut, You could bet your bloomin' nut,

'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear. 40 With 'is mussick on 'is back, 'E would skip with our attack, An' watch us till the bugles made 'Retire,' An' for all 'is dirty 'ide 'E was white, clear white, inside When 'e went to tend the wounded under It was 'Din! Din! Din!' With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the When the cartridges ran out, You could 'ear the front-ranks shout, 50 'Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!' I sha'n't forgit the night When I dropped be'ind the fight With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' I was chokin' mad with thirst, An' the man that spied me first Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din. 'E lifted up my 'ead, An' 'e plugged me where I bled, An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water green. 60
It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I 've Gunk, I'm gratefullest to one from Gunga Din. It was 'Din! Din! Din! 'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen: 'E's chawin' up the ground, An' 'e 's kickin' all around: For Gawd's sake, git the water, Gunga Din!' 'E carried me away To where a dooli lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean. 'E put me safe inside, An' just before 'e died, 'I 'ope you liked your drink,' sez Gunga Din. So I'll meet 'im later on In the place where 'e is gone — Where it's always double drill and no can-'E'll be squattin' on the coals Givin' drink to pore damned souls, An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din! 80 Yes, Din! Din! Din! You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din! Though I've belted you an' flayed you, By the livin' God that made you, You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

L'ENVOI

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,

When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has died,

We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it lie down for an æon or two,

Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair; 5

They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair.

They shall find real saints to draw from — Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;

They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame:

And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame, 10

But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,

Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They are!

1896

THE VAMPIRE

A root there was and he made his prayer (Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair (We called her the woman who did not care)
But the fool he called her his lady fair — 5 (Even as you and I!)

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could
know)
10
And did not understand!

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I!)
Honour and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady
meant)

But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost And the excellent things we planned Belong to the woman who didn't know why 20 (And now we know she never knew why)
And did not understand!

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide (Even as you and I!)

Which she might have seen when she threw him aside — 25

(But it isn't on record the lady tried)
So some of him lived but the most of him
died —

(Even as you and I!)

'And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame That stings like a white hot brand — 30 It's coming to know that she never knew why (Seeing, at last, she could never know why) And never could understand!'

1897

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15

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung battle-line, Beneath whose awful Hand we hold Dominion over palm and pine — Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The Captains and the Kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe, 20
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord!

1897

William Butler Peats* (1865-

THE DEATH OF CUCHULAIN

A MAN came slowly from the setting sun, To Forgail's daughter, Emer, in her dun, And found her dyeing cloth with subtle care, And said, casting aside his draggled hair: 'I am Aleel, the swineherd, whom you bid 5 Go dwell upon the sea cliffs, vapour hid; But now my years of watching are no more.'

Then Emer cast the web upon the floor, And stretching out her arms, red with the dve.

Parted her lips with a loud sudden cry. 10

Looking on her, Aleel, the swineherd, said: 'Not any god alive, nor mortal dead,

Has slain so mighty armies, so great kings, Nor won the gold that now Cuchulain brings.'

'Why do you tremble thus from feet to crown?'

Aleel, the swineherd, wept and cast him down

Upon the web-heaped floor, and thus his word:

'With him is one sweet-throated like a bird.

And lovelier than the moon upon the sea; He made for her an army cease to be.' 20

'Who bade you tell these things?' and then she cried

To those about, 'Beat him with thongs of

And drive him from the door.' And thus

And where her son, Finmole, on the smooth

Was driving cattle, came she with swift feet.

And called out to him, 'Son, it is not meet That you stay idling here with flocks and herds.'

'I have waited, mother, for those words; But wherefore now?'

You have the heaviest arm under the sky.'

'My father dwells among the sea-worn bands,

And breaks the ridge of battle with his hands.'

'Nay, you are taller than Cuchulain, son.'

'He is the mightiest man in ship or dun.'

'Nay, he is old and sad with many wars, 35 And weary of the crash of battle cars.'

'I only ask what way my journey lies, For God, who made you bitter, made you wise.'

'The Red Branch kings a tireless banquet keep.

Where the sun falls into the Western deep. 40 Go there, and dwell on the green forest rim But tell alone your name and house to him Whose blade compels, and bid them send you one

Who has a like vow from their triple dun.'

Between the lavish shelter of a wood And the gray tide, the Red Branch multitude Feasted, and with them old Cuchulain dwelt, And his young dear one close beside him knelt,

And gazed upon the wisdom of his eyes,

More mournful than the depth of starry
skies.

And pondered on the wonder of his days; And all around the harp-string told his praise,

And Conchubar, the Red Branch king of kings,

With his own fingers touched the brazen strings.

At last Cuchulain spake, 'A young man strays 55

Driving the deer along the woody ways. I often hear him singing to and fro, I often hear the sweet sound of his bow, Seek out what man he is.'

At the sword point, and bade me bring him one

Who had a like vow from our triple dun.'

'I only of the Red Branch hosted now,' Cuchulain cried, 'have made and keep that vow.'

After short fighting in the leafy shade, 65 He spake to the young man, 'Is there no maid

Who loves you, no white arms to wrap you round,

Or do you long for the dim sleepy ground, That you come here to meet this ancient sword?'

* Poetical Works, The Macmillan Company, 1911. By permission of the Publishers.

'The dooms of men are in God's hidden hoard.'

'Your head a while seemed like a woman's head

That I loved once.'

Again the fighting sped,
But now the war rage in Cuchulain woke,
And through the other's shield his long blade
broke,
And pierced him.

'Speak before your breath is done.' 75

'I am Finmole, mighty Cuchulain's son.'

'I put you from your pain. I can no more.'

While day its burden on to evening bore, With head bowed on his knees Cuchulain stayed;

Then Conchubar sent that sweet-throated maid.

And she, to win him, his gray hair caressed; In vain her arms, in vain her soft white breast.

Then Conchubar, the subtlest of all men, Ranking his Druids round him ten by ten, Spake thus, 'Cuchulain will dwell there and brood, 85

For three days more in dreadful quietude, And then arise, and raving slay us all. Go, cast on him delusions magical,

That he might fight the waves of the loud sea.'

And ten by ten under a quicken tree, 90 The Druids chaunted, swaying in their

Tall wands of alder and white quicken wands.

In three days' time, Cuchulain with a moan Stood up, and came to the long sands alone: For four days warred he with the bitter tide;

And the waves flowed above him, and he died.

1892

THE WHITE BIRDS

I would that we were, my beloved, white birds on the foam of the sea!

We tire of the flame of the meteor, before it can fade and flee;

And the flame of the blue star of twilight, hung low on the rim of the sky,

Has awaked in our hearts, my beloved, a sadness that may not die.

A weariness comes from those dreamers, dew dabbled, the lily and rose; 5

Ah, dream not of them, my beloved, the flame of the meteor that goes,

Or the flame of the blue star that lingers hung low in the fall of the dew:

For I would we were changed to white birds on the wandering foam: I and you!

I am haunted by numberless islands, and many a Danaän shore,

Where Time would surely forget us, and Sorrow come near us no more; 10 Soon far from the rose and the lily, and fret

of the flames would we be,

Were we only white birds, my beloved, buoyed out on the foam of the sea!

1892

Stephen Phillips * (1868–1915)

FACES AT A FIRE

DAZZLED with watching how the swift fire fled

Along the dribbling roof, I turned my head; When lo, upraised beneath the lighted cloud The illumed unconscious faces of the crowd! An old grey face in lovely bloom upturned, 5 The ancient rapture and the dream returned! A crafty face wondering simply up!

That dying face near the communion cup!
The experienced face, now venturous and

The scheming eyes hither and thither flash!

That common trivial face made up of needs, Now pale and recent from triumphal deeds! The hungry tramp with indolent gloating stare,

The beggar in glory and released from care, A mother slowly burning with bare breast, 15 Yet her consuming child close to her prest! That prosperous citizen in anguish dire, Beseeching heaven from purgatorial fire! Wonderful souls by sudden flame betrayed, I saw; then through the darkness went afraid.

1898

THE APPARITION

My dead Love came to me, and said:
'God gives me one hour's rest,
To spend upon the earth with thee:
How shall we spend it best?'

^{*} By permission of Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.

10

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45

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55

'Why as of old,' I said, and so
We quarrelled as of old.
But when I turned to make my peace,
That one short hour was told.

Nine nights she did not come to me:
The heaven was filled with rain;
And as it fell, and fell, I said,
'She will not come again.'

Last night she came, not as before,
But in a strange attire;
Weary she seemed, and very faint,
As though she came from fire.

She is not happy! It was noon; The sun fell on my head: And it was not an hour in which We think upon the dead.

She is not happy! I should know Her voice, much more her cry; And close beside me a great rose Had just begun to die.

She is not happy! As I walked, Of her I was aware: She cried out, like a creature hurt, Close by me in the air.

Under the trembling summer stars, I turned from side to side; When she came in and sat with me, As though she had not died.

And she was kind to me and sweet, She had her ancient way; Remembered how I liked her hand Amid my hair to stray.

She had forgotten nothing, yet
Older she seemed, and still:
All quietly she took my kiss,
Even as a mother will.

She rose, and in the streak of dawn
She turned as if to go:
But then again came back to me;
My eyes implored her so!

She pushed the hair from off my brow, And looked into my eyes. 'I live in calm,' she said, 'and there

Am learning to be wise.'

'Why grievest thou? I pity thee Still turning on this bed.' 'And art thou happy?' I exclaimed. 'Alas!' she sighed, and fled.

I woke: she had been standing by, With wonder on her face. She came toward me, very bright,
As from a blessèd place.

She touched me not, but smiling spoke,
And softly as before.

'They gave me drink from some slow
stream;
I love thee now no more.'

The other night she hurried in,
Her face was wild with fear:
'Old friend,' she said, 'I am pursued,
May I take refuge here?'

1898

I IN THE GREYNESS ROSE

20 I in the greyness rose; I could not sleep for thinking of one dead. Then to the chest I went, Where lie the things of my belovèd spread.

Quietly these I took;
A little glove, a sheet of music torn,
Paintings, ill-done perhaps;
Then lifted up a dress that she had worn.

And now I came to where
Her letters are; they lie beneath the rest; 10
And read them in the haze;
She spoke of many things, was sore opprest.

But these things moved me not;
Not when she spoke of being parted quite,
Or being misunderstood,

To growing weary of the world's great fight.

Not even when she wrote
Of our dead child, and the hand-writing
swerved:

Not even then I shook:
40 Not even by such words was I unnerved. 20

I thought, she is at peace;
Whither the child is gone, she too has passed.
And a much needed rest

Is fallen upon her, she is still at last.

But when at length I took 25
From under all those letters one small sheet,
Folded and writ in haste;
Why did my heart with sudden sharpness
beat?

Alas, it was not sad! Her saddest words I had read calmly o'er. 30 Alas, it had no pain! Her painful words, all these I knew before. A hurried happy line!

A little jest, too slight for one so dead:

This did I not endure:

Then with a shuddering heart no more I read.

1898

John Masefield * (1875-

SEA-FEVER

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,

And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer

her by,

And the wheel's kick and the wind's song

and the white sail's shaking, And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide

Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;

And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying.

And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gipsy life,

To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;

And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,

And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

1902

A WANDERER'S SONG

A WIND's in the heart of me, a fire's in my

I am tired of brick and stone and rumbling wagon-wheels:

I hunger for the sea's edge, the limits of the

Where the wild old Atlantic is shouting on the sand.

Oh I'll be going, leaving the noises of the street.

To where a lifting foresail-foot is yanking at the sheet:

To a windy, tossing anchorage where yawls and ketches ride,

Oh I'll be going, going, until I meet the tide.

And first I'll hear the sea-wind, the mewing of the gulls,

The clucking, sucking of the sea about the rusty hulls, 10 The songs at the capstan in the hooker

warping out,

And then the heart of me'll know I'm there or thereabout.

Oh I am tired of brick and stone, the heart of me is sick,

For windy green, unquiet sea, the realm of Moby Dick;

And I'll be going, going, from the roaring of the wheels.

For a wind 's in the heart of me, a fire 's in my heels.

1902

Alfred Nopes † (1880-

RALEIGH

BEN was our only guest that day. His tribe Had flown to their new shrine — the Apollo Room,

To which, though they enscrolled his golden verse

Above their doors like some great-fruited vine.

Ben still preferred our Mermaid, and to smoke

Alone in his old nook; perhaps to hear The voices of the dead,

The voices of his old companions,

Hovering near him, - Will and Kit and Rob.

'Our Ocean-shepherd from the Main-deep

sea, Raleigh,' he muttered, as I brimmed his cup,

'Last of the men that broke the fleets of Spain,

"T was not enough to cage him, sixteen years, Rotting his heart out in the Bloody Tower, But they must fling him forth in his old

age To hunt for El Dorado. Then, mine host,

Because his poor old ship The Destiny Smashes the Spaniard, but comes tottering

home

Without the Spanish gold, our gracious king, To please a catamite,

Sends the old lion back to the Tower again. The friends of Spain will send him to the block

* Poems, The Macmillan Company, 1922. By permission of the Publishers.
† Tales of the Mermaid Tavern, Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1913. By permission of the Publishers.

This time. That male Salome, Buckingham, Is dancing for his head. Raleigh is doomed. A shadow stood in the doorway. We looked

And there, but O, how changed, how worn and grev.

Sir Walter Raleigh, like a hunted thing,

Stared at us.

'Ben,' he said, and glanced behind him. Ben took a step towards him.

'O, my God, Ben,' whispered the old man in a husky

Half timorous and half cunning, so unlike His old heroic self that one might weep To hear it, 'Ben, I have given them all the

slip!

I may be followed. Can you hide me here Till it grows dark?' Ben drew him quickly in, and motioned me To lock the door. 'Till it grows dark,' he

cried,

'My God, that you should ask it!'

'Do not think, Do not believe that I am quite disgraced. The old man faltered, 'for they'll say it,

And when my boy grows up, they'll tell him,

His father was a coward. I do cling To life for many reasons, not from fear Of death. No, Ben, I can disdain that still; But — there's my boy!'

Then all his face went blind. 45 He dropt upon Ben's shoulder and sobbed

outright,

'They are trying to break my pride, to

break my pride!'
The window darkened, and I saw a face
Blurring the panes. Ben gripped the old man's arm,

And led him gently to a room within,

Out of the way of guests.

'Your pride,' he said,

'That is the pride of England!'

At that name —

England! —

As at a signal-gun, heard in the night Far out at sea, the weather and world-worn man,

That once was Raleigh, lifted up his head. Old age and weakness, weariness and fear Fell from him like a cloak. He stood erect. His eager eyes, full of great sea-washed dawns.

Burned for a moment with immortal

While tears blurred mine to see him. 'You do think That England will remember? You do think

He asked with a great light upon his face. Ben bowed his head in silence.

'I have wronged My cause by this,' said Raleigh. 'Well they know it

Who left this way for me. I have flung my-

Like a blind moth into this deadly light Of freedom. Now, at the eleventh hour, Is it too late? I might return and —

Not now!' Ben interrupted. 'I'd have

Laugh at the headsman sixteen years ago, When England was awake. She will awake Again. But now, while our most gracious king.

Who hates tobacco, dedicates his prayers To Buckingham -This is no land for men that, under God,

Shattered the Fleet Invincible.'

A knock

Startled us, at the outer door. 'My friend Stukeley,' said Raleigh, 'if I know his hand. He has a ketch will carry me to France, 80 Waiting at Tilbury.'

I let him in. — A lean and stealthy fellow, Sir Lewis Stuke-

I liked him little. He thought much of his health,

More of his money bags, and most of all On how to run with all men all at once For his own profit. At the Mermaid Inn Men disagreed in friendship and in truth; But he agreed with all men, and his life

Was one soft quag of falsehood. Fugitives Must use false keys, I thought; and there was hope

For Raleigh if such a man would walk one mile

To serve him now. Yet my throat moved to see him

Usurping, with one hand on Raleigh's arm, A kind of ownership. 'Lend me ten pounds, Were the first words he breathed in the old man's ear,

And Raleigh slipped his purse into his hand.

Just over Bread Street hung the bruised white moon

When they crept out. Sir Lewis Stukeley's watch-dog,

A derelict bo'sun, with a mulberry face, Met them outside. 'The coast quite clear, eh, Hart?' 100 Said Stukeley. 'Ah, that's good. Lead on,

then, quick.

And there, framed in the cruddle of moonlit clouds

That ended the steep street, dark on its light,

And standing on those glistening cobblestones

Just where they turned to silver, Raleigh looked back 105

Before he turned the corner. He stood there, A figure like foot-feathered Mercury,

Tall, straight and splendid, waving his plumed hat

To Ben, and taking his last look, I felt, Upon our Mermaid Tavern. As he paused,

His long fantastic shadow swayed and swept Against our feet. Then, like a shadow, he passed.

'It is not right,' said Ben, 'it is not right. Why did they give the old man so much grace?

Witness and evidence are what they lack. 115 Would you trust Stukeley — not to draw him out?

Raleigh was always rash. A phrase or two Will turn their murderous axe into a sword Of righteousness —

Why, come to think of it,
Blackfriar's Wharf, last night, I landed
there,
120

And—no, by God!—Raleigh is not himself, The tide will never serve beyond Gravesend. It is a trap! Come on! We'll follow them! Quick! To the river side!'—

We reached the wharf
Only to see their wherry, a small black
cloud

Dwindling far down that running silver road. Ben touched my arm.

Ben touched my arm.

'Look there,' he said, pointing up stream.

The moon

Glanced on a cluster of pikes, like silver thorns,

Three hundred yards away, a little troop 130 Of weaponed men, embarking hurriedly. Their great black wherry clumsily swung

about,
When with twelve ours for less come strid

When, with twelve oars for legs, came striding down,

An armoured beetle on the glittering trail Of some small victim.

Just below our wharf 135 A little dinghy waddled.

Ben cut the painter, and without one word Drew her up crackling through the lapping water,

Motioned me to the tiller, thrust her off, And, pulling with one oar, backing with the other, 140 Swirled her round and down, hard on the

track

Of Raleigh. Ben was an old man now but tough,

We distanced

O tough as a buccaneer. them.

His oar blades drove the silver boiling back. By Broken Wharf the beetle was a speck.

It dwindled by Queen Hythe and the Three Cranes.

By Bellyn's Gate we had left it, out of sight By Custom House and Galley Keye we shot Through silver all the way, without one glimpse

Of Raleigh. Then a dreadful shadow fell 150
And over us the Tower of London rose
Like ebony; and, on the glittering reach
Beyond it, I could see the small black cloud
That carried the great old seamen slowly
down

Between the dark shores whence in happier years 155

The throng had cheered his golden galleons out,

And watched his proud sails filling for Cathay.

There, as through lead, we dragged by Traitor's Gate,

There, in the darkness, under the Bloody Tower,

There, on the very verge of victory, Ben gasped and dropped his oars.

'Take one and row,' he said, 'my arms are numbed.

We'll overtake him yet!' I clambered past him,

And took the bow oar.

Once, as the pace flagged,
Over his shoulder he turned his great scarred
face
165
And snarled, with a trickle of blood on his

coarse lips,

'Hard!' — And blood and fire ran through my veins again,

For half a minute more.

Yet we fell back.
Our course was crooked now. And
suddenly 170
A grim black speck began to grow behind

A grim black speck began to grow behind us,

Grow like the threat of death upon old age.

Then, thickening, blackening, sharpening, foaming, swept

Up the bright line of bubbles in our wake, That armoured wherry, with its long twelve oars
All well together now.
'Too late,' gasped Ben,

His ash-grey face uplifted to the moon,

One quivering hand upon the thwart behind

A moment. Then he bowed over his knees Coughing. 'But we'll delay them, we'll be drunk,

And hold the catch-polls up!'

We drifted down Before them, broadside on. They sheered

Then, feigning a clumsy stroke, Ben drove our craft

As they drew level, right in among their blades.

There was a shout, an oath. They thrust us

And then we swung our nose against their

And pulled them round with every wellmeant stroke.

A full half minute, ere they won quite free, Cursing us for a pair of drunken fools.

We drifted down behind them.

'There's no doubt,' 190 Said Ben, 'the headsman waits behind all

For Raleigh. This is a play to cheat the

Of England, teach the people to applaud The red fifth act.'

Without another word we drifted down 195 For centuries it seemed, until we came To Greenwich.

Then up the long white burnished reach there

Like little sooty clouds the two black boats To meet us.

'He is in the trap,' said Ben, 200 'And does not know it yet. See, where he sits By Stukeley as by a friend.'

Long after this. We heard how Raleigh, simply as a child, Seeing the tide would never serve him now, And they must turn, had taken from his neck

Some trinkets that he wore. 'Keep them,' he said

To Stukeley, 'in remembrance of this night.'

He had no doubts of Stukeley when he saw The wherry close beside them. He but wrapped

His cloak a little closer round his face. 210 Our boat rocked in their wash when Stukeley dropped

The mask. We saw him give the sign, and heard

His high-pitched quavering voice — 'IN THE KING'S NAME!

Raleigh rose to his feet. 'I am under arrest?' He said, like a dazed man.

And Stukeley laughed. 215 Then, as he bore himself to the grim end, All doubt being over, the old sea-king stood Among those glittering points, a king indeed. The black boats rocked. We heard his level voice.

'Sir Lewis, these actions never will turn out 220 To your good credit.' Across the moonlit Thames

It rang contemptuously, cold as cold steel, And passionless as the judgment that ends all.

Some three months later, Raleigh's widow

To lodge a se'nnight at the Mermaid

His house in Bread Street was no more her

But in the hands of Stukeley, who had reaped A pretty harvest . . .

She kept close to her room, and that same night, Being ill and with some fever, sent her

maid To fetch the apothecary from Friday Street, Old 'Galen' as the Mermaid christened him. At that same moment, as the maid went out,

Stukeley came in. He met her at the door; And, chucking her under the chin, gave her a letter.

'Take this up to your mistress. It concerns Her property,' he said. 'Say that I wait, And would be glad to speak with her.' The wench

Looked pertly in his face, and tripped up-

I scarce could trust my hands.

'Sir Lewis,' I said, 240 'This is no time to trouble her. She is ill.' 'Let her decide,' he answered, with a sneer. Before I found another word to say

The maid tripped down again. I scarce believed

My senses, when she beckoned him up the

Shaking from head to foot, I blocked the

'Property!' Could the crux of mine and thine

Bring widow and murderer into one small room?

'Sir Lewis,' I said, 'she is ill. It is not right!

She never would consent.'

'You are her doctor? Out of the way, old fool!

She has decided!'

'Go,' I said to the maid,
'Fetch the apothecary. Let it rest
With him!'

She tossed her head. Her quick eyes glanced,

Showing the white, like the eyes of a vicious mare.

255

She laughed at Stukeley, loitered, then obeyed.

And so we waited, till the wench returned, With Galen at her heels. His wholesome face,

Russet and wrinkled like an apple, peered Shrewdly at Stukeley, twinkled once at me, 260

And passed in silence, leaving a whiff of herbs

Behind him on the stair.

Five minutes later,
To my amazement, that same wholesome
face

Leaned from the lighted door above, and called

'Sir Lewis Stukeley!'

Sir Judas hastened up. 265 The apothecary followed him within.

The door shut. I was left there in the dark Bewildered; for my heart was hot with thoughts

Of those last months. Our Summer's Nightingale,

Our Ocean-Shepherd from the Main-deep Sea, 270

The Founder of our Mermaid Fellowship, Was this his guerdon—at the Mermaid Inn? Was this that maid-of-honour whose romance

With Raleigh, once, had been a kingdom's talk?

Could Bess Throckmorton slight his memory thus? 275

'It is not right,' I said, 'it is not right. She wrongs him deeply.'

I leaned against the porch

Staring into the night. A ghostly ray
Above me, from her window, bridged the
street,

And rested on the goldsmith's painted sign 280

Opposite.

I could hear the muffled voice Of Stukeley overhead, persuasive, bland; And then, her own, cooing, soft as a dove Calling her mate from Eden cedar-boughs, Flowed on and on; and then — all my flesh

At something worse than either, a long

space
Of silence that stretched threatening and cold.

Cold as a dagger-point pricking the skin Over my heart.

Then came a stifled cry, A crashing door, a footstep on the stair 290 Blundering like a drunkard's, heavily down: And with his gasping face one tragic mask Of horror, — may God help me to forget Some day the frozen awful eyes of one Who, fearing neither hell nor heaven, has

met 295 That ultimate weapon of the gods, the face And serpent-tresses that turn flesh to

stone — Stukeley stumbled, groping his way out, Blindly, past me, into the sheltering night.

It was the last night of another year 300 Before I understood what punishment Had overtaken Stukeley. Ben, and Brome —

.

Ben's ancient servant, but turned poet now—

Sat by the fire with the old apothecary To see the New Year in.

The starry night 305
Had drawn me to the door. Could it be true
That our poor earth no longer was the hub
Of those white wheeling orbs? I scarce believed

The strange new dreams; but I had seen the veils

Rent from vast oceans and huge continents, 310

Till what was once our comfortable fire, Our cozy tavern, and our earthly home With heaven beyond the next turn in the

All the resplendent fabric of our world Shrank to a glow-worm, lighting up one leaf 315

In one small forest, in one little land, Among those wild infinitudes of God. A tattered wastrel wandered down the street, Clad in a seaman's jersey, staring hard

At every sign. Beneath our own, the light 320

Fell on his red carbuncled face. I knew him —

The bo'sun, Hart.

And leered at me. 'That's her,' he said, 'no doubt,

The sea-witch with the shiny mackerel tail
Swishing in wine. That's what Sir Lewis
meant.

325

He called it blood. Blood is his craze, you

see.

This is the Mermaid Tavern, sir, no doubt?' I nodded. 'Ah, I thought as much,' he said. 'Well—happen this is worth a cup of ale.' He thrust his hand under his jersey and lugged

A greasy letter out. It was inscribed THE APOTHECARY AT THE MERMAID TAVERN. I led him in. 'I knew it, sir,' he said.

While Galen broke the seal. 'Soon as I saw That sweet young naked wench curling her tail 335

In those red waves. — The old man called it blood.

Blood is his craze, you see. — But you can tell

'T is wine, sir, by the foam. Malmsey, no doubt.

And that sweet wench to make you smack your lips

Like oysters, with her slippery tail and all! 340

Why, sir, no doubt, this was the Mermaid Inn.'

'But this,' said Galen, lifting his grave face To Ben, 'this letter is from all that's left Of Stukeley. The good host, there, thinks I wronged

Your Ocean-shepherd's memory. From this letter, 345

I think I helped to avenge him. Do not wrong

His widow, even in thought. She loved him dearly.

You know she keeps his poor grey severed

Embalmed; and so will keep it till she dies; Weeps over it alone. I have heard such things 350

In wild Italian tales. But this was true. Had I refused to let her speak with Stukeley I feared she would go mad. This letter proves

That I — and she perhaps — were instruments

Of some more terrible chirurgery 355
Than either knew.'

'Ah, when I saw your sign,'

The bo'sun interjected, 'I'd no doubt

That letter was well worth a cup of ale.'
'Go — paint your bows with hell-fire somewhere else.

Not at this inn,' said Ben, tossing the rogue

A good French crown. 'Pickle yourself in hell.'

And Hart lurched out into the night again, Muttering 'Thank you, sirs. 'T was worth all that.

No doubt at all.'

'There are some men,' said Galen, Spreading the letter out on his plump knees, 365

'Will heap up wrong on wrong; and, at the last,

Wonder because the world will not forget Just when it suits them, cancel all they owe, And, like a mother, hold its arms out wide At their first cry. And, sirs, I do believe 370 That Stukeley, on that night, had some such wish

To reconcile himself. What else had passed Between the widow and himself I know not; But she had lured him on until he thought That words and smiles, perhaps a tear or

That words and smiles, perhaps a tear or two,

Might make the widow take the murderer's hand

In friendship, since it might advantage both. Indeed, he came prepared for even more. Villains are always fools. A wicked act,

What is it but a false move in the game, 380 A blind man's blunder, a deaf man's reply, The wrong drug taken in the dead of night? I always pity villains.

The avenger for the victim. There she lay Panting, that night, her eyes like summer

Panting, that night, her eyes like summer stars, 385 Her pale gold hair upon the pillows tossed

Dishevelled, while the fever in her face Brought back the last wild roses of her youth For half an hour. Against a breast as pure And smooth as any maid's, her soft arms pressed 390

A bundle wrapped in a white embroidered cloth.

She crooned over it as a mother croons
Over her suckling child. I stood beside her.

— That was her wish, and mine, while

Stukeley stayed. —
And, over against me, on the other side, 395
Stood Stukeley, gnawing his nether lip to

She could not, or she would not, speak one word

In answer to his letter.

'Lady Raleigh,

You wrong me, and you wrong yourself,' he cried,

'To play like a green girl when great affairs

Are laid before you. Let me speak with you

Alone.'

'But I am all alone,' she said. 'Far more alone than I have ever been In all my life before. This is my doctor. He must not leave me.'

Then she lured him on, 405 Played on his brain as a musician plays

Upon the lute.

'Forgive me, dear Sir Lewis, If I am grown too gay for widowhood. But I have pondered for a long, long time On all these matters. I know the world was right:

And Spain was right, Sir Lewis. Yes, and

You too, were right; and my poor husband wrong.

You see I knew his mind so very well. I knew his every gesture, every smile. I lived with him. I think I died with

It is a strange thing, marriage. For my soul (As if myself were present in this flesh) Beside him, slept in his grey prison-cell

On that last dreadful dawn. I heard the throng

Murmuring round the scaffold far away; 420 And, with the smell of saw-dust in my nos-

I woke, bewildered as himself, to see That tall black-cassocked figure by his bed. I heard the words that made him under-

The Body of our Lord — take and eat this! 425 I rolled the small sour flakes beneath my tongue

With him. I caught, with him, the gleam of tears,

Far off, on some strange face of sickly dread. The Blood — and the cold cup was in my hand.

Cold as an axe-heft washed with waterish red.

I heard his last poor cry to wife and child. — Could any that heard forget it? — My true

Hold you both in His arms, both in His arms. And then — that last poor wish, a thing to

A smile in some. I have smiled at it myself 435 A thousand times.

'Give me my pipe,' he said, 'My old Winchester clay, with the long stem, And half an hour alone. The crowd can wait,

They have not waited half so long as I.' And then, O then, I know what soft blue

clouds. What wavering rings, fragrant ascending

wreaths

Melted his prison walls to a summer haze, Through which I think he saw the little port Of Budleigh Salterton, like a sea-bird's nest Among the Devon cliffs — the tarry quay 445 Whence in his boyhood he had flung a line For bass or whiting-pollock. I remembered (Had he not told me, on some summer night, His arm about my neck, kissing my hair) He used to sit there, gazing out to sea; 450 Fish, and for what? Not all for what he

And handled: but for rainbow-coloured

things,

caught

The water-drops that jewelled his thin line, Flotsam and jetsam of the sunset-clouds; While the green water, gurgling through the piles.

Heaving and sinking, helped him to believe The fast-bound quay a galleon plunging out Superbly for Cathay. There would he sit Listening, a radiant boy, child of the sea, Listening to some old seaman's glowing

tales. His grey eyes rich with pictures –

Then he saw, And I with him, that gathering in the West, To break the Fleet Invincible. O, I heard The trumpets and the neighings and the drums.

I watched the beacons on a hundred hills. 465 I drank that wine of battle from his cup,

And gloried in it, lying against his heart. I sailed with him and saw the unknown worlds!

The slender ivory towers of old Cathay Rose for us over lilac-coloured seas That crumbled a sky-blue foam on long shores

Of shining sand, shores of so clear a glass They drew the sunset-clouds into their bosom

And hung that City of Vision in mid-air Girdling it round, as with a moat of sky, 475 Hopelessly beautiful. O, yet I heard, Heard from his blazoned poops the trum-

peters

Blowing proud calls, while overhead the flag Of England floated from white towers of sail -

And yet, and yet, I knew that he was wrong, 486 And soon he knew it, too.

I saw the cloud

Of doubt assail him, in the Bloody Tower, When, being withheld from sailing the high seas

For sixteen years, he spread a prouder sail, Took up his pen, and, walled about with stone.

Began to write — his History of the World.

And emperors came like Lazarus from the grave

To wear his purple. And the night disgorged

Its empires, till, O, like the swirl of dust Around their marching legions, that dim

Of doubt closed round him. Was there any man

So sure of heart and brain as to record

The simple truth of things himself had seen? Then who could plumb that night? The work broke off!

He knew that he was wrong. I knew it, too!

Once more that stately structure of his dreams

Melted like mist. His eagles perished like clouds.

Death wound a thin horn through the cen-

The grave resumed his forlorn emperors. His empires crumbled back to a little ash 500 Knocked from his pipe. —

He dropped his pen in homage to the truth. The truth? O, eloquent, just and mighty Death!

Then, when he forged, out of one golden thought,

A key to open his prison; when the King, 505 Released him for a tale of faerie gold

Under the tropic palms; when those grey walls

Melted before his passion; do you think The gold that lured the King was quite the

As that which Raleigh saw? You know the song:

'Say to the King,' quoth Raleigh,
'I have a tale to tell him;
Wealth beyond derision,
Veils to lift from the sky,

Seas to sail for England,

And a little dream to sell him,

Gold, the gold of a vision

That angels cannot buy.'

Ah, no! For all the beauty and the pride,

Raleigh was wrong; but not so wrong, I think, 520

As those for whom his kingdoms oversea Meant only glittering dust. The fight he waged

Was not with them. They never worsted him.

It was The Destiny that brought him home Without the Spanish gold.—O, he was wrong, 525

But such a wrong, in Gloriana's day, Was more than right, was immortality. He had just half an hour to put all this Into his pipe and smoke it.—

The red fire,
The red heroic fire that filled his veins 530
When the proud flag of England floated out
Its challenge to the world — all gone to ash?
What! Was the great red wine that Drake
quaffed

Vinegar? He must fawn, haul down his flag, And count all nations nobler than his own,

Tear out the lions from the painted shields That hung his poop, for fear that he offend The pride of Spain? Treason to sack the ships

Of Spain? The wounds of slaughtered Englishmen

Cried out—there is no law beyond the line! 540

Treason to sweep the seas with Francis Drake?

Treason to fight for England?

If it were so, The times had changed and quickly. He had

A school-boy in the morning of the world Playing with wooden swords and winning crowns 545

Of tinsel; but his comrades had outgrown Their morning-game, and gathered round to mock

His battles in the sunset. Yet he knew That all his life had passed in that brief day; And he was old, too old to understand 550 The smile upon the face of Buckingham, The smile on Cobham's face, at that great

word England!

He knew the solid earth was changed
To something less than dust among the
stars—

And, O, be sure he knew that he was wrong, 555

That gleams would come,

Gleams of a happier world for younger men, That Commonwealth, far off. This was a time Of sadder things, destruction of the old Before the new was born. At least he knew 560

It was his own way that had brought the

Thus far, England thus far! How could he change,

Who had loved England as a man might love His mistress, change from year to fickle year?

For the new years would change, even as the old. 565

No — he was wedded to that old first love, Crude flesh and blood, and coarse as meat and drink,

The woman—England; no fine angel-isle, Ruled by that male Salome — Buckingham! Better the axe than to live on and wage 570 These new and silent and more deadly wars That play at friendship with our enemies. Such times are evil. Not of their own desire They lead to good, blind agents of that Hand Which now had hewed him down, down to his knees.

But in a prouder battle than men knew.

His pipe was out, the guard was at the door. Raleigh was not a god. But, when he climbed

The scaffold, I believe he looked a man. And when the axe fell, I believe that God 580 Set on his shoulders that immortal head Which he desired on earth.

O, he was wrong! But when that axe fell, not one shout was raised.

That mighty throng around that crimson block

Stood silent — like the hushed black cloud that holds 585

The thunder. You might hear the headsman's breath.

Stillness like that is dangerous, being charged,

Sometimes, with thought, Sir Lewis! England sleeps!

What if, one day, the Stewart should be called

To know that England wakes? What if a shout 590

Should thunder-strike Whitehall, and the dogs lift

Their heads along the fringes of the crowd To catch a certain savour that I know, The smell of blood and saw-dust?—

Ah, Sir Lewis,
'T is hard to find one little seed of right 595
Among so many wrongs. Raleigh was
wrong,

And yet — it was because he loved his country

Next to himself, Sir Lewis, by your leave, His country butchered him. You did not know

That I was only third in his affections? 600
The night I told him — we were parting

I had begged the last disposal of his body, Did he not say, with O, so gentle a smile, "Thou hadst not always the disposal of it

"Thou hadst not always the disposal of it
In life, dear Bess. 'T is well it should be
thine 605

In death!"

'The jest was bitter at such an hour, And somewhat coarse in grain,' Stukeley replied.

'Indeed I thought him kinder.'

'Kinder,' she said,

Laughing bitterly.

Stukeley looked at her.
She whispered something, and his lewd old
eyes 610

Fastened upon her own. He knelt by her. 'Perhaps,' he said, 'your woman's wit has found

A better way to solve this bitter business.' Her head moved on the pillow with little tossings.

He touched her hand. It leapt quickly away. 615

She hugged that strange white bundle to her breast,

And writhed back, smiling at him, across the bed.

'Ah, Bess,' he whispered huskily, pressing his lips

To that warm hollow where her head had lain,

'There is one way to close the long dispute, 620

Keep the estates unbroken in your hands And stop all slanderous tongues, one happy way.

We have some years to live; and why alone?'

'Alone?' she sighed. 'My husband thought of that.

He wrote a letter to me, long ago, 625 When he was first condemned. He said—he said—

Now let me think — what was it that he said? —

I had it all by heart. "Beseech you, Bess, Hide not yourself for many days," he said.' 'True wisdom that,' quoth Stukeley, 'for

the love 630
That seeks to chain the living to the dead

Is but self-love at best!'

'And vet,' she said. 'How his poor heart was torn between two

cares.

Love of himself and care for me, as thus:

, "Love God! Begin to repose yourself on

Therein you shall find true and lasting riches; But all the rest is nothing. When you have

Your thoughts on earthly things, when you have travelled

Through all the glittering pomps of this proud

You shall sit down by Sorrow in the end. 640 Begin betimes, and teach your little son

To serve and fear God also. Then God will be a husband unto you. And unto him a father; nor can Death Bereave you any more. When I am gone, 645 No doubt you shall be sought unto by many For the world thinks that I was very rich. No greater misery can befall you, Bess, Than to become a prey, and, afterwards, To be despised."

'Human enough,' said Stukeley, 650

'And yet — self-love, self-love!'

'Ah no,' quoth she. 'You have not heard the end: "God knows, I speak it

Not to dissuade you" - not to dissuade you,

"From marriage. That will be the best for you, Both in respect of God and of the world." 655 Was that self-love, Sir Lewis? Ah, not all. And thus he ended: "For his father's sake That chose and loved you in his happiest times, Remember your poor child! The Everlasting, Infinite, powerful, and inscrutable God, 660 Keep you and yours, have mercy upon me, And teach me to forgive my false accusers" -Wrong, even in death, you see. Then -

"My true wife,

Farewell! Bless my poor boy! Pray for me! My true Hold you both in His arms, both in His arms!" I know that he was wrong. You did not

Sir Lewis, that he had left me a little child. Come closer. You shall see its orphaned

The sad, sad relict of a man that loved 670 His country — all that's left to me. Come, look!'

She beckoned Stukeley nearer. He bent down Curiously. Her feverish fingers drew

The white wrap from the bundle in her arms, And, with a smile that would make angels weep,

She showed him, pressed against her naked breast,

Terrible as Medusa, the grev flesh

And shrivelled face, embalmed, the thing that dropped

Into the headsman's basket, months agone. -

The head of Raleigh.

Half her body lay 680 Bare, while she held that grey babe to her heart;

But Judas hid his face. . . .

'Living,' she said, 'he was not always mine; But — dead — I shall not wean him' -

Then, I too

Covered my face — I cannot tell you

There was a dreadful silence in that room, Silence that, as I know, shattered the brain Of Stukeley. — When I dared to raise my

Beneath that silent thunder of our God,

The man had gone -

This is his letter, sirs, 690 Written from Lundy Island: "For God's love. Tell them it is a cruel thing to say That I drink blood. I have no secret sin, A thousand pound is not so great a sum; And that is all they paid me, every penny. 695 Salt water, that is all the drink I taste On this rough island. Somebody has taught The sea-gulls how to wail around my hut

All night, like lost souls. And there is a face, A dead man's face that laughs in every storm,

And sleeps in every pool along the coast. I thought it was my own, once. But I know These actions never, never, on God's earth, Will turn out to their credit, who believe That I drink blood."

He crumpled up the letter 705 And tossed it into the fire.

'Galen,' said Ben, 'I think you are right - that one should pity villains.

The clock struck twelve. The bells began to peal.

We drank a cup of sack to the New Year. 'New songs, new voices, all as fresh as

may,' 710 Said Ben to Brome, 'but I shall never live To hear them.'

All was not so well, indeed, With Ben, as hitherto. Age had come upon him.

He dragged one foot as in paralysis.

The critics bayed against the old lion, now,
And called him arrogant. 'My brain,' he

said,

'Is yet unhurt although, set round with pain, It cannot long hold out.' He never stopped, Never once pandered to that brainless hour. His coat was thread-bare. Weeks had passed of late 720

Without his voice resounding in our inn.

'The statues are defiled, the gods dethroned, The Ionian movement reigns, not the free soul.

And, as for me, I have lived too long,' he said.

said.

'Well—I can weave the old threnodies anew.'

And, filling his cup, he murmured, soft and low,

A new song, breaking on an ancient shore:

Ι

Marlowe is dead, and Greene is in his grave, And sweet Will Shakespeare long ago is gone!

Our Ocean-shepherd sleeps beneath the

Robin is dead, and Marlowe in his grave.
Why should I stay to chant an idle stave,

And in my Mermaid Tavern drink alone? For Kit is dead and Greene is in his grave, And sweet Will Shakespeare long ago is gone. 735

п

Where is the singer of the Faerie Queen?
Where are the lyric lips of Astrophel?
Long, long ago, their quiet graves were green;

Ay, and the grave, too, of their Faerie

Queen!

And yet their faces, hovering here unseen, 740

Call me to taste their new-found cenomel; To sup with him who sang the Faerie Queen; To drink with him whose name was Astrophel.

III

I drink to that great Inn beyond the grave!

— If there be none, the gods have done
us wrong. — 745

Ere long I hope to chant a better stave, In some great Mermaid Inn beyond the grave:

And quaff the best of earth that heaven can save.

Red wine like blood, deep love of friends and song.

I drink to that great Inn beyond the grave; 750
And hope to greet my golden lads ere long.

He raised his cup and drank in silence.
Brome

Drank with him, too. The bells had ceased to peal.

Galen shook hands, and bade us all good night.

Then Brome, a little wistfully, I thought, 755 Looked at his old-time master, and prepared To follow.

'Good night — Ben,' he said, a pause Before he spoke the name. 'Good night! Good night!

My dear old Brome,' said Ben.

And, at the door, Brome whispered to me, 'He is lonely now. 760

There are not many left of his old friends. We all go out — like this — into the night. But what a fleet of stars!' he said, and shook My hand, and smiled, and pointed to the sky.

And, when I looked into the room again, 765 The lights were very dim, and I believed That Ben had fallen asleep. His great grey

head

Was bowed across the table, on his arms. Then, all at once, I knew that he was weeping;

And like a shadow I crept back again, 770

And stole into the night.

There as I stood Under the painted sign, I could have vowed That I, too, heard the voices of the dead, The voices of his old companions, Gathering round him in that lonely room, 775 Till all the timbers of the Mermaid Inn Trembled above me with their ghostly song:

Ι

Say to the King, quoth Raleigh,
I have a tale to tell him,
Wealth beyond derision,
Veils to lift from the sky,
Seas to sail for England
And a little dream to sell him,
Gold, the gold of a vision.

That angels cannot buy.

785

II

Fair through the walls of his dungeon,

— What were the stones but a shadow? —

Streamed the light of the rapture,
The lure that he followed of old,
The dream of his old companions, 790

The vision of El Dorado, The fleet that they never could capture. The City of Sunset-gold.

Yet did they sail the seas And, dazed with exceeding wonder, 795 Straight through the sunset-glory Plunge into the dawn: Leaving their home behind them. By a road of splendour and thunder, They came to their home in amazement 800 Simply by sailing on.

1913

Rupert Brooke * (1887-1915)

PINE-TREES AND THE SKY: EVENING

I'p watched the sorrow of the evening sky. And smelt the sea, and earth, and the warm clover,

And heard the waves, and the seagull's mocking cry.

And in them all was only the old cry. That song they always sing — 'The best is over!

You may remember now, and think, and sigh, O silly lover!'

And I was tired and sick that all was over,

And because I, For all my thinking, never could recover 10

One moment of the good hours that were

And I was sorry and sick, and wished to die.

Then from the sad west turning wearily, I saw the pines against the white north sky, Very beautiful, and still, and bending over 15 Their sharp black heads against a quiet sky. And there was peace in them; and I Was happy, and forgot to play the lover, And laughed, and did no longer wish to die; Being glad of you, O pine-trees and the sky! 1911

FAILURE

Because God put His adamantine fate Between my sullen heart and its desire, I swore that I would burst the Iron Gate. Rise up, and curse Him on His throne of fire.

Earth shuddered at my crown of blas-But Love was as a flame about my feet: Proud up the Golden Stair I strode; and

Thrice on the Gate, and entered with a cry -

All the great courts were quiet in the sun, And full of vacant echoes: moss had grown

Over the glassy pavement, and begun To creep within the dusty council-halls. An idle wind blew round an empty throne

And stirred the heavy curtains on the walls.

1911

THE GREAT LOVER

I have been so great a lover: filled my days So proudly with the splendour of Love's praise,

The pain, the calm, and the astonishment,

Desire illimitable, and still content,

And all dear names men use, to cheat despair,

For the perplexed and viewless streams that

Our hearts at random down the dark of life. Now, ere the unthinking silence on that strife

Steals down, I would cheat drowsy Death so

My night shall be remembered for a star 10 That outshone all the suns of all men's days. Shall I not crown them with immortal

Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared with me

High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see The inenarrable godhead of delight? Love is a flame: — we have beaconed the world's night.

A city: — and we have built it, these and I. An emperor: — we have taught the world to

So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence, And the high cause of Love's magnificence, 20 And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those

Golden for ever, eagles, crying flames, And set them as a banner, that men may know,

To dare the generations, burn, and blow

* By permission of Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc.

These I have loved:

White plates and cups, clean-gleaming, Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;

Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the

strong crust

Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food; Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;

And radiant raindrops couching in cool

flowers;

And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,

Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;

Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss 35

Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is Shining and free; blue-massing clouds; the

Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;

The benison of hot water; furs to touch; The good smell of old clothes; and other

The comfortable smell of friendly fingers, Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers

About dead leaves and last year's ferns. . . .

And thousand others throng to me! Royal

flames; Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or

spring;
Holes in the ground; and voices that do

Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain, Soon turned to peace; and the deep-panting

Firm sands; the little dulling edge of foam That browns and dwindles as the wave goes

And washen stones, gay for an hour; the cold

Graveness of iron; moist black earthen mould;

Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew; And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new;

And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools on grass; — 55

All these have been my loves. And these shall pass,

Whatever passes not, in the great hour,

Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have power

To hold them with me through the gate of Death.

They'll play deserter, turn with the traitor breath, 60
Break the high bond we made, and sell Love's

trust

And sacramented covenant to the dust.

— Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I shall

And give what 's left of love again, and make New friends, now strangers. . . .

But the best I've known 65
Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old,
is blown

About the winds of the world, and fades from brains

Of living men, and dies.

Nothing remains.

O dear my loves, O faithless, once again
This one last gift I give: that after men 70
Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,
Praise you, 'All these were lovely'; say,
'He loved.'

1915

HAUNTINGS

In the grey tumult of these after years
Oft silence falls; the incessant wranglers
part;

And less-than-echoes of remembered tears Hush all the loud confusion of the heart;

And a shade, through the tossed ranks of mirth and crying, 5 Hungers, and pains, and each dull passion-

ate mood, —

Quite lost, and all but all forgot, undying, Comes back the ecstasy of your quietude.

So a poor ghost, beside his misty streams,
Is haunted by strange doubts, evasive
dreams,

10

Hints of a pre-Lethean life, of men, Stars, rocks, and flesh, things unintelligible, And light on waving grass, he knows not when.

And feet that ran, but where, he cannot tell.

PROSE

Edmund Gosse (1849-

THE WHOLE DUTY OF WOMAN *

It is universally conceded that our greatgrandmothers were women of the most precise life and austere manners. The girls nowadays display a shocking freedom: but they were partly led into it by the relative laxity of their mothers, who, in their turn, 10 reach in the clouds, and in the other, with tion. To hear all the 'Ahs' and the 'Well. I nevers' of the middle-aged, one would fancy that propriety of conduct was a thing of the past, and that never had there been a 'gaggle of girls' (the phrase belongs to Dame Juliana Berners) so wanton and rebellious as the race of 1895. Still, there must be a fallacy somewhere. If each generation is decidedly wilder, more independent, more revolting, 20 reading. It excites in us a curious wish to exceedingly good people must have been four or five generations ago! Outside the pages of the people so sweetly advertised as 'sexual female fictionists,' the girls of to-day shave? When we come to to-day to to-day strike one as extremely bad. Some of them are quite nice; the average is not very low. How lofty, then, must have been the standard one hundred years ago, to make room for such a steady decline ever since! clent woman's somether. Poor J. K. S. wrote: -

'If all the harm that 's been done by men Were doubled and doubled again, And melted and fused into vapour, and then Were squared and raised to the power of ten. There wouldn't be nearly enough, not near, To keep a small girl for a tenth of a year.'

This is the view of a cynic. To the ordinary observer, the 'revolting daughters,' of whom we hear so much, do not revolt nearly enough 40 plays alone. We conceive every fine lady to to differentiate them duly from their virtuous great-grandmothers.

We fear that there was still a good deal of human nature in girls a hundred, or even two hundred, years ago. That eloquent and 45 spends the night with a box and dice, and animated writer, the author of The Whole

Duty of Man, published in the reign of Charles II, a volume which, if he had had the courage of his opinions, he would have named The Whole Duty of Woman. Under the tamer 5 title of The Ladies' Calling it achieved a great success. In the frontispiece to this work a doleful dame, seated on what seems to be a bare altar in an open landscape, is raising one an air of great affectation is lifting her skirt between finger and thumb. A purse, a coronet, a fan, a mirror, rings, dice, coins, and other useful articles lie strewn at her 15 naked feet; she spurns them, and lifts her streaming eyes to heaven. This is the sort of picture which does its best to prevent the reader from opening the book; but The know more exactly what manner of women it was addressed to. How did the greatgrandmothers of our great-grandmothers behave? When we come to think of it, how

The customary source of information is the play-book of the time. There, indeed, we come across some choice indications of an-Nor did the The woman dramatists outdid the men in attacking the manners of their sex, and what is perhaps the most cynical comedy in all literature was written by a woman. It will be some time 35 before the Corinnas of *The Yellow Book* contrive to surpass The Town Fop in outrageous frankness. Our ideas of the fashions of the seventeenth century are, however, taken too exclusively, if they are taken from these be like Lady Brute, in The Provoked Wife, who wakes about two o'clock in the afternoon, is 'trailed' to her great chair for tea, leaves her bedroom only to descend to dinner, does not go to bed until the dawn. Comedy

* By permission of the Author.

has always forced the note, and is a very unsafe (though picturesque) guide to historic manners. Perhaps we obtain a juster notion from the gallant pamphlets of the age, Looking-Glass; yet these were purely intended for people whom we should nowadays call 'smart,' readers who hung about the outskirts of the Court.

struct a portrait of the ordinary women of the world in the reign of Charles II, we are glad to come back to our anonymous divine. His is the best-kept secret in English literature. Duty of Man, no one has done more than conjecture, more or less vaguely, who he may have been. He wrote at least five works besides his most famous treatise, and in premore pains than Junius did a century later to conceal his identity. The publisher of The Ladies' Calling, for example, assures us that he knows no more than we do. The and in a strange handwriting, 'as from the Clouds dropped into my hands.' The anonymous author made no attempt to see proofs of it, nor claimed his foundling in any way the recent third volume of which covers the ground we are dealing with, Mr. Craik, although finding room for such wretched writers as Bishop Cumberland and William Sherlock, makes no mention of the author of 35 rare even among women of quality. The Whole Duty. That is a curious oversight. There was no divine of the age who wielded a more graceful pen. Only the exigencies of our space restrain us from Confessor in the preface to The Ladies' Calling. It begins 'Queens and Empresses knew then no title so glorious'; and the reader who is curious in such matters will refer to it for himself.

The women of this time troubled our author by their loudness of speech. There seems some reason to believe that with the Restoration, and in opposition to the affected noisy manner became the fashion among Englishwomen. This was, perhaps, the 'barbarous dissonance' that Milton dep-

recated: it is, at all events, so distasteful to the writer of The Ladies' Calling that he gives it an early prominence in his exhortation. 'A woman's tongue,' he says, 'should such as The Lover's Watch and The Lady's 5 be like the imaginary music of the spheres, sweet and charming, but not to be heard at distance.' Modesty, indeed, he inculcates as the first ornament of womanhood, and he intimates that there was much neglect of it For materials, then, out of which to con-10 in his day. We might fancy it to be Mrs. Lynn Linton speaking when, with uplifted hands, he cries, 'Would God that they would take, in exchange for that virile Boldness, which is now too common among many even In spite of the immense success of The Whole 15 of the best Rank,' such a solidity and firmness of mind as will permit them to succeed in keeping a secret! Odd to hear a grave and polite divine urging the ladies of his congregation not to 'adorn' their conversation with paring each of these for the press he took 20 oaths and imprecations, of which he says, with not less truth than gallantry, that 'out of a woman's mouth there is on this side Hell no noise that can be more amazingly odious.' The revolting daughters of to-day MS. came to him from an unknown source 25 do not curse and swear; at all events, they do not swear in print, where only we have met the shrews. On the other hand, they smoke, a contingency which does not seem to have occurred to the author of The Ladies' whatever. In his English Prose Selections, 30 Calling, who nowhere warns the sisterhood against tobacco. The gravity of his indictment of excess in wine, not less than the evidence of such observers as Pepys, proves to us that drunkenness was by no means

There never, we suppose, from the beginning of the world was a man-preacher who did not warn the women of his congregation against the vanity of fair raiment. The auquoting the noble praise of the Woman-40 thor of The Ladies' Calling is no exception; but he does his spiriting in a gentlemanlike way. The ladies came to listen to him bedizened with jewels, with all the objects which lie strewn at the feet of his penitent 45 in the frontispiece. He does not scream to them to rend them off. He only remonstrates at their costliness. In that perfectly charming record of a child's mind, the Memoir of Marjorie Fleming, the delicious whispering of the Puritans, a truculent and 50 little wiseacre records the fact that her father and mother have given a guinea for a pineapple, remarking that that money would have sustained a poor family during the

entire winter. We are reminded of that when our divine tells his auditors that 'any one of the baubles, the loosest appendage of the dress, a fan, a busk, perhaps a black patch, bears a price that would warm the 5 its pungency in the sensible passion of love': empty bowels of a poor starving wretch.' This was long before the days of very elaborate and expensive patches, which were still so new in Pepys' days that he remarked on those of Mr. Penn's pretty sister when he 10 saw her in the new coach, 'patched and very fine.' Our preacher is no ranter, nor does he shut the door of mercy on entertainments: all he deprecates is their excess. His penitents are not forbidden to spend an after-15 noon at the theatre, or an evening in dancing or at cards; but they are desired to remember that, delightful as these occupations are. devotion is more delightful still.

curious. 'I question not the lawfulness of this recreation,' he says distinctly; but he desires his ladies not to make cards the business of their life, and especially not to play on Sundays. It appears that some great ladies, in 25 to him. If not, he will be dishonest whether the emptiness of their heads and hearts, took advantage of the high pews then always found in churches to play ombre or quadrille under the very nose of the preacher. This conduct must have been rare; the legends 30 would be altered by an alloy of some other of the age prove that it was not unknown. The game might be concealed from every one if it was desisted from at the moment of the sermon, and in many cases the clergyman was a pitiful, obsequious wretch who 35 ask that expert whether he was a fool himknew better than to find fault with the gentlefolks 'up at the house.' It was not often that a convenient flash of lightning came in the middle of service to kill the impious gamester in his pew, as happened, to 40 American pirated edition of a copyright the immense scandal and solemnization of everybody, at Withycombe, in Devonshire.

On the whole, it is amusing to find that the same faults and the same dangers which occupy our satirists to-day were pronounced 45 than one point of honor; but as far as I am imminent for women two hundred years ago. The ladies of Charles II's reign were a little coarser, a little primmer, a good deal more ignorant than those of our age. Their manners were on great occasions much better, 50 every additional penny on the income-tax and on small occasions much worse, than those of their descendants of 1895; but the

same human nature prevailed. The author of The Ladies' Calling considered that the greatest danger of his congregation lav in the fact that 'the female Sex is eminent for and, although we take other modes of saving it, that is true now.

1895

George Bernard Shaw (1856-

THE CASE FOR THE CRITIC-DRAMATIST *

A discussion has arisen recently as to whether a dramatic critic can also be a dramatic author without injury to his integrity and impartiality. The feebleness The attitude of the author to gaming is 20 with which the point has been debated may be guessed from the fact that the favorite opinion seems to be that a critic is either an honest man or he is not. If honest, then dramatic authorship can make no difference he writes plays or not. This childish evasion cannot, for the honor of the craft, be allowed to stand. If I wanted to ascertain the melting-point of a certain metal, and how far it metal, and an expert were to tell me that a metal is either fusible or it is not — that if not, no temperature will melt it; and if so, it will melt anyhow — I am afraid I should self or took me for one. Absolute honesty is as absurd an abstraction as absolute temperature or absolute value. A dramatic critic who would die rather than read an English book might be considered an absolutely honest man for all practical purposes on that one particular subject — I say on that one, because very few men have more aware, no such dramatic critic exists. If he did, I should regard him as a highly dangerous monomaniac. That honesty varies inversely with temptation is proved by the fact that yields a less return than the penny before it, showing that men state their incomes less

^{*} Dramatic Opinions and Essays, Brentano's, 1906. By permission of the Publishers.

honestly for the purposes of taxation at sevenpence in the pound than sixpence. The matter may be tested by a simple experiment. Go to one of the gentlemen whose not, and obtain from him the loan of half-acrown on some plausible pretext of a lost purse or some such petty emergency. will not ask you for a written acknowledgfor a loan of £500 without a promissory note, on the ground that you are either honest or not honest, and that a man who will pay back half a crown without compulsion will also theory of absolute honesty will collapse at

Are we then to believe that the criticdramatist who stands to make anything from suading a manager to produce his plays, will be prevented by his honesty from writing about that manager otherwise than he would if he had never written a play and were quite can only say that people who believe such a thing would believe anything. I am myself a particularly flagrant example of the criticdramatist. It is not with me a mere case of as incidents in my past. I have written halfa-dozen 'original' plays, four of which have never been performed; and I shall presently write half-a-dozen more. The production of success of esteem, would be more remunerative to me than a couple of years of criticism. Clearly, since I am no honester than other people, I should be the most corrupt flatterer to restrain me. How is it, then, that the most severe criticisms of managers come from me and from my fellow critic-dramatists, and that the most servile puffery comes from they have nothing to hope or fear from any manager? There are a good many answers to this question, one of the most obvious being that as the respect inspired by a good it causes is temporary, and as, on the other hand, the pleasure given by a venal criticism is temporary, and the contempt it inspires

permanent, no man really secures his advancement as a dramatist by making himself despised as a critic. The thing has been tried extensively during the last twenty theory is that a man is either honest or he is 5 years; and it has failed. For example, the late Frank Marshall, a dramatist and an extravagantly enthusiastic admirer of Sir Henry Irving's genius, followed a fashion which at one time made the Lyceum Theatre ment of the debt. Return next day and ask 10 a sort of court formed by a retinue of literary gentlemen. I need not question either their sincerity or the superiority of Canute to their idolatry; for Canute never produced their plays: 'Robert Emmet' and the rest pay back £500. You will find that the 15 of their masterpieces remain unacted to this day. It may be said that this brings us back to honesty as the best policy; but honesty has nothing to do with it: plenty of the men who know that they can get along faster fighting five hundred to ten thousand pounds by per-20 than crawling, are no more honest than the first Napoleon was. No virtue, least of all courage, implies any other virtue. The cardinal guarantee for a critic's integrity is simply the force of the critical instinct itself. certain that he never should write one? I 25 To try to prevent me from criticizing by pointing out to me the superior pecuniary advantages of puffing is like trying to keep a young Irving from going on the stage by pointing out the superior pecuniary advanan adaptation or two raked up against me 30 tages of stockbroking. If my own father were an actor-manager, and his life depended on his getting favorable notices of his performance, I should orphan myself without an instant's hesitation if he acted badly. I am one of them, even if it attained the merest 35 by no means the willing victim of this instinct. I am keenly susceptible to contrary influences - to flattery, which I swallow greedily if the quality is sufficiently good; to the need of money, to private friendship or in London if there were nothing but honesty 40 even acquaintanceship, to the pleasure of giving pleasure and the pain of giving pain, to consideration for people's circumstances and prospects, to personal likes and dislikes. to sentimentality, pity, chivalry, pugnacity writers whose every sentence proves that 45 and mischief, laziness and cowardice, and a dozen other human conditions which make the critic vulnerable; but the critical instinct gets the better of them all. I spare no effort to mitigate its inhumanity, trying to criticism is permanent, whilst the irritation 50 detect and strike out of my articles anything that would give pain without doing any good. Those who think the things I say severe, or even malicious, should just see the things I

do not say. I do my best to be partial, to hit out at remediable abuses rather than at accidental shortcomings, and at strong and responsible people rather than weak and helpless ones. And yet all my efforts do not alter the result very much. So stubborn is the critic within me, that with every disposition to be as good-natured and as popular an authority as the worst enemy of art could desire, I am to all intents and purposes in-10 stage, he is delighted; and if she is a walking corruptible. And that is how the dramatistcritic, if only he is critic enough, 'slates' the actor-manager in defiance of the interest he has in conciliating him. He cannot help himself, any more than the ancient mariner 15 getically when he only wants to wallow in her could help telling his story. And the actormanager can no more help listening than the wedding guest could. In short, the better formula would have been, that a man is either a critic or not a critic; that to the 20 resentment, his humiliation, his sense of extent to which he is one he will criticize the managers in spite of heaven and earth: and that to the extent to which he is not, he will flatter them anyhow, to save himself trouble.

by a critic who is also a playwright is as obvious as the advantage of having a ship criticized by a critic who is also a master shipwright. Pray observe that I do not speak of the criticism of dramas and ships by drama-30 create real characters and make them pass tists and shipwrights who are not also critics; for that would be no more convincing than the criticism of acting by actors. Dramatic authorship no more constitutes a man a critic than actorship constitutes him a dramatic 35 the first time that there is not such a galaxy author: but a dramatic critic learns as much from having been a dramatic author as Shakespeare or Mr. Pinero from having been actors. The average London critic, for want of practical experience, has no real confi-40 own. That is already an immense step in his dence in himself: he is always searching for an imaginary 'right' opinion, with which he never dares to identify his own. Consequently every public man finds that as far as the press is concerned his career divides 45 the author of a play is the only person who itself into two parts: the first, during which the critics are afraid to praise him; and the second, during which they are afraid to do anything else. In the first, the critic is uncomfortably trying to find faults enough to 50 will thenceforth have his eyes open at all make out a case for his timid coldness: in the second, he is eagerly picking out excellencies to justify his eulogies. And of course

he blunders equally in both phases. The faults he finds are either inessential or are positive reforms, or he blames the wrong people for them: the triumphs of acting 5 which he announces are stage tricks that any old hand could play. In criticizing actresses he is an open and shameless voluptuary. If a woman is pretty, well dressed, and selfsatisfied enough to be at her ease on the monument of handsome incompetence, so much the better, as your voluptuary rarely likes a woman to be cleverer than himself, or to force him to feel deeply or think energood looks. Confront him with an actress who will not condescend to attack him on this side — who takes her work with thorough seriousness and self-respect — and his being snubbed, break out ludicrously in his writing, even when he dare not write otherwise than favorably. A great deal of this nonsense would be taken out of him if he The advantage of having a play criticized 25 could only write a play and have it produced. No dramatist begins by writing plays merely as excuses for the exhibition of pretty women on the stage. He comes to that ultimately perhaps: but at first he does his best to through three acts of real experiences. Bring a critic who has done this face to face with the practical question of selecting an actress for his heroine, and he suddenly realizes for of talent on the London stage as he thought. and that the handsome walking ladies whom he always thought good enough for other people's plays are not good enough for his education. There are other steps, too, which he will have taken before the curtain falls on the first public representation of his play: but they may be summed up in the fact that really wants to have it well done in every respect, and who therefore has every drawback brought fully home to him. The man who has had that awakening about one play other plays; and there you have at once the first moral with the first technical qualification of the critic — the determination to have

every play as well done as possible, and the knowledge of what is standing in the way of that consummation. Those of our critics who, either as original dramatists or adapters and translators, have superintended the 5 realize that he is not only an ancestor, but production of plays with paternal anxiety, are never guilty of the wittily disguised indifference of clever critics who have never seen a drama through from its first beginnings behind the scenes. Compare the 10 genuine excitement of Mr. Clement Scott, or the almost Calvinistic seriousness of Mr. Wm. Archer, with the gaily easy what-doesit-matterness of Mr. Walkley, and you see at once how the two critic-dramatists in-15 turous youth in the nineteenth century we fluence the drama, whilst the critic-playgoer only makes it a pretext for entertaining his readers. On the whole there is only as much validity in the theory that a critic should not be a dramatist, as in the theory that a judge 20 with the Luminous Nose,' at least, is original, should not be a lawyer nor a general a soldier. You can not have qualifications without experience; and you can not have experience without personal interest and bias. That may not be an ideal arrangement; but it 25 Aristophanes, Rabelais and Sterne — have is the way the world is built; and we must make the best of it.

1895

Gilbert Reith Chesterton (1874-

A DEFENCE OF NONSENSE *

looking at this twilight world of ours: we may see it as the twilight of evening or the twilight of morning; we may think of anything, down to a fallen acorn, as a descendant or as an ancestor. There are times when we 40 think that no age except our own could have are almost crushed, not so much with the load of the evil as with the load of the goodness of humanity, when we feel that we are nothing but the inheritors of a humiliating splendour. But there are other times when 45 'Alice in Wonderland' had been published in everything seems primitive, when the ancient stars are only sparks blown from a boy's bonfire, when the whole earth seems so young and experimental that even the white hair of the aged, in the fine biblical phrase, is 50 Luminous Nose' had appeared in the same like almond-trees that blossom, like the white hawthorn grown in May. That it is

good for a man to realize that he is 'the heir of all the ages' is pretty commonly admitted; it is a less popular but equally important point that it is good for him sometimes to an ancestor of primal antiquity; it is good for him to wonder whether he is not a hero, and to experience ennobling doubts as to whether he is not a solar myth.

The matters which most thoroughly evoke this sense of the abiding childhood of the world are those which are really fresh, abrupt and inventive in any age; and if we were asked what was the best proof of this advenshould say, with all respect to its portentous sciences and philosophies, that it was to be found in the rhymes of Mr. Edward Lear and in the literature of nonsense. 'The Dong as the first ship and the first plough were original.

It is true in a certain sense that some of the greatest writers the world has seen written nonsense; but unless we are mistaken, it is in a widely different sense. The nonsense of these men was satiric that is to say, symbolic; it was a kind of 30 exuberant capering round a discovered truth. There is all the difference in the world between the instinct of satire, which, seeing in the Kaiser's moustaches something typical of him, draws them continually larger and There are two equal and eternal ways of 35 larger; and the instinct of nonsense which, for no reason whatever, imagines what those moustaches would look like on the present Archbishop of Canterbury if he grew them in a fit of absence of mind. We incline to understood that the Quangle-Wangle meant absolutely nothing, and the Lands of the Jumblies were absolutely nowhere. We fancy that if the account of the knave's trial in the seventeenth century it would have been bracketed with Bunyan's 'Trial of Faithful' as a parody on the State prosecutions of the time. We fancy that if 'The Dong with the period every one would have called it a dull satire on Oliver Cromwell.

* The Defendant, 1901. By permission of the Author.

It is altogether advisedly that we quote chiefly from Mr. Lear's 'Nonsense Rhymes.' To our mind he is both chronologically and essentially the father of nonsense; we think him superior to Lewis Carroll. In one sense. indeed, Lewis Carroll has a great advantage. We know what Lewis Carroll was in daily life: he was a singularly serious and conventional don, universally respected, but very much of a pedant and something of a Philis-10 scraps of his own elvish dialect into the tine. Thus his strange double life in earth and in dreamland emphasizes the idea that lies at the back of nonsense — the idea of escape, of escape into a world where things are not fixed horribly in an eternal appro- 15 as, priateness, where apples grow on pear-trees, and any odd man you meet may have three legs. Lewis Carroll, living one life in which he would have thundered morally against any one who walked on the wrong plot of 20 poet seems so easy on the matter that we grass, and another life in which he would cheerfully call the sun green and the moon blue, was, by his very divided nature, his one foot on both worlds, a perfect type of the position of modern nonsense. His Wonder-25 land is a country populated by insane mathematicians. We feel the whole is an escape into a world of masquerade; we feel that if we could pierce their disguises, we might discover that Humpty Dumpty and the 30 art, any more than anything essentially March Hare were Professors and Doctors of Divinity enjoying a mental holiday. This sense of escape is certainly less emphatic in Edward Lear, because of the completeness of his citizenship in the world of unreason. We 35 principle if it means that there is a vital disdo not know his prosaic biography as we know Lewis Carroll's. We accept him as a purely fabulous figure, on his own description of himself:

'His body is perfectly spherical, He weareth a runcible hat.

While Lewis Carroll's Wonderland is purely intellectual. Lear introduces quite another even emotional. Carroll works by the pure reason, but this is not so strong a contrast; for, after all, mankind in the main has always regarded reason as a bit of a joke. Lear inphous creatures not with the pomp of reason, but with the romantic prelude of rich hues and haunting rhythms.

'Far and few, far and few, Are the lands where the Jumblies live.'

is an entirely different type of poetry to that 5 exhibited in 'Jabberwocky.' Carroll, with a sense of mathematical neatness, makes his whole poem a mosaic of new and mysterious words. But Edward Lear with more subtle and placid effrontery, is always introducing middle of simple and rational statements. until we are almost stunned into admitting that we know what they mean. There is a genial ring of common sense about such lines

'For his aunt Jobiska said "Every one knows That a Pobble is better without his toes."

which is beyond the reach of Carroll. are almost driven to pretend that we see his meaning, that we know the peculiar difficulties of a Pobble, that we are as old travellers in the 'Gromboolian Plain' as he is.

Our claim that nonsense is a new literature (we might almost say a new sense) would be quite indefensible if nonsense were nothing more than a mere æsthetic fancy. Nothing sublimely artistic has ever arisen out of mere reasonable has ever arisen out of the pure reason. There must always be a rich moral soil for any great æsthetic growth. The principle of art for art's sake is a very good tinction between the earth and the tree that has its roots in the earth; but it is a very bad principle if it means that the tree could grow just as well with its roots in the air. Every 40 great literature has always been allegorical allegorical of some view of the whole universe. The 'Iliad' is only great because all life is a battle, the 'Odyssey' because all life is a journey, the Book of Job because all element — the element of the poetical and 45 life is a riddle. There is one attitude in which we think that all existence is summed up in the word 'ghosts'; another, and somewhat better one, in which we think it is summed up in the words 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' troduces his unmeaning words and his amor-50 Even the vulgarest melodrama or detective story can be good if it expresses something of the delight in sinister possibilities — the healthy lust for darkness and terror which

may come on us any night in walking down a dark lane. If, therefore, nonsense is really to be the literature of the future, it must have its own version of the Cosmos to offer: the world must not only be the tragic, romantic, 5 and religious, it must be nonsensical also. And here we fancy that nonsense will, in a very unexpected way, come to the aid of the spiritual view of things. Religion has for centuries been trying to make men exult in 10 the 'wonders' of creation, but it has forgotten that a thing cannot be completely wonderful so long as it remains sensible. So long as we regard a tree as an obvious thing, to eat, we cannot properly wonder at it. It is when we consider it as a prodigious wave of the living soil sprawling up to the skies for no reason in particular that we take off our hats, to the astonishment of the park-keeper. 20 again, and I will go higher and further. Everything has in fact another side to it, like the moon, the patroness of nonsense. Viewed from that other side, a bird is a blossom broken loose from its chain of stalk, a house a gigantesque hat to cover a man from the sun, a chair an apparatus of four wooden legs for a cripple with only two.

This is the side of things which tends most that in the greatest religious poem existent, the Book of Job, the argument which convinces the infidel is not (as has been represented by the merely rational religionism of ordered beneficence of the Creation: but. on the contrary, a picture of the huge and undecipherable unreason of it. 'Hast Thou sent the rain upon the desert where the shapes of things, and at their exuberant independence of our intellectual standards and our trivial definitions, is the basis of spirituality as it is the basis of nonsense. tion may seem) are the two supreme symbolic assertions of the truth that to draw out the soul of things with a syllogism is as impossible as to draw out Leviathan with a merely studying the logical side of things, has decided that 'faith is nonsense,' does not

know how truly he speaks; later it may come back to him in the form that nonsense is faith.

1901

Berbert George Wells (1866-

MY FIRST FLIGHT *

Hitherto my only flights have been flights of imagination, but this morning I flew. I spent about ten or fifteen minutes in the air; we went out to sea, soared up, came back naturally and reasonably created for a giraffe 15 over the land, circled higher, planed steeply down to the water, and I landed with the conviction that I had had only the foretaste of a great store of hitherto unsuspected pleasures. At the first chance I will go up

This experience has restored all the keenness of my ancient interest in flying, which had become a little fagged and flat by too much hearing and reading about the thing a man a quadruped begging on its hind legs, 25 and not enough participation. Fifteen years ago, in the days of Langley and Lilienthal, I was one of the few journalists who believed and wrote that flying was possible — it affected my reputation unfavorably, and truly to spiritual wonder. It is significant 30 produced in the few discouraged pioneers of those days a quite touching gratitude. Over my mantel as I write hangs a very blurred and bad but interesting photograph that Professor Langley sent me thirteen years the eighteenth century) a picture of the 35 ago. It shows the flight of the first piece of human machinery heavier than air that ever kept itself up for any length of time. It was a model, a little affair that would not have lifted a cat; it went up in a spiral and came no man is?' This simple sense of wonder at 40 down unsmashed, bringing back, like Noah's dove, the promise of tremendous things.

That was only thirteen years ago, and it is amusing to recall how cautiously even we out-and-out believers did our prophesying. Nonsense and faith (strange as the conjunc- 45 I was quite a desperate fellow; I said outright that in my lifetime we should see men flying. But I qualified that by repeating that for many years to come it would be an enterprise only for quite fantastic daring and hook. The well-meaning person who, by 50 skill. We conjured up stupendous difficulties and risks. I was deeply impressed and greatly discouraged by a paper a distin-

* American Magazine, December, 1912. By permission of the Author.

guished Cambridge mathematician produced to show that a flying-machine was bound to pitch fearfully, that as it flew on its pitching must increase, until up went its nose, down went its tail, and it fell like a knife. We exaggerated every possibility of instability. We imagined that when the airplane wasn't 'kicking up ahind and afore' it would be heeling over to the lightest side wind. A sneeze might upset it. We contrasted our 10 means a windless day — there was a brisk poor human equipment with the instinctive balance of a bird, which has had ten million years of evolution by way of a start. . . .

(The waterplane in which I soared over Eastbourne this morning with Mr. Grahame 15 one does not feel it at all. It is difficult to White was as steady as a motor-car running

on asphalt.)

Then we went on from those anticipations of swaving insecurity to speculations about the psychological and physiological effects of 20 stand on the edge of cliffs of a thousand feet flying. Most people who look down from the top of a cliff or high tower feel some slight qualms of dread, many feel a quite sickening dread. Even if men struggled high into the air, we asked, wouldn't they be 25 I was on that Belyedere place at the top of smitten up there by such a lonely and reeling dismay as to lose all self-control? above all, wouldn't the pitching and tossing make them quite horribly seasick?

last dread. It gave a little undertow of funk to the mood of lively curiosity with which I got aboard the waterplane this morning that sort of faint, thin funk that so readily invades one on the verge of any new ex-35 with an entirely agreeable exaltation. And perience; when one tries one's first dive, for example, or pushes off for the first time down an ice-run. I thought I should very probably be seasick — or, to be more precise, airsick; I thought also that I might be very giddy, 40 and that I might get thoroughly cold and uncomfortable. None of those things happened.

I am still in a state of amazement at the smooth steadfastness of the motion. There 45 a larger scale. Just for a moment there was is nothing on earth to compare with that, unless - and that I can't judge - it is an ice-vacht traveling on perfect ice. finest motor-car in the world on the best road would be a joggling, quivering thing beside it. 50 and then it passed. The nose of the car and

To begin with, we went out to sea before the wind, and the plane would not readily rise. We went with an undulating move-

ment, leaping with a light splashing pat upon the water, from wave to wave. Then we came about into the wind, and rose: and looking over I saw that there were no longer 5 those periodic flashes of white foam. I was flying. And it was as still and steady as dreaming.

I watched the widening distance between our floats and the waves. It wasn't by any fluctuating breeze blowing out of the north over the downs. It seemed hardly to affect

our flight at all.

And as for the giddiness of looking down. explain why this should be so, but it is so. I suppose in such matters I am neither exceptionally steady-headed, nor is my head exceptionally given to swimming. I can or so and look down, but I can never bring myself right up to the edge, nor crane over to look to the very bottom. I should want to lie down to do that. And the other day the Rotterdam skyscraper, a rather high wind was blowing, and one looks down through the chinks between the boards one stands on upon the heads of the people in the I have always been a little haunted by that 30 streets below; I didn't like it. But I looked directly down on a little fleet of fishing-boats over which we passed, and on the crowds assembling on the beach, and on the bathers who stared up at us from the breaking surf Eastbourne in the early morning sunshine had all the brightly detailed littleness of a town viewed from high up on the side of a great mountain.

When Mr. Grahame White told me we were going to plane down, I will confess I tightened my hold on the sides of the car. and prepared for something like the downgoing sensation of a switchback railway on that familiar feeling of something pressing one's heart up towards one's shoulders and one's lower jaw up into its socket, and of grinding one's lower teeth against the upper, all the machine was slanting downward, we were gliding quickly down, and yet there was no feeling that one rushed, not even as

one rushes in coasting a hill on a bicycle. It wasn't a tithe of the thrill of those three descents one gets on the great mountain railway in the White City. There one gets a disagreeable quiver up one's backbone from 5 the wheels, and a real sense of falling.

It is quite peculiar to flying that one is incredulous of any collision. Some time ago I was in a motor-car that ran over and killed has left an open wound upon my nerves. I am never quite happy in a car now; I can't help keeping an apprehensive eye ahead. But you fly with an exhibitanting assurance or run into anything - except the land or the sea, and even those large essentials seem a beautifully safe distance away.

I had heard a great deal of talk about the deafening uproar of the engine. I counted 20 swarming popularization of flying which is a headache among my chances. There again reason reinforced conjecture. When in the early morning Mr. Travers came from Brighton in this Farman in which I flew. I it still seemed abreast of Beachey Head, and a good two miles away. If one can hear a thing at two miles, how much the more will one not hear it at a distance of two yards. But at the risk of seeming too contented for 30 uncomfortable business. But getting up and anything I will assert I heard that noise no more than one hears the drone of an electric ventilator upon one's table. It was only when I came to speak to Mr. Grahame White, or he to me, that I discovered that 35 and water-ways. our voices had become almost infinitesimally small.

And so it was that I went up into the air at Eastbourne with the impression that flyand slightly heroic thing to do, and came down to the cheerful gathering crowd upon the sands again with the knowledge that it is a thing achieved for everyone. It will get and be improved in a dozen ways. — we must get self-starting engines, for example, for both our aëroplanes and motor-cars, — but it is available to-day for any one who can have enjoyed all that I did if only one could have got her into the passenger's seat. Getting there was a little difficult, it is true; the waterplane was out in the surf, and I was carried to it on a boatman's back, and then had to clamber carefully through the wires, but that is a matter of detail.

This flying is indeed so certain to become a general experience that I am sure that this description will in a few years seem almost as quaint as if I had set myself to record the fears and sensations of my First Ride in a a small dog, and this wretched little incident 10 Wheeled Vehicle. And I suspect that learning to control a Farman waterplane now is probably not much more difficult than, let us say, twice the difficulty in learning the control and management of a motor bicycle. that you cannot possibly run over anything 15 I cannot understand the sort of young man who won't learn how to do it if he gets half a chance.

The development of these waterplanes is an important step towards the huge and now certainly imminent. We ancient survivors of those who believed in and wrote about flying before there was any flying, used to make a great fuss about the dangers and could hear the hum of the great insect when 25 difficulties of landing and getting up. We wrote with vast gravity about 'starting rails' and 'landing stages,' and it is still true that landing an aëroplane, except upon a wellknown and quite level expanse, is a risky and landing upon fairly smooth water is easier than getting into bed. This alone is likely to determine the aëroplane routes along the line of the world's coast-lines and lake groups

The airmen will go to and fro over water as the midges do. Wherever there is a square mile of water the waterplanes will come and go like hornets at the mouth of ing was still an uncomfortable, experimental, 40 their nest. But there are much stronger reasons than this convenience for keeping over water. Over water the air, it seems, lies in great level expanses: even when there are gales it moves in great uniform much cheaper no doubt, and much swifter, 45 masses, like the swift still rush of a deep river. The airman, in Mr. Grahame White's phrase, can go to sleep on it.

But over the land, and for thousands of feet up into the sky, the air is more irregular reach it. An invalid lady of seventy could 50 than a torrent among rocks; it is - if only we could see it - a waving, whirling, eddying, flamboyant confusion. A slight hill, a plowed field, the streets of a town, create riotous, rolling, invisible streams and cataracts of air, that catch the aviator unawares. make him drop disconcertingly, try his nerve. With a powerful enough engine he climbs at once again, but these sudden downfalls are 5 one-tenth of the time it took the Sons of the least pleasant and most dangerous experience in aviation. They exact a tiring vigilance. Over lake or sea, in sunshine. within sight of land — this is the perfect have set out for France this morning instead of returning to Eastbourne. And then coasted round to Spain and into the Mediterranean. And so by leisurely stages to India. And the East Indies. . . .

I find my study unattractive to-day.

1912

John Galsworthy (1867–

CASTLES IN SPAIN *

We of the modern world, what do we dream of? What are our castles in Spain?

The thought came to me in Seville Cathedral, the stone fabric of man's greatest dream in those ages to which we have been accustomed to apply the word 'dark.' They who, traveling in Spain, consult their guide-books, 30 this. They spent riches and labor to save the may read these words: 'On the eighth day of July in the year 1401 the Dean and Chapter of Seville assembled in the court of the elms and solemnly resolved: "Let us build a church so great that those who come after 35 tions which can uplift the spirit of anyone us may think us mad to have attempted it!" . . . The church took one hundred and fifty vears to build.'

Men dreamed in those 'dark' days, and carried out their dreams. In that silent 40 sciousness that they purchased much of that building, incredibly beautiful, in that grove of sixty great trees of stone, whose vast trunks are jeweled by sunlight filtering through the high stained glass, in that stupendous and perfected work of art, raised 45 worked - art, and the future life of their by five succeeding generations to the glory of themselves and their God, one stood wondering wherein lay the superiority of ourselves, Children of Light, over those Sons of Dark-

We, too, dream. I have seen some of the results — the Great Dam at Assuan, the Roosevelt Dam in Arizona, the Woolworth Building, the Forth Bridge, the Power Works at Niagara - not yet the greatest of them all, the Panama Canal (which actually took Darkness to achieve Seville Cathedral). But all these were dreamed and fabricked out for immediate material benefit.

The builders of the giant mosques, the way of the flying tourist. Gladly would I 10 Temples of the Sun, the marvelous old churches, builded for no physical advantage in this life. They carved and wrought and slowly lifted stone on stone, to remote, and, as they thought, spiritual ends.

> We moderns mine and forge, and mason up our monuments, to the immediate profit of our bodies. Have we raised anything really great in stone or brick for a mere idea, since Christopher Wren built St. Paul's Cathe-20 dral?

Now, the Sons of Darkness and the Children of Light, both, I think, have worshipped a half-truth. In the streets of Spain, in the Indian or Egyptian village, to this day you 25 may see the shadow of these ancient great buildings fall as if with dark weight on a miserably poor humanity. The ancients builded for to-morrow in another world; they forgot that all of us have a to-day in souls of their hierarchy, but they kept their laborers so poor that they had no souls to save. They left astounding testimony to human genius and tenacity, majestic creawho has eyes to see; but with all their dreams in stone to the glory of their gods, they kept simple man a beast of burden. And it never seems to have ruffled their conideal beauty with slavery, misery, and blood.

We moderns have gone another way to work, worshipping our half-truth. In place of those ideals for which the ancients princes, politicians, and prelates — we moderns pursue what we call 'progress.' All our stupendous achievements have this progressive notion at their back. We worship in-50 dustry and trade. We think that if we make the wheels go round fast enough, mankind is bound to rise on the wings of wealth. Look

^{*} Yale Review, October, 1921. By permission of Author and Publishers.

after the body, we say, and the spirit will look after itself. Whether we save a greater proportion of our bodies than the ancients did of souls, is more than doubtful. But no 'progress.'

Our modern castle in Spain is, in a word, 'production,' and we have no other. It terrifies us, it paralyzes us, it is like a snake general at whose name a million trembled.

And what was his name? 'Wu.'

It is machinery, of course, which has divided us from the ancients, given us a new culture and ideal.

Machinery has quietly and gradually shifted the central point of man's philosophy. Before the industrial era set in, men used to make things by hand; they were in some sort craftsman's — pride in their work. Now they press buttons, they turn wheels: they don't make completed articles, they work with monotony at the section of an article: so total result of which is never a man's individual achievement. 'Intelligent specialism,' says an English writer, 'is one thing. It consists in one man learning how to do one izing which consists in setting thousands of human beings during their whole working lives to such a soul-destroying job as fixing the bristles into a hair-brush, pasting labels of machine minding, is quite another thing. It is an utter negation of human nature.'

A man's real interest in life is now not in his working day, but outside of it. The old was, from their work; in these days, culture, such as it is, is grafted on to the workman in his leisure, as a sort of antidote to wheel driving. I don't want to exaggerate — hewhave taken much pride in their work, and, on the other hand, we still have many among us to whom their work is of absorbing interest. The modern architect and engineer. in them — they have a passion for the perfection of their job, which they communicate to many of those working under them. But

though they may raise in Brooklyn Bridge, or the Woolworth Building, a marvel of efficiency, which in certain lights is also a thing of beauty, Society did not commission such triffing doubts shake our belief in 5 them to erect these wonders primarily for the sake of their beauty, or in order that Presidents Wilson and Harding might go to heaven. And, on the whole, I think there has been a great change; pride of quality in front of a rabbit. It is like that Chinese 10 has given way to pride of quantity. Men used to make things as well as they could for the pride they took in making them (and because they sometimes used the thing themselves). Now it is to their interest to 15 turn out the cheapest, most quickly made. and lowest form of article that the public will take; and we have to rely for quality, not on the maker's pride of work, but on a grafted culture which keeps the public up artists, with the artist's — or at least the 20 to demanding a better sort of article. In old days the good thing was naturally supplied, nowadays it is artificially demanded.

Of course there is much truth in the vague modern notion that if you take care of the many hours of machine-driving per day, the 25 body the spirit will take care of itself. Only, you must really take care of the body, and not just pretend to. And the trouble about this progress of ours — which is supposed to take care of our bodies, and of which mathing specially well. But the sort of special-30 chinery is the mistress — is that it doesn't progress. We used to have the manor-house. with half a dozen hovels in its support. Now we have, say, twenty miles of handsome residences, with a hundred and twenty miles of on jam-pots, or nearly any one of the varieties 35 ugly back streets, reeking with smoke and redolent of dulness, dirt, and discontent. Proportions are unchanged. The purple patches of our great towns are too often as rouge on the cheeks and salve on the lips artificers drew in their culture, such as it 40 of a corpse. Real progress would level up and gradually extinguish the disproportion between manor and hovel, residence and back street.

Let us be fantastic for a moment and coners, delvers, drawers of water could never 45 ceive the civic authorities of London on the eighth day of July in the year 1922, solemnly resolving: 'We will remake of London a city so beautiful and sweet to dwell in that those who come after us shall think us mad to for example, have a great deal of the artist 50 have attempted it.' It might well take five generations, but it would be real progress. Alas! Our civic authorities have not been brought up to care a button for anything so unpractical as a castle in Spain. And say what you will in favor of democracy, there is always the trouble of getting any far-sighted and unbroken policy pursued. If anyone can furnish an antidote to the wasting tendency of short immediate policies, inherent in the system of government by bodies elected for short terms, he will be the greatest benefactor of the age. The life of a civic body is, I believe, about four years; we 10 lifting part of religion is the beautiful should want a procession of civic bodies who steadily loved castles in Spain, to make of London a stainless city of Portland stone. full of baths and flowers and singing birds not in cages.

But, seriously, we are very unfortunate in letting our civic life be run in the main by those who were born seeing two inches before their noses, and whose education, instead of increasing, has reduced those inches 20 expressions of exalted feeling, simple, and to one. It seems ungrateful to criticize the practical business man whose faculties and powers, stamina and energy, make the more imaginative person gasp. One owes him, in fact, so much, that one would like to 25 influence and elevator of mankind? I think, owe him more. But does his vision as a rule extend beyond keeping pace with the present? And without vision the people perish! Why, the age is so practical that the word 'visionary' has actually a slighting 30 trade has helped. But trade as trade significance. And yet the really great practical administrators have all had vision men like Cæsar, Chatham, Lincoln. And great men apart, there are really many naturally both practical and visionary. But 35 tion of it, has civilized mankind. And vet in an age of specialism our method of education ever tends to develop one side of our natures at the expense of the other.

If we can't incorporate beauty in our scheme of life to-day, and foster the love of 40 For every age has a conscience, but it never beauty in our children, the life of to-morrow and the children thereof must necessarily be as far from beauty as we are now. Surely it is strange to set men to direct the education, housing, and amusements of their 45 possession of a caste or clique. No great fellow citizens, if they haven't a love of beauty, and some considerable knowledge of art! And is it really going too far to say that the present generation of business men - with, of course, many notable exceptions 50 so doing. - have a sort of indulgent contempt for art and beauty? Would they admit that art has been the greatest of all factors in

raising mankind from its old savage state? And yet it is the contemplation of beautiful visions, emotions, thoughts, and dreams. expressed beautifully in stone, metal, paint. 5 words, and music, which has slowly, generation by generation, lifted man to his present stature, such as it is, and mollified his savage nature. If it hasn't been that, ask yourselves what it has been! Religion? The upexpression of exalted feeling. The rest of religion is but superstition. Think of the thousand wars fought in the name of superstition; of the cannibal feasts, the human 15 sacrifices: the tortures of the Inquisition: the persecutions, intolerances, and narrow cruelties perpetrated even to this day. The stories and teachings of Buddha, of Christ, of St. Francis d'Assisi, were the beautiful touching the hearts of men, as all true beauty does; and so they have done their ennobling work. They belong to the cult of beauty.

Has trade, perhaps, been the mollifying only so far as it has widened the reach of beauty, brought beauty within the range of multitudes, by opening up the lines of communication. In that sense, no doubt, has no real elevating influence — rather the contrary.

No! Only beauty, in the largest sense of the word, the yearning for it, the contemplawe don't really take beauty seriously. Immediate profit rules the roost of us all in this age of ours. I leave it to the conscience of the age to decide whether that is good. comes to life till the age is on its death-bed.

The fault of all ages has been this: beauty — the knowledge and the love of it — has been kept as a preserve of the few, as the proportion of us are capable of creating or expressing beauty; but an immensely greater proportion of us are capable of appreciating it than ever have been given a real chance of

It should be our eastle in Spain to clear our age of that defect, and put beauty within the reach of all. Machinery has come to stay, so that we must perforce rely on grafted culture — in other words, on education. We must teach the young now to feel and see the beauties of nature and art. The modern age is not easy to teach. But we have exceptional facilities in these days for teaching what helps to keep life dignified, besides those simple accomplishments, cooking and keeping clean; we could bring an inkling at least of the fine arts, the architecture, literature, 10 and music of the past to children even in the humblest schools. And why should not the children of labor have as much chance to be familiar with beauty as the children of the rich? All economic revolution or evolution 15 from destroying the human species. is hollow unless it means more demand for beauty — greater dignity of human life. Without that it must be simply retrograde, destroying what beauty and love of it we have, with all to begin over again. What use 20 powers and inclinations of the human being in B's despoiling A, if B is going to use his spoils no better, probably worse, than A? A mere lap of luxury would only make B fat.

This is all platitude; and a great fuss warm the body, whatever it may do to that

sentimental appanage, the spirit.

I read in a journal not long ago: 'One always suspects Mr. Galsworthy of a certain deep-seated sentimentalism.' I think the 30 there is for us to invest in beauty and the writer must have sold his castles in Spain at a loss. The fact is, one must be sentimental in this life to do anything except make money, and it is really better to have a castle in Spain than a villa at Newport or 35 terest, but only till the crash comes again,

The precise definitions of beauty are without number or — value, to speak of. I just use the word to mean everything which promotes the real dignity of human life. To 40 about it (though whether it is to be boomillustrate the width of the word beauty as I am using it. I mention what we all understand: good sportsmanship. To be a good 'sportsman,' a man shuns that which lowers his dignity, that which dims his idea of his 45 beauty of - moonshine. own quality; and -his conception of quality derives obscurely from his sense of beauty. The dignity of human life demands in fact not only such desirable embroideries as pleasant sound, fine form, and lovely 50 disease, distributed by wireless or something color, but health, strength, cleanliness, balance, joy in living, just conduct and kind conduct, for there is no beauty in the sight

of tortured things. A man who truly loves beauty hates to think that he enjoys it at the expense of starved and stunted human beings or suffering animals. A cruel or petti-5 fogging æstheticism has sometimes smeared the word beauty and given it a bad odor. But that is not the beauty which gleams on the heights in the sunrise. That is not our castle in Spain.

But to put aside for a moment the sentimental, and come to business. Beauty, and the love of it, is surely the best investment modern man can make; for nothing else most certainly not trade - will keep him

Consider what science has become in the hands of engineers and chemists; its destructive powers increase a hundred-fold with each decade: and the reproductive do not vary. Recollect that nothing in the world but the love of beauty in its broad sense stands between man and the full and reckless exercise of his competitive greed: about beauty, which cannot feed or clothe or 25 and remember the great war - a little war compared to that which, through the development of scientific destruction, we shall be able to wage next time! Remembering all this, we get an inkling of the sheer necessity love thereof. No other investment will give us interest on our money and our money back. Unbalanced trade, science, industry. will give us a high momentary rate of inand the world goes even more bankrupt than it is at present.

The professor who has invented a rocket which will go to the moon and find out all erang enough to come back with the story, we are not told), that professor would. I venture to think, have done more real good if he had taught a school full of children to see the

The next war will be fought from the air with explosives and gas, and may very likely be over before war is declared. The war after that will be fought with the germs of choice of that character. The final war necessary for the complete extirpation of mankind will be fought with radium or atomic energy: and we shall have no need to examine the moon, for the earth will be as lifeless.

So much for business! To go back to sentiment, which is really what makes the wheels go round. Not even 'big business' rules our instincts, and our passions. Imperialists. chemists, engineers, merchants, militarists - we are all deep-seated sentimentalists. The only question for us is: What shall we 10 practicality about its production: all for be sentimental about? Which is the fairer castle in Spain — quantity or quality?

Consider for a moment the ideals which have been offered us instead of the pursuit of beauty, or quality, if that be a preferable 15 word.

Take, for instance, the ideal of happiness in a future life. If there be a future life for the individual, we obviously cannot reach happiness therein without having longed for 20 dozen reasons. How many have we put? and served quality in this, without having had that kind and free and generous philosophy which belongs to the cult of beauty and alone gives peace of mind. The pursuit of beauty includes, then, whatever may be 25 the next generation. A nation concerned true in the ideal — happiness in a future life.

Take the ideal of material comfort in this life. But the cult of beauty, of quality, includes all that is good in this ideal, for it surely demands physical health and well-30 waded across the river, propped up the rod being; sane minds in sane bodies, which depend of course on a sufficiency of material comfort. All the rest of the ideal of wealth is mere fat, sagging beyond the point of balance. As a fact, modern civilization is 35 future. offering us a compound between happiness in a future life, and material comfort in this, lip-serving the first, and stomach-serving the second. We get the keys of heaven from our banks, and we don't get them if we haven't 40 stumps and roots to be burned out and a good balance. Modern civilization is, on the whole, camouflaged commercialism, wherein to do things well, for the joy of doing them well, is rarer than we think. We have even commercialized salvation - for so 45 rise a fair edifice of human life upon this much virtue, so much salvation. Always -always - quid pro quo.

But let us give the devil its due. Let us admit at once that in spite of everything this is still the best age on the whole that 50 literary men can tell people what they man has lived in. It is in its own way very thorough - our modern civilization. It has made advertisement into a fine art, equipped

bedrooms with telephones; it diagnoses maladies with extreme punctilio. A doctor examined a young lady the other day, and among his notes were these: 'Not afraid of 5 small rooms, ghosts, or thunderstorms; not made drunk by hearing Wagner; brown hair, artistic hands; had a craving for chocolate in 1918.' The age is thorough in its way. But there's a kind of deadly to-day, none for to-morrow! The future will never think us mad for attempting what we do attempt: we build no Seville cathedrals. We don't get ahead of time.

We have just let slip, in England, the chance to get our country life going thoroughly once more. At demobilization we might have put hundreds of thousands on the land, which needs them so badly for a Not so many as the war took away from the land. Admitted that life on the land means hard work, burnt faces, and maybe bowed backs; it also means hearty stock for only with its present is like the man who was fishing, and, feeling sleepy, propped his rod up on the bank, with the line in the water. A wag spied him sleeping, took the rod, on the opposite bank, and lay down behind a hedge to watch for the awakening. Such is the awakening in store for nations which enjoy their present and forget there is a

The pursuit of beauty as a national ideal, the building of that castle in Spain, is no picnic. Idlers need not apply. Consider the rank growth which must be cut down, the cleared, the swamps to be drained, before even the foundations can be laid. And after — what long and patient labor and steadfastness of ideal before we begin to see

Members of a practical race will say: 'Well, what do you want us to do? Cut the flower and come to the fruit?' Alas! All oughtn't to be: that 's - literature. But to tell them what they ought to do is --- politics, of which no literary man is guilty; for politics and literature afford the only instance known — in virtuous countries — of divorce by mutual consent. The contempt of politicians for literary men is only equalled by the contempt of literary men for politicians. It would be impertinent, then, for a literary man to suggest anything practical. Let me, however, make a few affirmations. I do believe that, on the whole, modern man is a little further from being a mere animal than 10 spite. the men of the Dark Ages, however great the castles in Spain those men built and left for us to look upon; but I am sure we are in far greater danger than ever they were, of a vinced that only the love and cult of beauty will save us!

By the love and cult of beauty I mean a great deal — higher and wider conception of beauty is, to all, not merely to the few; the cultivation of good will so that we wish and work and dream that not only ourselves but everybody may be healthy and happy; and, above all, the fostering of the habit of doing 25 1914: that mob feeling might be less, inthings and making things well for the joy of the work and the pleasure of achievement, rather than for the gain they will bring us. With these as the rules, the wheels of an make money and get ahead of other people -careless of direction towards hell or heaven — might conceivably be spoked.

As it seemed to me, the great lack of our concreteness to be like a vision, beckoning. To me there is no other ideal worthy of us. or indeed possible to us in these unsuperstitious days, save beauty - or call it, if you writers of late have urged the need of more spiritual beauty in our lives. They mean what I mean, but it is unfortunate to talk of spiritual beauty. We must be able to smell. well. We must know by plain evidence that it is lifting human life, that it is the heritage of all, not merely of the refined and leisured among us. The body and soul are one for the term which suggests a divorce between them. But nobody, I think, can mistake what is meant by quality, or the dignity of human

Anything which crosses and offends against that ideal is our Satan. And the only way in which each one can say 'Retro Satana' is to leave his or her tiny corner of the uni-5 verse a little more dignified, a little more lovely and lovable than he or she found it.

It may seem absurd to be writing like this in a world whose general mood at the moment is utter disillusionment and gloomy The world is cross-eved just now; when it weeps out of one eye, the tear runs down the other cheek. And it is difficult to be in love with a lady like that. I, for one, find it extremely hard not to be a cynic. swift decline. From that decline I am con-15 Latest opinion assigns eight or ten thousand vears as the outside length of time during which what we know as civilization has been at work. Still — ten thousand years is a considerable period of mollification. the dignity of human life; the teaching of what 20 had rashly hoped that mankind was not to be so speedily stampeded; that traditions of gentleness, fair play, chivalry, had a little more strength among Western peoples than they have been proved to have had since stead of, as it seems, more potent than it used to be. Only very constant self-reminding that the fault was in one's self, that one was a facile observer, a dreamer who did insensate industrialism, whose one idea is to 30 not look deeply enough beneath the surface; a rider before the hounds: only that, and a constant self-reminding of the individual patience, good humor, endurance, and heroism which goes so queerly hand in hand with age is an ideal, expressed with sufficient 35 stupidity, savagery, greed, and mob violence, can save a man from turning his back on the world with the words: 'Cats and monkeys. monkeys and cats, all life is there!'

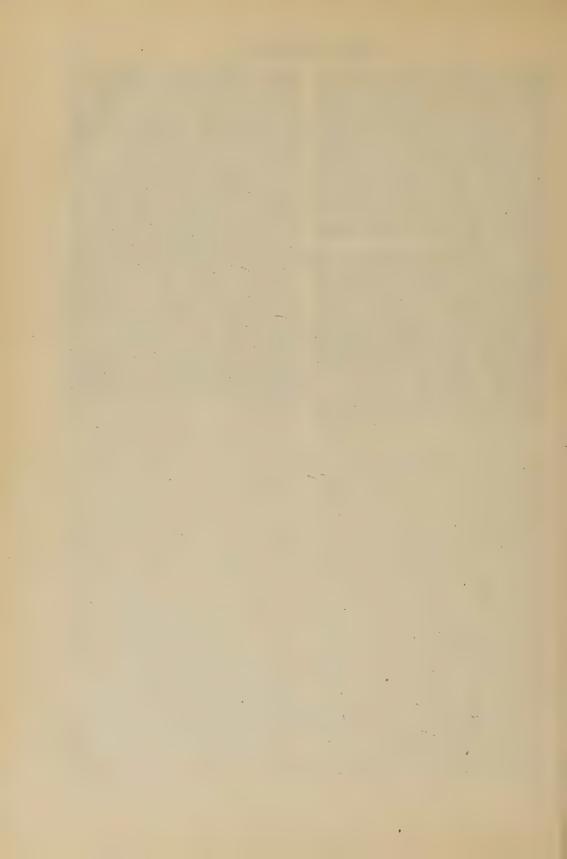
Fear is at the back of nearly all the will, the dignity of human life. One or two 40 savagery in the world; and if there be not present in the individual that potent antidote — the sense of human dignity, which is but a love of and a belief in beauty, he must infallibly succumb to fear. There are treand see, hear, feel, and taste our ideal as 45 mendous difficulties in the way of coherent progress, of all fair and far ideals under the régime of short-lived elective bodies, a régime essentially exposed to stampede through popular opinion and the emotions purpose of all real evolution, and I regret any 50 of the moment. Seeing the violence of which military autocracy is capable, one is liable to become too blind a devotee of democracy. But democracy has no greater enemies than her unthinking friends. Short sight is her danger, short sight verging on blindness. What will happen if democracy really goes blind? She must have an ideal, a star on which to fix her eyes -- something distant 5 tion, the inherent futilities of the present and magnetic to draw her on, something to strive towards, beyond the troubled and shifting needs, passions, and prejudices of the moment. Lovers of beauty, those who wish to raise the dignity of human life, 10 the past six hundred years. The war was no should try to give her that ideal, to equip her with the only vision which can save the world from spite and the crazy competition which leads thereto.

leave to those who come after us at least the foundations of a castle in Spain such as the world has not vet seen: leave our successors in mood and heart to continue our work; so that one hundred and fifty years perhaps 20 perished in this war. We shall live to curse from now, human life may really be dignified and beautiful, not just a breathless, grudging, visionless scramble from birth to death, of a night with no stars out.

the immortal Don riding his Rosinante on

the bare brown uplands of Spain never saw so crazy a vision, so fickle-shining a mirage! Who knows? The world is changing. It must change, or perish; the forces of destrucorder, are too great. And there is in human nature, after all, the instinct of self-preservation, a great saving common-sense.

The past six years have been the result of spasmodic visitation; it was the culmination of age-long competitions. The past six years have devoured many millions of grown men, more millions of little children — pre-We of this still young century may yet 15 vented their birth, killed them, or withered them for life. If we begin again these crazy competitions, without regard for beauty or the dignity of human life, we shall live to see ten millions perish for every million the day — this day when, at the end of so great a lesson, we were too sane to take it to heart; too sensible and practical and business-like and unemotional to see visions and Dreamer — deep-seated sentimentalist — 25 dream dreams, and build our castle in Spain.



NOTES

NINETEENTH CENTURY

References in poetry are to lines, in prose are to pages, columns (a and b), and lines.

References to pages aud columns are printed in bold-face type.

WILLIAM COWPER

Outwardly the life of William Cowper was uneventful; inwardly it was made up of experiences that were rarely without tragic consequence to his supersensitive nature. He was born of gentle blood in the rectory of Great Berkhampstead in Hertfordshire, where his father was incumbent. The death of his mother when he was only six and the cruelty of a bully in his first school made a profound impression on his affectionate and retiring nature. He spent seven years at Winchester School, where he was taught the classics and learned to love Homer. After a three years' apprenticeship and some study of law in the Temple he was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-three. Meanwhile he was exercising his talent in verse, enjoying renewed associations with his old Winchester friends, and taking part in the friendly gayety of the Nonsense Club. The death of his father in 1756 and separation from his cousin Theodora, whom he wished to marry, aggravated his innate despondency and prepared him for the crash which came in 1763. He was appointed to the clerkship of the journals in the House of Lords, but the appointment was contested, and he was required to appear before The prosthe house for examination. pect so oppressed him that he tried to escape the ordeal by suicide. His mind gave way, and he was placed in an asylum at St. Albans for a year and a half On his recovery he removed to Huntingdon and there lived a simple life during his remaining years. The Reverend Morley Unwin and his young wife Mary, the zealot Newton, the vivacious Lady Austen, and Cowper's kinswoman Lady Hesketh all sympathized with him in his mental distresses, encouraged him to write poetry, and contributed as much happiness as possible to his perturbed life. The Task, his greatest poem, begun at the suggestion of Lady Austen, was pub-

lished in 1785. By its employment of blank verse, its treatment of simple scenes of nature, and its depiction of lowly country life, it carries on the traditions of Thomson, but it shows a warmth of appreciation and a prevailing geniality that were unknown to the author of The Seasons. John Gilpin, his most humorous work, written also at the request of Lady Austen, appeared the same year. The two poems brought him fame. His last years, filled with gloom from his settled conviction that salvation was denied him, are reflected in his terrible Castaway, 1709. He died peacefully at East Dereham in 1800. He is one of the great heralds of the romantic triumph in English poetry at the close of the eighteenth century.

647a

JOHN GILPIN

- 3. trainband, a force of citizen soldiery in London.
- 23. calender, a calender or operator in one of the finishing processes of cloth or paper making, *i.e.*, of pressing the fabric to make it smooth and even.

649b

THE TASK

- **650a** 49. **placemen,** incumbents of appointive government positions.
- 650b 86. Katterfelto, a quack doctor and conjurer whose advertisements filled the London papers about 1782.
- 651b 189. 'Oh evenings worthy of the gods!' Cf. Horace, Satires, II, vi, 65.
- 652b 269 f. he of Gath, etc. Cf. 1 Samuel xvii, 23 ff.
- 655a 473. Indian fume, tobacco smoke.
- 507. Midas, a king of Phrygia who, through a gift of Dionysus, turned to gold everything he touched.
- 655b 515 f. Arcadian scenes, etc. Virgil in his *Ecloques*, and Sir Philip Sidney in his *Arcadia*.

656b 627. balloted, conscripted for service.

657b 707. Tityrus, the name of the shepherd in the first *Ecloque* of Virgil.

723. ingenious Cowley. See p. 435 ff. and notes.

728. Chertsey, a village in Surrey where Cowley spent his last years.

765. The Frenchman's darling, Mignon-ette.

658b ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

The picture was a gift to the poet from his cousin, Ann Bodham, in 1790, more than fifty years after his mother's death.

659b 97. 'Where tempests,' etc. This line is inexactly quoted from *The Dispensary* of Samuel Garth, 1660-1718.

108 f. I deduce my birth, etc. Cowper was descended from Henry III.

660a THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

The poem celebrates the loss of Rear Admiral Kempenfelt's flagship while being repaired at Spithead, off the southern coast of England, on August 29, 1782. It was written at the request of Lady Austen, "who wanted words to the march in Scipio."

660b THE CASTAWAY

This, the last of Cowper's original poems, was founded on an incident in Anson's Voyage around the World, 1748. The personal application in the poet's case is evident.

7. No braver chief. Lord George Anson, 1692–1762, was an heroic English admiral in the days of exploration and colonization in the Americas.

GEORGE CRABBE

The life experiences of no other English poet have more definitely determined the bent of his genius than did those of George Crabbe. He was born in the unattractive little fishing village of Aldburgh on the "frowning coast" of Suffolk, where his father was a collector of the salt tax. An apprenticeship to a surgeon and the practice of medicine for a brief period brought him that intimacy with the struggles of the poor and the sterner side of nature for which his work is distinguished. Failing as a doctor, he went to London to try his hand at literature, and after much dis-

couragement attracted the attention of Burke whose patronage enabled him to publish The Library, 1781, and The Village, 1783. By his patron's advice he took orders and devoted himself to parish work for the rest of his life. Among his later works, The Parish Register, 1807, and The Borough, 1810, draw largely upon his personal contacts during this period. Although he used the poetic forms and methods of the eighteenth century, he was a realist in the current sense of the word, and the background of his work was the sordid life he knew almost too well. He died at Trowbridge in 1832.

661a THE VILLAGE

The village described is Aldburgh, the poet's native place.

661b 12. Corydons, shepherds.

15. Mincio's banks. The Mincio is a river flowing into the Po below Mantua, the home of Virgil.

16. Tityrus. See note to l. 707 of The Task.

27. Duck. The reference may be to Stephen Duck, a poor thresher mentioned by Johnson in his Life of Savage. Some of Duck's contemporaries imagined for a time that he was a great original genius.

662b 97. Ajax, Ajax Telamon, one of the greater Greek heroes in the Trojan War.

663a 144. Dog-star, the star Sirius in the constellation Canis Major, the brightest of the fixed stars.

665a 284. drowsy Bench, the lax laws governing the practice of medicine.

303. He, 'passing rich,' etc., an allusion to the parson in Goldsmith's Deserted Village, p. 572b, l. 137 ff.

665b 341. the moping owl. Cf. l. 10 of Gray's Elegy.

ROBERT BURNS

Robert Burns was born in Ayrshire beside the "bonnie Doon." He was the eldest of seven children, and the struggle of the family for existence on the small unproductive farm was unrelenting. He endured long hours of laborious toil, and had few books and little schooling, but developed a love of nature, generous emotions, and acute powers of observation which later were to inspire him with spontaneous song. When twenty-three he tried flax-dressing at Irvine; but acquiring only the bad habits and practices of the seaport town, he returned to farming, in partnership with his brother at Mossgiel. Soon afterward he met Jean

Armour, who was to become his wife in 1788. During these years most of his finest work was done. By 1786 his wayward life had led him into difficulties, and he resolved to leave Scotland forever. He decided to go to Jamaica, but money was needed for the passage. He wrote to a friend, "You have heard that I am going to commence poet in print it is just the last foolish action I intend to do; and then turn a wise man as fast as possible." In this way the famous Kilmarnock edition of his poems, 1786, came into existence. Its success was instantaneous, and as a result he was invited to the Scottish capital to meet the social and literary élite. At the end of the second winter, however, he realized the uncongeniality of city life both to his social tastes and to his muse, and returned to his native district. With the proceeds of a second edition of his poems he stocked a few acres at Ellisland in Dumfriesshire and with Jean Armour settled down to a short period of contentment if not of prosperity. To add to his earnings he obtained a post in the excise at Dumfries, but again he was tempted into habits of intemperance, to the detriment of both health and reputation. He died in Dumfries, broken and embittered, at the age of thirty-seven. He had written of the life he knew, the tenderness and passion of simple folk, the tears and mirth that are essentially human, with a sincerity and power that made his poetry a vitalizing element for the new age.

665b THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

Burns dedicated this poem to his friend and patron, Robert Aiken, 1739–1807, an Ayrshire solicitor. He got the suggestion for the poem from Fergusson's Farmer's Ingle.

10. sugh, wail.

666a 21. stacher, totter.

- 22. flichterin', fluttering.
- 23. ingle, fireplace.
- 26. kiaugh, worry.
- 28. Belyve, soon.
- 29. tentie rin, headful run.
- 31. cannie, careful.
- 31. neebor town, a neighboring farm, including its buildings.
- 38. spiers, asks.
- 40. uncos, strange things.
- 44. Gars, makes.
- 44. claes, clothes.

- 48. eydent, busy, diligent.
- 49. jauk, trifle.
- 666b 62. haffins, partly.
- 67. kye, cows.
- 69. blate and laithfu', shy and bashful.
- 72. lave, rest, others.
- 92. parrich, porridge.
- 93. soupe, milk.
- 93. hawkie, cow.
- 667a 94. hallan, partition.
 - 96. weel-hained kebbuck, fell, well-saved ripe cheese.
 - 99. towmond, etc., twelve months old since flax was in the flower.
- 105. lyart haffets, gray side locks.
- 111 ff. Dundee ... Martyrs ... Elgin, names of well-known sacred melodies.
- 113. beets, kindles.
- 122. the royal Bard, King David.
- 667b 133. he, who lone, etc., St. John on the Isle of Patmos.
- 138. 'springs exulting,' etc., an inexact quotation from Pope's Windsor Forest, l. 112.
- 150. sacerdotal stole, priestly robe.
- 166. 'An honest man' etc. Pope, Essay on Man, Epistle IV, l. 248.
- 668a 182. Wallace, William Wallace, 1274?—1305, a Scotch patriot and national hero. Cf. Scots, Who Hae, p. 675a and note.

TO A MOUSE

- 4. bickering brattle, hurrying scamper.
- 15. A daimen icker, etc., an occasional ear in a sheaf or shock.
- 21. big, build.
- 668b 22. foggage, coarse grass.
 - 24. snell, bitter.
 - 29. coulter, plough.
 - 34. hald, abode.
 - 35. thole, endure.
 - 36. cranreuch, hoarfrost.
- 37. no thy lane, not alone.
- 40. gang aft agley, go often awry.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

- 4. stoure, dust.
- 21. bield, shelter.
- 669a 23. histie, barren.
- 39. card, compass, chart.

EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK

John Lapraik, 1727–1807, was an Ayrshire poet.

- 2. paitricks, partridges.
- 3. poussie whiddin, the hare scudding.
- 7. Fasten-e'en, evening before Lent.
- 7. rockin, social meeting.
- 8. crack, tale, chat.
- 11. yokin, a set-to.
- 13. ae sang, Lapraik's When I upon the Bosom Lean.
- 14. Aboon, above.
- **669b** 22. **Beattie.** See note to Johnson's *Gray*, p. 623b, 30.
- 23. chiel, young fellow.
- 25. fidgin-fain, tingling wild.
- 26. spier't, asked.
- 28. ingine, genius.
- 32. douce, sober.
- 35. Inverness an' Teviotdale. The former is in northern Scotland on the Moray Firth, the latter in Roxburghshire on the English border.
- 38. graith, implements, gear.
- 39. cadger pownie, a peddler's pony.
- 40. dyke-back, back of a turf fence or wall.
- 45. crambo-jingle. In the game of crambo one player supplies a rhyme to a word given by another.
- 49 ff. I am nae poet, etc. The five stanzas here following may be called Burns's confession of faith, or poetical creed, as opposed to the classical notion of the origin and essence of poetry.
- 64. sairs, serves.
- 66. knappin-hammers, hammers used for breaking stones.

670a 69. stirks, young steers.

- 79. spunk, spark.
- 79. Allan. See p. 536 and notes.
- 80. Fergusson. See p. 598 and notes.
- 80. slee, clever, sly.
- 83. lear, learning.
- 87. fow, full.
- 94. roose, praise.
- 99. plack, a Scotch coin of small denomination.
- 103. Mauchline, a town near Burns's farm of Mossgiel, where he married Jean Armour.
- 109. chap, drinking cup.
- 110. kirsen, christen.
- 111. whitter, a hearty draught.
- 115. warly, worldly.
- 116. havins, manners, conduct.
- 118. Catch-the-Plack, the hunt for coin.
- 670b 129. fissle, tingle.

OF A' THE AIRTS

- 1. airts, points of the compass, directions.
- 14. shaw, a wood or grove.

671a JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

- 1. jo, sweetheart.
- 4. brent, smooth.
- 5. beld, bald.
- 7. pow, head.
- 11. cantie, jolly, cheerful.

AULD LANG SYNE

- 9. pint-stowp, a drinking vessel.
- 14. gowans, daisies.
- 15. fit, foot, step.
- 17. burn, brook.
- 671b 21. fiere, comrade.
- 23. waught, a copious draught.

TAM O'SHANTER

When Burns wrote Tam O'Shanter, Alloway Kirk, but a short distance from the poet's birthplace, had been long in ruins, and many legends had gathered about it, among them that of Douglas Graham, who was noted for his convivial habits, and whose experience probably gave Burns the suggestion for this poem.

- 1. chapman billies, peddler fellows.
- 5. nappy, ale.
- 7. Scots miles. The Scottish mile was longer by an eighth or thereabout than the English mile.
- 8. slaps, breaches or gates in the fences.
- 19. skellum, a good-for-nothing.
- 20. blethering, talking nonsense.
- 20. blellum, a babbler.
- 23. ilka melder, every meal grinding.
- 25. ca'd, driven.
- 31. warlocks, male witches.
- 33. greet, weep.
- 39. bleezing, blazing.
- 40. reaming swats, foaming new ale.
- 41. Souter, shoemaker.
- 672a 69. That hour...the keystane, midnight.
- 81. skelpit, scurried, cantered.
- 81. dub, puddle.
- 84. sonnet, song.
- 86. bogles, bogies, hobgoblins.
- 88. houlets, owls.
- 90. smoored, smothered.
- 91. birks, birches.
- 93. whins, furze.

- 93. cairn, a pile of stones.
- 103. bore, chink.
- 672b 107. tippenny, small beer.
- 108. usquebae, whisky (Gaelic uisque beathad, water of life).
- 110. deils a boddle, devils a bit.
- 117. strathspeys, lively Scotch dances.
- 119. winnock-bunker, a window seat.
- 121. A tousie tyke, a shaggy dog.
- 123. skirl, squeal.
- 124. dirl, ring, tingle.
- 127. cantraip, magic.
- 132. span-lang, only a span long.
- 132. unchristened, unbaptized, and therefore gone to perdition.
- 134. gab, mouth.
- 147. cleekit, took hold.
- 148. carlin, an old woman, a hag.
- 149. duddies, clothes.
- 149. to the wark, for the work (orgie).
- 150. linkit, danced with the utmost activity.
- 151. queans, young women.
- 153. creeshie flannen, greasy flannel.
- 154. seventeen-hunder linen, fine linen with seventeen hundred threads to a width.
- 155. Thir, these.
- 155. breeks, breeches.
- 157. hurdies, hips.
- 160. Rigwoodie, ancient or lean.
- 160. spean, wean (by disgust).
- 673a 161. crummock, a crooked staff.
- 163. brawlie, perfectly.
- 164. wawlie, choice, handsome.
- 166. Carrick, the southern district of Ayrshire.
- 169. bear, barley.
- 171. cutty sark, a short skirt.
- 171. Paisley harn, coarse linen made in Paisley, a town in Renfrewshire.
- 176. coft, bought.
- 185. fidged, fidgeted.
- 186. hotched, jerked (with his arm, as a bagpiper).
- 193. fyke, fret, fuss.
- 194. herds, herders.
- 194. byke, hive.
- 195. pussie, a hare.
- 200. eldritch, unearthly.
- 201. fairin, reward.
- 213. ettle, aim, intent.

674a HIGHLAND MARY

The Mary of this poem was Mary Campbell, whose sudden death in the fall of 1786 brought real sorrow to the poet.

- 2. castle o' Montgomery, Coilsfield House, near Tarbolton.
- 4. drumlie, muddy.

675a SCOTS, WHA HAE

- This poem celebrates the victory of the Scots under Bruce over the English under Edward II at Bannockburn in Sterlingshire, June 24, 1313.
- Bruce, Robert Bruce, 1274–1329, a national hero. He became king of Scotland in 1306.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

- 8. gowd, gold.
- 10. hoddin grey, coarse grey woolen cloth.
- 17. birkie, fellow.
- 20. cuif, a dolt, ninny.
- 675b 28. fa', lay claim to.
- 36. gree, prize.

WILLIAM BLAKE

William Blake's poetry and pictorial art are closely linked together as the expression of a visionary and dreamer. He was born in London in the household of a clothier. His systematic education was meager, but his father apparently recognized his artistic temper and gave him the training that was most congenial to his talent. For four years he attended a drawing school and for seven more was an apprentice to a prominent engraver by the name of Besire. On completing his apprenticeship he began to engrave for the trade but continued his studies in art at the Royal Academy. He was married to Catherine Boucher in 1782, and with her sympathetic interest and help literally made his own books in every detail. He engraved his poems with a decorative design on copper plates and afterward added coloring by hand, by a process revealed to him, he affirmed, in a dream. His Poetical Sketches appeared in 1783, Songs of Innocence in 1789, and Songs of Experience in 1794. Although little known at the time, these have been recognized since as component parts of the Romantic Movement in its lyrical exuberance and mystical longing. As he grew older his artistry improved but his poetry became more vague and incoherent. Some of his Prophetic Books, as he called them, are unintelligible. He continued in poverty to the end of his long life, and died in London in 1827. In his mystical view of Nature he suggests Wordsworth, and in his lyrical intensity and employment of materials of the spirit world he forecasts Shelley.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

William Wordsworth was the second of five children born to John Wordsworth, an attorney in the little town of Cockermouth, situated on the river Derwent in a picturesque district of northern England diversified by mountains and lakes and known as the "Lake District." As a boy he was physically vigorous and active but of a moody disposition and a violent temper. His mother dying when he was eight years old (1778), he was sent to the grammar school at Hawkshead, near Esthwaite Lake, where he remained for six years. Here he acquired the rudiments of an education and wandered among the neighboring lakes and forests, in which he rejoiced with a boyish enthusiasm already somewhat spiritualized by the mystical insight that was afterward to play so large a part in his poetical theory and practice. În 1787 he entered Cambridge University, where he took his B.A. in 1791. During his college career he usually spent his vacations in excursions through the beautiful scenery of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland in company with his sister Dorothy and her friend, Mary Hutchinson. In 1790 he made a walking tour in France, where his radical social tendencies were in-tensified by the French revolutionary movement, then in its early stages. In 1791 and again in 1792 he was back in France, and, urged by sympathy for the revolutionary ideals, even thought of joining the Girondists (moderate republicans), but was forced to return home by lack of money. Spiritual perturba-tion over an affair with a French girl whom he believed he could not marry, the apparent failure of the high ideas of French republicanism after the Reign of Terror (1793-1794), and the declara-tion of war between France and England plunged Wordsworth into black despair. As a result his outlook on moral and social questions became for the time being utterly confused, but his mental vision was gradually clarified by communion with Nature and by the tender ministrations of his beloved sister Dorothy (cf. Tintern Abbey, I. 115 ff.). He now no longer believed in the theories of the French Revolution, but he had, through his struggle, acquired a greater respect for Man, a deeper sympathy with human joys and sorrows, and a keener feeling for the spiritual values that lay for him within the heart of Nature. He had begun writing verse in boyhood, and in 1793 he published Descriptive Sketches, his first collection of poetry. Uncertain how to make a living, he thought of

taking up journalism, but a fortunate legacy of £900, bequeathed him in 1795, enabled him to abandon the plan and devote himself to literature. He and his sister took up their abode in a farmhouse at Racedown, Dorsetshire, where he continued his literary exercises and wrote a tragedy, *The Borderers* (published in 1842). Here, probably in 1796, he met Coleridge (cf. introductory note to p. 701), who became his intranate friend and was of great assistance in feavuing his prottic gifts. Lete in the focusing his poetic gifts. Late in the same year Coleridge took a cottage at Nether Stowey not far from the Quantock Hills and near Bristol Channel. Here and at the neighboring estate of Alfoxden, where William and Dorothy soon settled, took place the collaboration between the two poets which resulted in the celebrated Lyrical Ballads, 1798 (cf. introductory note to Preface, p. 815). After a winter in Germany, whither they had gone with Coleridge, the Wordsworths settled (1799) in Dove Cottage at Town-end, Grasmere in the Lake District. Here Wordsworth resided for the next seven or eight years. In 1800 appeared a new edition of the Lyrical Ballads, with an added second volume and an important introduction (p. 815 ff.). In 1802 Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson, the friend of his earlier years. In 1803 the Wordsworths, ac-companied part of the way by Coleridge, crossed the border into Scotland on an excursion which inspired some of Wordsworth's most spiritual productions. During this tour he met Sir Walter Scott. In 1805 he finished *The Prelude* (published in 1850), a long poem of the greatest importance not only for its fine poetry but for its record of the growth of the poet's mind. As years passed and children were born, Dove Cottage became too small for Wordsworth's family, and in the winter of 1806-1807 the poet removed to a farmhouse at Coleorton in Leicestershire. Here his friendship with Coleridge, now suffering from melancholy, was renewed, and here in 1807 he published in two volumes his Poems, containing a series of sonnets, the poems of the Scottish tour, Resolution and Independence, and his Ode on the Intimations of Immortality. The reviews were unfavorable, but Wordsworth was not dis-In 1808 he returned to couraged. Grasmere but not to Dove Cottage. He had in his house as guests Coleridge and, for a time, De Quincey (see introductory note to p. 855). In 1813 the death of a beloved little daughter caused Wordsworth to move again, this time to Rydal Mount, two miles from Grasmere. In 1814 appeared Wordsworth's second long poem, The Excursion. About this time his poetic disrepute was at its height, and The Excursion was not well received. In 1815 he published the first collected edition of his poems. In spite of his early loss of faith in the French Revolution, Wordsworth had retained his interest in politics, and his enthusiasm over the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo (1815) found expression in a number of poems, published in 1816. The remainder of his life was occupied with the quiet routine of Rydal Mount and excursions to various parts of the British Isles and the continent. As he grew older, his poetical powers gradually waned and he became more conservative in his social and political opinions. In 1843 he was appointed poet laureate. Saddened by the loss of friends and dear ones, he died in 1850 and was buried in

Grasmere churchyard.

The various faculties of Wordsworth's genius were unusually well balanced and unified; yet he was far from being the mild and gentle soul so often portrayed in the textbooks. He was a man of strong passions, but passions controlled by a powerful conviction of the moral significance of human life. His fondness for simple things and his faith in the essential nobility of common men, which grew out of his French Revolutionary experiences and the whole body of English thought that lay behind him in the eighteenth century (see p. 646) never left him. It found expression not only in his political creed but also in his poetry, notably in the *Lyrical Ballads*. For Wordsworth the center of art is in the uncontaminated human soul, and he found his inspiration in Nature and in the idealized spiritual life of childhood and of humble and lowly humanity. As pointed out above (p. 405), a few of the earlier romanticists had recognized the poetry of common life; Wordsworth elevated it to a dignity with which it had never before been invested. To the romantic treatment of Nature, he also added a new element. More clearly than Blake, with whom he has much in common, he saw with the eye of the Christian Platonist (cf. note to p. 91a, l. 38) a mystical reality behind external phenomena. He regarded the external world not only as a veil through which we at times catch glimpses of the Divine but as a humanizing influence which cements the bond of brotherhood between man and man (cf. especially Tintern Abbey, l. 22 ff.). But Wordsworth was not merely a sentimental, dreamy mystic. He had a definite theory of art. He distinguished between Fancy (an inferior faculty of collecting artistic materials) and Imagination, the

superior faculty by which the poet illumines the external facts with the light of inner reality. With him Imagination was not, as it is in the minds of most people, divorced from reality. He was lyrical only in the sense that his poetry is a personal interpretation. He believed that real truth is arrived at by the constructive imagination operating upon mental pictures in quiet retirement -"emotion recollected in tranquillity" (cf. note to p. 679b, l. 23 f.). His language is simple, at times childishly prosaic, and his descriptions are often striking in their realism; yet he was thoroughly romantic in spirit. He sought "to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us." He was not learned, and he lacked a sense of humor; but as a poet who took his high calling seriously, who linked his art intimately with Nature and humanity, and who discreetly and inoffensively turned it to the edification of his readers. he has never been surpassed. He was a great philosopher and a great poet. In attempting to appreciate his work, we should compare it, not with the present, but with the relatively meager accomplishments of his eighteenth-century predecessors.

678a WE ARE SEVEN

We are Seven was composed in 1798 and appeared the same year in Wordsworth and Coleridge's famous collection of poems entitled Lyrical Ballads (cf. introductory note to the Preface to the Lyrical Ballads, p. 815). Wordsworth's contribution consisted of poems in which he attempted to shed an ideal light over reality. This poem, like others written by Wordsworth, is an analysis of the mental reaction of the simple and lowly - here the inability of a child to conceive of death. In order to understand this aspect of the poem, the student should compare it with the Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recol-lections of Early Childhood (p. 695), which suggests a solution of the great question of immortality by "the heaven-taught wisdom of the child." Aside from the prosaic character of the language the poem suffers from a lack of "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings," which, Wordsworth tells us, is characteristic of all true poetry. The stanza form resembles that of the popular ballads in its simplicity.

1. A simple child. The child was a little

cottage girl whom Wordsworth met at Goodrich Castle on an excursion through the valley of the Wye River in 1793. The poem was not written till five years later. Until 1815 the first line read, "A simple child, dear brother Jim,"—a rather prosaic line, even for Wordsworth.

678b 65 ff. 'But they are dead,' etc. The last stanza, Wordsworth tells us, was

written first.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY 679a SPRING

5 ff. To her fair works, etc. Note the emphasis upon Nature as a harmonizing influence.

11 f. 'tis my faith, etc. To Wordsworth Nature was really alive.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY

This and the following poem are companion pieces—the first put into the mouth of William Taylor (the "Matthew" of l. 15), Wordsworth's old teacher at Hawkshead; the second, the poet's reply. In both, Wordsworth's point of view predominates. Though the poem was written at Alfoxden, Somerset, in 1798, the scene is laid at Hawkshead, Lancashire, where Wordsworth attended school as a boy.

679b 23 f. we can feed, etc. By calm meditation, "a wise passiveness," we can transmute into truth the thoughts and emotions of our busier hours. Cf. Tin-

tern Abbey, l. 64 f.

THE TABLES TURNED

9 ff. Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife. Wordsworth is not opposed to books; he is here simply emphasizing the importance of the vision of truth that comes only from "a wise passive-ness." He distrusted science only "when it chained the spirit of man to merely material things.

$\begin{array}{c} \textbf{680a LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES} \\ \textbf{ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY} \end{array}$

Tintern Abbey, one of the most romantic ruins in England, is situated in the valley of the Wye River not far from the Severn. Regarding the present poem Wordsworth wrote, "No poem of mine was composed under circumstances more pleasant for me to remember." The actual work of composition was done during a five-day tramp with his sister Dorothy in 1798. The poem is important for an understanding of Wordsworth's philosophy of nature.

1. Five years have passed. Wordsworth

「678a

had visited the place in 1793. 680b 65 ff. And so I dare to hope, etc. The poet's previous experiences, as here outlined, may be divided into three periods: (1) that in which the animal enjoyment of Nature, mingled with an uncomprehended deeper pleasure, predominated; (2) that in which the love of man was uppermost; (3) that in which a spiritual presence was revealed by a deeper sympathy with man and with Nature.

681a 115 ff. my dearest Friend, etc. This tribute to Dorothy should be noted particularly. She was Wordsworth's constant inspiration and has left us in her Journal the completest extant record of his life. As Professor Saintsbury ob-serves in one of his rare flashes of inspiration, she was "a woman in a million."

LUCY POEMS 681b

Whether the Lucy of these five poems Was a real person or the creature of Wordsworth's imagination, we do not know. If she was imaginary, we have in the "Lucy Poems" an illustration of a truth too often forgotten by readers of poetry: namely, that a great poet can so completely identify himself with the characters he creates that for the time being he is one with them. Certainly love, with its "anxious foreboding, profound sorrow, and calm despair, has never been more simply or poignantly portrayed.

682a SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS

2. Dove, a river forming part of the boundary between Derby and Stafford.

682b A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL

5 ff. No motion, etc. This is one of the finest expressions in literature of tragic grief all the more terrible because of its repression.

LUCY GRAY

This poem, suggested by the story of a little Yorkshire girl lost in a snowstorm, is intended, according to Wordsworth, "to exhibit poetically entire solitude." The theme is admirably suited to the simple language and the simple ballad stanza.

683a 20. the moon, "the day-moon, which no town or village girl would ever notice"

(Robinson).

683b MICHAEL

Of the composition of this poem Wordsworth says, "The character and circumstances of Luke were taken from a family to whom had belonged, many years before, the house we lived in at Town-end." The sheepfold, then in ruin, was connected with this property. The style of *Michael* is noteworthy for its simplicity and directness. It is remarkably free from artificial poetic diction. In it the author attempts to portray the conflict in an honest and humble soul of two powerful forces — parental affection and love of ancestral property.

 Green-head Ghyll, a valley near Dove Cottage. Ghyll, according to Wordsworth, is the local name for a steep, narrow valley with a stream running

through it.

685a 134. Easedale, near Grasmere.

134. Dunmail-Raise, a pass about three miles from Grasmere.

689a MY HEART LEAPS UP

This poem has been called the keynote

to Wordsworth's poetry.

 piety, used in the Latin sense of "filial reverence." The child is father of the man, and the poet desires that his early childish delight in Nature may be retained and cherished during the years of manhood.

689b RESOLUTION AND INDE-PENDENCE

690a 43. Chatterton. See introductory note to Chatterton, p. 591.

45 f. Him who walked, etc. The reference is to Robert Burns. See introductory

note to Burns, p. 665.

691a TO H. C.

These sympathetic lines (written in 1802) were addressed to Hartley, the eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. See introductory note to Hartley Coleridge, p. 810.

1. O thou! whose fancies, etc. Compare Intimations of Immortality, p. 695 ff.

691b AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS

This poem grew out of Wordsworth's visit to the tomb of Burns in 1803.

19 f. the flower, whose modest worth He sang. The reference is to Burns's To a Mountain Daisy, p. 668.
33. Whose light, etc. The first (Kilmarnock)

edition of Burns's poems appeared in 1786, when Wordsworth was sixteen.

39. Criffel's hoary top. Crowfell (Criffel) is a hill near Dumfries in the county of Kirkeudbright.

692a 40. Skiddaw, a mountain about three thousand feet high near Keswick in the Lake District.

78. For which it prayed. Cf. Burns's To Ruin.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL

Wordsworth and his companions saw the girl here described on the border of Loch Lomond during a drenching rain and amid considerable discomfort, but the idealized picture omits all that is unpleasant and spiritualizes the girl and her surroundings. The unskilled critic may regard the stark simplicity of Wordsworth's style as somewhat prosaic.

693a THE SOLITARY REAPER

This poem is based partly on Wordsworth's own observations during his Highland tour of 1803, partly on a sentence found by him in an account of the Highlands written by some one else. Both in temper and in technique it is one of Wordsworth's most exquisite poems. The romance of the Highland girl singing in Gaelic alone on the hillside is conveyed in language carefully chosen for its musical effects.

17. Will no one tell me what she sings? She is singing in Gaelic, hence the observer's

failure to understand her song.

693b TO THE CUCKOO

Wordsworth writes of the cuckoo in several poems. This one he often revised in an effort to convey in words "the imaginative influence" of the bird's voice.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

This poem (written in 1804) was inspired by Mary Hutchinson, whom the poet had married in 1802. The first four lines were originally intended as part of another poem, To a Highland Girl, p. 692 f.

694a 22. machine. Perhaps the word "machine" (so often criticized for its prosaic suggestion) is intended to apply, not to the poet's wife, but to the whole household machine of which she is the center.

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

Of the circumstances by which this poem was inspired, Dorothy Wordsworth wrote: "When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park (on the lake of Ullswater) we saw a few daffodis close by the water-side . . . as we went along there were more, and yet more; and at last under the boughs of the trees we saw that there was a long belt of them

along the shore . . . I never saw daffodils so beautiful . . . They . . . tossed and reeled and danced and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew directly over the lake to them.'

 I wandered lonely. In reality the poet was not alone and only a few daffodils were seen at first. Again a simplification and idealization of experience.

19 ff. For oft, etc. Poetry, according to Wordsworth, is "emotion recollected in tranquillity." See also note to Expostulation and Reply, p. 679b, l. 23 f.

ODE TO DUTY

"I would rather a child of mine should know and feel the high, imaginative teachings of Wordsworth's Ode to Duty than any piece of uninspired prose morality in the language " (Reed).

694b 28. Too blindly have imposed my trust.

The dangers of being led by impulse alone became more obvious to Words-

worth as he grew older.

695a

ELEGIAC STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE, ETC.

The Peele Castle portrayed in the picture is in Lancashire. Near it Wordsworth spent several weeks during one of his college vacations.

695b 39. The feeling of my loss, etc. Wordsworth's brother, Captain John Wordsworth, was drowned at sea in 1805, the year the poem was written.

ODE

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

This poem is one of the finest creations of English poetic genius. Contrary to the common opinion, it is not an argument either for a prenatal existence or for immortality; it is merely a poetic treatment of the themes in question. Wordsworth was, however, greatly impressed by the possibilities of the subject. He begins his poem by saying that, though the poet can no longer feel the beauty of Nature as he once did, he can at least refrain from useless sorrow. He tries to share the common joy of the beasts, the little child, the flower at his feet — but in vain. The new-born baby brings with it from its heavenly abode a glory which enshrouds the things of earth but which gradually disappears and fades into "the light of common day" as the child grows to manhood and becomes more and more the slave of earth.

Though the radiance that was so bright in childhood is now forever taken from the poet's sight, the early impressions cannot be completely destroyed. The passing years have brought a deeper love of Nature inspired by a philosophic mind, a more profound human sympathy, and the hope of immortality. It is because of sympathy with Man that even the "meanest flower" can affect the poet too deeply for tears. With this poem compare Wordsworth's lines Composed upon an Evening of Extraordinary Splendour and Beauty, p. 698. Wordsworth's hypothesis regarding immortality is derived ultimately, though probably not directly, from one of Plato's doctrines (see note to p. 91a, l. 38).

Г 694а

696b 58 ff. Our birth is but a sleep, etc. Cf. Vaughan's exquisite lines in *The Retreat*,

p. 382, and the note to l. 1.

102. The little Actor, etc. Wordsworth is thinking of Jaques's speech on the world as a stage (Shakespeare's As You Like It II, vii, 139 ff.). The "humorous stage" is the part in life taken by a man as the result of his disposition or "humor" (see note to Chaucer's Prologue, I. 420).

697b 166. see the Children sport upon the shore. The Man or Boy, though he has traveled some distance into the great continent of life, still has glimpses of the ocean on which he sailed thither from the Other World and can still see the newly arrived children playing on the

shore.

698a COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLEN-DOUR AND BEAUTY

698b 61 ff. Such hues, etc. Wordsworth directs the reader to compare this stanza with the opening of his Intimations of Immortality, p. 695.

TO A SKYLARK

8. A privacy of glorious light. Compare Shelley's To a Skylark, p. 769, l. 36f.: "Like a Poet hidden In the light of thought."

699a 10. with instinct more divine. Compare James Hogg's *The Skylark*, p. 795, l. 12: "Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth."

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG

James Hogg, a Scottish shepherd and poet, was known as the "Ettrick Shep-herd" from the fact that he lived in the Ettrick Forest, Selkirkshire. Wordsworth tells us that he wrote the poem immediately after reading of Hogg's death in a newspaper.

1 f. When first . . . I saw, etc. The reference is to Wordsworth's tour in Scotland in 1814.

Yarrow, a small river in Selkirkshire. 8. Border-minstrel, Scott, who died in 1832. The poem was written in 1835.

12. the Shepherd-poet's eyes. The reference is to Hogg.

15. Coleridge, died in 1834.

19. Lamb, died in 1834.

25 f. lids...earlier raised. All except

Crabbe were younger than Wordsworth.
31. Crabbe, died in 1832. Wordsworth had frequently met Crabbe on the elder poet's annual visits to London.

32. Hampstead, Hampstead Heath, just out-

side London.

39 f. Her who . . . Has sunk, etc., Mrs. Felicia Hemans, a sentimental poet of considerable ability who lived near the Wordsworths on Windermere. She died in 1835

699b 1 ff. old romantic sorrows, etc. The

reference is to Hogg's ballads.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1802

Perhaps the best known and certainly one of the noblest of Wordsworth's sonnets. It was not composed in Sep-tember, but a month or two earlier. On the sonnet in English literature, see introductory note to Sidney's Astrophel and Stella, p. 273.

LONDON, 1802

1. Milton. Milton, were he alive with his free, bold spirit, might call England back from artificiality and corruption to her ancient heritage of simple, inward happiness.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH 700a WITH US

In our lust for worldly pleasure and possessions, we have lost sight of that in Nature which is ours — beauty. Rather than be thus out of tune Wordsworth would even be a pagan, for if he were, Imagination would enable him to see the poetry in Nature represented by the ancient classical divinities.

TO SLEEP

Compare Daniel's Sonnet Liv, p. 278. See further Shakespeare's Macbeth, II, ii, 35 ff.; Midsummer Night's Dream, III, ii, 431 f.; 2 Henry IV, III, i, 5 ff.

700b NUNS FRET NOT

3. pensive citadels, strongholds or refuges where they can think at leisure.

6. Furness-fells, the downs or uplands of Furness, on the coast of Lancashire.

SCORN NOT THE SONNET

- 1. Scorn not the Sonnet. During the early part of the eighteenth century the sonnet was out of favor. Through the work of Gray, Warton, and Bowles it gradually returned to popularity as a literary form (see pp. 583, 597 f., 599 ff., and notes).
- 3. Shakspeare unlocked his heart. do not now believe as fully as Wordsworth did in the autobiographical character of Shakespeare's sonnets.

AFTER-THOUGHT

This is the last of a series of thirty-four sonnets composed during a long period of years and entitled The River Duddon. The river Duddon rises at the point where Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire meet.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Coleridge was born two years later than Wordsworth. His education began at his birthplace, Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, where his father, an amiable and unworldly parson, was vicar of the parish and master of the local grammar school. As a child Coleridge was precocious and moody. Upon the father's death in 1781 the family was forced to leave the vicarage, and Coleridge was sent to Christ's Hospital, an ancient and famous charity school in London. Here he made many friends, among them Charles Lamb, astonished his fellow pupils by talking neo-Platonic philosophy and reciting Greek poetry on the playground, fell in love, took the highest honors the school afforded, and, in general, became known as "the inspired charity boy." His poetical faculty, already evident, was stimulated when in 1789 he read Bowles's sonnets (see introductory note to Bowles, p. 599), which had just appeared. In 1791 he entered Cambridge University as a "sizar" or poor student. At Cam-bridge he became somewhat of a radical in politics and religion, but had made a respectable record in his studies when suddenly in 1793 he left the university, probably because of bad debts and disappointed love, and enlisted in the army under the name of Silas Tomkyn Comberbach. Finding himself quite unfitted for the life of a dragoon, he succeeded

in procuring a discharge and returned to the university, but he took no degree. On a visit to Oxford in 1794 he met Southey, (see introductory note to Southey, p. 799), and the two conceived a wild plan called Pantisocracy, the purpose of which was to gather a select company of twelve ladies and twelve gentlemen, emigrate to America, and found an ideal community on the banks of the Susquehanna, which was chosen because of "its excessive beauty and its security from Indians and bisons!" With Pantisocracy in mind Southey and Coleridge engaged themselves to two young ladies named Fricker, whom they soon afterward married. In order to gather money for their enterprise the two youthful enthusiasts tried lecturing; but Coleridge earned little, his love for Sara Fricker wavered, he quarreled with Southey, and Pantisocracy came to nothing. In October, 1795, he married Miss Fricker in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, and the two settled in a small and ill-furnished establishment on Coleridge's meager and uncertain income. After numerous unsuccessful efforts to earn a competency, Coleridge became greatly depressed, contracted neuralgia, and began the use of opium, a habit which held him in subjection and weakened his powers throughout most of his remaining life. In 1796 he published his first volume of poems. In the same year his first child, Hartley (see introductory note to Hartley Coleridge, p. 810), was born (see his *To a Friend*, etc., p. 701, and Wordsworth's *To H. C.*, p. 691). In 1796 also he first met William and Dorothy Wordsworth (see introductory note to Wordsworth, p. 678), whose influence steadied his determination and during 1796 and the two following years stimulated his finest poetic work. At the close of the year 1796 he removed to a small cottage at Nether Stowey not far from Alfoxden, in Somerset, whither the Wordsworths migrated soon afterward. In 1797 Wordsworth and Coleridge conceived the plan that resulted a year later in that epoch-making volume, the Lyrical Ballads (see Coleridge's Biographia Literaria, p. 826 ff., and the Preface to the Lyrical Ballads, p. 815 ff.). Coleridge's chief contribution was The Ancient Mariner (p. 701 ff.). To this period also belong Kubla Khan and the first part of Christabel. In the fall of 1798 he went to Germany with the Wordsworths, but left them in order to study German literature and metaphysics at Göttingen University. After his return to England he settled at Greta Hall in Keswick, some twelve miles away from the Wordsworths' cottage at Grasmere.

He now became reconciled with Southey and renewed his associations with the Wordsworths, whom he assisted in issuing the famous second edition of the Lyrical Ballads, 1800. About this time he became estranged from his wife, resumed the use of opium, and went through a period of vacillation marked by fits of despondency which were only temporarily relieved by advances of money from friends or publishers and which are reflected in his *Dejection*: an Ode (p. 717), written in 1802. After a sojourn on the continent he returned little improved in health and continued to waste his own time and his friends' money in fruitless comings and goings and in unremunerative undertakings, including a short-lived publication called The Friend. During the next fifteen years he did various sorts of political writing and literary hack work and gave several courses of lectures, which contain some excellent literary criticism. In 1817 appeared the Biographia Literaria, which throws valuable light on the author's life, philosophic opinions, and literary theories. After making many literary false starts, trying various places of abode, and attempting without success to abandon the use of stimulants and narcotics, Coleridge placed himself under the care of a Dr. Gillman, who resided at Highgate, a London suburb. Here he spent the last sixteen years of his life, sunk for the most part, as Carlyle says, in "putrescent indolence," but adored by a wide circle of admirers, especially among the younger generation, for his lovable nature and his high and fascinating discourse.

In striking contrast with the harmoniously balanced faculties of his friend Wordsworth, Coleridge's person-ality lacked stability. Like Wordsworth, he passed through a stage of political and religious radicalism, but unlike Wordsworth he was never able to apply successfully in his own life the more conservative doctrines that he afterward preached. He shrank from pain and hence took to opium. He avoided duty, and his morale weakened progressively. He lacked the power of concentrated, continuous effort, and his work became fragmentary and his knowledge scattering. He possessed an unusually warm and lovable disposition, but his relations with his wife were seldom harmonious. In spite, however, of his grievous personal shortcomings, he ranks in criticism as one of the greatest interpreters of English literature and in poetry as an almost unique combination of high intellectuality, delicate feeling for style, and exalted lyric genius. In reading Coleridge's poetry we receive

the same impression of finality as from Shakespeare's most inspired lines. For his theories of literary art, see his Biographia Literaria, p. 826 ff.

701a DOMESTIC PEACE

From the historical drama, The Fall of Robespierre, 1794. It was also printed separately.

3. Halcyon, calm, tranquil. The adjective derives its significance from an ancient tradition that fair weather always prevails during the period that the halcyon (kingfisher) is breeding. See note to

Gower's Ceix and Alceone, p. 160b.

TO A FRIEND, etc.

Chiefly notable for the beauty of the last two lines

1. Charles. The poem is probably addressed to Charles Lamb or to another of Coleridge's friends, Charles Lloyd. The child is Hartley, born in 1796.

701b THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

This famous poem was first printed in the Lyrical Ballads, 1798. For the literary theories that underlie its composition, see Coleridge's Biographia Literaria, p. 826 ff., and the introductory note to the Preface to the Lyrical Ballads, p. 815. The Ancient Mariner is an imitation ballad (see pp. 532 ff. and the introductory note to Ballads, p. 163). The horrible and the supernatural elements were introduced partly under the influence of the popular ballads, partly under the inspiration of the so-called Gothic School, or School of Terror, whose gruesome productions were popular during the late eighteenth century. The poem was "founded upon a dream of one of Coleridge's friends" and was begun by Coleridge and Wordsworth jointly during a walk near Alfoxden in the autumn of 1797. Before they had got far, however, they perceived that their methods did not harmonize, and Coleridge completed the poem alone, Wordsworth composing other poems in accordance with the division of labor described by Coleridge in the Biographia Literaria. Among the few contributions made by Wordsworth to The Ancient Mariner, perhaps the most important was the killing of the albatross. This, as he explained, was to serve as a crime the commission of which, coupled with the long wandering, should bring the spectral persecution upon the Ancient Mariner. Coleridge afterward said that he regarded the theme of moral responsibility as inappropriate in a work

of imagination. In spite of this possible defect, the poem stands as the high-water mark of English poetry dealing with the supernatural.

701b 8. May'st, thou may'st.

This and other 12. Eftsoons, immediately. obsolete words introduced throughout the poem are intended to help reproduce the atmosphere of the old ballads.

25. ff. The Sun came up, etc. The ship is thought of as sailing south in the Atlantic Ocean. The student should trace the

course of the vessel.

30. over the mast at noon. The ship is near

the equator.

32. bassoon, a musical wind instrument. Coleridge had probably been impressed with the sound of a bassoon which had been recently added to the resources of the village choir at Stowey.

702a 46. who, one who. What is the comparison suggested in this and the follow-

ing lines?

55. clifts, cliffs.

57. ken, see, descry.

62. swound, swoon.
64. Thorough, an old form of through.
75. shroud. The shrouds are ropes attached to the sides of the ship and used to support the masts.

76. vespers, used in the Latin sense of

"evenings."

- 81. cross-bow. In arming the Ancient Mariner thus, Coleridge was doubtless attempting to suggest that the action took place before the use of firearms became common.
- 83. The Sun now rose, etc. The ship has doubled Cape Horn and turned north into the Pacific. Before writing the poem, Coleridge had been reading numerous accounts of voyages in the South

702b 92. 'em, for them.

98. uprist, modern uprose. Cf. the form riz. used by many unlettered persons as the

past of "rise.

128. death-fires, St. Elmo's fires or dead men's candles, electrical discharges which sometimes appear on the rigging of ships and are believed by sailors to foretell disaster.

703a 168. weal, happiness, good.

170. steadies, comes steadily along.

184. gossameres, gossamers, wisps of cobweb

floating in the air.

703b 197. 'The game is done!' etc. Lifein-Death and Death are playing at dice to decide the Mariner's punishment.

199 f. The Sun's rim dips, etc., a splendid description of a tropical sunset.

209. clomb, the old past tense of climb.

210 f. The horned Moon, etc. No star can be seen through any part of the moon. Coleridge is inaccurately but poetically using the nautical superstition that when

a star "dogs" (follows closely) the a star dogs moon, misfortune will result. These two

226 f. And thou art long, etc. These two lines were supplied by Wordsworth.232 ff. Alone, alone, etc. This stanza is one

of the most perfect expressions in literature of the terror of utter loneliness.

704a 267 f. Her beams, etc. To the Mariner the moon seemed to be mocking the hot sea by making the surface look as though

covered with frost.

282 ff. O happy living things! etc. "Coleridge's strange creatures of the sea are not the hideous worms which a vulgar dealer in the supernatural might have invented. Seen in a great calm by the light of the moon, these creatures of God are beautiful in the joy of their life' (Dowden).

704b 290 f. The Albatross fell off, etc. This is the dramatic center of the story.

297. silly, empty, useless.

314. fire-flags, perhaps the phenomenon known in the northern hemisphere as the Aurora Borealis, or northern lights.

314. sheen, beautiful.

705a 333. had been, would have been. 362. jargoning, used in the older (French) sense of chirping, chattering.

705b 394. have not, have not the ability. 706b 472 ff. The harbour-bay, etc. pleasantly, how reassuringly, the whole night-mare story is made to end among the clear, fresh sounds and lights of the bay where it began " (Walter Pater).

512, shrieve my soul, cleanse my soul by re-

ceiving my confession.

707a 535. ivy-tod, clump of ivy.

707b 575. crossed his brow, made the sign of the Cross on his brow to avert evil.

708a 623. of sense forlorn, deprived of his senses.

CHRISTABEL

The first part of Christabel was written in 1797 and 1798, the remainder in 1800. Coleridge made various efforts to complete the poem but never succeeded. Like The Ancient Mariner, it derives its charm largely from its skillful use of the supernatural. According to Coleridge, it was partly founded on the notion that "the virtuous of this world save the wicked." It represents the struggle of the heroine against the forces of evil as embodied in Geraldine. The title and something of the general theme are derived from the old ballad-romance of Sir Cauline, and the poem is full of suggestions borrowed from other mediæval romantic literature. The character and appearance of Geraldine owe much to a mediæval belief that witches and other demonic creatures can assume partially beautiful forms. The ghostly

surroundings, the mediæval setting, the whole atmosphere of terror suggest the work of the Gothic School (see introductory note to The Ancient Mariner). The spirit of mediæval superstition and of the popular ballads is here "refined and made subtle by delicate modern reflection." The richness and detail of the scenes in the castle remind us of Keats's Eve of St. Agnes (p. 781 ff.) and the work of the pre-Raphaelites (see introductory note to John Keats, p. 779, and also p. 981 ff.).

The verse form is novel. Each line has

four accented and a varying number of unaccented syllables. The lines do not rhyme with perfect regularity, and the stanzas are of varying length. Each variation is designed to produce some particular musical or imaginative effect.

708b 49 ff. The one red leaf, etc. Note the change in the movement of the lines to

- correspond to the dancing of the leaf.
 709a 129 f. The lady sank, etc. The fact that
 Geraldine cannot cross the threshold (which has probably been blessed by the church as the thresholds of all Christian homes should be) shows that she is a witch or a demon.
- 142. I cannot speak. Like other witches, Geraldine cannot pray.
- 709b 149. what can ail, etc. Animals have a specially keen sense of the presence of supernatural creatures.

159. A tongue of light, etc. The flame leaps up to greet a creature so closely associated with the fiery regions of hell.

- 710a 205. Off, wandering mother! etc. The demonic Geraldine has power to drive away the beneficent spirit of Christabel's mother
- 252. Behold! her bosom and half her side. A key to Geraldine's character is furnished by one manuscript of Christabel, in which this line is followed by the words "Are lean and old and foul of hue.
- 711a 344 ff. Bratha Head, etc. The places referred to in this and the following lines are all in the Lake District, but the real scene of Christabel is in the world of "old, unhappy, far-off things" and fairy enchantment.

712a 408 ff. Alas! they had been friends, etc.

Coleridge called lines 408-426 "the best and sweetest" he ever wrote.

714a 656 ff. A little child, etc. This so-called conclusion seems to have so little connection with the rest of the poem that one is tempted to believe that it was not originally intended as a part of Christabel.

714b KUBLA KHAN

Kubla Khan has been called "a splendid curiosity," and such indeed it is. Sometime during the summer of 1798, Cole-

ridge's most fruitful poetic year, the author, according to his own account, became slightly indisposed and retired to a lonely farmhouse about twenty miles from Nether Stowey. While there, he had recourse to an "anodyne" (? laudanum), from the effects of which he fell asleep while reading in Purchas's Pilgrimage (a famous seventeenthcentury book of travel) a brief account of how Kubla Khan, the great mediæval founder of the Mogul dynasty in China, built a sumptuous palace of pleasure surrounded by a beautiful garden, the whole enclosed by a wall ten miles in circumference. "The Author," Colecircumference. "The Author," Coleridge goes on, "continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence, that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines: if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock (a neighboring village), and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone has been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter." Coleridge was doubtless sincere in his belief that he recovered only a small part of what he had composed in his sleep, but none the less Kubla Khan is perfectly unified in the effect produced by its assemblage of images. From the "stately pleasuredome " in far-off Xanadu to the end of the poem, we are confronted with words and pictures gathered by Coleridge in his waking hours, treasured because of their romantic associations, and here fused by the power of his genius into one of the most perfect pieces of purely romantic description in literature. the general subject of poems composed in dreams, see the note on the poet Cædmon, p. 45b, l. 52 ff.

 Xanadu. Purchas gives "Xaindu" as the name of the place where Cublai Can (Kubla Khan) had his palace erected. 39 ff. Abyssinian maid... Mount Abora.

Abyssinian and Mount Abora are merely words suggesting remoteness and romance.

715a 53 f. For he on honey-dew, etc. These two lines have often been applied to Coleridge himself.

FROST AT MIDNIGHT

This poem reveals Coleridge's genuinely lovable and loving humanity. It was composed during one of his long midnight meditations at Nether Stowey in February, 1798.

7. My cradled infant, Hartley.

26. stranger. According to an old superstition, a film of soot sticking to the grate foretells the coming of a stranger.

715b 37. stern preceptor's face. The reference is to Boyer, Coleridge's stern, though in the main just, master at Christ's Hospital.

42. sister more beloved, Coleridge's elder

sister Ann, who died in 1791.

50 ff. thou shalt learn far other lore, etc.

This was prophetic. Coleridge was soon to move to Greta Hall, but he did not know this fact when he wrote these lines.

716a FRANCE: AN ODE

Coleridge, like Wordsworth, began by sympathizing with the French Revolution as a great movement toward liberty and democracy. The present composition is a magnificent poetical expression of the author's reaction against the excesses that followed the triumph of the revolutionists (see introductory note to Wordsworth, p. 678). Its immediate occasion was the invasion of Switzerland (Helvetia, l. 66) by France in 1798.

30 f. The Monarchs marched, etc. France declared war against Austria and Prussia in April, 1792; against England, Holland, and Spain in February, 1793.

716b 43. Blasphemy's loud scream. During the Reign of Terror, 1793–1794, women dressed to represent the Goddess of Reason were enthroned in some of the Christian churches of Paris.

717b DEJECTION: AN ODE

This, probably the saddest of Coleridge's poems, was composed in its original form in April, 1802, not long before Wordsworth and Mary Hutchinson were happily married and after Coleridge's disagreement with his wife had become chronic. It was originally addressed to Wordsworth, but after Coleridge's estrangement from his friend it was altered (see notes). Out of the depth of

his own misery Coleridge sings of the

pure human love of another.

2. Sir Patrick Spence. See p. 164.

25. O Lady! In the earlier version the word William took the place of Lady here and elsewhere in the poem.

718a 40. these, the beauties of Nature.

718b 99 ff. Thou Wind, etc. Cf. Shelley's Ode to the West Wind, p. 767.

104. Lutanist, one who plays on a lute. 719a 120. Otway's, originally William's.

HYMN BEFORE SUN-RISE, etc.

Coleridge "had never been at Chamouni (one of the highest mountain valleys in the Savoy Alps), but he expanded a German poem by Frederica Brun addressed to Klopstock. The sights and sounds with which this solemn and beautiful psalm begins gradually become so intimately associated with the thoughts which they awaken, that his soul is swept onward and upward until it creates the spiritual vision of it all as an emanation

from God '' (George).

3. Blanc, Mont Blanc, which rises above the

Vale of Chamouni.

4. Arve and Aveiron, rivers.

THE PAINS OF SLEEP 720a

In 1803 Coleridge started with the Wordsworths on a walking tour through the Highlands (see introductory note to Wordsworth, p. 678), but separated from them at Inversnaid, ostensibly because of weariness, partly no doubt in order that he might have more unrestrained liberty to include in narcotics. The dreams which he had during his journey alone, "with all their mockery of guilt, rage, unworthy desires, remorse, shame, and terror, formed at that time the subject of some verses" (Coleridge). De Quincey, in his Confessions of an English Opium Eater, describes a similar experience.

720b YOUTH AND AGE

This poem, composed in 1823, is one of the last evidences of Coleridge's poetic genius at anything like its best.

721a WORK WITHOUT HOPE Composed in February, 1827.

722b **EPITAPH**

The childlike faith and love that breathe through this poem should be compared with the somewhat contemptuous tone of Walter Savage Landor's lines composed under somewhat similar conditions (p. 814). The Epitaph stands on Coleridge's grave in Highgate churchyard.

WALTER SCOTT

Walter Scott was the son of a writer to the Signet and was born in Edinburgh. He was descended from border ancestry, in which he took great pride, and spent his rather delicate childhood in the beautiful country about Kelso, acquainting himself with scenes that later were to figure in his poems, and storing his memory with native tradition and history. He was a precocious child and early developed a habit of omnivorous reading, which remained with him for life. At neither the high school nor the University of Edinburgh was he distinguished for scholarship. He studied for the bar with greater industry than pleasure and being admitted in 1792 entered upon his profession as a hard worker but a heartier player. The tastes and instincts of the country gentleman in him led him after his marriage in 1797 to make his home for part of the year at Lasswade on the Esk. In 1789 he was appointed sheriff of Selkirkshire, and later removed to Ashestiel on the Tweed. Finally, when his various revenues, as he thought, gave him warrant, he built on the same river Abbotsford, an extensive and costly residence which was to be his home for the rest of his life. In his "raids" among the hospitable dalesmen, while performing the duties of his office, he gathered much of the material for his first publication of importance, the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 1802–1803. This collection of popular poetry is second only to Percy's Reliques in the romantic revival of the mediæval ballads. The Lay of the Last Minstrel, 1805, with its brilliant descriptive coloring, its rapid movement, and its new verse form, adapted from the yet unpublished *Christabel* (see introductory note to *Christabel*, p. 708), established the output of the control of t the author's fame, which Marmion, 1808, and The Lady of the Lake, 1810, confirmed, at the same time contributing substantially to his growing fortune. In 1812 Byron "awoke one morning and found" himself famous in working a poetical vein which had made Scott's reputation. Sensing the change of popular favor from himself to the younger and more spectacular genius, Scott generously gave up poetry and turned to the novel, a type in which he was to gain high distinction. Waverley appeared anonymously in 1814. It was the first of the great series which ended with Castle Dangerous only a year before the

author's death. In 1820 he was created a baronet. In 1825 came the failure of his publishers, the Ballantynes, and with it vanished his dreams of founding a great house, that of Scott of Abbotsford. A touch of heroism was added to these years when he assumed the responsibility of paying his share of the debt, amounting to considerably more than £100,000, by the sheer efforts of his pen. The obligation was discharged in full by royalties accruing from his writings not long after. He died at Abbotsford in 1832 and was buried at Dryburgh Abbey nearby. In his verse Scott did more than any other writer to popularize romantic poetry, especially that dealing with British history. His best work is in his novels. in which he proved himself a master of romantic narrative.

LOCHINVAR

Lady Heron in the fifth canto of Marmion sings this song. In a slight degree it is founded on the ballad of "Katha-rine Janfarie" in Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border

722a 20. the Solway. The Solway Firth, between England and Scotland on the west, has very swift tides.

32. galliard, a lively dance for two persons.

722b MARMION

In 1512-1513 Henry VIII was involved in a struggle with France. During his absence James IV of Scotland, yielding to the entreaties of the French king, led an army across the Border into Northumberland, but was met by the English under the Earl of Surrey and defeated at Flodden Field on September 9, 1513. James himself was slain. The battle in the poem, according to the author, is the culmination of "the private adventures of a fictitious character." By his splendid descriptive account Scott dis-plays his powers of recreating the historic past and overlaying it with the glamour of romance.

8. Terouenne, a town of Artois southwest of Calais, under siege by Henry VIII.

13. the good Countess, the Countess of Angus, wife of Douglas, whose two sons perished at Flodden.

Tantallon, Tantallon Castle on the

Scotch coast in Haddingtonshire.

34. The Bloody Heart, a symbol in the Douglas coat of arms commemorating the commission of Robert Bruce to Sir James Douglas to bear his heart to the Holy Land. Sir James lost his life in the performance of the task.

723a 67. Whitby's fane. Clare was a "novice unprofessed" (i.e., she had not taken

yows as a nun) at Whitby Abbey on the coast of Yorkshire, the place of Cædmon's fame. The reference is inaccurate. as there were no nuns at Whitby in Henry VIII's time. Hilda was the first abbess of Whitby.

723b 128. Red de Clare, Gilbert de Clare, who married a daughter of Edward I.

138. Wilton, Ralph de Wilton, Marmion's rival in love and arms.

724b 271, fight on Otterburne. See the Hunt-

ing of the Cheviot, p. 171b, and note. 275. Angus, Archibald Douglas, fifth Earl of Angus, called "Bell-the-Cat."

725a 280. Twisel glen, at the junction of the Till and Tweed, where James encamped before going to Flodden.

327. A bishop . . . stood. Gawain Douglas, ca. 1474–1522, a Scotch poet, son of the fifth Earl of Angus (see note to l. 275). He translated the *Eneid* into Scottish verse. He became Bishop of Dunkeld in 1515.

726a 435. Saint Bride, Saint Bridget.

726b 456. Saint Jude, St. Judas, one of the Apostles, not Iscariot.

460. Saint Bothan, a kinsman of Columba and his successor at the monastery of Iona. See Life of Columba, p. 42 f.

481. spell the trick, explain the mystery. 499. Sheriff Sholto, probably one of Douglas's

500. the Master, Douglas's oldest son.

727a 507. Henry, Henry VIII. 512. Cotswold. De Wilton was vanquished by Marmion in the lists at Cotswold, Gloucestershire.

531. Constance, Constance de Beverley, carried away from a convent by Marmion and later left by him to a tragic fate imposed by the Church, while he pur-sued the Lady Clare.

540. Lennel's convent, a Cistercian convent near Flodden.

545. A reverend pilgrim, Scott's literary

friend, Patrick Brydone. 727b 609 f. Douglas . . . Randolph, famous

lieutenants of Bruce. 728a 616. Bannockbourne. See Burns's Scots, Wha Hae, p. 675, and note.

652. the falcon's claw. Marmion's crest was a falcon.

657. Leat, a small tributary of the Tweed. 730b 920. A little fountain cell. The well and

Sibyl Grey are not historic. 731a 1000. Fontarabian. See note to p. 353a,

1. 587

732a 1071 ff. View not, etc., an allusion to the idle rumor that Home murdered the King at Home Castle.

1090. Lichfield's lofty pile, Lichfield Cathedral, in Staffordshire.

1095. fanatic Brook, a Puritan leader in the attack on Lichfield under garrison by the Royalists in 1643.

1097. Saint Chad, Ceadda, a bishop of Lich-

field in the latter part of the seventh century. Brook was slain on St. Chad's

1108. Ettrick Woods, Ettrick Forest in southeastern Scotland.

732b 1155. Holinshed or Hall. See introductory note to Ralph Holinshed, p. 286a.

1167. Wolsey, the Cardinal, prime minister to Henry VIII.

733a 1168. More, Sands, and Denny, Sir Thomas More (later Lord Chancellor), Lord Sands, and Anthony Denny, court-

iers at the court of Henry VIII.

1170. Catherine's hand, etc. Catherine of Aragon was the first wife of Henry VIII. It was customary after the wedding to throw a stocking after the bride or groom.

SOLDIER, REST!

In The Lady of the Lake, I.

15. pibroch, a martial strain performed on the bagpipe, sometimes used of the bagpipe itself.

CORONACH

In The Lady of the Lake, III.
"The coronach of the Highlanders, like the ululatus of the Romans, and the ululoo of the Irish, was a wild expression of lamentation, poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend " (Scott).

733b 17. correi, a hillside or cove.

18. cumber, trouble.

BRIGNAL BANKS

In Rokeby, III. Brignal was an estate "on the banks of the Greta, below Rutherford Bridge" in Yorkshire.

PROUD MAISIE

In The Heart of Midlothian. 734a 7. braw, handsome.

GEORGE GORDON (LORD) BYRON

English romanticism culminated in the life and writings of Lord Byron. His noble but wayward blood, his Apollolike physical appearance, the mystery of his lonely but eventful life, his tumultuous passions, his spontaneous genius, and his lordly disdain of the ordinary conventions of life, all are of the very essence of romanticism in the popular conception. He was born in London, the son of a graceless father, Captain John Byron, and a "mad Gordon," descended from James I. Deserted by his scape-grace father, he spent his early years with his mother amid wild surroundings

in Aberdeenshire, Scotland. At the age of ten he became heir to the barony and was brought by his mother to the ancestral home of the Byrons, Newstead Abbey, in Nottinghamshire. After some desultory schooling under tutors, he went to Dulwich, passed to Harrow, and in 1805 entered Cambridge. Three years later he received the M.A. degree by the special privilege of a peer. A scathing review, in the Edinburgh Magazine, of his juvenile verses in Hours of Idleness, 1807, elicited his spirited satire, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, 1809. Soon afterward he left for a two years' sojourn in southern Europe and the near East. On his return he published the first cantos of his *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and acquired instant fame. With his succession of oriental and romantic tales, such as The Giaour, The Bride of Abydos, The Corsair, and Lara, written, as he characteristically said, stans pede in uno (standing on one foot) while undressing after balls, and echoing, it was supposed, his own life, he realized a popularity that has never been equaled by any other English poet. His separation from Lady Byron early in 1816 (for causes that have never been definitely known and after only a year of married life) reversed his fortunes, and a few months later he left England never to return. The Prisoner of Chillon, Mazeppa, and the last two cantos of Childe Harold followed during his trip across the continent and during the early part of his residence in Italy. In Italy he learned the language well, identified himself with the social and political interests of the country, domesticated himself with a countess, and came to know Italian life as few English writers have done. His dramas contributed little to his fame, but a long poem, Don Juan, 1819-1824, in some respects his masterpiece, proved him to be the greatest satirist in verse of modern times. A few months before his death he left Italy for Greece, to take part in the struggle for independence, but died of a fever at Missolonghi in the spring of 1824. His lyrics add only a few individual great pieces to English poetry. His plays, by which he tried to reform Eng-lish drama, are good reading but are unsuited for the stage. His romantic narratives, carrying on the traditions of Scott, his descriptions of Nature in its big picturesqueness, and his masterful use of satire give him a major place in English literature.

THE PRAYER OF NATURE

Nature in Byron is not as in Wordsworth a being in itself permeated by a divine sentiency in sympathy with man, but an inscrutable and elemental force exercising control over man and presenting only in its more awful and sublime aspects a means of soothing him into quiet or awaking him to noble aspiration and expression. In this poem Nature means the natural man with all his baser impulses, as fully exemplified in the poet himself.

734b 7. the sparrow's fall. Cf. Matthew x, 29. 14. the pile, the sacred edifice.

735a WHEN WE TWO PARTED

This poem doubtless refers to his boyhood sweetheart, Mary Chaworth, for whom he cherished, or imagined he cherished, a real affection. She was married to a Mr. Musters and later suffered the ill fame of a separation.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART

The Maid of Athens is usually taken to be Theresa Macri, in whose house Byron lodged during his first stay in Athens. The Greek subtitle means, "My life, I love

735b 21. Istambol, Constantinople.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

The lady celebrated in this poem was Anne Horton of Catton Hall, Derbyshire.

THE DESTRUCTION OF 736a SENNACHERIB

For the Biblical account, cf. 2 Kings xviii f.

21. Ashur, Assyria.

736b STANZAS FOR MUSIC

This poem and Stanzas, etc., p. 737, represent the usual romantic glorification of youth and inconsolable regret at its passing. Cf. Coleridge's Youth and Age, p. 720, and Browning's Abt Vogler, p. 941.

FARE THEE WELL

These stanzas, as one of the poems of the Separation, refer to Lady Byron. They were published in April, 1816.

TO THOMAS MOORE 737b

The Irish poet, Thomas Moore (see p. 805 and introductory note), was a boon companion and friend of Byron for many years. He was Byron's authorized biographer.

738a CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Childe Harold has fittingly been called a glorified guidebook. In following the adventures of one person it is epical; in its pictorial elements it is descriptive; and in its emotional outbursts it is lyrical. It gives the poet's reactions, in the character of the thinly disguised Harold, to the scenes of his travel in southern Europe in 1809-1811 and of his trip across the continent to, and residence in, Italy in 1816-1818. In its most sustained parts it is a commemoration of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome."

1. my fair child. Byron never saw his daughter after she was a few weeks old.

738b 20. The wandering outlaw, Childe Harold, in cantos I and II of the poem.
739b 118. the Chaldean. The ancient Chaldeans were celebrated astronomers.

740a 155. the deadly Waterloo. The battle of Waterloo took place on June 18, 1815, only a year before these stanzas were written.

158. 'pride of place,' a term in falconry. See Macbeth II, iv, 12.

165. One, Napoleon. 740b 180. Harmodius drew, etc. Harmodius and Aristogeiton, with swords concealed in myrtle during a religious procession, slew the Athenian tyrant Hipparchus, 514 в.с.

181 ff. a sound of revelry by night, etc. The scene described is that of the Countess of Richmond's ball in Brussels on the eve of the Battle of Quatrebras and three days before the Battle of Waterloo.

200. Brunswick's fated chieftain, Frederick William, Duke of Brunswick, slain early in the Battle of Quatrebras. His father was killed at Auerstadt in 1806.

741a 226. 'Cameron's gathering,' the rallying cry of the Scotch Highland clan of the Camerons. Donald Cameron of Lochiel was the chieftain of the clan who fought at Culloden in 1745 (see Campbell's Lochiel's Warning, p. 802). Sir Evan Cameron was his ancestor.

227. Albyn, the Gaelic name for Scotland, more specifically the Highlands.

235. Ardennes, "The wood of Soignies . . a remnant of the forest of Ardennes" (Byron).

741b 254 ff. one . . . gallant Howard, Byron's kinsman, the Hon. Frederick Howard, son of the Earl of Carlisle. He fell in a final charge at Waterloo.

256. I did his sire some wrong. Byron satirized his guardian, the Earl of Carlisle, in English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

- 742a 303 f. apples on, etc. According to Tacitus (*Hist.* V, 7), the apples on the ancient lake Asphaltites, or Dead Sea, were fair without but ashes within.
- 307. The Psalmist numbered, Psalms xc, 10.

316 ff. the greatest, etc., Napoleon.

743a 366. Philip's son, Alexander the Great. 368. Diogenes, a Greek cynic philosopher.

744b 476. one fond breast, Byron's half sister, Augusta:

496. Drachenfels. The castle of Drachenfels crowns a summit on the right bank of the Rhine above Bonn.

745a 541. Marceau, a French general who captured Coblenz in 1794 and was slain at Altenkirchen two years later.

745b 554. Ehrenbreitstein, a fortress on the Rhine opposite Coblenz, captured by the

French in 1799.

746a 601. Morat, a small town in Switzerland where the Swiss won a decisive victory over Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, in 1476.
608. Cannæ. See note to Sackville's Induction, p. 201a, l. 411.
609. Marathon. See note to Sackville's In-

duction, p. 201a, l. 405.

616. Draconic. The Athenian code of laws, formulated by Draco in the seventh century before Christ, provided so freely for the death penalty that they were said to have been written in blood.

625. Aventicum, the ancient capital of Helvetia, now Avenches, in Switzerland.

- 627. Julia, according to a Latin inscription (discovered to be a fabrication since Byron's day), Julia Alpinula, a young Aventian priestess, who vainly tried to save her father from death on a charge of treason and who died soon after.
- 746b 644. Lake Leman, Lake Geneva in Switzerland.
- 747b 725. Rousseau, Jean Jacques Rousseau, 1712–1778, who spent his youth at Geneva, his birthplace.

743. Julie, the heroine of Rousseau's novel, La Nouvelle Héloïse.

745 ff. This hallowed, etc. Byron's note to this passage cites the account in Rousseau's Confessions of Rousseau's passion for the Comtesse d'Houdetot and of his daily walk for the single conventional kiss common among French acquaint-

748a 762. Pythian's mystic cave, the oracle of Apollo at Delphi. Its prophetess was

called Pythia.

748b 809. Jura, a mountain range in western

and northern Switzerland.

749a 848. Cytherea's zone, the girdle of the Cytherean Aphrodite, which was fabled to bring love to its wearer.

750a 923. Clarens, a village on Lake Geneva, celebrated in Rousseau's Le Nouvelle Héloïse.

750b 972. Love his Psyche's zone, etc. See

note to Comus, I. 1005.
751a 977. Lausanne! and Ferney! residences respectively of Gibbon and Voltaire.

986. The one, Voltaire.
991. Proteus. See note to the Faerie Queene, canto ii, l. 85.

995. The other, Gibbon. 751b 1024. the fierce Carthaginian, Hannibal. See note to Sackville's Induction, p. 201a, l. 410.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON 752b

The Castle of Chillon is situated at the eastern end of Lake Geneva. After a visit to the place in company with the Shelleys in June, 1816, Byron wrote his poem in two days' time from a very inadequate knowledge of the historical personage whose afflictions he has celebrated. François de Bonnivard, 1493-1570, was a Swiss patriot and religious For his opposition to the reformer. House of Savoy he was imprisoned at Chillon from 1530 until its capture by his own party in 1536. Byron's Prisoner is a romantic idealization of the facts. The brothers are imaginary.

THE ISLES OF GREECE

This "hymn," as Byron called it, is in

Don Juan, III.

- 756a 4. Delos, a small island of the Cyclades in the Ægean, the fabled birthplace of Apollo. It is said to have risen from the sea.
- 7. the Scian and the Teian muse, Homer who, according to one tradition, was born at Scio; and Anacreon, whose birth-place was Teos in Asia Minor. Homer's poetry is heroic and Anacreon's amatory. 12. 'Islands of the Blest,' ἀι τῶν μακάρων ηῆσοι, or Islands of the Blest, situated, ac-
- cording to Greek fable, in the far Atlantic; the abode of the blest after death. Cf. notes to p. 61a, l. 32, and p. 886b, l. 63.

19 f. A king, etc. See note to Sackville's Induction, p. 201a, l. 428.

756b 42. Thermopylæ, the scene of the heroic action of King Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans in an attempt to defend Greece against the Persian hordes in 480 B.C.

55. Pyrrhic dance, an ancient Grecian war

- dance, in quick and light measure, named for Pyrrhichos, the inventor.

 56. Pyrrhic phalanx, i.e., the ancient Greek mode of war and valor in arms, as exemplified in King Pyrrhus of Epirus, ca. 318-272 B.C., one of the greatest generals of ancient times. See note to p. 307b,
- 59. Cadmus, the legendary founder of Thebes. He is said to have brought

from Phœnicia the letters which make

the Greek alphabet.

61. Samian, etc. While a refugee from his native land, Anacreon was hospitably entertained at Samos by the tyrant Polycrates, a patron of art and literature.

67. The tyrant, etc. Miltiades, the hero of Marathon, for several years previous to the battle was "tyrant" of the Cher-

sonesus.

74. Suli's rock, a fortress on a height over-

looking the river Suli in Albania.

74. Parga, a seaport in Albania.

78. Heracleidan. The Heraclidæ, or descendants of Hercules, are fabled to have conquered the Peloponnesus before the Trojan War.

757a 91. Sunium, the promontory at the southeastern extremity of Attica, now

Cape Colonna.

DON JUAN

Don Juan represents the reactions of the world-weary Byron to contemporary conditions in his later years. His purpose was, as he declared, to be "a little quietly facetious about everything" — society, politics, and literature. He took as his hero the traditional Spanish libertine, Don Juan, and in a loosely constructed narrative conducts him from an intrigue in his native land to the islands of the East, through Turkey and Russia, and into England, where he leaves him at the end of the sixteenth canto. The narrative is interrupted freely by the author's commentary, grave, gay, or flippant, as the mood prevails. The tone was borrowed from the Italian of Pulci and had been lately employed in England by John Hookham Frere. The poem was begun in 1818 and was left unfinished at the time of Byron's departure for Greece in the late summer of 1823. Byron regarded the poem as "the comic epic of the human race." The public at the time, mistaking it for "an eulogy of vice," was shocked by its license. Critical opinion since has regarded it as the greatest verse satire in English.

21. 'falls into the yellow Leaf.' Cf. Macbeth

V, iii, 23.

757b 43. Pulci, an Italian poet of the fifteenth century, author of the burlesque epic, Il Morgante Maggiore.
44. Quixotic. Cervantes ridicules the de-

cadent romances of chivalry in his great satirical burlesque Don Quixote.

762b 411. Cassandra. See note to Sackville's Induction, p. 201b, l. 463.

418. Phlegethontic rill, Phlegethon, a river of fire in Hades.

431. Fez, a sultanate in the northern part of Morocco.

763a 455. Numidian. Numidia was a country of northern Africa.

763b 485. Laocoon, a famous antique group in sculpture, showing the Trojan priest of Apollo and his two sons ensnared and bitten to death by pythons.

486. ever-dying Gladiator, the Dying Gaul, a famous statue, showing a half-reclining gladiator reluctantly yielding to death.

764b 576. Cyclades, a group of islands southeast of Greece in the Ægean Sea.

ON THIS DAY, etc.

This poem was written in Greece, January 22, 1824. Byron died April 19, following.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Percy Bysshe Shelley, the greatest of English lyrical poets, stands in striking contrast to Keats, whom he admired and elegized, in his idealization of intellectual rather than sensuous beauty and in the employment of the great body of his poetry for his philosophy of reform. He was the son of a bluff Tory squire and was born and spent his early youth at Field Place, the family estate in Sussex. As an oldest son he was heir to the baronetcy which came into the family in 1806. At the age of ten he was sent to Sion House Academy, near London, and two years later went to Eton, where he showed himself a rebel to school tradition and published a romance called Zastrozzi, He entered Oxford in 1810 and began at once to gratify his intellectual avidity by reading widely in philosophy, specifically Hume, Locke, and Godwin, and when the year was no more than half over issued his first formal protest against "tyranny," The Necessity of Atheism. His expulsion in consequence brought on a family rupture. Taking up lodgings in London, he met a pink-and-white school-girl beauty of sixteen, Harriet Westbrook, who readily adopted his revolutionary doctrines. Sympathizing with her rebellious atti-tude toward parental and school authority, he eloped with her to Edinburgh. The next two or three years, spent in migrations from place to place in the British Isles, are significant mainly for the publication of his Queen Mab, 1813, and for his sojourn in Ireland to aid the cause of political and religious liberty by tracts and addresses. By the spring of 1814 he was intimate with the Godwins in London. Mary Godwin attracted him by her delicate beauty and intellectuality, Harriet was neglectful and spent much time away from him, and after apprising Harriet of his pur-

pose to separate from her he eloped with Mary to the continent. Harriet drowned herself in the Serpentine two and a half years afterward, having had in the meanwhile other attachments. Shelley and Mary were again in England after a brief stay abroad. They spent the summer of 1816 with Byron in Switzerland, returned to England for another year and a half, and in the spring of 1818 left the country for good. These years are notable mainly for Alastor, 1816, and the long Revolt of Islam, 1817, both of which show the effects on his poetry of his speculations on reform. In Italy, where he spent his remaining years, he found his realm; the climate suited him, a few friends were congenial, and he was far from the scenes of his early agitations. Here from 1819 to 1821 he produced in rapid succession the great works which have given him an enduring fame: Prometheus Unbound, The Cenci, Adonais, Epipsychidion, and his unrivaled lyrics. In the spring of 1822 he went to Lerici, on the bay of Spezzia, to spend the summer. On July 8, while he was returning from a meeting with Byron and Leigh Hunt in Pisa, his little sailing craft Ariel was foundered in a storm. His body, discovered on the shore a few days later with that of his friend Williams, was burned, and his ashes were placed in the Protestant cemetery at Rome near the grave of Keats. For the greater part of his career he imagined himself a reformer and used his poetry as a means of freeing the race from its social, political, and religious shackles, but in his last years he became reconciled to the calling of a poet and wrote more as an inspired representative of pure art. Though he idealizes intellectual beauty, he is far from being unsympathetic or cold. He is a neo-Platonist, and the prototype of his intellectual idealism is Love (see note to p. 91a, l. 38). In his combination of noble aspiration, profound emotion, and exquisite technique, he is the supreme

765a HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

lyric genius of the language.

In this poem Shelley announces his ideal of life, the pursuit of intellectual beauty. His conception is essentially Platonic. The beauties of earth are but partial and imperfect reflections of a higher essence of pure beauty. It is man's duty and privilege to aspire to an understanding and realization of this higher archetype, which when attained will transform his whole being and suffuse it with brotherly love.

765b 49 ff. While yet a boy, etc. The romantic picture here presented of the poet's boyhood is made up of real mem-

OZYMANDIAS 766a

The statue of Ozymandias, according to Diodorus Siculus, was reputed to be the largest in Egypt.

766b 8. The hand that mocked them, etc. The hand of the sculptor drew in imitation in marble those passions which the heart of the king nourished.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DE-JECTION NEAR NAPLES

30 ff. I could lie down, etc. In this stanza the poet appears to have had a premonition of his own death by drowning.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND 767a

This ode is one of Shelley's greatest lyrical achievements. It was "con-ceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind" was actually blowing. In its treatment of Nature the poem illustrates his unique myth-making faculty and his power of gradual mergence into the object he describes until he becomes one with it and sings as the inspired object itself. The stanzaic form of the poem is unusual in English, being an adaptation of the popular Italian terza rima.

9. Thine azure sister, etc., the south wind

laden with blue haze.

767b 21. Maenad, a priestess of Bacchus. 32. Baiae's bay, near Naples, a favorite resort of the ancient Romans.

769a TO A SKYLARK

Compare Wordsworth's To A Skylark, p. 698, and James Hogg's The Skylark, p. 795. According to Mrs. Shelley, the poem was inspired by "the caroling of the skylark" one "beautiful summer evening.

6 ff. Higher still, etc. This stanza has often been taken as characterizing fittingly Shelley himself as a lyrical poet.

770a TIME LONG PAST

Many of Shelley's late poems reveal a chastened air of retrospection and a seeming prescience of death, not only an evident wish for it as a relief but an unmistakable anticipation of its actual imminence.

772a

ADONAIS

Adonais, one of the great elegies, is Shelley's spontaneous tribute to the memory of Keats. After Keats's death the erroneous notion prevailed that he had been hurried to his grave by the savage criticism of his Endymion in the Quarterly Review. Shelley knew Keats. though not intimately, and greatly admired him. When he heard of this last act of tyranny, he "dipped his pen in consuming fire for Keats's destroyers." The elegy therefore had a double motive in its inception - sympathy for the young genius as the victim of oppression and righteous indignation against unjust and indiscriminate reviewers. In execution, however, the former motive prevailed, and the poem became one of the most beautiful threnodies in any language. The name "Adonais" is the poet's own formation from Adonis, the beautiful youth loved by Aphrodite and killed by a wild boar.

772b 12. Urania, Uranian Aphrodite, with some elements of the Muse Urania.

30. the Sire, etc., Milton. Shelley's poem is reminiscent of *Lycidas* as well as of Bion's *Lament for Adonis* and Moschus' Elegy on Bion.

36. the third, the other two being Homer and Shakespeare, or, among epic poets,

Homer and Dante.

41. Others more sublime, perhaps such as Chatterton and Burns

44. some yet live, such as Byron and Wordsworth.

773a 55. that high Capital, Rome.

774a 127. Lost Echo. See note to Comus, p. 333b, l. 230.

140. Hyacinth. See note to Lycidas, p. 344a,

152 f. his head who, etc., the reviewer in the Quarterly, J. W. Croker. Shelley supposed the author was H. H. Milman, an English clergyman.

775b 238. the unpastured dragon, the critical

world.

244 ff. The herded wolves . . . ravens . . vultures, etc., the critics who served party ends.

250 f. The Pythian of the age, etc., Byron, in allusion to English Bards and Scotch

264 ff. The Pilgrim of Eternity, etc., Byron, in

allusion to Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. 268 ff. Ierne, Ireland. Thomas Moore, the Irish poet (see p. 805 f.), in several poems sang the tragic fate of the patriot, Robert Emmet

776a 271. one frail Form, Shelley himself. 276. Actaeon, a young hunter who saw Diana bathing with her nymphs. He was changed into a stag by the goddess and destroyed by his own hounds.

284 ff. a dying lamp, etc. See note to Time Long Past, p. 770a.

307 ff. What softer voice, etc., Leigh Hunt. 776b 317 ff. What deaf and viperous mur-

derer, etc. See note to I. 152 f. 777b 399. Chatterton. See p. 591a and

notes.

401. Sidney. See p. 273 and notes. 404. Lucan. See note to p. 458a, l. 5.

778a 439 ff. a slope of green access, the Protestant cemetery, where Keats was buried and where a few months later Shelley's ashes were interred.

444 ff. one keen pyramid, etc., the tomb of

Caius Cestius.

451 ff. Here pause, etc. For the vein of personal reference from this point on, see note to Time Long Past, p 770.

779a WITH A GUITAR, TO JANE

1. Ariel to Miranda. See Shakespeare's The Tempest. The Miranda of the poem was Mrs. Jane Williams, whose husband, Edward Williams, was drowned with Shelley. They were intimate friends of the Shelleys. Mrs. Williams used often to delight Shelley with music. The guitar which accompanied the poem is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

10. Prince Ferdinand, Edward Williams, the

lady's husband.

JOHN KEATS

John Keats died when he was little more than twenty-five years old. He was not unusually precocious. His active literary career extended over scarcely half a dozen years; yet unlike any other English writer of so brief a career, he is reckoned one of the major poets of the language. He was born in Moorfields, London, the son of a stableman who had married his proprietor's daughter. He attended school at Enfield, near London, and there came into contact with Charles Cowden Clarke, who more than any other influenced him in his literary development. At fifteen he was removed from school and apprenticed to a surgeon; but surgery was uncongenial to his tastes and temperament, and in the winter of 1816-1817 he definitely decided to devote himself to poetry. In 1817 appeared his first volume, containing along with other good juvenile pieces his celebrated sonnet on Chapman's Homer. His Endymion, written in fulfillment of a pact with Shelley, was published the following year. The poem contains passages of exquisite beauty, but its obscurity and his association with Leigh Hunt (see introductory note to Leigh Hunt, p. 807) and the so-called Cockney School called down on him the

wrath of the Tory reviewers. Meanwhile his health showed signs of decline; and the breaking up of the little family group, by the departure of one brother for America, the death of another to whom he was devotedly attached, and isolation from his sister Fanny by an unsympathetic guardian, affected him greatly. About the same time he became engaged to Fanny Brawne, his violent passion for whom proved a real affliction. In 1820 appeared the volume on which his fame chiefly rests. It contained along with other notable poems Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, the great odes, and the fragmentary Hyperion. Meanwhile the condition of his health made it necessary for him to spend the cold season in a warmer climate. Accordingly in the autumn of 1820 he set out for Italy in company with the painter Severn, whose devoted friendship in those last months is one of the beautiful things in literary biography. But hereditary consumption, as it was called at the time, had progressed too far. The friends spent the winter in anguish at Rome, and just before its close the poet died. He was buried in the Protestant cemetery near the mound of Caius Cestius, where the following year the ashes of Shelley were laid. He is noteworthy in English poetry for his idealization of sensuous beauty; in his own words, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." He even goes so far as to regard Beauty as supreme Truth—truth discovered by imaginative power rather than by scientific analysis (see the closing lines of the Ode on a Grecian Urn, p. 787). He is frequently regarded as one of the chief English exponents of the principle of "art for art's sake." The little group of artist poets led by Rossetti (see introductory notes to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, p. 981; William Morris, p. 996; and Algernon Charles Swinburne, p. 1006) and called "pre-Raphaelites" because of their advocacy in painting and poetry of the artistic principles that prevailed before Raphael, found a kinship in his works which caused them to regard him as their great predecessor and exemplar. Some of his sonnets are among the best in the language; he is the greatest ode writer in English; and in his fragment of Hyperion, Matthew Arnold in Sohrab and Rustum alone perhaps excepted, he has written the best epic poetry since Milton.

779b KEEN FITFUL GUSTS

780a 10. a little cottage, Leigh Hunt's residence in the Vale of Health at Hampstead, on the occasion of Keats's first visit to the place.

11 f. Milton's eloquent distress, etc. See Lycidas, p. 342, and notes.

 Laura. See note to p. 253b, l. 1. One picture describes Laura as dressed in green.

 Petrarch. See note to p. 204a, l. 1. Petrarch was crowned poet laureate at Rome in 1341.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Chapman's Homer, 1598–1616, is one of the classical translations of the great Greek epics, *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Keats's appreciation was written after a night's reading in Homer, lasting until daybreak, with Charles Cowden Clarke.

11. Cortez. Substitute Balboa. The mistake is the poet's.

780b ON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS AT AN EARLY HOUR

The friends were the congenial group at Hunt's cottage in Hampstead.

ADDRESSED TO [HAYDON]

The historical painter, Benjamin Robert Haydon, 1786–1846, was one of Keats's close friends and doubtless did much to awaken the poet's interest in Greek sculpture and antiquities.

2 ff. He of the cloud, etc., Wordsworth.3. Helvellyn's summit, a mountain peak in Cumberland.

5. He of the rose, etc., Leigh Hunt. 7. And lo! — whose, etc., Haydon.

781a BRIGHT STAR

4. Eremite, hermit.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

St. Agnes, a Roman virgin and martyr, was beheaded in the reign of Diocletian. The poem is founded on the superstition that if a maiden, after certain rites, retired fasting on the night before St. Agnes's Day (January 21), her future husband would appear and feast with her in her dreams. The story is of Keats's own creation. It is feudal in setting and spirit, and by its richness of color and imagery it suggests the pre-Raphaelitism which found chief expression in the poetry of Rossetti, Morris, and Swinburne later in the century.

782a 70. amort, deadened, dazed.
71. her lambs unshorn. On account of her name (cf. Latin agnus, lamb) and innocence, St. Agnes's symbol was a lamb. Her proper sacrifice was two unshorn

782b 115 ff. by the holy loom, etc. The wool of the sacrificial lambs was dressed, spun, and woven into cloth by the nuns.

783a 171. Merlin paid his Demon, etc. Merlin, the son of a demon, disappeared in a violent storm in the forest of Broceliande by the magic of an enchantress, to whom he had confided the secret of the spell which overcame him. To the poet his "monstrous debt" was his existence, which he owed to the Devil for the gift of his magic.

784a 241. a missal, etc., a Christian prayerbook with pictures of converted heathen

784b 269. Fez, a district in northern Morocco. The city of Fez is an important commercial center.

270. silken Samarcand, a city in Turkestan. Asiatic Russia, celebrated for its manufacture of cotton goods, silks, etc.

270. cedared Lebanon, a mountain range in southern Syria, noted from time immemo-

rial for its cedars.

292. 'La belle dame sans mercy,' the title of a poem by Alain Chartier, an early fifteenth-century French poet. Keats's own poem by the same title, p. 790.

785b ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

During his general depression in the spring of 1819, following the death of his brother Tom, Keats was at times delighted by the song of a nightingale which had built its nest near Wentworth Palace, where he was residing. He composed his ode one morning while seated under a plum tree, listening to the bird's ravishing strains.

786a 15. O for a beaker, etc. Keats was

very fond of claret wine.

32. pards, leopards. Bacchus is often represented as riding in a car drawn by leopards or other wild beasts.

786b 66. the sad heart of Ruth. See Ruth ii.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

The particular urn which is generally understood to have inspired this ode is still preserved, though in a weather-beaten condition, at Holland House in London.

787b 41. brede, braid, ornament.

ODE TO PSYCHE

- 1. Goddess. See note to Milton's Comus, p. 342b, l. 1005.
- 14. Tyrian, of a purple color.

26. Phœbe's . . . star, the moon.

27. Vesper, the evening star, the planet Venus when east of the sun and appearing after sunset.

788a 67. the warm love, Cupid.

789a BARDS OF PASSION AND OF MIRTH

This poem was written on the blank page before Beaumont and Fletcher's tragicomedy, The Fair Maid of the Inn, and must therefore be understood to be addressed to these poets rather than to poets in general.

789b LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN

The Mermaid Tavern was "the club-house of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and other choice spirits" of the late Elizabethan age. It is said to have been founded by Sir Walter Ralegh.

790a LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

This poem is of Keats's own romantic creation and has nothing to do with the "ancient ditty" referred to in l. 291 f. of The Eve of St. Agnes (see note to p. 784b, l. 292).

790b HYPERION

Keats completed only two books and a part of a third of Hyperion. He left the poem unfinished partly because of his declining health, partly because of the unfavorable reception of *Endymion*, and because it contained "too many Miltonic inversions," If he had completed it, it would have treated, so says a friend, the dethronement of Hyperion (the god of physical light) by Apollo, of Saturn by Jupiter, of Oceanus by Neptune, and the like, and the war of the Titans for Saturn's restoration. The mythology represented is but darkly suggested in the Greek and Roman poets. The incidents would have been, as in the parts achieved, the poet's own imaginative creation. In the general character of its subject and treatment and in its masterful blank verse, the poem ably suggests Milton.

23. there came one, Thea, a Titan, the sister of Saturn and Hyperion.

30. Ixion's wheel. See note to the Rape of

the Lock, i, p. 489b, l. 133. 792a 147. The rebel three, Zeus or Jupiter,

Neptune, and Pluto. 793a 246. Tellus, the goddess of Earth. 794a 307. Cœlus, god of the Sky.

JAMES HOGG

James Hogg, known as the "Ettrick Shepherd," came of ancestors who had been shepherds for centuries. He had

almost no schooling and grew up wellnigh ignorant of books. At the age of twenty, after several years of herding for various masters, he was employed by a Mr. Laidlaw of Blackhouse, through whose kindness he found access to a good library. He read and taught him-self while he was attending his flocks. In 1801 he produced his Scottish Pastorals. On Scott's recommendation, in return for some assistance in the Border Minstrelsy, his Mountain Bard was published by Constable in 1807. He tried farming in Dumfriesshire for three years without success: and failing of employment as a shepherd in his native district, he set out for Edinburgh in 1810 to try his fortune as a literary venturer. His Queen's Wake in 1813 made his reputation. At the request of the Duchess of Buccleuch, to whom he had dedicated his Forest Minstrel, 1810, he was given a lease for life of the farm of Eltrive in Yarrow, and there he remained, without relaxing his literary endeavors, for the rest of his life. During his later years he wrote considerable prose, and was kept continually before the public by his connection with Blackwood's Magazine. Fame came to him in both England and Scotland only a few years before his death in 1835 (see Wordsworth's Extempore Effusion, etc., p. 699). He is known in English literature mainly as a great peasant poet. Some of his lyrics are exquisite, and occasionally, as in his romantic ballad of *Kilmeny*, he shows an absorption in the ideal and supernatural that has rarely been excelled in any poetry.

794b WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME

11. mirk, dark.

17. birk, birch tree.

22. bigs, builds.

31. blewart, blue wort, a small blue flower.

34. fauldit, closed.

35. laverock, lark.

795a 40. pawkie, sly, wily.

44. downa, cannot.

THE SKYLARK

Compare Wordsworth's To a Skylark, p. 698, and Shelley's To a Skylark, p. 769. 13. fell, moor, down.

795b

KILMENY

This story in ballad form is one of a collection of original poems, called The Queen's Wake, purporting to be recited by the Scotch minstrels at Holyrood, before Mary Queen of Scots at Christmas, on the occasion of her return to her native country. The theme of a journey to fairyland is a common one. particularly among the Celts (see notes to Connla of the Golden Hair, p. 61a f.).

5. vorlin, the yellow bunting, yellow-ham-

7. hypp, the dog rose or wild brier.

10. minny, mother.

11. shaw, grove, thicket.

13. greet, weep. 22. its lane, alone.

23. lowed, blazed.

23. leme, gleam.

26. dean, a sandy tract or low hill.

29. joup, mantle. 30. snood, a fillet worn around the hair.

36. emerant, emerald. 796a 48. swa'd, swelled.

52. waik, a trail. 53. wene, a path.

54. maike, a mate (matchless one).

67. speer, ask.
70. fere, comrade, companion. 72. Eident, busy, attentive.

74. feminitye, womanhood. 796b 89. littand, giving color.

115. kythes, appears.

127. blow, full bloom. 797a 139. gleid, spark.

141. gouden, golden. 150. wained, conveyed.

797b 206. leifu', loyal.

211. hundit, hounded, set on. 220. girned, grinned, made grimaces.

222. weir, war. 798a 226. gowled, howled.

228. gecked, derided.

229. arles, a pledge (of possession). 239. herked, hearkened.

244. lened, granted. 246. swinked, struggled.

247. brainzelled, rushed headlong.

250. mooted, moulted.

270. unmeled, uncontaminated.

798b 286. seymar, a loose upper garment, a scarf.

290. raike, range.

305. boughts, enclosures.

306. goved, stared idly or vacantly.

311. corby, crow, raven.
311. houf, haunt.
315. leveret, a hare in its first year.

316. attour, above.

317. forhooyed, forsook.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Robert Southey was the son of an un-successful linen draper of Bristol. Most of his childhood was spent at Bath under the care of a maternal aunt. At fourteen he entered Westminster School, and four years later was expelled for an article against the discipline of the institution. At Oxford he lived a life apart and left without a degree. In 1794 he met

Coleridge, who inspired him with Pantisocracy (see introductory note to Coleridge, p. 701), the only practical result of which was to make the men brothers-in-law. He began his residence at Greta Hall in 1803, and there spent the remainder of his life, with the added responsibility of Coleridge's family after 1809. His admiration for Coleridge was tempered somewhat by close acquaintance with his failings; Wordsworth he admired greatly, but the two were never at any time intimate. He became a writer for the Quarterly Review but had nothing to do with its policy of harsh criticism. In 1813 he was made poet laureate after Scott's refusal of the office. His mature years are remembered chiefly for his quarrel with Byron. His last years were clouded by family losses and afflictions, and after 1839 he was almost entirely incapable from the decline of his own powers. He died in 1843. The amount of his work is enormous; and because of its general inferiority, it will probably never all be collected. His poetry is always disappointing, largely because it contains too much prosaic commonplace. His ponderous epics, such as Thalaba, 1801, and the Curse of Kehama, 1810, when not "wildly impossible" are "incurably dull." His prose, written with ease and grace, is his best work. His Life of Nelson is a model of the short biography.

799a THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

See Addison's *The Campaign*, p. 471 and notes.

799b MY DAYS AMONG THE DEAD ARE PAST

Southey possessed a library of about fourteen thousand well-selected volumes and spent much of his time in it. He was a great reader, and even after his powers of comprehension were gone he found pleasure in walking about his shelves and mechanically examining his beloved books.

800a THE CATARACT OF LODORE

The cascade of Lodore is on the Derwent River in Cumberland. As suggested in the poem, Southey wrote the piece for his children. It is one of the best examples in the language of sustained onomatoncia.

22. I was Laureate. Southey was made poet laureate in 1813.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

Thomas Campbell, born in Glasgow and educated in the schools and the university there, is another of the poets popular in their own day upon whom later critics have passed a more discriminating judgment. In view of what has been found enduring in his verse, the two most significant episodes of his life were a long vacation spent in the western Island of Mull in 1795, where he enriched his imagination with images of the savage beauty of nature and lonely men, and a trip to the continent in 1800, when his earlier enthusiasm for the French Revolution, the struggles of Poland, and his own native history, gloried anew in the outward pageantry of battle. He became inspired by the terrible sublimity of war, from watching the battle of Ratisbon and from hearing the distant guns of Hohenlinden. It was after these experiences that his great war-songs were written. In 1802 he settled in London and made literature his profession. He wrote for the magazines and even tried a verse romance, Gertrude of Wyoming, 1809. He was instrumental in founding the University of London, and became lord rector of Glasgow University. He died at Boulogne.

801a YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

The patriotic ardor of this poem is explained partly by its composition abroad and partly by the recent naval victories over the French, particularly those of Cape St. Vincent, 1797, and the Nile, 1798.

15. Blake, Robert Blake, a famous English admiral of the Commonwealth. He died

at sea, near Plymouth, in 1757.

15. mighty Nelson. Horatio Nelson, the greatest of English admirals, "fell" sorely wounded at the battle of Copenhagen, April 2, 1801. He was slain at Trafalgar four years after the date of the poem.

801b THE EXILE OF ERIN

The Exile was Anthony McCann, who had been implicated in the rebellion of 1798. Campbell met him in Hamburg during the winter of 1800 and felt a deep sympathy for him as well as for several of his countrymen who were in the same plight.

plight.
8. 'Erin go bragh!' Ireland forever!
802a 40. "Erin mavournin," Ireland, my darling.

HOHENLINDEN

The village of Hohenlinden is in Upper Bavaria not far from Munich. It was the scene of a decisive victory of the French over the Austrians on December 3, 1800.

802b LOCHIEL'S WARNING

On Donald Cameron of Lochiel (see note to Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, 1, 226), chief of the Camerons, rested the responsibility of deciding whether his clan should cast its lot with the Young Pretender in 1745. The chieftain met the prince and tried to dissuade him from attempting to establish his claim, but was unsuccessful. To the taunt that he should hear of his prince's victories from the newspapers, his reply was, "I will share the fate of my Prince and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power." He was wounded at the Battle of Culloden, near Inverness. April 16, 1746.

Inverness, April 16, 1746.
7. Proud Cumberland, William Augustus, a younger son of George II and Duke of Cumberland, commanded the English forces at Culloden.

15. Albin, a Gaelic name for Scotland, particularly the Highlands.

804a THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

The Battle of the Baltic, or Copenhagen, between the English fleet and the Danish land and naval forces, was fought on April 2, 1801. The English admiral, Sir Hyde Parker, remaining in reserve, sent Nelson in to the attack. When it appeared that the English were in distress, he gave the signal to discontinue the action, but Nelson applying his blind eye to the telescope declared he could not see the signal and ordered his fleet to close in. He offered generous terms of surrender, and on landing was given a hearty ovation by the people for his brotherly treatment of the Danish wounded.

804b 63. Elsinore, a seaport near Copenhagen, famous as the scene of Hamlet.
67. the gallant good Riou, Captain Edward Riou, in command of the smaller craft. He was killed in the action.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

The scene of the poem is the Island of Mull on the west coast of Scotland, where the poet spent several months as a private tutor in 1795. Ulva is a small island near Mull on the southwest.

THOMAS MOORE

The Irish poet, Thomas Moore, was born in Dublin. He was the son of a prosperous grocer and wine merchant, and was well educated. At Trinity College, Dublin, he formed a friendship with the patriot Robert Emmet, whose tragic fate he commemorated in several of his best lyrics. In 1799 he entered the Middle Temple to study law, but by the exercise of his lyrical gift and his talents as a musician and singer he soon became the most fashionable poet in England. For a harsh review of some of his amatory poems, 1806, in the *Edinburgh Magazine* he challenged the editor and writer, Francis Jeffrey, to a duel. A meeting took place, but officers of the law interfered; his antagonist's pistol was found without charge; and the ludicrous affair resulted in a warm friendship between the two men. Throughout life he was sensitive in matters of personal honor, but affectionate, generous, and highminded. He was successful in satire, but his best work was in his Irish Melodies, begun in 1807 and continued until 1834. These poems show a command over the harmony of numbers and an elevation of the simpler emotions which suggest a kinship with the nobler strains of Burns and Wordsworth. They constitute an imposing body of Anglo-Irish verse; and in spite of a certain amount of false sentiment, their combination of fancy, melody, and pathos with a genuinely national quality established for the author the reputation (which he still holds) of being the lyric poet of Ireland. His long poem, Lalla Rookh, 1817, which cloaks 'Irish patriotic aspirations under the garb of oriental romance" and which in its day was one of the most admired poems in the English language, still maintains a measure of popularity. His last significant work, the Life and Letters, 1830, of his friend Byron, gave the world just the sort of biography that the age required and is in its way a classic. In his mature years he saw his popularity wane before that of the greater Romantic poets, and was har-assed by debt. His last child died in 1845, and from that time until his death in 1852 he was a total wreck. He is remembered as a charming lyricist and as the author of Lalla Rookh. As a poet he ranks high for his troubadour-like combination of poetry with music.

805a THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP

Moore came to Bermuda as registrar of the Admiralty Court in 1803. Disliking the place, he left his office to a deputy and after a few months' visit to the United States returned to England. While in Norfolk, Virginia, he heard the legend of a crazed lover whose sweetheart had disappeared, it was supposed, in the Dismal Swamp and was never heard of afterward. The poem is built on the legend.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

1. Tara, in county Meath northwest of Dublin, a royal residence in the early history of Ireland. See note to p. 59a, l. 5.

806a SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND

The person celebrated in this poem was Sarah Curran, the fiancée of the Irish patriot, Robert Emmet. Emmet was captured on his return from hiding in the Wicklow Mountains to bid her good-by, and was tried for high treason and executed in 1803.

CHARLES WOLFE

No English poet has greater fame for the composition of one short poem than has Charles Wolfe for his Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna. It is one of the most stirring and affecting war poems in the language. No other work of the author is worthy of record. He was born in County Kildare, Ireland. He was educated in English schools and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he enjoyed some reputation as a poet while still an undergraduate. He entered the ministry in 1817 and occupied curacies in County Tyrone. He died at Cork when he was only thirty-one years of age.

806b THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

Sir John Moore, 1761–1809, was an English general in command of the operations against France in Spain in 1808. He was slain at Corunna, and according to his wishes was buried in the citadel during the night of January 16–17, 1809. The poem accurately describes the event as it was reported in the Edinburgh Annual Register.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

Thomas Love Peacock was born at Weymouth on the coast of Dorsetshire. He was the only son of a well-to-do London glass merchant, who died when the boy was three. He early gave evidence of

the marked individualism that characterized his adult years. When about sixteen he left school and continued his education by wide though desultory reading in the British Museum. His earliest works consisted of poems, published between 1810 and 1815, but it is upon his novels, which appeared at intervals during the next fifty years, that his fame chiefly rests. As a young man he seems to have been somewhat of a dreamer. He was fond of wandering through romantic country districts, especially through Wales, where he met Jane Gryffydh (Griffith), who afterward became his wife, and where he gathered the inspiration for some of his best work. For more than a quarter of a century he filled with distinction a position in the office of the East India Company in London until his retirement in 1856, when he settled down in the country and devoted the remaining ten years of his life to his grandchildren, his library, and his garden.

he was a close friend of Shelley, he had much of the common-sense satirical attitude of the eighteenth-century realists, and he made fun of "that egregious con-fraternity of Rhymsters," as he called Coleridge and his fellow adherents of poetical simplicity. Like the romanticists he shrank from the modern world and loved the past, but he looked at the past with no tender, Ossianic retrospect. To him the Middle Ages were only a vantage ground from which to ridicule the follies of his own time. Unlike the typical dreamy romantic social reformer, he was an unusually practical and suc-cessful man of affairs who proposed no theories and recommended no cure-alls. He hated the extremes of affectation and conventionality. His novels are still

read for their humorous satire on contemporary writers and literary fads, but his memory is best preserved from ob-

livion by the admirable ballads and songs that are scattered through their

Peacock is a puzzling figure. Though

pages.

807a THE FRIAR'S SONG

This song occurs in Maid Marian. The friar who sings it resembles Friar Tuck in his drinking propensities.

807b THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR

In the Misfortunes of Elphin, a satirical novel based on the early Welsh romance of The History of Taliessin. The meter is an interesting example of the three-accent iambic (× -) line with double

ginning. Dinas Vawr is represented as a petty Welsh king of King Arthur's time, whose castle was surprised by King Melvas from beyond the Severn.

9. Dyfed. See introductory note to Pwyll,

Prince of Dyved, p. 63.

LEIGH HUNT

Leigh Hunt was a thoroughgoing man of letters. He was an editor, a prolific reviewer and critic, a familiar essayist, an exponent of dramatic reform, a patron of younger writers, and a poet of no mean ability. He was the son of a clergyman and was born at Southgate, near London. At Christ's Hospital School he indulged his fancy in some crude attempts at verse. Here too he met Lamb. Leaving a clerkship in the War Office, he became editor, together with his brother, of the Examiner in 1808, and soon won for the publication a high reputation. For what was adjudged a personal libel on the Prince Regent in 1812 he was fined heavily and imprisoned for two years. In 1816 he published his Story of Rimini, a notable achievement in poetical narrative and an important influence on English metrical art. In the pages of his *Indicator*, started in 1818, he generously befriended both Shelley and Keats during their reverses. For years he struggled against poverty and adverse fortune, but an annuity by Mrs. Shelley in 1844 and a crown pension three years later relieved him, and he spent his last years in easier circumstances. He died at Putney in 1859. His taste was not sure or elevated, and he wrote too much to be uniformly good. As an essayist he is surpassed by Lamb in range and variety, but in other respects he is often Lamb's equal. His poetry in general is bright, animated, and harmonious. In personality he was cheerful, courageous, lovable, forgiving. "He is perhaps the best teacher in our literature of the contentment which flows from a recognition of everyday joys and blessings land).

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Line 14, which contains the central idea of this charming little fable, has been applied to Hunt himself and stands in-scribed over his grave. The name "Abou Ben Adhem" (which means "Father of the Son of Adam " if it means anything) is the product of Hunt's fancy.

RONDEAU 808a

> This poem celebrates, it is said, Mrs. Carlyle's delight at Hunt's announce-ment that a publisher had accepted her husband's Frederick the Great.

GEORGE DARLEY

George Darley undoubtedly possessed genius; but though he was accepted by his contemporaries for his occasional literary gems, he has since been forgotten by a public that is unwilling to extract his beauties from the rubbish in which they are set. He was born of an Irish family of good standing and independent means residing in Dublin. In the absence of his parents in America during his early years he was left to the care of his grandfather at Springfield near Dublin. Many of his lyrics were inspired by his happy recollections of the place. He entered Trinity College in 1815 and was graduated in 1820, but he was hampered in his career by an incurable stammer, which, as he says, made him a "solitudinarian" for life. Adopting literature as a profession, he settled in London, issued his first volume of verse in 1822, and became a regular contributor to the London Magazine, then in its heydey. The connection brought him in contact with many of the leading writers of the day, and won for him in particular the esteem of Lamb. He was abroad for a time, and on his return became a dramatic reviewer for the Athenœum; but his criticism displayed such truculency and personal bias, even against the best writers, that it is worth little. His poetical dramas—Sylvia, 1827; Thomas à Becket, 1840; and Athelstane, 1841—though showing evidence of splendid talent, were not written for the stage. He was a good mathematician and wrote some treatises and texts on mathematical subjects. He continued his connection with the Athenæum until his death, which occurred in London in the autumn of 1846. His poetry is not sustained, it often lacks taste and finish, and it not infrequently fails in definiteness of meaning for the general reader, but he has occasional outbursts and entire lyrics that deserve to be remembered. His unfinished Nepenthe, 1835, contains his best poetry.

THE FALLEN STAR

808b 5. the orb of fire. See note to Rosalind's Description, p. 257b, l. 1.

26. Uriel, one of the seven archangels.

THOMAS HOOD

Thomas Hood was the son of a London bookseller. After the death of his father, when the boy was twelve, his mother removed to Islington, where he passed through a brief but agreeable period of schooling. While still a boy he entered the countinghouse of a family friend; but the work proved detrimental to his health, and he was sent to his father's relatives in Dundee. Returning to London in 1818, he studied engraving sufficiently to enable him later to set off his humorous writings with effective drawings and illustrations. In 1821 he was made subeditor of the London Magazine and thus came into contact with some of the best writers of the day - Lamb, De Quincey, Hartley Coleridge, and others. His first volume, Odes and Epistles, appeared in 1825; and two years later he produced his Plea of the Midsummer Fairies, a body of serious poetry which proved him a not unworthy follower of Keats. The public, however, neglected his serious verse and looked to him for humorous productions -- an attitude which largely determined the nature of his work for the remainder of his life. In the Comic Annual from 1830 to 1838, and in contributions to other periodicals, he produced the mimicry, word-jugglery, caricature, and buffoonery, for which he was famed. At the same time he did here and there the serious pieces which have given him a permanent place in English poetry. In his later years he conducted two magazines of his own. Through a long period of ill health he endured very straitened circumstances, but was relieved to some extent by a pension in the last year or two of his life, and died at Hampstead in 1845. In a few poems, which deal with the tragic sufferings of the unfortunate and op-pressed, he displays a command of pathos that is rare in English poetry.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

Hartley Coleridge, the oldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was born at Clevedon, near Bristol. His early years were spent under Southey's care at Keswick in the Lake District and in school at Ambleside a few miles away. He entered Oxford as a scholar in 1815 and won an Oriel fellowship but lost it soon afterward by his intemperate habits. Some amends for the loss, however, were made him by the award of a stipend of three hundred pounds. He spent two years in London and contributed some

short poems to the London Magazine. He next became a biographer of Yorkshire and Lancashire celebrities for a Leeds publisher, a venture which resulted in his largest work, Biographia Borealis. A volume of his poems appeared in 1833. The remainder of his life, except for brief intervals, he spent quietly at Grasmere and Rydal, loved by the country people and as familiar a figure as Wordsworth. His "woeful impotence of weak resolve," which he inherited from his father, increased with maturity, and for the last ten years possessed him entirely. He died in 1849 and was buried, at Wordsworth's request, in Grasmere churchyard. He is remembered to-day as a gifted sonneteer.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born at Rothley Temple in Leicestershire. His precocity was extraordinary, and he developed a memory that is scarcely equaled elsewhere in English history. Among the remarkable achievements of his very early youth, he wrote, before he was eight, a Compendium of Universal History from creation to 1800 and a romance of three cantos in the manner of Scott, called The Battle of the Cheviot. He had a distinguished career as a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and became a barrister in 1826. His Essay on Milton, contributed to the Edinburgh Magazine in 1825, made his literary reputation; and being a brilliant talker as well as an able critic, he was soon a popular idol in London society. He entered Parliament in 1830 and ere long rose to such prominence in statecraft that he had little time for literary work. From 1834 to 1838 he was in India as a member of the Supreme Council and there acquired the material for his best historical essays, Lord Clive and Warren Hastings. On his return he reëntered Parliament and soon rose to the position of a cabinet minister. In 1842 appeared the volume on which his fame as a poet chiefly rests, the Lays of Ancient Rome. By party reverses in 1847 he lost his seat in Parliament and retired to private life with genuine relief. At the close of the following year the first two volumes of his History of England appeared. The work presented a new point of view in historical writing — that history is not so much the biography of great men as it is a record of the familiar and intimate events of the life of a people. The early volumes were deservedly popular and were followed by others in 1855. Meanwhile the author was suffering from ill health. He was raised to the peerage

in 1857, died two years later, and was buried in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. He is one of the great English prose masters. With his writings, present-day prose may be said to have begun. His straightforward, clear-cut, short sentences, his freedom from structural involutions, his well-ordered paragraphs, his pure diction, his unimpassioned tone—all represent the ideals of English prose during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. His poetry cannot be called great, but, being usually martial in subject, it has the romantic charm of old heroic exploits and possesses an eloquence of tone which makes it good reading.

811b IVRY

This poem, also called A Song of the Huguenots, commemorates the victory on March 14, 1590, of the Huguenots or French Protestants, under Henry of Navarre (Henry IV of France), over the Catholic League led by the Dukes of Mayenne and Aumale. Henry was fighting also for the rightful possession of his throne against Philip II of Spain. The League employed many hired troops from the Low Countries and from Austria and Switzerland, which are alluded to in the poem. Ivry is a village in the department of Eure, France, west of Paris.

 Rochelle, a stronghold of the Protestants during the religious wars. It is situated on the coast of France.

14. Appenzel, a canton in German Switzer-

14. Egmont, a famous Flemish general and popular hero, executed in 1568. The allusions are to the mercenary troops employed against the Protestants in the battle.

15. false Lorraine. The great ducal family of Guise in Lorraine were the Catholic claimants of the French throne.

18. Coligni's hoary hair, Admiral Coligni, a famous Huguenot leader and victim of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

812a 34. Guelders, a province of the Netherlands.

34. Almayne, a general term for Germany.
46. 'Remember Saint Bartholomew.' The Massacre of St. Bartholomew, having as its object the extinction of the Huguenots in Paris and the provinces, began on August 24, 1572.

54. the good Lord of Rosny. Maximilian, Baron de Rosny, was a friend and adviser of Henry.

812b 66. St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, reputed to have saved Paris from Attila, by her prayers, in 451.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

Thomas Lovell Beddoes, the son of a physician, was born at Clifton, near Bristol. From the Bath Grammar School he passed to the Charterhouse in London. During his school days he was distinguished for his daring deeds of mischief and his love of Elizabethan literature. He also wrote a good deal of verse. He entered Oxford in 1820 and while in residence composed some dramatic pieces after the manner of the Elizabethans, particularly Webster and Tourneur. He was among the first to recognize Shelley's genius and imitated him in some of his lyrics. After his graduation in 1825, he went to Germany to study, and in 1832 won his doctorate in medicine. Meanwhile he had developed revolutionary views which made the continent more congenial to his tastes than England. He settled at Zurich, though not permanently, and rarely returned to England for the remainder of his life. In his later years he seems not to have been entirely sane. He died at Basel in Switzerland of complications arising from an attempt at suicide. His plays suggest the drama of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. Many of his short poems echo his masters, but his best lyrics are the products of his own somber poetical fancy and as such they are among the gems of nineteenth-century poetry.

DIRGE

This dirge is chanted over the bier of the knight Wolfram in the church at Ancona, in Death's Jest-Book.

813a SONG

A song by attendants at the couch of Veronica in the unfinished drama of *Torrismond*.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Walter Savage Landor was born at Warwick of a family of good standing and considerable means. He was educated at Rugby and Oxford, and receiving an allowance from his father, adopted no profession. At the age of twenty he issued a volume containing some fine juvenile poems. In 1798 he published his Gebir, which might have been as important as the celebrated Lyrical Ballads of Wordsworth and Coleridge the same year, had the author been less immature. Really it is an incoherent failure. On his father's death in 1805 he came into possession of an independent fortune.

His noble tragedy of Count Julian, 1812, was the result of his operations in Spain during the Napoleonic Wars with a troop which he had fitted out at his own expense. After his impulsive marriage in 1811, he resided for a short while in Wales and then went to Italy and settled in Florence. In 1824 he began his Imaginary Conversations, on which his fame since has chiefly rested. After 1835 he again lived in England, but returned to Florence for the last six years of his life and died there amid domestic distractions in 1864. His poems are numerous and his prose works fill volumes. The former were done at various intervals in his long career, but the latter were the products mainly of his last forty years. In both media his style is classically pure and reserved. In poetry he is the most considerable figure after Byron and before Tennyson.

813b

ROSE AYLMER

Rose Aylmer was the daughter of Henry (Baron) Aylmer. She was Landor's friend and companion during the years 1795–1798, when he was in Wales. His elegy was written after hearing of her death in India in 1800.

YES; I WRITE VERSES

814a 31. Essex. Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex, was a favorite of Queen Elizabeth.

TO ROBERT BROWNING

This tribute was written just after the marriage of Robert Browning to Elizabeth Barrett (see pp. 917 and 950 and introductory notes).

 Sorrento and Amalfi, seaports in Italy a few miles south of Naples.

TO YOUTH

Compare the treatment of age in this and the following poems of Landor with that of Coleridge in *Youth and Age*, p. 720, and of Browning in *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, p. 943.

814b ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

I strove with none, etc. It will be remembered that Landor had no profession.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

PREFACE TO THE 'LYRICAL BALLADS'

This Preface was prefixed to the first volume of the two-volume second edition of the Lyrical Ballads, 1800, and was later enlarged. It represents (1) a reaction against the whole poetical theory and practice of the classical school of the eighteenth century, and (2) a crystallization of ideas about poetry that had been more or less in solution for more than a century. In these respects it is a kind of "Declaration of Independence" of the Romantic School. The peculiar traits which, according to Wordsworth, characterize the poems contributed by him to the Lyrical Ballads are: (1) they deal with incidents and situations from common life; (2) they are written, not in an artificial poetical vocabulary, but in words selected from the language really spoken by men; the events and persons involved are so treated (3) that there is thrown over them "a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things [are] presented to the mind in an unusual way," and (4) that they reveal, "truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature." Wordsworth adds that low and rustic life was generally chosen as his theme because poor and simple country folk speak a (1) plainer and (2) more emphatic language, and lead a life in which their feelings (3) are more elementary and simple and less under restraint, and (4) are "incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature." Wordsworth's theory of simplicity in theme and treatment is also illustrated in the stanza forms of his and Coleridge's poems in the Lyrical Ballads, which are often written in balladlike meters, and in the very title of the work, which suggests a con-nection between the contents and the poetry of the folk; long admired by the earlier romanticists. In connection with Wordsworth's revolutionary theory of poetry the student should read Coleridge's criticism in his Biographia Literaria, p. 826 ff.

In accordance with the original plan of the Lyrical Ballads (described by Coleridge in the Biographia Literaria) Wordsworth, in his contributions, attempted "to give the charm of novelty to things of every day," while Coleridge dealt with "persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith."

815b 32 ff. age of Catullus . . . that of Statius, etc., the classical period . . . the silver period, of Latin literature.

818b 23 ff. 'In vain to me,' etc., Sonnet on the Death of Richard West (see p. 583).

823b 49. 'Clarissa Harlowe,' a novel, 1748, by Samuel Richardson.

49 f. the 'Gamester,' a tragedy, 1753, by Edward Moore.

825b 4 ff. 'I put my hat,' etc., a famous parody on The Hermit of Warkworth, 1771, a ballad by Bishop Percy

10. 'Babes in the Wood,' an English ballad

of unknown authorship.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA

The author has described this work as the history of his opinions and literary life, a treatise on the true nature of poetic diction. Though it is without sequence and often confused, it is perhaps the most revealing commentary we have of Coleridge's mental world, his habits of thought, his theories and judgments. In connection with the Biographia Literaria the student should read Wordsworth's Preface to the Lyrical Ballads and the introductory note thereto.

827b 3. The Dark Ladie, i.e., The Ballad of the Dark Lady, a mere fragment. Neither it nor Christabel appeared in the Lyrical

Ballads.

828a 31. his recent collection, the Poems of 1815, in which the original preface is

transferred to the end.

829a 1. Bathyllus, a beautiful youth beloved and often referred to by the Greek erotic poet and voluptuary, Anacreon. Cf. especially Anacreon, Ode xxix.

2. Alexis, a character in Virgil's second

829b 20 f. Præcipitandus est, etc., "the free spirit ought to be urged forward by its own choice." From the Satiricon of Petronius Arbiter. See note to p. 457b, l. 44. 28. Jeremy Taylor, 1613-1667, an English

bishop and theological writer, called the

prose Shakespeare."

29. Burnet's Theory of the Earth, Telluris
Theoria Sacra ("Sacred Theory of the
Earth,"), 1681, by Thomas Burnet, 1635–
1715, a Cambridge scholar.

830a 25. laxis effertur habenis, is borne along with loose reins.

46 ff. 'Doubtless this,' etc. Nosce Teipsum, iv. See p. 265 and notes.

WILLIAM HAZLITT

William Hazlitt was the son of a Unitarian minister. In his home surroundings in Ireland, in America, and at Wem in Shropshire, before he was twenty, he imbibed the spirit of radicalism which tinges much of his work. At fifteen he was sent to a Nonconformist seminary at Hackney, but soon decided that he could not preach. After some desultory studies

in painting he met Coleridge, and was inspired to write. From that time until his death in 1830 he was a busy and energetic writer, a quarrelsome friend, and a gifted talker and lecturer. With Coleridge he assisted the English public to its first real appreciative understanding of Shakespeare, and with Lamb he performed the same service for other Elizabethans. In his Spirit of the Age, 1825, he fearlessly interpreted his contemporaries, with rare taste and good judgment. Whatever he wrote, he wrote with enthusiasm, if at times with pardonable partiality. He is one of the last masters of English prose before its modernization by such writers as Macaulay and Matthew Arnold.

ON FAMILIAR STYLE 830b

831b 11. cum grano salis, with a grain of

salt.
832a 18. Mr. Cobbett, William Cobbett,
1762–1835, an English political writer.

named belong mainly to the first half of the seventeenth century.

28. 'Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist,' Lon-

don Magazine, February, 1821.

31. 'A well of native English undefiled,' Faerie Queene, IV, ii, 32.

36 f. Erasmus's Colloquies, Colloquia, 1519, of Desiderius Erasmus, 1466-1536, a great continental scholar and theologian. 45 f. 'What do you read?' etc. Hamlet II,

ii, 195 ff. 833a 2. florilegium... tulipomania, literally, a culling of flowers, an anthology . . . a craze for tulips.

18 f. Sermo humi, etc., speech which creeps on the ground.

37. Ancient Pistol, a braggart in Shakespeare's 2 Henry IV and Henry V.

42. fantoccini beings, puppets.
43. 'That strut and fret,' etc. Macbeth V,

v, 25. 50. 'And on their pens,' etc., an adaptation from Paradise Lost, IV, 988 f.

834a 17 f. Cowper's description, etc. Task, V, 173 ff.

MR. WORDSWORTH

834b 9 f. 'Nihil humani,' etc., I think nothing human is alien to me.—Terence, Heautontimoroumenos, I, i, 25.

835a 5 f. de novo . . . tabula rasa, anew . . . blank page.

19. Alcaeus, ca. 611-580 B.C., a famous Greek lyric poet.

39. 'To the bare trees,' etc. See Wordsworth's poem, To My Sister, 1. 7 f. 50. 'Beneath the hills,' etc. See The Excur-

sion, VI, 531. 836a 8. 'To him,' etc. See Wordsworth's

ode, Intimations of Immortality, p. 698b. l. 202 f.

- 836b 24. Cole-Orton, the home of Sir George Howland Beaumont to whom Wordsworth dedicated the 1815 edition of his
- Calm contemplation, etc. Cf. Laoda-

mia, 1. 72. 837a 11. 'Fall blunted,' etc. Cf. Goldsmith's

The Traveller, p. 568, l. 232.

52. toujours perdrix, always partridges. The allusion is to a story told of Henry IV of France, who, to prove the importance of variety, ordered his confessor to be fed for a time on nothing but his favorite dish, which was partridge.

837b 3. Holbein's heads, the portraits of Hans Holbein, ca. 1497–1543, a German

painter and wood engraver.

50 f. 'Flushed with,' etc. See Dryden's Alexander's Feast, p. 440, l. 51 f.
838a 6. Titian, 1477-1576, a famous Venetian painter, called "the Divine."

- 32 ff. 'Action is momentary,' etc., quoted inaccurately from The Borderers, Act III, l. 405 ff.
- 50 f. 'Let observation,' etc. See p. 561. 838b 9 f. Drawcansir, a character in the Duke of Buckingham's The Rehearsal, 1671.

18. Walton's Angler, Izaak Walton's Compleat Angler, 1653.

18. Paley, William Paley, 1743-1805, a popular theological and philosophical writer.

22. Bewick, Thomas Bewick, 1753-1828, an

English wood engraver.

- 23. Waterloo, Antoine Waterloo, a seven-teenth-century French painter, engraver, and etcher.
- 27. Nicolas Poussin, 1594-1665, a noted French landscape painter.

37. Rembrandt, 1607-1669, a great Dutch

- painter.
 49. he hates conchology, etc. Hazlitt quotes from his own Lecture on the Living Poets. 839a 1 f. 'Where one,' etc. Hudibras, II, i,
- 29 30.

CHARLES LAMB

Charles Lamb was born in London and, except for brief intervals, spent his life there. Unlike most of his great romantic contemporaries, he loved the city and affected to despise the country. works, therefore, reflect an aspect of romanticism that is unique - an interest in urban subjects, usually old or replete with infinite suggestiveness, over which he casts the characteristic halo of the genuine romanticist. At Christ's Hospital, where he was educated, he began a friendship with Coleridge which lasted for life. When he was fifteen he found employment as a clerk in the South Sea Office. Three years later he removed

to a desk in the East India House and there remained till his superannuation more than thirty years later. The strain of insanity to which the family was subject at times affected with peculiar violence his sister Mary. During a sudden attack in 1796 she stabbed their mother to death. Thereafter Lamb gave himself to caring for her during the remainder of his life. Except for brief intervals, when her malady returned, she proved a sympathetic and helpful companion. She collaborated with him in his first important work, Tales from Shakespeare, 1807. With his Specimens of the Elizabethan dramatists the following year, Lamb proved himself one of the great pioneer critics of the older literature. To the London Magazine from 1820 to 1826 he contributed the Essays of Elia, his best work. He lived nearly a decade after his retirement without doing anything to add to his fame, and died at Edmonton in 1834. The range, variety, quaint humor, perennial good spirits, and gentleness that characterize his work have made him one of the most popular prose writers of the language.

840a DREAM CHILDREN: A REVERIE

In the Essays of Elia Lamb is James Elia (El-ya) and Mary is Bridget.

11 f. great-grandmother Field . . . in Norfolk. Lamb's grandmother, Mary Field, lived at Blakesware in Hertfordshire, where for more than fifty years she was housekeeper for the Plumers, a Hertfordshire family. Lamb himself was never married.

18. Children in the Wood. See note to p. 825b, l. 10. In the ballad the redbreasts cover the dead children with leaves.

841a 39. John L—. John Lamb, brother of Charles, died in 1821. His death appears to have inspired the tender vein of reminiscence and regret in the essay

841b 36 f. Alice W—n. Alice Winterton (Lamb's fictitious name for the young lady) was probably Ann Simmons, a Hertfordshire girl who married Mr. Bartram, a pawnbroker in London.

842a A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

Lamb borrowed his idea of the discovery of roast pig from his friend, Thomas Manning, who had traveled in China. The details, except the historical figure of Confucius, are all fictitious.

843b 53 f. mundus edibilis, world of eatables. 844a 2. princeps obsoniorum, the chief of

dainties.

7 f. amor immunditiæ, love of filth.

11 f. præludium, prelude.

52 f. 'Ere sin,' etc. See Coleridge's Epitaph

on a Young Infant, l. 1 f.

845b 11. St. Omer's, a Jesuit college in France. Lamb, of course, never attended it.

POOR RELATIONS

49. Agathocles, a tyrant of Syracuse, son of a potter.

49 f. Mordecai. Cf. Esther ii, 5 ff. 50. Lazarus. Cf. Luke, xvi, 19 ff. 847a 9. Richard Amlet, Esq., a character in The Confederacy, a play by Sir John Van-

27. Poor W—. Lamb tells us elsewhere that W- was his friend Favell, who "left Cambridge because he was ashamed of his father, who was a house-painter there.'

847b 1 f. Nessian venom, i.e., the blood of the centaur Nessus. See note to Paradise

Lost, II, 1. 542.

3 f. Latimer . . . Hooker. Both these famous men were servitors, the former at Christ's College, Cambridge, the latter at Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

20 f. N-, near Oxford. The place is Cambridge. See note to 1. 27 above.

848a 18 f. St. Sebastian. St. Sebastian in Spain was besieged and taken by Wellington in 1813.

848b 21. Grotiuses. Hugo Grotius, 1583-1645, a Dutch jurist, etc., "founder of the science of international law."

849a THE SUPERANNUATED MAN

29 f. Sera tamen, etc., Freedom though late

has taken thought of me.

31 f. A Clerk I was, etc. Probably not quoted from John O'Keefe, but from a farce by George Colman, Inkle and Yarico, first produced in 1787.

45. six-and-thirty years, i.e., three years in the South Sea Office and thirty-three in

the East India House.

849b 38. my native 38. my native . . . Hertfordshire. Lamb was born in London, but passed Hertfordshire. part of his early life with his grandmother in Hertfordshire. See note to p. 840a, l. 11 f.

850b 27 f. Boldero . . . Lacy. These are fictitious names which Lamb gives of the

officials of the company.

30. Esto perpetua! Be thou perpetual! 37. Old Bastile, a state prison in Paris,

destroyed at the beginning of the Revolution in 1789.

851a 21 f. — 'that's born,' etc. Quoted from Middleton's The Mayor of Queenbor-

851b 1 f. a tragedy, etc., The Vestal Virgin. or the Roman Ladies

42 ff. Ch — . . . Pl —, John Chambers, Henry Dodwell, W. D. Plumley.

46. Gresham, Sir Thomas Gresham, 1519?-1579, founder of the Royal Exchange.

47. Whittington. Sir Richard Whittington, ca. 1356-1423, who rose from poverty to the lord mayorship of London, celebrated in nursery rhyme with his equally celebrated cat.

852a 2. my 'works!', i.e., his ledgers, with perhaps a little pathetic suggestion of what he might otherwise have done in

literature.

5. Aguinas. See note to Hudibras, l. 151.

17. Carthusian, a strict monastic order founded by St. Bruno about 1084.

39. the Elgin marbles, relics of the ancient Parthenon in Athens brought to the British Museum by Lord Elgin.

852b 19. Lucretian pleașure. Lucretius' De Rerum Natura, Bk. II, opens thus: "It is sweet, when on the great sea the winds trouble its waters, to behold from land another's deep distress."

35. 'As low,' etc. Hamlet II, ii, 527.
43. cum dignitate, adapted from the phrase, otium cum dignitate, ease with dig-

48. opus operatum est. The labor has been performed.

LEIGH HUNT

853a GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS

 Giulio Cordara, Giulio Cesare Cordara, 1704–1785, an Italian poet and historiographer of the Jesuits. 853b 14 ff. They are 'haled,'

etc.

Paradise Lost, II, 596 ff.

854a 12 f. the degenerate King, probably Francis I, 1494-1547, who is reputed to have been the first French monarch to shave his beard.

15. Emperor Julian, Julian "the Apostate,"

17 f. Cardinal Bembo, Pietro Bembo, 1470-1547, an Italian cardinal and man of letters.

18. Titian. See note to p. 838a, l. 6. 24. Haroun Al Raschid, 763-809, the most magnificent of the caliphs of Bagdad, renowned in the Arabian Nights.

24 f. Bed-ridden Hassan, probably Hassan ben Sabbah, the "Old Man of the Mountains," founder of the Moslem Order of

the Assassins about 1090

 Wortley Montague, Edward Wortley Montagu, 1713–1776, author and traveler, son of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, one of the most versatile and talented women in English literary history.

36 f. 'Sweetly recommends itself,'
Macbeth I, vi, 2 f.
44 f. Thomson. See p. 540 ff. etc.

855a 13. vis inertiæ, power of inertia.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

Thomas De Quincey, the son of a wellto-do merchant of good descent, was born in the manufacturing city of Manchester. His early life was subject to several touching bereavements, includ-ing the death of his father when he was seven. His schooling was intermittent, and his life became irregular. At seven-teen he ran away from the Manchester Grammar School, wandered through Wales, and passed a year in vagabondage in London. He was in residence at Oxford for several years but left without a degree in 1808. The following year he decided upon a literary life and settled at Grasmere, near Wordsworth. His real career, however, began in 1820 when he removed to London to write for the London Magazine, by which time he had become a complete slave to opium. The next year appeared his best and most characteristic work, the Confessions of an English Opium Eater, the addict, of course, being De Quincey himself. For the last thirty years of his life he maintained relations with the Edinburgh magazines, chiefly Blackwood's, and resided in the Scotch capital and at Lasswade near by. His marvelous faculty for dreams, enhanced as it was by the use of opium, produced during his mature years the finest products of his genius — the Suspiria de Profundis ("Sighs from the Depths"), 1845, and the Dream-Fugue in the English Mail-Coach, 1849. He died in Edinburgh in 1859. He is one of the great English essayists. His works, largely biographical as they are, belong to journalism, but they are among its very finest flowers. His style is his own - variegated, daring, gorgeous, and devoid of artifice. It gives the impression of consummate ease and naturalness.

LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW

856a 10. Euclid, a famous Greek geometer of the third or fourth century before Christ, associated with Alexandria.

38. Parcæ, the Fates.

857a 3 f. Rama, etc. Cf. Jeremiah xxi, 15 and Matthew ii, 16 ff.

858a 8 f. the tents of Shem. Cf. Genesis ix, 26 f.

21. Cybele, the mother of the gods, usually represented with a mural crown.

858b DREAM FUGUE

50. tumultuosissimamente, in a most tumultuous manner.

861a 33 f. Campo Santo, a "cemetery at

Pisa composed of earth brought from Jerusalem from a bed of sanctity" (De Quincey).

862b 5. sanctus, a chant with the word "holy" as a refrain.

THOMAS CARLYLE

Thomas Carlyle chose to interest himself mainly in history and philosophy, but he enveloped whatever he wrote with a moral grandeur that is unequaled elsewhere in his century, and in all his writings he proved himself a maker of literature. He came of the peasant class and was the son of a stone mason of Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire. After the sparsest of educational beginnings in his native village, he entered the grammar school of Annan at ten, and four years later matriculated at the University of Edinburgh. He was essentially unacademic. His whole school career was devoid of unusual events and even of promise of any future renown. Leaving the university in 1814 without a degree, he thought vaguely of the ministry, but gave up the idea and became a teacher of mathematics at Annan and Kirkealdy. Tiring of this occupation, he turned to law; but meeting with Madame de Staël's De l'Allemagne in 1817, he immersed himself in German philosophy and literature. The first result was his Life of Schiller, which appeared in the London Magazine in 1823-Meanwhile he had met Jane Welsh of Haddington, a woman of remarkable gifts, who became his wife in 1826. The next six or seven years, spent meanly enough amid the dreary moors of Craigenputtock, are celebrated only for his first great work, Sartor Resartus. In 1834, with little means at their command, the Carlyles decided to risk their fortunes in London and removing there settled in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where they resided for the rest of their lives. Meanwhile, in spite of adverse criticism of his Sartor, Carlyle labored unremit-tingly at his next great work, The French Revolution. The manuscript of the first volume was accidentally burned, but he doggedly rewrote it, and its appearance in 1837 brought him fame. In the meantime, he had become a lecturer and in 1840 produced the series Heroes and Hero Worship, which set forth his famous theory that history is the biography of great men. Within two months in 1843 he wrote his most spontaneous work, Past and Present, which, though written in prose, reveals a highly poetic imagination. His Oliver Cromwell, over which he long agonized, appeared in 1845 and amply maintained his fame both

as a historian and as an artist. His last great work was Frederick the Great, 1858-1865. In 1865 he became lord rector of Edinburgh University. During his absence the following spring for the purpose of delivering his inaugural address in Edinburgh, Mrs. Carlyle died suddenly in London. He lived on for fifteen years and died in 1881. He was buried in his native Ecclefechan.

Carlyle is a romanticist in his reaction against his age; but unlike certain other romanticists, he wishes, after destroying, to rebuild on a solid foundation. For a generation he preached to England and America, thundering with white-hot moral indignation against whatever he considered as weak, false, artificial, or mechanical, and calling men back to sincerity in ideals, honesty in labor, and in general to what he regarded as true democracy—"government by the best not by the worst." The complexity and contortion of his style and his romantic mysticism have been made his reproach, but the marvelous abundance, yet compression, of his thought, his fiery vehemence and sincerity, and his rich but thoroughly assimilated store of knowledge, have been sufficient to make him a commanding figure in English literature.

863a DEATH OF GOETHE

26. Elijah-translation. Cf. 2 Kings ii, 1 ff. 864b 9. Vates. Cf. note to p. 293b, l. 44 f. 865a 21. David Hume, 1711-1776, an emi-

nent Scottish historian and philosopher. 867a 12. Mignon, a character in Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre.

13. Mephistopheles, the devil in Faust.

46. Carl August, Duke Charles Augustus, a patron of literature, by whose invitation Goethe settled at Weimar.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

867b OLIVER GOLDSMITH

See p. 565 ff. and notes.

868a 39 f. Rapparee chiefs, etc. The word rapparee means first "wild fellow," then "bandit." Hugh Baldearg O'Donnell (d. 1704) was one of the most noted of these bandits.

41 f. Peterborough and Stanhope, Charles Mordaunt, 1658–1735, Earl of Peterborough, and James, Lord Stanhope, 1673-1721, were commanders who acquired fame in the War of the Spanish Succession, especially in the battles mentioned in the text

50. Carolan, Turlogh Carolan, 1670-1738, an

Irish wandering minstrel.

868b 9 f. the Glorious and Immortal Memory. i.e., of William III. The phrase was often used by the Whigs in toasting this King.

21. Knowle, Lord Sackville's country seat in Kent. Goldsmith's portrait is by Sir

Joshua Revnolds.

869a 3 f. the woolsack . . . the episcopal bench, i.e., a judgeship or a bishopric.

869b 31. Fontenelle, Bernard le Bovier de Fontenelle, 1657–1757, a noted French writer.

870a 39. Beau Nash, Richard Nash, 1674-1761, a celebrated leader of fashion and predecessor of Beau Brummel. 871a 26. 'The Traveller.' See p. 565 ff.

871b 48 f. 'False Delicacy,' by Hugh Kelly, 1739-1777. 872a 9. 'The Deserted Village.' See p.

570 ff.

15. 'The Rehearsal,' a play by the Duke of Buckingham satirizing Dryden under the name of Bayes.

872a 26. finest poem in the Latin language, the Epicurean poem De Rerum Natura

of Lucretius.

872b 32. Cumberland. See note to p. 576b, 1. 9.

873a 3. Naseby, in Northamptonshire, the scene in 1845 of a victory by Cromwell over the Royalists.

8. Montezuma. See note to p. 451b, l. 20. 22. Maupertuis, Pierre Louis Moreau de Maupertuis, 1698–1759, a noted French

mathematician and astronomer. 873b 5 f. Beauclerk, Topham Beauclerk, 1739–1780, an English gentleman of distinguished talent and wit.

18. Horace Walpole. See p. 639 ff. and notes.

20. Chamier, Frederick Chamier, 1796-1870, an English novelist

24. Boswell. See p. 627 ff. and notes. 874a 35 f. George Steevens. See note to p. 631a, l. 25.

874b 15. Lord Clive, Robert, Lord Clive, 1725-1774, founder of the British Em-

pire in India.

16. Sir Lawrence Dundas, a contractor for the British army in Germany from 1748 to 1759. He made a large fortune and was knighted in 1762.

875a 21 f. a little poem, the Retaliation. See p. 576 f.

875b 8. Nollekens, Joseph Nollekens, 1737-

1832, an English sculptor. 24. Lyttelton, George, Lord Lyttelton, 1709–1773, a writer of mediocre prose and

31. Mr. Prior, Mr. (afterward Sir) James Prior, 1790?-1869, a biographer and surgeon.

31. Washington Irving, 1783-1859, a noted American author and humorist.

32. Mr. Forster, John Forster, 1812-1876, an English historian and biographer.

ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON

Alfred Tennyson was the fourth child of a family of twelve, two others of whom became poets. He spent his early years in the cultured atmosphere of an English clergyman's family, his father being rector of Somersby, a village in north Lincolnshire. When not yet eighteen he published, with his brother Charles, a small collection of verses imitative of Ossian. Byron, Moore, and other poets popular at the time. In 1828 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became one of the "twelve apostles," a remarkable group of young men of whom one, Arthur Hallam, became his dearest friend. In 1831 he returned home on account of the ill health of his father, who died soon afterward. In 1830 he published his first independent volume of verse, which, though largely imitative and experimental, shows remarkable metrical skill and some depth of spiritual feeling. In 1832 he published another volume, containing, along with other poems, The Lady of Shalott and The Palace of Art; but the reviews were harsh, and Tennyson, though continuing to write, published nothing more for nearly a decade. In the meantime he read widely in many literatures, practiced writing verse, and became what he remained for the rest of his life, essentially a family man. In 1833 he was plunged in profound grief by the death of his friend Hallam, at the time engaged to his sister Emily, and he began a series of fragmentary verses some of which seventeen years later formed sections of In Memoriam. 1842 he published two volumes entitled Poems, which established him at once as the greatest living English poet. Partially relieved from financial burdens by a government pension of £200 a year and encouraged by the success of In Memoriam, 1850, he married in 1850 Emily Sellwood, to whom he had been engaged for sixteen years. In the same year, upon the death of Wordsworth, Tennyson was made poet laureate, and from this time till his death more than forty years later, he remained the official poetic voice of the English nation. In order to escape intrusion he purchased in 1853 a house on the Isle of Wight known as Farringford, which remained his chosen abode during the remainder of his life except during the summer, when he moved to Aldworth, another house built by him in Surrey in 1868. In 1855 he was awarded the degree of D.C.L. by Oxford University. In the same year appeared his series of dramatic monologues and lyrics entitled Maud. In 1859 he published The Idylls of the King,

a collection of four poems on the story of the Round Table - a theme which had fascinated him since boyhood and which was to hold his interest to the end of his life. The Idylls were received with universal praise, and the other Arthurian poems, published in 1870, 1872, and 1885, only added to his fame. In 1862 he was presented to Queen Victoria, who remained his friend ever afterward. 1864 he published the volume entitled Enoch Arden, which contained, besides the title poem, the first of Tennyson's humorous poems in dialect. In 1875 he wrote Queen Mary, the first of a series of dramas which, though carefully modeled on Shakespearean lines, showed that Tennyson lacked the highest dramatic sense. After much hesitation he accepted, in 1884, a peerage, which he had already declined once. He spent his later years as unostentatiously as his fame would permit, traveling for his health, revising old poems, and compos-ing new. He worked almost to the very end, which came in the early morning of October 6, 1892. He was buried in Westminster Abbey next to Robert Browning.

Both in versatility and in poetic genius Tennyson is one of the greatest writers England has ever produced. He wrote songs, idylls, ballads, laments, dramatic monologues, and epics, as well as several other kinds of poetry; and in all he showed a range of intellect, a power of imagination, a perfection of technique, and an exquisiteness of melody that have seldom, if ever, been surpassed. Moreover, living as he did in an age when the romantic spirit of revolt was vielding to the conservatism of the Victorian era, he reconciled more of the conflicting elements than any other writer. His most striking characteristic was admiration for law and order, and both in his life and his writings he constantly protested against the reckless individualism and the unrestrained passion of the typical romanticist. Though he never relaxed his high standards of art in order to cater to a cheap public taste, he was, in the best sense of the word, the most popular poet of the nineteenth century. His emphasis upon personal morality and his extreme delicacy in treating sexual matters result not, as some critics suppose, from hypocrisy or ignorance, but from an exalted conception of the poet's art and mission.

CLARIBEL

This and the following poem, first published in Tennyson's earliest volume, are instructive as experiments in fanciful description and melodious phrasing.

876a 15. lintwhite, linnet.

16. mavis, thrush.

19. crispeth, a word used by Tennyson in describing little waves.

MARIANA

The suggestion for this poem was found by Tennyson in Shakespeare's words: "There, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana" (Measure for Measure III, i).

8. moated grange, a large old country house surrounded by a moat, or ditch.

876b 18. trance, cast a spell over.

20. glooming flats, low grounds becoming

dusky (with night).
40. marish-mosses, "the little marsh-moss lumps that float on the surface of the water" (Tennyson). In accuracy and detail of observation Tennyson far surpasses most other poets of nature.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT 877a

In this, Tennyson's first published poem on an Arthurian subject, he used as his source, not Malory's Morte Darthur (see p. 130 and introductory note), which was his favorite version, but an Italian romance, Donna di Scalotta ("Lady of Scalott"). "Shalott," the author explained in a footnote, was substituted for "Scalott" because it had a softer sound. It is originally the same word as "Astolat," the name of the heroine's home in another version of the story, which is found in Malory and which furnished the source of Tennyson's idyll of Lancelot and Elaine. Besides its superficial meaning, The Lady of Shalott has a secondary or symbolical significance, the key to which, according to Tennyson, is found in the closing lines to Part II:
"The new-born love for something, for some one in the wide world from which she has been so long excluded, takes her out of the region of shadows into that of realities." On its first appearance the poem was severely criticized. In its wealth of sensuous beauty it suggests both Keats and the Pre-Raphaelites

5. Camelot. See note to p. 96b, 1, 247 ff. 11. dusk and shiver. The words suggest admirably the effect of little puffs of wind upon the surface of a smooth stream.

877b 56. pad, an easy-paced horse.

878a 76. greaves, armor covering the legs.

84. Galaxy, the Milky Way.

87. baldric. See note to p. 103a, l. 10.

879a THE PALACE OF ART

The poem is an allegory designed, as the author explained, to show that intellectuality, imaginative power, and cultured pride, when attended by selfishness and contemptuous isolation, cause us to lose sight of our proper relation to man and

Tennyson was accustomed to think of his descriptions in terms of pictures and to describe them as such. It is therefore important that those who wish to get the best out of his poetry read it slowly and carefully so as to miss none of the pictorial suggestions in his carefully chosen words. In richness and color of description this and the following poem resemble the work of the Pre-Raphaelites.

15 f. Saturn whirls . . . ring. As seen through a telescope the shadow of the planet Saturn, thrown on the luminous ring surrounding it, appears to be motionless. Tennyson was greatly interested in astronomy as well as in other branches of science and constantly introduced into his poems what he regarded as the latest scientific discoveries.

23. gorge, throat.

30. lent broad verge, gave a broad horizon.

41. she, my soul. 879b 49. traced, ornamented with traced decorations.

61. arras, tapestry.

79 f. prodigal in oil . . . wind. The uplands were clothed with olive trees. "The under side of the olive leaf is white " (Tennyson).

880a 93 ff. Or the maid-mother, etc. The picture was probably suggested by certain images of the Virgin seen in Paris

shops.

99. St. Cecily. See notes to St. Cecilia's

Day, p. 438.

102. Houris, beautiful women who people the heaven of the Mohammedans, of whom Tennyson's Islamite was one.

105. Uther's . . . son, King Arthur. See Tennyson's Passing of Arthur, p. 913b, l. 432, and note to p. 134b, l. 15 ff

107. Avalon. See note to p. 97b, l. 325. 109. his. The reference is to the King.

11. Ausonian king, Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome, who is said to have received his laws from the wood-nymph Egeria. Ausonia is a poetic name for southern Italy.

113. engrailed, indented, a term in heraldry.

115. Cama, the Cupid, or god of Love, of Hindu (Brahmanic) mythology; also called Camdeo, etc.

117. Europa, a maiden carried off to Crete by Zeus in the form of a bull. The abduction is represented in a famous painting by the Italian artist Titian.

121. Ganymede, a beautiful boy whom Zeus in the form of an eagle carried off to Olympus, where he became cupbearer to

126. Caucasian, applied to the white race.

880b 135. world-worn. Dante's face as represented in art wears a look of profound melancholv.

135. grasped his song. In Giotto's famous portrait of Dante, the poet is holding a

book.

137. Ionian father, Homer.

- 149 ff. The people here, etc., the people of France before and during the Revolu-
- 159. Oriels. See note to p. 121a, l. 93.

163. Verulam, Francis Bacon. See introduc-

tory note to p. 314.

881a 171. Memnon, a colossal statue near Thebes, believed to represent the Greek sun god and hence said to give forth music at sunrise.

186. anadems, crowns.

- 188. hollowed moons of gems, gems hollowed out for lamps.
- 204. drives them, etc. Cf. Matthew viii, 32 ff. 881b 219. Like Herod, etc. Cf. Acts xii, 21 ff.
- 227. 'Mene, mene,' part of the tragic phrase written mysteriously on the wall at Belshazzar's feast (Daniel v, 25 ff).

242. fretted, worm-eaten. 882a 255. Circumstance, 255. Circumstance, the surrounding sphere of the universe. According to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, the earth was scooped out of chaos.

275. dully, dull.

882b A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

This poem is particularly rich in colorful images and in reminiscences of Tennyson's wide reading in ancient, mediæval, and renaissance literature. Though suggested by Chaucer's Legend of Good Women (see introductory note to Chaucer, p. 140), it owes much -e.g., the cold, damp forest where the vision takes place - to other sources, and the ornate style is quite different from Chaucer's easy simplicity. The only one of Chaucer's ladies whom Tennyson takes is Cleopatra.

1. before my eyelids dropped their shade, an artificial way of saying, "before I

went to sleep."

5. Dan, a title of respect derived from the Latin dominus, "master." Cf. note to

p. 545a, l. 93.

- 5 ff. the first warbler . . . sounds that echo still. Tennyson means that Chaucer's work was a sort of prelude to the tremendous outburst of literary activity during the Elizabethan period, the influence of which is felt even in the nineteenth century. Unlike certain writers of to-day, Tennyson believed that the poet should not disregard his predecessors.
- 27. tortoise, (1) a movable shed used in ancient warfare for protecting soldiers

brought close to a wall, or (2) a body of such troops with their shields interlocked above their heads for protection and hence resembling a tortoise's back. As the poet falls asleep, he has a confused vision of ancient wars about which he has read.

36. seraglios, harems.

883a 54. an old wood. Tennyson tells us that the wood is to be allegorically interpreted as "the Past," but no such secondary significance is necessary to a clear understanding of the poem.

883b 87. daughter of the gods, Helen of Troy, the daughter of Zeus and Leda, or, according to another tradition, of Zeus and

95. Many drew swords, etc., i.e., in the Tro-

jan War.

100. one that stood beside, Iphigenia, who was doomed to be sacrificed to Diana (Artemis) because her father, Agamemnon, had slain a stag sacred to the goddess. The events are said to have taken place at Aulis (l. 106), where the goddess detained the Greek fleet on its way to Troy until her wrath should be appeased (cf. l. 104). Tennyson represents Iphigenia as actually slain; according to another tradition, Diana relented at the last moment and left a hind to be substituted in her place. The legend of Iphigenia was often treated in Greek dramas, some of which were read by Tennyson.

101. averse, turned away.

884a 127. A queen, Cleopatra. The description was suggested largely by Shake-

speare's Antony and Cleopatra.

127. swarthy, sunburnt. The historical Cleopatra was a Greek and hence probably fair and blue-eyed, but the Cleopatra of Shakespeare and Tennyson is an artistic creation, not an historical personage.

139. Cæsar, Octavius Cæsar, whom she

could not captivate.

140 ff. Mark Antony, etc. See Shakespeare's play.

146. Canopus, one of the brightest stars in the heavens.

Antony is said to have 150. Hercules. claimed descent from Hercules and to have imitated the traditional dress of that hero.

884b 155. with a worm, etc. After Antony's death Cleopatra committed suicide by the bite of a snake (worm) rather than be carried captive to Rome by Octavius.

174. they drew . . . two burning rings. The figure is inappropriate.

177. undazzled, recovered from the dazzling

effect. 178. some one, Jephthah's daughter. Cf. Judges xi.

179. the crested bird, the lark.

181 ff. 'The torrent brooks,' etc. This is the Hebrew maiden's song.

885a 7

885a 196. To save her father's vow. Jephthah had vowed that in exchange for victory over his enemies he would sacrifice to God the first thing that came out of his house to meet him on his return. He was met by his daughter.

214. maiden blame, blame for not having given birth to a male child.885b 243. Thridding the sombre boskage,

threading the dark thickets.

251. Rosamond, "Fair Rosamond," Rosamond Clifford, the mistress of Henry II, said to have been slain or forced to drink poison by Henry's jealous queen, Eleanor (1. 255), at Woodstock in 1177.

259. Fulvia's waist. Cleopatra, thinking of her own tragedy, puts the name of Antony's wife for that of Eleanor, wife of

Rosamond's paramour.

263. The captain of my dreams, Venus, the

morning star.

266 f. her, who clasped, etc., Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More, who, fourteen days after her father's execution, claimed his severed head as a precious

relic. She was buried with it in her arms.
886a 269 ff. her who knew, etc. "Eleanor, wife of Edward I., went with him to the Holy Land (1269), where he was stabbed at Acre with a poisoned dagger. She sucked the poison from the wound" (Tennyson).

ULYSSES

Homer's Odyssey, after telling how Ulysses arrived safely at his home, Ithaca, from his long wanderings after the fall of Troy, leaves him there; but this, though the most famous, is not the only ending to the story. Earlier in the Odyssey (xi, 100 ff.) Tiresias foretells that, after returning to Ithaca, Ulysses shall set forth on a mysterious voyage; and Dante, in a famous passage in the Divine Comedy (Inferno, xxvi, 90 ff.), represents Ulysses as telling Dante how he had set out, not from home, but from Circe's island and, urged by "an ardor to gain experience of the world," had sailed with his companions through the straits of Gibraltar and had finally been swallowed up by a whirlpool. Tennyson's chief source is Dante. As to the meaning of the poem, the author tells us that, written as it was in the sad period following the death of Hallam, it expressed the poet's feeling of the need of going forward and braving the struggle of life in the face of all obstacles and discouragements. In beauty of phrasing, in elevation of conception, and in dramatic appropriateness this is one of Tennyson's finest accomplishments in the monologue form. On the dramatic monologue, see note to Browning's My Last Duchess, p. 919a.

10. Hyades, a group of stars in the constella-tion Taurus. They are associated with wet weather.

886b 49. you, Ulysses' companions. The attitude of Tennyson's Ulysses toward his old shipmates is distinctly modern.

63. Happy Isles, an imaginary archipelago located in the Atlantic Ocean by early geographers. They were identified with the Elysian Fields as the abode of the blessed dead and in general with the transatlantic Other World. Cf. notes to pp. 61a, l. 32, and 97b, l. 325.

LOCKSLEY HALL

Though this poem does not show the high imagination and brilliant phrasing that characterize some of Tennyson's other works, it is one of his most complete and original monologues. speaker, though not a mere type without individuality, might, as the late Professor Alden pointed out, represent young America of to-day as well as it represented the young England of Tennyson's time. The speaker is portrayed as a young man who, having been disappointed in love, becomes embittered against what he regards as the materialism of the age, but recalls that the eternal law of progress must be fulfilled though the individ-ual suffer disaster. Recovering from his somewhat morbid, though not unnatural, state of mind, he concludes that the fundamental law of the universe is progress and he foresees some of the great changes to be wrought in future ages. The poem has always been especially popular with young people.

Note that Tennyson in this poem uses the rather unusual trochaic (-x) instead of the common iambic (x') meter; i.e., the accent falls on the first instead of the

second syllable of each foot.

887 1. Comrades. The hero, having returned to Locksley Hall, his boyhood home, on a hunting trip, stops to muse while his companions go on.

8. Orion, one of the most conspicuous con-

stellations in the heavens.

9. Pleiads. See note to p. 438b, l. 175.

888 68. crow, rook.

75. comfort scorned of devils, in Paradise Lost, Bks. I and II.

75 f. the poet, etc., Dante, Inferno, v, 121 ff: "There is no greater sorrow than to remember happy times when one is in misery."

79. he, Amy's husband, a coarse, fox-hunting squire — at least so the discarded lover

represents him.

889 121 ff. Saw the heavens, etc. This passage has often been regarded as a prophetic glimpse of modern aviation and the World War.

128. Federation of the world. Cf. the modern idea of the League of Nations.

138. process of the suns, passing of the

vears.

890 155, in wild Mahratta-battle, etc. Tennyson represents his hero as having been born in India, the son of a British soldier who fell in battle against the Mahrattas, a people inhabiting central India.

180. Joshua's moon in Ajalon. Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, and by the power of Jehovah it did so (Joshua

x. 12 f.).

182. the ringing grooves of change. When Tennyson first traveled on a railroad train, he thought the wheels ran in a groove. He here applies the notion to the movement of the world as it spins down the centuries.

184. a cycle of Cathay, an indefinitely long period, an age, spent in China.

891 190. for me, so far as I am concerned.

SIR GALAHAD

Of the various mediaval traditions regarding the quest for the Holy Grail (see notes to pp. 207a, l. 13 f. and 597a, I. 116 f.), probably the latest in development and certainly the most popular in modern times, is that which represents the holy vessel as having been finally discovered by Galahad, the virgin knight, son of Lancelot and the daughter of the Grail-King Pelles. Tennyson gives various accounts of the quest in his idyll of The Holy Grail. Tennyson's Galahad, in his combination of military prowess with monastic celibacy and ecstatic mysticism, is a sort of nineteenth-century idealization of a mediæval religious war-

891b 68 ff. odours haunt my dreams. As Tennyson probably knew, the things heard, seen, and smelt by Galahad have at times been actual psychological ex-

periences of real mystics.

892a BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

This is one of the poems that grew out of Tennyson's sorrow for the death of Arthur Hallam.

11. a vanished hand, Hallam's.

SONGS FROM THE PRINCESS

Into the 1850 version of The Princess, the primary purpose of which is to present certain aspects of the problem of woman's rights, Tennyson introduced several justly admired lyrics, three of which are given here.

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS

Suggested by the echoes from a bugle heard by the poet at Killarney, Ireland. in 1848.

10. Elfland. In Ireland the fairy world is especially close to the world of mortals.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

"This song came to me on the yellowing autumn-tide at Tintern Abbey (see note to Wordsworth's Tintern Abbey, p. 680a), full for me of its bygone memories. It is the sense of the abiding in the transient " (Tennyson).

892b IN MEMORIAM A. H. H.

Tennyson's dearest friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, the lovable and gifted son of the historian Henry Hallam, died suddenly at Vienna in September, 1833. In Memoriam, composed in his memory, is one of the noblest elegies or laments (see introductory note to Milton's Lycidas, p. 342b) in the English language. It consists of a series of one hundred and thirty-one lyrics composed over a period of seventeen years and reflecting various degrees of sorrow and various attitudes toward life, death, and immortality. In general the temper of the lyrics moves from blank despair to increasing faith until, in the prologue (ll. 1–44), which was composed last, the poet triumphantly states his conviction that faith alone can fathom the eternal purpose of God and solve the problem of immortality. The "In Memoriam stanza," with its unusual rhyme scheme abba, was, Tennyson at first believed, his own invention, but he later discovered that it had been used during the Elizabethan period.

893a 25. Let knowledge grow, etc. See note to I. 169 ff.

45. him, Goethe.

893b 73 ff. from the Italian shore, etc. Hallam's body was brought home and buried at Clevedon, on the Severn River.

82. Phosphor, Lucifer, the morning star. 894b 169 ff. Are God and Nature then at strife, etc. Here and in other passages in the poem Tennyson attempts to reconcile the apparent conflict between science and orthodoxy which was beginning to agitate the public even before the appearance of Darwin's supposedly new

ideas in *The Origin of Species*, 1859. 895a 185. You, probably Tennyson's sister Emily, who had been engaged to Hallam.

189. one, Hallam.

209 ff. Ring out, etc. This famous lyric marks the third New Year after Hallam's death. In it the poet, disregarding his personal

sorrow, thinks only of the universal message of love and peace to all mankind — "the Christ that is to be."

895b 241 ff. Thy voice is on the rolling air, etc. Hallam, by a kind of new Platon-ism, becomes identified with the spirit of the universe.

257. O living will, "Free-will in man"

(Tennyson).

896a ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Arthur Wellesley, first Duke of Wellington, 1769-1852, was at the time of his death field marshal of the British Army and held an almost unparalleled record of military victories. Tennyson's poem, written on the day of the duke's funeral, is one of the most artistic of all the poet's official compositions as poet laureate and one of the finest funeral odes in literature. It belongs to the type of ode known as "irregular." Cf. notes to Gray's Progress of Poesy, p. 585a, and Congreve's Ode, p. 441b. See also Cowley's odes, p. 435a ff. The movement of the verse, a notable early example of "free rhythm," follows the action. "The opening strophe suggests the irregular movement of the crowds in the streets . . . In the second our attention is turned toward St. Paul's Cathedral, and in the third the procession begins to move. Later we approach the cathedral, and hear the sound of tolling bell mingle with that of the music within. The movement of the remaining strophes is one of thought rather than action, but at the close we find ourselves inside the cathedral, hearing the dead march, the Dust to dust' of the burial service, and the final prayer" (Alden).

42. World-victor's victor, the conqueror of

Napoleon, the world-victor.

896b 49. cross of gold, on St. Paul's Cathe-

dral, where the duke was buried.
56. Bright let it be, etc. The names of Wellington's victories were inscribed on the

funeral car.

- 80 ff. Who is he, etc. "These lines are spoken by the 'mighty seaman' Nelson, who lies in St. Paul's " (Tennyson). Horatio, Viscount Nelson, 1758–1805, vice-admiral of the British navy, the idol of the sailors, and the hero of many sea battles, was slain at Trafalgar in
- 99. Assaye, a small town in Hindostan, where Wellington (then General Wellesley) won his first great victory, in 1803. He defeated an army of thirty thousand with a force of less than five thousand.

897a 101. underneath another sun, in Spain. 123. that loud sabbath, the day of the battle of Waterloo, Sunday, June 18, 1815.

137. the Baltic and the Nile, battles fought by Lord Nelson. For the former, see Campbell's Battle of the Baltic, p. 804, and notes.

897b 170. wink, shut the eyes.

196. all her stars. Wellington was a knight of twenty-six orders, as well as viscount, earl, marquis, and duke.

THE CHARGE OF THE 898b LIGHT BRIGADE

The famous charge took place on October 25, 1854, at Balaclava, in the Crimean War, fought against Russia. Though Tennyson composed his poem without Drayton's Agincourt (p. 264) in mind, The Charge of the Light Brigade is written in the same meter as Drayton's poem and should be compared with it as one of the noblest war poems in literature. Other notable examples of martial verse are Campbell's Hohenlinden (p. 802) and The Battle of the Baltic (p. 804) and Tennyson's Last Fight of the Revenge (see introductory note to p. 295).

6. he. A certain Captain Nolan delivered the order. It is not known who was responsible for the original command that sacrificed so many lives uselessly

(cf. l. 12).

899a 38. Not the six hundred. Only one hundred and ninty-five returned.

MAUD; A MONODRAMA

A monodrama is "a series of monologues . . . spoken by the same person, and passing from one scene to another somewhat in the dramatic manner—as if the story of Hamlet should be told by his soliloquies alone" (Alden). In a series of twenty-eight such monologues Tennyson traces several chapters in the history of a soul — a morbid, sentimental young man with a touch of hereditary insanity has a tragic love affair with Maud, a girl with whose family he is at enmity. After achieving a somewhat less jaundiced view of life as the result of his love for Maud, he loses his sweetheart by death and goes insane, but finally recovers, and decides that he is ready to take up again the burden of life with courage and hope. Though the individual monologues in Maud are not of uniform excellence, some of those that are more specifically lyric in tone are among the best of Tennyson's poems.

900b SONG OF THE BROOK

This charming lyric, broken into several sections, is inserted in a longer narrative poem with the same title. Its extraordinary popularity is probably due to the simple, childlike attitude toward nature which it reflects.

GUINEVERE

Guinevere is the eleventh of a series of twelve poems by Tennyson called Idylls of the King and dealing with the story of King Arthur — the chief heroic legend in English literary history. Aside from The Marriage of Geraint and Geraint and Enid (originally one idyll), which are based on the Welsh Mabinogion (see introductory note to p. 63a), Tennyson's chief and almost only source was Malory's Morte Darthur (see introductory

note to p. 130b).

Beginning perhaps as a body of heroic legend current among the British Celts and dealing with the exploits of a chieftain who defended his country against the invading Saxons, the Arthurian story developed into a vast body of romance including not only the love affair between Guinevere and Lancelot but also a large number of knightly exploits and quests, especially that of the Holy Grail - the whole suffused with the ideals of chivalry and courtly love. From the large collection of legends furnished by Malory Tennyson chose as his central theme the age-old story of marital inconstancy as illustrated in Lancelot and Guinevere, and around it built his *Idylls*, which he composed at various times over a period of nearly half a century. Though following in the main the outlines of the old narratives, he introduces elements of characterization and symbolism not found in the original: (1) Guinevere be-comes a modern wife, whose husband, engrossed in big business, neglects her and so forces her into the arms of a handsome lover. The failure of Arthur's high endeavor is due not, as in certain of the older versions, to his youthful slip (see note to p. 130b, l. 1), but to the subtle poison of Guinevere's infidelity. (2) As in Spenser's Faerie Queene, the poem has a secondary or allegorical as well as a primary meaning: the tragedy of Arthur's failure to build up an ideal kingdom in the face of Guinevere's guilty love represents the eternal war between the Soul (Arthur) and Sense (Guinevere); Merlin represents Intellect; etc. (3) The progress of the twelve idylls follows the course of the months, from the coming of Guinevere in spring through the Tournament of Dead Innocence in autumn to Arthur's last battle late in December. As the Idylls were composed at various times over a long period of years and as the final order is not in every case the order of composition, the allegory is not consistently carried out.

Though characters, plot, and allegory give the Idylls a certain unity, Tennyson thought of his Arthurian poems as individual pictures; he calls them "idylls," i.e., works descriptive of simple scenes in which the pictorial element predominates. In artistic finish, in nobility of sentiment, and in exaltation of theme the Idylls rank as the greatest treatment of the Arthurian legend.

2. Almesbury, in Wiltshire, about seven miles from Salisbury. The nunnery, to which Guinevere has fled after her parting with Lancelot, is the scene of her final repentance and her last interview with

her injured husband.

901a 10. Modred. See note to p. 94a, l. 1.
15. Lords of the White Horse, Hengist and Horsa, the traditional leaders of the earliest Saxon invaders of Britain (see Anglo-Saxon Chronicle at the year 449, p. 47b and note). Both Hengist and Horsa mean "horse," and Hengist's standard was said to have been a figure of a white horse.

901b 87. thine own land, France.

902b 166. 'Late, late,' etc. Cf. Matthew xxv, 1 ff.

903b 221. Camelot. See note to p. 96b,

1. 247 ff.

903b 234. Lyonesse, a district often referred to in Arthurian romance. According to an ancient tradition, it sank beneath the waves, its position being marked in historic times only by the Scilly Isles off Land's End, the extreme point of Corn-

904a 286. false son of Gorloïs. See note to

p. 97a, l. 324.

Bude and Bos, places on the coast of Cornwall.

292. Tintagil. See note to p. 96b, l. 247 ff. 905a 395. Dragon, the standard of Uther Pendragon, Arthur's father.

905b 419 f. one I honoured. Guinevere's father was Leodogran, king of Came-

906a 453. when the Roman left us. See Anglo-Saxon Chronicle at the year 435,

p. 47a, l. 53 ff., and note.

485. Tristram and Isolt. Had Tennyson been able to foresee the tremendous popularity which the love story of Tristan (Tristram) and Isolt was destined to enjoy later, he would perhaps have treated this famous pair of star-crossed lovers more sympathetically.

906b 500. Usk. See note to p. 75b, l. 23. 907a 535. the flaming death, burning at the

stake as an adulteress.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR 908b

Except for the first one hundred and sixty-nine and the last thirty lines, this poem stands as it appeared, under the title Morte d'Arthur, in the 1842 volume. For epic sweep and dignity the Morte d'Arthur is surpassed by none of Tennyson's other Arthurian poems.

909a 27. My God, thou hast forgotten me, etc. Cf. Christ's dying words, Matthew

xxvii, 46.

909b 56. Light was Gawain, etc. See note to p. 94b, l. 43.

77. one lying in the dust at Almesbury. See Guinevere, l. 524 ff.

90 f. the great light . . . lowest, "the winter solstice (December 21)" (Tennyson).
94. last, dim, weird battle, "A Vision of Death" (Tennyson).

910b 168. Excalibur. See note to p. 134a, 1. 7 f.

912a 278. his own conceit, his own conception regarding the matter.

307, streamer of the northern morn, the Aurora Borealis.

308. moving isles of winter, icebergs.

913a 361 ff. there hove a dusky barge, etc. Cf. the earlier accounts of Arthur's passing: pp. 97b, l. 338 ff, and 134b, l. 14 ff.

383. cuisses, plate armor for the front of the thighs.

913b 400 f. the light that led, etc., the Star of Bethlehem. Cf. Matthew ii, 9 ff. 427. Avilion. See note to p. 97b, l. 325.

914a FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

Tennyson was tremendously interested in science and was constantly using the results of scientific research in his poetry. The flower which he has just plucked from a cranny in a wall suggests the whole problem of human science.

914b RIZPAH

This, the most pathetic of Tennyson's dramatic monologues, was suggested by a magazine account of an old woman of Brighton who, after her son had been hanged for highway robbery, visited the gallows on dark and stormy nights, gathered up the bones as they fell from the disintegrating corpse, and buried them in the hallowed soil of the churchyard. When the poem opens, the old mother is talking to a visiting lady in a hospital where she is dying. The title was of course suggested by the biblical account of Rizpah's watch over the dead bodies of her sons, hanged by order of David (2 Samuel xxi, 10).

916a 'FRATER AVE ATQUE VALE'

Tennyson was steeped in the classics, and his poems are full of reminiscences of his reading. This poem, written upon his visit to Italy in 1880, is a splendid tribute to one of his favorite Latin poets. The title, which means "Brother, Hail and Farewell," is taken from Catullus' lament for his brother.

1. Desenzano, a town on Lake Garda a little west of Sirmione, where Catullus' villa was situated.

2. 'O venusta Sirmio!' "O beautiful

Sirmio!" quoted from Catullus.

8. Lydian. The Etruscans, settled near Lake Garda, were supposed to be of Lydian origin.

MERLIN AND THE GLEAM

This poem gives an allegorical account of Tennyson's poetical career. The Gleam, he explained, means "the higher poetic imagination.'

14. learned, taught, once good usage but

now obsolete.

CROSSING THE BAR 917a

A few days before his death Tennyson directed that this poem should be placed at the end of all editions of his works.

ROBERT BROWNING

Robert Browning came of good though mixed middle-class stock and was born and bred in a suburb of London. His father, a clerk in the Bank of England, was scholarly, artistic in temperament, a linguist, and versatile in general affairs. The poet was hardly less fortunate in his mother, who was a woman of good musical talent and a lover of art. His formal education was slight - some tutoring, a little private schooling, and a term or two in the University of London. By the aid of his father, however, and by his own resources he acquired a mass of knowledge which, though unsystematic and ill organized, has been equaled by few. Relieved by family circumstances from the necessity of making a living, he decided early upon a literary career and became a devotee of Shelley. His first poem, Pauline, 1833, attracted little attention, but his dramatic piece, Paracelsus, 1835, brought a request from the actor-manager Macready for a play. For several years afterward, Browning wrote dramas, but did not realize any great success on the stage. In 1840 he produced his long and obscure poem Sordello, which for years did his reputation positive harm. In consequence his next works were issued in cheap editions at his own expense. Two of these, Dramatic Lyrics, 1843, and Dramatic Romances, 1845, contain many of his best poems. In 1845 he became acquainted with the

gifted Elizabeth Barrett, whose reputation as a poet was already better than his own. After a brief unconventional courtship and marriage in 1846, the pair left England for Italy, where they lived a life of almost ideal happiness and congeniality until her death in 1861. His Men and Women, 1855, and Dramatis Personæ, 1864, conclude the better known collections of his shorter poems. After Mrs. Browning's death he set to work on his masterpiece, The Ring and the Book, 1868-1869, a long psychological study from various angles of an old Roman murder trial. He continued to write until the end of his long life, but his later work is injured by his tendency to philosophical speculation and by indul-gence in grotesqueness of rhyme, expression, and even of thought. His genius was recognized, however; he became a familiar figure about London, where he resided most of the time; he was honored with degrees by both Oxford and Cambridge; and with his naturally buoyant nature was reasonably happy. He died in Venice just after the appearance of his last volume of verse, Asolando, and was brought back to England for interment in Westminster Abbey. As in the case of Carlyle, his extremely individual style has been made an objection against him. His peculiar turns of expression to characterize his exuberance of thought, the inverted and artificial order of his sentence structure, and his penchant for odd rhymes often detract from what would otherwise be a permanent level of high seriousness in his poetry. The same faults, too, are largely responsible for the charge, made against him, of obscurity. But his oddity of style and obscurity of meaning are mainly the faults of his inferior works. The great body of his best poetry is quite free from such defects, and in its good qualities - its intense revelations of character, its wholesome tone and hopeful outlook, its super-abundant fullness of ideas, its artistic imagery and phrase, and its genuine music — justifies the place that has been assigned to Browning, in the forefront of the great English poets.

917b SONG FROM PIPPA PASSES

This song is sung by the little silk weaver of Asolo in the dramatic poem which bears her name. It is a brief compendium of Browning's philosophy of life.

CAVALIER TUNES

The first of these "tunes" is evidently imagined as originating in 1642, when civil war in England was beginning, and Pym,

Hampden, and Hazelrig (Hazlerigg) were members of Parliament in opposition to King Charles I. The second and third speak of a somewhat later period, when Pym and Hampden are dead and Cromwell (Noll) is the head of the army.

I. MARCHING ALONG

2. crop-headed. Cropped hair was worn by the Puritan, long curls by the Cavalier aristocrat. Hence the Puritans were called "Roundheads."

7. Pym, John Pym, 1584–1643, an able statesman and orator, one of the leaders of the popular party against Charles. He was not an extreme Puritan.

918a 13 f. Hampden, etc., John Hampden, a patriot and statesman, coleader with Pym of the popular party; Sir Arthur Hazelrig, a leader in the Long Parliament; John Fiennes, a prominent cavalry officer; Sir Henry Vane the younger, a prominent member of the Long Parliament.

15. Rupert, Prince Rupert, a nephew of Charles and a picturesque cavalry leader on the Royalist side.

22. Nottingham, a town in central England where Charles raised his standard at the beginning of the civil war in 1642.

918b INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

Ratisbon in Bavaria was taken by Napoleon in April, 1809. The incident described is said to have happened, but the hero was a man, not a boy.

the hero was a man, not a boy.

11. Lannes, a famous marshal of France.

29. flag-bird. Napoleon's standard bore an eagle on the central stripe.

919a MY LAST DUCHESS

In this excellent dramatic monologue a Duke of Este is imagined as negotiating a marriage settlement with the ambassador of "the Count" and entertaining him, probably by design, with the story of his former wife's shortcomings. The capital of the magnificent House of Este during the Renaissance was Ferrara in northern Italy, not far from Venice.

A dramatic monologue is a poem, es-

A dramatic monologue is a poem, essentially short, in which (1) a speaker divulges aloud (2) some crucial experience through which he at the time is passing to (3) a listener (or listeners) who silently influences to some extent what he says. The type, as Browning fashioned and perfected it, proved a marvelous vehicle for the revelation of character in brief flashes, as was peculiarly suited to his dramatic genius. His dramatic monologues are his best poems.

3. Frà Pandolf, Brother Pandolf, an imaginary character, represented as a monk. Many of the Renaissance painters were

monks.

919b 56. Claus of Innsbruck. Claus is an imaginary person. Innsbruck, the capital of Tyrol in Austria, is celebrated for its work in bronze representing the figure, ancestry, and achievements of Maximilian I.

THE LABORATORY

This poem is mediæval in spirit and setting. The story and characters are imaginary.

920b THE LOST LEADER

Wordsworth's change to Toryism gave Browning his idea for his Lost Leader. But the Seer of the Lakes was only "a sort of painter's model" for the portrait of a popular leader who basely deserts a great cause for a paltry consideration of money and honors.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS, etc. 921a

In writing this poem Browning doubtless had vaguely in mind the Pacification of Ghent in 1576, although there is no specific historical foundation for the story. Ghent is in Flanders, some ninety miles from Aix-la-Chapelle in West Prussia. The other places named lie almost directly between.

922b HOME-THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA

This poem was inspired by Nelson's victories at Cape St. Vincent in 1797 and at Trafalgar in 1805.

THE BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB, etc.

Praxedis was an early Christian saint. Her church is in Rome. The materials and characters of the poem are imagi-

923a 46. Frascati, a town near Rome, anciently a villa.

923b 77. Tully, Marcus Tullius Cicero. 79. Ulpian, Ulpianus Domitius, ca. 170-228,

a Roman jurist.

99. elucescebat, an example of Ulpian's bad Latin, a wrong formation from elucere. In an epitaph it means "was noted" or "was notable."

924a 108. Term, a bust on a square base, like the statues of Terminus, the god of

boundaries.

EVELYN HOPE 924b

This poem, probably the most popular of the author's lyrics, is fictitious throughout. It denies the evanescence of human love, a favorite theme with Browning.

925a LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

This poem was probably suggested by the ruins of the Campagna in Rome, where it was written in the winter of 1853-1854. By its line arrangement and rhyme effect it is intended to represent echo, which has its haunt among ruins.

A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S 926a

A toccata (Ital. toccare, to touch) is a composition for the organ or the harpsichord, in a free and brilliant style. Baldassare Galuppi, 1706–1785, was a popular musical composer in his day. During his last years he was organist in St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice.

926b 6. wed the sea with rings. Pope Alexander III in 1174 instituted the ceremony of "wedding the Adriatic." He gave the doge a ring in token of the victory of the Venetians over Frederick Barbarossa and desired the doge to throw a similar ring into the sea annually, to commemorate the event.

8. Shylock's bridge, the Rialto. Cf. The

Merchant of Venice. 19 ff. lesser thirds, etc. The technical musical terms used here will be found explained in a good dictionary. general meaning is sufficiently clear from the context.

'DE GUSTIBUS' 927a

The full phrase is de gustibus non est disputandum, "there is no accounting for tastes."

The king 927b 36. liver-wing, right arm. was the cruel and despotic Ferdinand II, 1810-1859.

40. Queen Mary's saying. See the Death of *Mary*, p. 215b f.

MY STAR

The "Star" of this poem is usually understood to be Mrs. Browning.

4. angled spar, a mineral crystalline formation which gives off colored lights.

929a A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

This poem depicts well nigh perfectly the Renaissance love of learning. As indicated in the title, the deceased subject is simply a grammarian or scholar, without any definite historical antecedent. The speaker is the leader of the procession, a former student of the dead master.

929b 86. Calculus, the stone, a disease.

88. Tussis, a cough.

930a 129. Hoti, the "that," etc. Greek particle öti,

130. Oun, the Greek particle, ove, "then," "now then," etc.

131. De, the enclitic $\delta \epsilon$, "toward," not the contrastive $\delta \epsilon$, "but."

930b CHILDE ROLAND, etc.

The suggestion for this poem was Edgar's song in King Lear III, iv. Such objects as a tower in the Carrara Mountains, a painting in Paris, and the figure of a horse in the tapestry of the Browning drawing-room, contributed slightly to its make-up; otherwise the entire composition is a fiction, and it is best to interpret it, as doubtless Browning intended, without a moral meaning. It is a realistic study in the forbidding and grotesque, and as such is one of the most powerful poems in the language.

932b 143. Tophet. Lost, I, l. 404. See note to Paradise

160. Apollyon. See Revelation ix, 11.

933a FRA LIPPO LIPPI

Fra Lippo Lippi, 1406-1469, was a noted Florentine painter. Browning interprets his life and art from the account of him in Vasari's Lives

933b 7. Carmine, a Carmelite monastery in

Florence.

17. Cosimo, etc., Cosimo de Medici, surnamed "the Elder," 1389-1464, a banker, statesman, and patron of art, and practically ruler of the Florentine Republic.

934a 67. Saint Laurence, the church of San

Lorenzo.

73. Jerome, St. Jerome, ca. 340-420, author of a Latin version of the Bible known as the Vulgate.

88. Old Aunt Lapaccia, Lippi's paternal aunt, Mona Lapaccia.
935a 139. Camaldolese, monks of the convent of Camaldoli, near Florence.

140. Preaching Friars, Dominican friars.

935b 189. Giotto, Giotto di Bondone, 1276-1337, a Florentine painter, architect, and sculptor.

196. Herodias. Cf. Matthew xiv.

936a 235. Brother Angelico, Giovanni da Fiesole, 1387-1455, a painter who fol-lowed the ideals of the earlier ascetic

236. Brother Lorenzo, Lorenzo Monaca, a monk of Camaldoli, who showed the same tendencies in painting as Brother Angelico,

936b 276. Guidi, Tommaso Guidi Masaccio. 1401-1443, a famous Italian painter, founder of the modern naturalistic school of painting.

937a 323. Saint Laurence. St. Laurence suffered martyrdom by broiling on a gridiron

324. Prato, a town near Florence.

937b 339. Chianti, a region south of Florence, celebrated for its wines.

346. Sant' Ambrogio's, the convent of St.

Ambrose in Florence.

347 ff. I shall paint, etc. The picture described is the Coronation of the Virgin in the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence.

354. Saint John, John the Baptist, the patron

saint of Florence.

938a 377. Iste perfecit opus, that one did the work.

387. Saint Lucy. According to tradition, a Christian martyr about 303.

ANDREA DEL SARTO

Andrea del Sarto, called "the Faultless Painter," was born about 1486 and died in 1531. According to Vasari, his love for Lucrezia del Fede, who became his wife in 1512, caused him to neglect work, parents, and even honor. He used funds, entrusted to him by Francis I of France for the purchase of pictures, to build a house for her in Florence. Recent historians have given her a better character. The poem has often been called Browning's best dramatic monologue, and as such it is the best in English poetry

15. Fiesole, a village on a ridge above Florence, visible from Andrea's house.

938b 25. a model. Lucrezia, wholly or in reminiscence, is discernible in almost all of the women of Del Sarto's pictures.

939a 93. Morello, a mountain near Florence. 105. The Urbinate, Raphael, from Urbino, the place of his birth.

940a 150. Fontainebleau, a royal palace near Paris.

941a 263. Leonard, Leonardo da Vinci, 1452-1519, one of the greatest of Italian paint-

941b PROSPICE

This poem is Browning's Crossing the Bar. It was written in the autumn after Mrs. Browning's death and contains in its conclusion a glowing tribute to her. The title means, "Look forward."

ABT VOGLER

George Joseph Vogler of Bavaria, 1749-1814, was a Catholic priest and a popular musical composer, though reviled by some as a charlatan. About 1786 he invented the "orchestrion," on which NOTES 「941b

he is represented as extemporizing in the

poem. 3 f. Solomon willed, etc. According to a Moslem tradition, Solomon, by the power of a ring containing the name of God, could command "armies of angels"

and demons to his service.

942a 23. Rome's dome, St. Peter's Cathedral, illuminated for Easter.

943b RABBI BEN EZRA

Ibn Ezra, 1092–1167, born in the intellectual center of Toledo, was a great Jewish scholar, philosopher, and poet. His writings contain some of the ideas expressed in the poem, but Browning makes of the whole one of the best expositions of his own philosophy of life. Contrast in the poem his view of old age with that of the romantic poets and of Fitzgerald in the Rubaiyat.

945a 151. that Potter's wheel. The figure of

the potter's wheel is characteristically oriental. See various passages in the Old Testament and the Rubaiyat, 1.

327 ff., etc.

945b CALIBAN UPON SETEBOS

See The Tempest for the figure of Caliban. The poem is a study of "Natural Theology in the Island." Caliban, a rudimentary thinking being, is represented as having just emerged into a consciousness of an overruling divinity, whose character he interprets in terms of

himself and the life he knows.

946a 20. Prosper and Miranda. See The Tempest.

24. Setebos, Caliban's divinity; a god, or devil, "worshipped by the Patagonians" in South America.

947b 170. His dam. Caliban's mother was the witch Sycorax.

949b APPARENT FAILURE

Browning wrote this poem, as he says, to save the "Doric little Morgue" in Paris, which, according to a newspaper report, was to be destroyed. Seven years before, while in Paris to witness the baptism of Louis Napoleon, he had visited the little building, where lay three suicides by drowning, one from disappointed ambition, one from the failure of his socialistic ideals, and one from love. At that time the Congress of the European Powers was in session in the city, attended by Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian minister; Cavour, the Italian statesman; and Count Buol, the Austrian foreign minister. The poem avows Browning's belief in an ultimate opportunity for such "apparent" failures as the suicides.

 Petrarch's Vaucluse, a valley near Avignon, where Petrarch spent four years in study and writing. The Sorgue is a river flowing through the valley.

39. the Tuileries, a royal palace and grounds

in Paris.

EPILOGUE 950a

This poem, appended to Browning's last volume of verse, Asolando, 1889, is celebrated for the poet's almost perfect characterization of himself.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Elizabeth Barrett was born at Coxhoe Hall in Durham, in 1806. Her poetry amply reflects the associations of her childhood in the country, chiefly at Hope End, near the Malvern Hills. When she was twelve her indulgent father printed her Battle of Marathon, an epic poem in eleven or twelve books. Her didactic poem, An Essay on Mind, written in imitation of Pope when she was seventeen or eighteen, she "long repented of." She was an ardent student of Greek; and when in her constant ill health she feared the prohibition of her studies by her physician, she had her beloved Greek authors bound as novels that she might continue to have access to them. In 1832 the family removed to Sidmouth in Devonshire, where she translated the *Prometheus Unbound* of Æschvlus, revised later into one of the great popular Greek poems in English. In London, which became her home in 1835 and continued to be so until the family was broken up, she cultivated literary friends, contributed poems to magazines, and issued one or two volumes of verse. She had suffered a spinal affection since girlhood; her lungs became weak from the unwholesome London climate; she ruptured a blood vessel and became an invalid, confining herself almost wholly indoors. The loss of her beloved brother, while she was at Torquay in the interest of her health, distressed her sorely. In 1844 her poems appeared in two volumes and brought her an acquaintance with Browning. Their remarkable courtship, which followed speedily, has given us the best known body of love letters in English literature. Because of unreasonable objections by her father, they were married clandestinely in the fall of 1846, and thereafter made their home in Italy. Her Sonnets from the Portuguese appeared in 1847 and Casa Guidi Windows in 1851. Her long personal epic, Aurora Leigh, was completed and published in 1856 and won instant success. She continued to write till the end of her life, dying in Florence in 1861. She was talented, intellectual, and by nature subjective. She wrote usually from the fervor of a glowing heart, but not always from inspiration. Her masterpiece, as she regarded it, Aurora Leigh, has hardly maintained its fame. Her gifts are essentially lyrical. Some of her short poems, such as The Cry of the Children, have had a wide appeal. By her Sonnets from the Portuguese, voicing her perfect love for Browning, she raised herself to a position among the few great sonneteers of the language.

950b LADY GERALDINE'S COURT-SHIP

This poem is in the form of a rhymed epistle from the lover Bertram to a "friend and fellow student." By its expressed admiration of Browning (see I. 163 f.) it served to bring the two poets together, and resulted ultimately in their union.

951a 36. spectrum of the salt. In mediæval England the salt was placed on the table at the dividing line between gentry and commonalty.

952b 115. Lough, John Graham Lough, ca. 1804–1876, an English sculptor.

953a 152. Tuscan, i.e., a composition like the Tuscan Petrarch's love poetry.

953b 162. Howitt, William Howitt, 1792– 1879, an English poet and miscellaneous writer.

163. some 'Pomgranate,' an allusion to Browning's Bells and Pomgranates, 1841– 1846.

954b 227. Camoëns. See note to p. 608a, l. 14.

955a 268. Pythian height, i.e., of inspiration or intoxication like the priestess of Apollo at Delphi.

956a 311. Parias, members of the lowest social caste in India.

957a 367. Phemius, Polyphemus, a one-eyed giant blinded by Ulysses. See Odyssey,

IX, 371 ff.

378. Parian. Paros, an island of the Cyclades, was famed in ancient times for its white marble.

958a THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

This poem had its inception in an official report on child labor in the English mines and factories, and is therefore a product of the humanitarian movement near the middle of the century, which inspired such novelists as Dickens and Kingsley in some of their works.

960a SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

These sonnets are Mrs. Browning's artistic expression of the motive which inspired her life, her love for her poet husband, Robert Browning. The phrase "from the Portuguese" was merely a veil to disguise from the public the personal import of the poems.

 Theocritus, a Greek idyllic poet of the third century before Christ. Cf. Idyl, xv, 104 f.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Matthew Arnold was born and reared in an academic atmosphere. At the time of his birth his father, the later famous Dr. Thomas Arnold, was a teacher at Laleham, near Staines. In 1828 Arnold removed with the family to Rugby upon his father's becoming head master of the public school there. After attending Rugby and Winchester, he entered Balliol College, Oxford, where he held a classical scholarship. In 1845 he was elected to a fellowship in Oriel College. He soon left Oxford to become private secretary to the Marquis of Lansdowne, through whose influence he was appointed inspector of schools in 1851, and from this time until his retirement on a pension in 1883 he devoted his energies conscientiously and unremittingly to the drudgery of his position. To the inspectorship was added, 1857, the relatively light duties of professor of poetry at Oxford, an appointment which he held for ten years. He made lecture tours in the United States in 1884 and 1886, when such tours were not as common as they are to-day.

Arnold's literary talents developed late. His early prose is crude, and his verse was of little value before the appearance in 1849 of The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems (published under a penname), which is too unequal in quality and too slight in bulk to afford a basis for sound generalization. In 1852 appeared his *Empedocles on Etna*, which contained, besides the title poem and a collection of lyrics, a version of the mediæval legend of Tristram and Iseult and which showed the author to be a poet of mature if irregular genius. In 1853 he published a volume containing, along with other poems, his noble epic, Sohrab and Rustum. He later published other collections of poetry, notably the volumes containing Thyrsis, 1861, and Rugby Chapel, 1869; but in general his poetic vein, never very abundant, grew thinner as the years passed. He turned his attention more and more to prose

criticism, and during the last twenty years of his life he came to be recognized as a leader, if not a dictator, in this field. Some of his more important utterances are to be found in On Translating Homer, 1861; On the Study of Celtic Literature, 1867; Culture and Anarchy, 1869; Literature and Dogma, 1873; The Study of Literature, 1880; and Discourses in

America, 1885. In his published prose and in his publie lectures Arnold, like Carlyle, was an apostle of the higher life. For more than twenty years he strove to impress his ideals of culture and criticism upon the generally unresponsive but always respectful public of England and America. He would help us to save ourselves from "Philistinism" — narrow-mindedness, self-satisfaction, and vulgarity. He would have us strive after "culture," which he defines as "a pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know, on matters which must concern us, the best which has been thought and said in the world." In literary criticism his standards are ethical rather than æsthetic, an assertion which will perhaps be clearer when it is remembered that he regards poetry as "a criticism of life" rather than a "thing of beauty." His test of "high seriousness" as a criterion of the greatest literature is indeed a searching one, but it applies rather to the spiritual than to the æsthetic content.

Personally Arnold is said to have been entirely lacking in the attitude of condescension which characterizes his criticism. His prose is usually light and vivacious in tone, whereas his poetry is pervaded by a profound hopelessness regarding this life and the world to come. This pessimistic philosophy, which is said to reflect Arnold's real attitude, is usually attributed to the fact that he lived in a period of transition when the old foundations of human faith appeared to be weakening under the influence of apparently revolutionary theories in science and religion that have since become commonplaces.

961b TO A FRIEND

Arnold here expresses that extreme reverence for classical literature and philosophy which is revealed throughout his work.

2. the old man, Homer, who, according to tradition, was blind.

3. The Wide Prospect, and the Asian Fen, names for Europe and Asia respectively. "The name Europe (Εὐρώ $\pi\eta$, the wide prospect) probably describes the European coast to the Greeks on the coast of Asia Minor opposite. The name Asia,

again, comes, it has been thought, from the muddy fens of the rivers of Asia Minor" (Arnold). Matthew Arnold's etymologies, it may be observed, are more valuable as poetry than as linguis-

4. Tmolus, a mountain in Asia Minor. Homer, according to one tradition, lived

in Asia Minor.

4. Smyrna, situated on the west coast of Asia Minor, one of the many towns claimed as the birthplace of Homer.

6. That halting slave, the distinguished Stoic philosopher, Epictetus, ca. A.D. 60-120. Banished from Rome by the Emperor Domitian, son of Vespasian, he went to Nicopolis, where he had as a pupil the historian and philosopher Arrian, to whom we owe most of our information regarding the master.

8 ff. his . . . whose even-balanced soul, etc., Sophocles, 497–406 B.C., a celebrated Greek dramatist. His works are marked by freedom from the intrusion of con-

temporary disturbing elements.

14. Colonus. Sophocles was born at Colonus near Athens.

SHAKESPEARE

- 1. Others abide our question. Thou art free. This may mean one of two things: (1) Others answer our questions, whereas thou tellest us nothing of thyself or of thy philosophy of life; or (2) thou art supreme in the world's judgment, whereas others still await humanity's final verdict.
- 11. unguessed at. Arnold means that, if Shakespeare's contemporaries had realized fully his ultimate place in the world's opinion, they would have preserved more biographical facts about him. We really know very little of Shakespeare's life.

A PICTURE AT NEWSTEAD

Newstead Abbey in Nottinghamshire was the ancestral home of the Bryon

962a THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

This deservedly famous monologue is based on a theme widespread in folklore - the story of a union between a mortal and a being from another, in this case a watery, world. Arnold's merman, an ocean king, has married a mortal woman. At the moment of the poem she has returned to her kinfolk on land at Easter and has decided not to go back to her subaqueous family for fear she may lose her soul. The Forsaken Merman is perhaps the best known of Arnold's lyrics. The variations in meter are unusually

effective in indicating changes in the rapidity of the action.

962b 69. sea-stocks, sea gillyflowers.

963a 81. sealed, fastened.

82. shut stands the door. According to popular belief, fairies and certain other supernatural beings are excluded from Heaven and from all other benefits of Christianity,

963b SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

Sohrab and Rustum is based on a summary of an episode in the great mediæval Persian epic, Shah Namah, "Book of Kings" (tenth century). The chief Kings" (tenth century). The chief figure in the original is Rustum, the most illustrious of Persian heroes, who, according to tradition, lived about 600 B.C. His combat with his unknown son belongs to the realm of folk tradition. Arnold's poem is a magnificent example of epic dignity and restraint. It is one of the most thoroughly Greek productions of Arnold's pen. The frequent epic similes (see note to l. 111 ff.) are especially reminiscent of Homer and Milton.

2. Oxus, the largest river in central Asia. Tartar. Sohrab, though a Persian by birth, is represented as serving under Afrasiab, the Tartar king. The Tartars were a group of wandering savage tribes

in central Asia and southern Russia. 11. Peran-Wisa, leader of Afrasiab's army, which is composed of various Tartar

15. Pamere, a lofty plateau in central Asia. 25. thick-piled, having a thick pile, or nap.

964a 40. Samarcand, a city in Turkestan,

once the capital of Tartary.

42. Ader-baijan, the northwest province of Persia, the home of Sohrab's mother, Tahminah (see l. 590).

60. common, general.

964b 82. Seïstan, a district on the borders of

Persia and Afghanistan.

101. Kara-Kul, a district in south-central Asia. Cf. the name "caracul" now used of a kind of fur.

107. Haman, second in command to Peran-Wisa (l. 11).

111 ff. As when, etc. This is an example of an "epic" simile; i.e., an extended simile, common in epic literature, in which the things compared do not correspond in all the details enumerated. Thus in the present case much that is said about the cranes is not intended to throw light on the behavior of the Tartar horsemen. See Paradise Lost, I, ll. 200 ff., 351 ff., etc.

115. frore, frozen.

965a 119. Bokhara, an extensive district in central Asia.

- 120. Khiva, a district in the valley of the lower
- 121. Toorkmuns, Turkomans, a branch of the Turks living in central Asia.

123. Attruck, a river in northern Persia.

- 128. Ferghana, a district in Turkestan to the east of Samarcand.
- Jaxartes, a former name of the Sir-Daria River, which flows through Turkestan.

131. Kipchak, a district in central Asia.

132. Kalmuks . . . Kuzzaks. Kalmucks, wan-dering Mongolian tribes living in central Asia and western Siberia: Kuzzaks, or Cossacks, a warlike people of southern Russia and southwestern Asia.

133. Kirghizzes, a nomadic people of northern

Turkestan.

138. Khorassan, the northeastern province of Persia. "Ilyats means tribes" (St. Quintin).

965b 160. Cabool, Kabul, an important commercial city of northern Afghanistan.

161. Indian Caucasus, the mountain range between Turkestan and Afghanistan.

966a 217. Iran, now the official name for Persia, formerly applied to a larger area.

223. Kai-Khosroo. He has been identified with Cyrus the Great, sixth century before Christ, the founder of the Persian Empire.

967a 293, swathe, a line of mown grain or grass.

968b 412. Hyphasis . . . Hydaspes, rivers in

northern India. 969a 452. autumn Star, Sirius, the Dog Star, whose coming was associated among certain ancient peoples with hot, dry weather and with fevers.

971a 570. glass, reflect. 592. Koords, Curds, a warlike people of northwestern Persia.

973a 736. big warm tears. Cf. p. 44b f.

751 f. Helmund . . . Zirrah, in Seïstan, Afghanistan.

973b 763 ff. Moorghab . . . Tejend, Kohik . . . Sir, rivers in Afghanistan. 974b 861. Jemshid, or Jamshid, a semimyth-

ical king of Persia; his capitol was Persepolis. Cf. note to p. 1020b, l. 18

878. Chorasmian waste, the modern Khiva (see note to p. 965a, l. 120).

880. Orgunjè, a village on the Oxus not far from where it enters the Aral Sea.

975a 890. home of waters, the Aral Sea.

REQUIESCAT

The title means "Let her rest." It often occurs in Latin inscriptions on tombstones. Like some others of Arnold's lyrics, this poem is marked by clarity rather than intensity of feeling.

12. laps, enfolds.

13. cabined, etc., her spirit which, though longing to expand, was confined (as in a cabin) by the limitations of human life.

RUGBY CHAPEL

This poem commemorates the poet's father, Dr. Thomas Arnold, 1795-1842, who during the fifteen years that he was head master of Rugby did much to regenerate public education in England by impressing upon his students the importance of knowledge and the sacredness of duty. He is the "Doctor" of Tom Brown's School Days, 1857. Arnold's poem is marked by perfection of form and, unlike some of his other lyrics, by genuine feel-The short unrhymed lines, with their unusual combination of accents (mingled iambic and anapæstic feet), are peculiarly suited to the pathetic tone of the poem.

975b 29. unforeseen. Dr. Arnold died sud-

denly, of angina pectoris.

976b 162. Servants of God. See note to

190. Ye, the "Servants of God" referred to in l. 162.

977a THYRSIS

This poem was written in commemoration of Arnold's friend, the poet Arthur Hugh Clough (see introductory note to p. 1014). Clough was possessed of "remarkable gifts, strength of character, and personal charm." The diction of the poem, Arnold tells us, was modeled on that of Theocritus, the celebrated Greek pastoral poet, and was intended to be "so artless as to be almost heedless." It ranks with Milton's Lycidas and Shelley's Adonais as among the noblest of the English pastoral laments. It combines classical clarity and restraint with true feeling. It is written in the same meter as TheScholar Gipsy and serves as a complement to that poem. It is full of reminiscences of the days spent with Clough in Oxford and its environs.

On the name "Thyrsis," see notes to

Milton's L'Allegro, 1. 83 ff.

2. the two Hinkseys, villages near Oxford. Numerous other places in or near Oxford are mentioned in the poem. The poet represents himself as standing on one of the hills overlooking the city and the Thames valley.

15. the youthful Thames. The Thames is about fifty yards wide at Oxford.

19. that sweet City, Oxford.

977b 29. the Scholar-Gipsy, a reference to Arnold's poem, in which a young scholar, driven by poverty, leaves the University of Oxford and becomes a member of a gipsy band. According to Arnold's source, the Scholar-Gipsy lived in the seventeenth century.

36 f. this many a year, etc. Arnold is saving, in the language of pastoral poetry, that he has not written any poetry for

a long time.

40. Thyrsis of his own will went away. Clough resigned his fellowship in Oriel College, Oxford, in 1848. He appears to have done so voluntarily on account of his religious beliefs.

45. silly, simple.

49. storms that rage. Much of Clough's poetry reveals the poet's spiritual strug-

See notes to Milton's 978a 80. Corydon.

L'Allegro, l. 83 ff.

82. when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate, an apparent reference to the lament for Bion attributed to the Sicilian pastoral poet Moschus.

86 ff. relax Pluto's brow, etc. Cf. notes to

Milton's L'Allegro, l. 145 ff.

92. Dorian, Sicilian.

978b 95. Enna, the place in Sicily from which Proserpine was carried off by Pluto. 107. fritillaries, flowers somewhat like lilies.

979a 135. sprent, sprinkled.

137. pausefully, so as to make it pause.

979b 167. Arno. Clough died in Italy and was buried in Florence by the River Arno.

175. boon, benign, bounteous.

177. the great Mother's train. Arnold imagines that Clough's spirit has gone to be an attendant upon Cybele, the mother of the gods.

180. Apennine. The Apennines are a celebrated mountain range forming the back-

bone of Italy.

185. Daphnis. There are numerous classical stores about Daphnis, the reputed founder of pastoral poetry. According to one, he was blinded by a nymph whose love he had slighted, consoled himself by playing on the pipes, and was later raised to heaven. According to another, he had a reaping contest with Lityerses, king of Phrygia, but was enabled to win by the help of Hercules, and was thus saved from the death which Litverses inflicted upon all contestants whom he overcame.

980b DOVER BEACH

In contrast with the light, occasionally even playful, tone of Arnold's prose, his poetry is suffused with a pessimism so uniformly gloomy and despairing that one is at times tempted to doubt its complete sincerity. In spite of its mood of disillusionment, Dover Beach ranks, both in technical excellence and in imaginative power, as one of the most perfect reflective lyrics in the English lan-

With Dover Beach compare note to Bowles's sonnet Dover Cliffs, p. 599b, l. 1. 15. Sophocles. Cf. note to p. 961b, l. 8 ff. The specific reference is apparently to Sophocles' Antigone, l. 583 ff.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Dante Gabriel Rossetti was both a poet and a painter. He early felt himself to be a painter and fashioned his life accordingly, but as an innovator in art he wrote to disseminate his ideas, applied his principles in verse, and achieved a renown as a poet that is even greater than his fame as a painter. He was born in London, the son of an English-Italian mother and a refugee Italian father who was himself a poet. He began his education at a private school in London but after one year was transferred to King's College School, where he remained from 1836 to 1843. On leaving school he was placed in Cary's Art Academy, passed thence about 1846 to the Royal Academy Antique School, and for a while received technical instruction from the artist Brown. In the autumn of 1848, in conjunction with half a dozen others, including the painter Millais and the sculptor Woolner, he formed an organization which had for its aim a recovery of the neglected opportunities of the mediæval past and a reinterpretation rather than a strict revival of the principles of the Italian painters before Raphael. Impelled as it was by the enthusiasm of its sponsor, the new order was aggressive, and at once became known as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. For the next fifteen years Rossetti was a productive painter, striving to realize the lost world of romance, wonder, and spiritual beauty which was known to the old masters but which eluded them because of their slavery to clerical tradition. He had written some of his best poetry by his twentieth year; but his first published pieces appeared in the *Germ*, the official organ of the Brotherhood, in 1850–1851. Slowly he accumulated a body of verse, which, as it circulated freely in manuscript, vitally influenced the poetry of the time long before his poems appeared in print. To his poetry he transferred the principles of his art, and by his practice won for himself the leadership of the "renascence of wonder" both in poetry and in painting. In 1860 he married a beautiful young woman of artistic talent to whom he was passionately attached. His wife died in 1862, and in his grief he buried his manuscript poems in the grave with her. In 1869–1870 they were re-covered and published. They provoked an attack by Robert Buchanan, who charged Rossetti with fostering a "fleshly school" of poetry, a charge which the critic later retracted but not before the

poet had suffered great depression from its manifest injustice. For several years he had been a sufferer from insomnia and an addict to the use of narcotics. Notwithstanding his naturally genial disposition, he became morose and despondent, shrank from society, and found ease only in the presence of his immediate family or with a few intimate friends, such as William Morris. In 1881 appeared his second and last volume of original poetry, *Ballads and Sonnets*. Meanwhile his health had given way. He repaired to Birchington-on-Sea, but derived no benefit from the change and died there in the spring of 1882. In both his poetry and painting he represents the culmination of the renascence of wonder. To go beyond him in either art would be to vanish into mysticism. With Blake, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats he manifests a close kinship in the elements of vision, mystery, and a longing to recreate the romance-world of the past. The prevailing characteristic of his work, which he shares with other Pre-Raphaelites, is the realism with which he visualizes the unseen world. His style is marked by an unusual though fearless nicety of expression, a colorful loveliness of language, a luxuriant wealth of suggestive imagery, and a musical richness that is perennially haunting. His lyrics are exquisite, his romantic ballads have rarely been surpassed, and his sonnets are among the best in the language.

981a THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

Rossetti's intimate knowledge of Dante served him as a background for his conception in this poem, the figure of a deceased loved one in heaven bereft of her earthly lover. His immediate inspiration, however, was Poe's Raven, published in 1845, in which the poet presents the earthly lover yearning hopelessly for an ultimate reunion with his lost love. Rossetti declared it but remained for him to depict the longing of the beatified one for her mortal lover. In all her lineaments and impulses his damozel is earthly still. The poem was composed as early as 1847 or 1848, but was revised for the 1870 edition of his works, and included touches that are suggestive of his own bereavement.

981b 54. The stars sang in their spheres, an allusion to the fabled music of the spheres, by which order arose out of chaos.

87. the Dove, symbolizing the third member

of the Trinity, the Holy Spirit.

982a 107 f. Cecily, Gertrude, etc., mediæval Christian saints.

MY SISTER'S SLEEP

Apparently this poem is without personal foundation in the poet's own life, but it has the highest poetical likeness of truth and contains all the pathos of actuality. It employs the stanza of In Memoriam with a genuine dirgelike effect.

SUDDEN LIGHT 083a

That is, the light of recognition of some one loved in a former existence. On the general theme, cf. Vaughan's The Retreat, p. 382 and notes, and Wordsworth's Ode on Intimations of Immortality, p. 695 and notes.

THE WOODSPURGE

Woodspurge is a species of widely distributed weed or plant which exudes a viscid or milky fluid. The title is only The poem expresses the incidental. romantic conception of the receptiveness of the human mind to strange bits of knowledge, even in its abandonment to " perfect grief."

THE KING'S TRAGEDY

James I, king of Scotland, was slain at Perth on February 20, 1437, by Robert Graham (Græme) and his followers, in the manner described with striking fidelity in the poem. The events of the story are historical, as are also the personages represented, including the prophetess, the unfaithful Stewart, the "King of Love," and, of course, the heroine, Catherine Douglas (Kate Barlass). The details of the setting and the circumstances of the retribution are also actual. The poem is a great example of the historical ballad. The heroine tells the story in her old age to a group of "mod-ern" lasses, among them, it may be, her own descendants.

8. the palm-play ball, a game like the modern tennis, in which the ball was struck by the hand instead of a racquet.

983b 11. a true lord's head. According to Rossetti, Kate was married to Alexander Lovell of Bolunnie.

16. King Robert, Robert III, who before his accession in 1390 was John, Earl of Car-

19. James was pent. Upon the death of his elder brother David, at the instigation of his uncle, the Duke of Albany, James was despatched to France for safety about 1405, but his vessel was intercepted by the English. He was taken into custody, and detained as a prisoner in various places in England for nearly twenty years.

22 ff. the elder Prince, etc. See note above. 26. the Bass Rock fort, a small island at the entrance to the Firth of Forth, where James embarked for France.

28. Henry the subtle, etc., Henry IV.

35 ff. For once, etc. James tells his own romance in the King's Quair. Like Palamon and Arcite in Chaucer's Knight's Tale, he fell in love with his "lady of royal blood" on sight from his prison window at Windsor. She was Joan Beaufort, the young daughter of the Earl of Somerset. The couple were married in Southwark in February, 1424, and were crowned at Scone in May of the same year.

41. a sweeter song, the King's Quair.
984a 68 ff. England's wrong renewed, i.e.,
depredations by the English on the Scottish border and attempts to kidnap James's daughter while on her way to For these outrages James attacked Roxburgh in October, 1436, but withdrew his forces after a fifteen-day siege.

74 ff. a tale of dread, etc., the mutiny of a

group of the barons.

984b 105. Three Estates, the nobility, the clergy, and the commonalty, according to the mediæval grades of society.

128. country of the Wild Scots, the High-

lands, in northern Scotland.

141. Perth, on the river Tay in Perthshire, a partial seat of government at the time.

985a 176. the Duchray and the Dhu, a small stream west of Loch Lomond and a lake in Aberdeenshire.

179. Inchkeith Isle, a small island in the Firth of Forth.

183. Links of Forth, the land bordering on the River Forth near Stirling, Scotland.

986b 316 ff. 'Worship, ye lovers,' etc. and the later stanzas in the poem printed in italics are, as the poet tells us, adapted from the King's Quair.

987b 388. pearl-tired, pearl-attired, adorned with pearls.

414. Voidee-cup, a spiced wine served before retiring

424. brast, broken, burst. 988a 462. bitter dule to dree, to suffer bitter sorrow.

469. Aberdour, a town on the north shore of the Firth of Forth, across from Edinburgh.

989a 566. stanchion-hold, a staple or socket for securing the bar which fastened the

992a THE HOUSE OF LIFE

These sonnets were composed during a period of thirty-three years, 1848-1881. It is impossible to determine the order of their succession or to make out their associations in the poet's own life. Undoubtedly many of them represent his most intimate experiences. They have all the appearance of reality characteristic of Shakespeare's sonnets and on attempted analysis prove quite as elusive. In their poetical qualities — their gorgeous word painting, their infinite suggestiveness of thought and imagery, and their seductive melody — they are most like his among all the great sonnet sequences of the language.

XVIII. GENIUS IN BEAUTY

993a 3. Michael's hand, etc., Michael Angelo, an allusion to his figures of Night, Day, Evening, Twilight, etc.

993b

XLIX-LII. WILLOWWOOD

The term "Willowwood" is poetical for the Woodland of Weeping, suggestive of the "soul-struck widowhood" of Sonnet 3, 1. 3.

994a

4

2. wellaway, sighing, lamentation.

995a

LXI. SONG-THROE

The title means the poetical urge or passion. The sonnet is interesting as giving Rossetti's idea of the source and nature of poetry.

9. The Song-god . . . the Sun-god, Apollo.

996a

CHIMES

This poem should be read for the sound effect of chimes, which it attempts to reproduce. Notable in it, to this end, is the alliteration, the selection and combination of vowels, the use and arrangement of heavy and light syllables, and the variations in tone from high to low and vice versa. It represents only a succession of poetical sensations; hence no consistent general meaning need be sought.

WILLIAM MORRIS

William Morris, born at Walthamstow, was the son of a discount broker. As a child he was delicate, but he very early showed a disposition to reading and study. By the time he was four he was familiar with the Waverley novels. By the time he was nine the outdoor life around Woodford, the family residence, and in Epping Forest near by brought him health and vigor. At nine he was placed in school at Walthamstow and four years later was transferred to Marl-

borough, where he developed a taste for architecture. His Oxford career, 1852-1855, was important chiefly for his association with a group of intellectual young men called "the Brotherhood." who held exalted views of the aims of life and who directed their own studies accordingly. At Oxford too he had his initia-tion into poetry. The story is told that three of his friends one evening listened in his room to a reading of one of his compositions, a "perfectly original" and "truly striking and beautiful" poem, The Willow and the Red Cliff. To their expressions of favor he replied, "If this and "truly striking and beautiful" is poetry, it is very easy to write. Thereafter poetry was a source of pleasure to him, although it never became a preoccupation. He thought of entering the ministry, but abandoned the idea for social work and decided to become an architect. In 1858 his Defence of Guenevere appeared but attracted little attention. Meanwhile through a magazine venture he had become acquainted with Rossetti. By 1860 his "house beautiful" at Upton in Kent was ready for occupancy by him and his young wife, but the location proved unhealthful, and a few years later he removed to town. His next venture was the formation of a company, with Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and others as craftsmen," for the manufacture of house furnishings and interior decorations. The company prospered under his management, and he was forced to give much of his attention to business. but he still found time for literature. His Life and Death of Jason appeared in 1867 and was followed in 1868-1870 by his master work, The Earthly Paradise. By this time he was recognized as one of the foremost English poets of the age, a reputation which was amply maintained by Sigurd the Volsung in 1876. In his later years he was much interested in social work, but continued to write. One of his last great ventures was the establishment in Hammersmith of the Kelmscott Press for beautifying and improving the art of printing, the crowning achievement of which was the Kelmscott edition of Chaucer, issued only a few months before his death. He wrote much prose fiction, but he was preëminently a narrative poet. Chaucer was his model, and he always wrote of remote times and places. His works lack the wider human reaches, but the spirit of beauty breathes through all his productions in literature and art. He composed with ease and despite his manifold activities produced extensively, but, notwithstanding his facility, he wrote sufficiently well to give him a high place among the poets of the century.

NOTES

997a AN APOLOGY

This apology is prefixed to the cycle of stories called *The Earthly Paradise*. "Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway" set sail to find the Earthly Paradise. After many years they reach a "Western land" inhabited by descendants of the ancient Greeks, who entertain them with semimonthly feasts for a year. At each feast a tale is told, alternately between the inhabitants and the wanderers. The stories of the former are from Greek mythology and those of the latter are of Norse or Romance origin. Atalanta's Race, a rendition of the well-known myth, is the first of the twenty-four stories making up the

997b 25. the ivory gate, i.e., of the dwelling of Morpheus, through which issued dreams that were not true.

ATALANTA'S RACE

998b 63. the Fleet-foot One, Mercury, or Hermes, the messenger of the gods.

1000a 184. the sea-born one, Venus. 1000b 208. Adonis' bane, the wild boar. Adonis was slain by an enraged wild boar which he had wounded.

211. Argive cities, cities of Argolis in southern

Greece.

1001a 275. the threeformed goddess, Diana, or Artemis.

1002a 340. sleepy garland, a wreath of poppies.

352. Argos, a town in Argolis.

1004b 534. Diana's raiment, the symbol of

virginity.

535. Saturn's clime, a fabled age of innocence and plenty, which prevailed in Saturn's reign.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWIN-BURNE

The last of the great Victorian poets, Algernon Charles Swinburne, came of distinguished ancestry on both sides of his family. His father was an English admiral, and his mother was the daughter of the Earl of Ashburnham. He was born in London, but his infancy and childhood were spent partly on his grandfather's estate in Northumberland and partly on that of his father in the Isle of Wight. His associations with the latter place are doubtless responsible for the atmosphere of the sea that pervades his poetry. After some private tutoring he went to Eton for five years and passed to Oxford for three more, but left without a degree. At the university he developed a passionate love for Greek literature. The year of his leaving, 1860, he published his remarkable youthful dramas, The Queen Mother and Rosamond. During a brief stay in Italy he met the aged poet Walter Savage Landor, who was already a potent influence in his work. In 1865 his drama, Atalanta in Calydon, replete with Hellenism, appeared; and the following year he published his Poems and Ballads, by which, though severely criticized for their revolt against moral conventions, he established himself as one of the foremost poets of the age and the leader of a younger group, to whom he was both master and prophet. By the removal of the family to Holmwood in the Thames valley he was brought into contact with the literary life of London, and became a vital part of the Pre-Raphaelite movement then in full career. With his Songs before Sunrise, 1871, echoing Victor Hugo but displaying his own independent manner and spirit, he became a poet of revolt against political and ecclesiastical conditions. The next decade is celebrated for his second series of Poems and Ballads, 1878, which contains some of his best poems; for the completion of his Mary Stuart trilogy of plays; and for the production of some of his most remarkable critical studies. After 1880 his life was uneventful. He continued to write poetry, which maintained but added little to his fame, and he was prolific in criticism. The collected edition of his Poems and Dramas begun in 1904, an important event in itself, seems to close the great period of creative Victorian poetry. He died in London in the spring of 1909. He is a master of phrase in prose and verse. In poetry he is one of the great metrical geniuses. Probably more than any other English poet, he was able to maintain a high and exuberant poetic level by sheer richness of melody and imaginative suggestiveness without much wealth of thought content. His long poems, like classical music, are recognized and admired but will never be popular. He is perhaps best in a few great lyrics. In his criticism he is creative and impressionistic. He rarely touches a subject without illuminating it; but he is often inaccurate, his taste falters at times, and he is usually too subject to personal likes and dislikes for sane judgment and sustained good sense.

1006b A SONG IN TIME OF ORDER

Louis Napoleon became emperor of France in 1852. The poem voices the sentiments of three "red" liberalists against his régime as representing political tyranny and oppression. It echoes also the failure during the period of some

popular movements in central Europe.

34. The old red, the flag of the revolution which resulted in the French republic in 1848.

1007a 38. Pope. Pope Pius IX was driven from Rome by the Italian statesman Garibaldi, but was restored by the aid of the French army in 1849.

50. Cayenne, the capital of French Guiana, a place of banishment for political prison-

ers.

50. the Austrian whips, an allusion to Austrian oppression in Italy.

BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF YEARS

A chorus in *Atalanta in Calydon*. In the religious views expressed in his poetry Swinburne is often frankly pagan.

1008b ROCOCO

The title implies a rich and expensive style of ornamentation in art, popular in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but the term is usually used contemptuously of the style as a meaningless system of conglomerate symbols in works of art.

1009b THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

According to the Greek conception, the groves of Proserpine formed a realm of shades near the entrance to the underworld. The poet uses the idea to express "that brief total pause of passion and of thought, when the spirit . . . thirsts only after the perfect sleep."

1010a HERTHA

Hertha was the ancient Teutonic divinity of the Earth, but Swinburne's conception is much vaster — an all-enveloping, all-producing, all-evolving Whole. He said of the poem, "Of all I have done I rate 'Hertha' highest as a single piece."

1012b A FORSAKEN GARDEN

The scene of this poem is East Dene on the Isle of Wight, where the poet spent much of his youth.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Arthur Hugh Clough was born in Liverpool, of good Welsh and Yorkshire stock. His father was a cotton merchant. His childhood was spent mostly in Charleston, South Carolina, but his education was English. In 1829 he came under the influence of the great Dr. Arnold at

Rugby, and in 1837 he entered Oxford as a scholar, where he was a contemporary and friend of Matthew Arnold. He was influenced greatly by the High Church Movement, then in full sway under the leadership of Newman. He remained in the university as a fellow of Oriel College until 1848, when, under the conviction that further tenure was inconsistent with his growing unorthodoxy, he resigned his position. He tried his fortune at tutoring and writing in Cambridge, Massachusetts, for a short while, but returned to England. In 1853 he was appointed to a position in the Education Office and led an official life for his remaining years. In 1860 his health failed. He tried a change of climate, but died at Florence late in the following year. His pastoral poem, the Bothie of Toperna-Vuolick, appeared in 1848. A year later he was joint author, with Thomas Bur-bidge, of Ambervalia, a collection of shorter poems of various dates. Some idyls, lyrics, and elegiac pieces make up the best of his remaining poetry. He wrote no great amount, and he never led a wholly detached literary life. He has melody and strength of thought but possesses little originality, and to-day his moral tone seems rather severely conventional. It is no aspersion of his character or talent to say that his best service to English poetry was his friendship with Matthew Arnold, which, after his death, inspired Thyrsis, one of the great elegies.

1014a QUA CURSUM VENTUS

The title in paraphrase means, "As the wind blows, so the vessel takes its course." The Latin words form part of a line in Virgil's *Eneid*, Bk. III, l. 269. The poem reflects Clough's break with William George Ward, 1812–1882, a religious controversialist who became a Catholic in 1845.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Charles Kingsley was born at Holne in Devonshire. His early life was spent in the Fen country and in north Devonshire. He was greatly impressed by the scenery of both districts, bits of which he vividly described in his writings later. He was educated at private schools, at King's College in London, and at Cambridge. In 1842 he became curate and soon afterward rector of Eversley in Hampshire, where he continued to reside for the remaining thirty-three years of his life. His professorship of modern history at Cambridge from 1860 to 1869 is celebrated mainly for his controversy with J. H. Newman, in which Kingsley was

completely discomfited. He became chaplain to Queen Victoria and canon of Chester and Westminster, and died at Eversley in 1875. He was not a scholar, but he had wide and varied knowledge, and by his books and personality he exercised a great influence upon the thought of his time. He is mainly a novelist. Alton Locke and Yeast are great novels of purpose, and Hypatia and Westward Ho! rank as highly in historical fiction. He wrote little poetry, but some of his lyrics are memorable, and in his longer Andromeda, he perhaps succeeded best among English poets in the attempt to naturalize the classical hexameter in English.

1014b THE SANDS OF DEE

The River Dee flows through northern Wales and Cheshire into the Irish Sea.

1015a WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG

In Water Babies, one of the great classics for children.

SYDNEY DOBELL

Sydney Dobell was born the son of a wine merchant at Cranbrook, Kent. His mother was a woman of much strength and force of character. He was educated privately and became an ardent liberal. In a number of his early poems he displayed a passionate zeal for political reform. In 1855 he produced a succession of sonnets on the Crimean War, followed a year later by a volume on the same theme entitled *England in War Time*. Ill health made it necessary for him to spend his winters abroad, and in 1869 he met with an accident in a fall from a horse, which made him an invalid for the rest of his life. His death occurred at Barton End, Gloucestershire, in 1874. He was prominent in what has been called the "spasmodic school" of poetry, which was distinguished by a dissatisfaction with the conditions of existence, a sense of the futility of human effort and of the inequitable distribution of rewards for struggle, a skepticism regarding accepted religion, and a restless striving after the impossible. In style the writers of the spasmodic school are characterized by an excessive use of metaphor and a general extravagance of language, but they often show freshness and originality. In his own poetry Dobell is very uneven, but at times he attains an excellence that is not often surpassed. .

AMERICA

At the time of the Crimean War, 1853-1856, which inspired much of Dobell's poetry, it was thought that opinion in the United States was hostile to England.

1015b 14. Helena and Hermia. Shakespeare's

Midsummer Night's Dream.

1016a HOME WOUNDED

Experiences in the recent World War give the subject and sentiments of this poem a renewed interest at the present time.

EDWARD FITZGERALD

Edward Fitzgerald was born at Bredfield in Suffolk. While he was a boy the family lived abroad for a few years. On their return in 1821 he was placed in school at Bury St. Edmunds. Five years later he went to Cambridge. He adopted no profession and lived a secluded life in various places in his native section until his death. He was devoted to flowers, music, and literature, but allowed his friends Tennyson and Thackeray to outstrip him far in creative work. His first book, Euphranor, 1851, in platonic dialogue, echoes his Cambridge life. After some studies and translations in Spanish poetry he turned to Persian, from which he translated his Rubaiyat, 1859. It appeared anonymously in pamphlet form and at first attracted no attention. The following year Rossetti discovered it, as did Swinburne and Lord Houghton soon afterward. In 1868 Fitzgerald was induced to print a revised edition. His greatly enlarged final revision appeared in 1879. After 1861 his greatest interest was in the sea. Aboard his own vessel or among his books and flowers he grew old and died asleep at Merton in Norfolk in 1883. The melody, profundity of thought, and wealth of imagery of his great philosophical song have made it one of the immortal poems of the language.

1020b THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

Omar Khayyam (Omar the Tentmaker) was a Persian poet and astronomer of the late eleventh and early twelfth centuries. Fitzgerald says: "The original Rubáiyát are independent Stanzas, consisting each of four Lines of equal, though varied, Prosody; sometimes all rhyming, but oftener (as here imitated) the third line a blank. Somewhat as in the Greek Alcaic, where the penultimate line seems to lift and suspend the Wave that falls

over in the last. As usual with such kind of Oriental Verse, the Rubáiyát follow one another according to Alphabetic Rhyme — a strange succession of Grave and Gay. Those here selected are strung into something of an Eclogue, with perhaps a less than equal proportion of the 'Drink and make-merry,' which (genuine or not) occurs over frequently in the Original. Either way, the Result is sad enough: saddest perhaps when most ostentatiously merry: more apt to move Sorrow than Anger toward the old Tentmaker, who, after vainly endeavoring to unshackle his Steps from Destiny. and to catch some authentic Glimpse of Tomorrow, fell back upon Today (which has outlasted so many Tomorrows!) as the only Ground he had got to stand upon, however momentarily slipping from under his Feet." Fitzgerald's translation, in no sense literal, is one of liberal interpretation and free paraphrase.

5. False morning, a transient light on the horizon about an hour before the true dawn; a well-known phenomenon in the East (Fitzgerald).

13. the New Year. The Persian new year

began with the vernal equinox.

15 f. the White Hand of Moses, etc. Cf. Exodus iv, 6. According to a Persian version, Moses' hand was not leprous, but "white as our May-blossom in spring." The Persians believed also that Jesus' healing power resided in his breath.

17. Iram, a garden planted by King Shaddad, now obliterated somewhere in the

sands of Arabia.

18. Jamshyd, a legendary Persian king. His seven-ringed divining cup typified the seven heavens, seven planets, seven seas,

1021a 21. David, etc. Pehlevi was the old heroic language long since obsolete. David's tongue is forgotten, but the nightingale still cries in ancient Pehlevi, "Wine!" etc.

29. Naishápúr, a village in Persia, formerly one of the four great cities of Khorassan;

Omar's native place.

36. Kaikobád, founder of the Kaianian dynasty, the most celebrated of all the dynasties of ancient Persia. According to legend, he was placed on the throne by the help of Rustum (see note to p. 963b).

38. Kaikhosrú, etc. See note to p. 966a,

1. 223.

39. Zál and Rustum. The latter was the Hercules of Persia; the former was his father. See Matthew Arnold's Sohrab and Rustum, p. 963 ff.

40. Hátim, a well-known type of Oriental

Generosity (Fitzgerald).

44. Mahmud, the sultan, a title. Mahmud the Great, ca. 971-1030, was one of the great Mohammedan conquerors.

1021b 70. The Courts, etc. Jamshyd's capital was Persepolis.

71. Bahrám, a Sassanian sovereign who sank in a swamp while pursuing a wild ass.

75. Hyacinth. See note to Lycidas, 1. 344. 1022a 122. Saturn, the lord of the seventh heaven.

1022b 153 ff. a drop . . . we throw, etc., an allusion to the custom of throwing a little wine on the ground before drinking. To Omar it signified: "The liquor is not lost, but sinks into the ground to refresh the dust of some poor Wine-worshiper foregone."

169. the Angel of the darker Drink, Death, or Azräel, who, according to one tradition, performs his mission "by holding to the nostril an apple from the Tree of

Life.

1023a 179. Ferrásh, a servant, camp follower.

183. Sáki, wine bearer.

198. Alif, the first letter of certain ancient alphabets.

203. from Máh to Máhi, i.e., from fish to moon.

1023b 225. my Computations. Omar was one of eight learned men employed to reform the calendar under the sultanate of Malik Shah.

234. Two and Seventy, etc., the number of religions which were "supposed to divide

the world.'

Mahmúd, etc., an allusion to Sultan Mahmud, conqueror of "India and its people.'

277 ff. The Ball, etc., the game of polo, of

ancient Persian origin.

1024b 299. Parwin and Mushtari, the Pleiades and Jupiter. See note next above. 302. Dervish, an Islamitish devotee.

1025a 326. Ramazán, the fasting month of the Moslems.

346. a Súfi, an adherent of a pantheistic religious sect in Persia.

358. The little Moon, etc., the new moon announcing the end of the month of fasting.

360. the Porter's shoulder-knot, etc., i.e., from bearing in wine.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Christina Rossetti, the sister of Dante Gabriel, was born in London. Her father was an Italian poet and a liberal in politics, and she grew up in the mixed society of Italian exiles and English eccentrics who frequented his house. When she was seventeen, a volume of her Verse was privately printed, and at twenty she contributed some of her finest lyrics to the Pre-Raphaelite organ, the Germ. After her father's death in 1854 she suffered from poverty and ill health, and developed a deeply religious nature, which

was only intensified by affliction and disease in her later life. The Goblin Market appeared in 1862 and was received with enthusiasm. In 1866 she published The Prince's Progress. A third volume, showing a loss of power, appeared in 1881, from which time on she produced little except religious prose. Her last years were spent in retirement and broken health in Bloomsbury, where she died in 1894. Her gifts were lyrical. Her poetry shows the narrow range of her sympathies and experiences, but it often possesses genuine music, and sometimes it rises to pure splendor. It is pervaded by a tone of austerity and sanctity, and a spirit of melancholy reverie envelops the whole.

JAMES THOMSON

James Thomson, the second of the name in English poetry (see p. 540 ff.), was born at Port Glasgow in Scotland. His father was a sailor who suffered from ill health. On the death of his mother, a deeply religious woman, when he was seven, he was placed in an orphan asylum. In 1850 he entered the model school of the Military Asylum in Chelsea, from which he emerged an assistant army schoolmaster. At a garrison near Cork in Ireland he fell ardently in love with a beautiful and cultivated girl, who re-turned his passion, but whose sudden death two years later "prostrated him in mind and body." Thenceforth his life was one of gloom and poverty rarely relieved by sunlight or better fortune. In 1862 he was dismissed from the army for a trival act of insubordination and became successively an attorney's clerk, a secretary to a mining company, a war correspondent in Spain, and a free lance in journalism. He maintained connections with several magazines, chiefly the National Reformer, to which he contributed his masterpiece, The City of Dreadful Night, in 1874. From 1866 to the end of his life he lived alone in London. His intemperate habits and his inveterate tendency to moral gloom and pessimism denied him a successful career. The publication of his City of Dreadful Night and Other Poems in 1880 commanded some attention. He died in London in 1882. The nature of his writing shows a sympathetic kinship with De Quincey. lyrical gift was genuine, and his lighter pieces are often gay and sunny, as one side of his life was genial. His most characteristic poetry, however, touches the limits of an absolute despair. Its merits lie in its imaginative power, in its awe-inspiring splendor, and in its haunting music.

THE CITY OF DREADFUL 1027a NIGHT

The City of Dreadful Night is of course imaginary, the City of Despair, total and absolute. The mood portrayed, common to humanity, though in less intensified form, was greatly emphasized in Thomson's own character; the subject was congenial to his tastes; and on the basis of its ordinary human association, he built, with his great imaginative powers, his structure, forbidding as it is, just as other poets have reared other structures to typify in exaggerated vein other moods and passions. The poem is a mere phantasy of only a possibly conceivable mental state, and is to be read without thought of any moral purport or ethical significance whatever. It is one of the great imaginative creations of the language.

1028b 136. God's-acre, a cemetery.

1031a 317. Pandora's box. See note to p. 279b, l. 8.

1037b 838. the pure sad artist, Albrecht Dürer, 1471-1528, a famous German painter and engraver. His "Melancholia" is one of his most celebrated engravings.

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

Thomas Edward Brown, the sixth of ten children in the home of a clergyman, was born at Douglas on the Isle of Man. When he was two, the family removed to Kirk Braddan near by, where his youth was spent amid pleasant surroundings. After some local schooling and private instruction, chiefly by the elder Brown, he went to King William's College and in 1849 entered Oxford. In 1854 he attained the highest honor of an Oxford career, a fellowship at Oriel, and was ordained deacon; but not taking kindly "to the life of an Oxford Fellow" he returned to his native island as viceprincipal of King William's. During his three years' tenure of a head mastership at Gloucester he met and influenced deeply the young poet W. E. Henley (see p. 1043). In 1864 he joined the teaching staff of Clifton College and for twentyeight years led there a kind of twofold existence, publicly living the life of a really great teacher and schoolman, and privately following his literary inclina-tions and writing his poetry. In 1892 his health gave way, and he retired to the Isle of Man. His recovery was rapid, and the remaining five years were all his own, to follow happily at will the literary vocation which he had long felt belonged to him by nature. He died suddenly while delivering an address to the boys of his old school. His works include Fo'c's'le Yarns, 1881; The Doctor, etc., 1887; The Manx Witch, etc., 1889; Old John, etc., 1893; and his Collected Poems, 1900, 1901. He was a mystic, like Vaughan and Blake, though in a far less pronounced degree than the latter. His poetry is not always clear, and his ex-pression often overbalances his thought. He shows a command of both humor and pathos, and with his range and variety in form and method, as well, he is never monotonous. His dialect pieces suffer from being written in a language that is in itself unbeautiful. His lyrics are the best known of his works, but one or two of his stories should have a very high rank in English narrative poetry.

1039a

IBANT OBSCURÆ

The title means, "They passed in dark-

12. Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus and Cassiope. On account of her mother's pride she was bound to a rock to be devoured by a sea monster, but was freed and married by Perseus. She was made a constellation by Athena.

1039b

OPIFEX

The artificer or maker represented in the title is Brown himself. The poem is therefore interesting as his estimate of his own talent.

THE VOICES OF NATURE

1040a 6. Damnonian Briton, a Briton from ancient Cornwall.

17. bourdon, a bass stop in an organ or harmonium.

27. dulse, a kind of seaweed.

JUVENTA PERENNIS

The title means, "Perennial Youth."

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY

Arthur O'Shaughnessy was born in London and spent his life there. At seventeen he became a transcriber in the library of the British Museum. Two years later he was transferred and made an assistant in the department of natural history. His constitution was never vigorous, and he succumbed to the effects of a chill at the age of thirty-seven. Despite his work and associations, his inclinations were all literary. His *Epic* of Women appeared in 1870 and Music and Moonlight in 1874. During his last seven years he published no volume of poetry, but Songs of a Worker was issued posthumously in 1881, the year of his death. His themes are never important,

and he rarely has real dignity of thought: but with his genuine song-gift he produced some melodies that are unforgettable.

1040b

ODE

19. Nineveh. Cf. Genesis x, 11 f., and the book of Jonah. 20. Babel. Cf. Genesis xi, 1 ff.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson was the only child of the civil engineer Thomas Stevenson, and was born in Edinburgh. His health was frail from infancy. He was educated mainly in Edinburgh and prepared to follow the family profession. The outdoor life suited him, but it overtaxed his physical endurance; hence in 1871 he gave up the career of engineer and went to Edinburgh to study law. He was called to the bar in 1875, but never practiced. Meanwhile he was working assiduously at a better style of writing and began publishing some original essays in magazines. His Inland Voyage, 1878, and Travels with a Donkey, 1879, were the results of a wandering existence in France, Germany, and Scotland, three or four years before in search of health. In August, 1879, he came to California to renew his suit to, and the following year to marry, a Mrs. Osborne whom he had met in France several years before. The next few years are a record of migration from place to place in England, Scotland, and southern Europe, to improve his health. His first popular work, Treasure Island, was published in 1883. In 1885 appeared his Child's Garden of Verses and in 1887 his volume of lyrical poems called Underwoods. In the latter year he left England on a long voyage in search of health, never to return. In the mountains of New York State he wrote most of his Master of Ballantrae and many of his best essays. In the summer of 1888 he crossed the continent to San Francisco and set out on a voyage in the Pacific. After several months of cruising he settled in Samoa, one of the Gilbert Islands, and spent there the last four years of his life, amid picturesque surroundings and in better health than he had ever known. He lived as an island chieftain but continued his writing to the end. He died suddenly at the close of the year 1894 and was buried on a peak overlooking the ocean. His adventurous life and engaging personality to some extent have increased his literary reputation. By his talent and remarkable influence he is, however, one of the important figures in Victorian literature. He resembles Steele and Goldsmith in the variety of his work, and he equals them in the general excellence of the whole. He revived the romantic novel; he is a great essayist, a master of the short story, and a popular poet. He is a past master of style and a romanticist in everything he wrote.

1041b

REQUIEM

This is Stevenson's own fitting epitaph of himself. It is carved on his tomb in Samoa.

1042a

HEATHER ALE

This poem, the author tells us, is based on a Galloway legend. 23. Brewsters, brewers.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

William Ernest Henley was a native of Gloucester. In the Crypt Grammar School of that city he had the singular good fortune to come under the influence of the poet T. E. Brown (see p. 1039 and introductory note), whose kindness to him, at a time when he needed it most, he repaid with a life-long admiration and in later years with the stanch support of his pen. He was afflicted with a physical infirmity and at twenty-five was lodged in a hospital in Edinburgh. While confined there he contributed to the Cornhill Magazine his poems on his hospital experiences. A visit from Stevenson at the time resulted in a warm friendship between the two men. In 1877 he went to London and became an editor. In 1888 his Book of Verse appeared, followed in 1892 by his Song of the Sword, or London Voluntaries, as it was called in the second edition the year after. He published collections of verse in 1898 and again in 1901.
Meanwhile he had written much prose and engaged in dramatic authorship with Stevenson. He died at Woking in Surrey in the summer of 1903. His prose represents a high order of journalism. His poetry is celebrated for its reflection of the author's indomitable courage under the severest trials.

1043b OUT OF THE NIGHT, etc.

This, the most popular of Henley's poems, is also known by the title, *Invictus*, "Unconquered."

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

John Henry Newman was the son of a banker and was born in London. At the age of seven he entered a private school

at Ealing, where he was distinguished by his studious habits and good conduct rather than by the usual boyish interest in sports. An important event in his life was his conversion under Calvinistic influences at fifteen, his last year at school. In 1817 he entered Oxford and in 1822 won the enviable honor of an Oriel fellowship. He was ordained in 1824, presented to a curacy at Oxford, and began to write. While on a trip to couthern former and Italy in 1822. southern Europe and Italy in 1832-1833, he was profoundly impressed by his visit to Rome. During these years he wrote most of the short poems appearing in the Lyra Apostolica as well as his beautiful hymn, Lead Kindly Light. In July, 1833, he heard at Oxford Keble's sermon on "National Apostasy," which he regarded as the definite beginning of the Oxford Movement. Later in the same month an organization was effected by a group of high churchmen, not including Newman, to fight for "the apostolic succession and the integrity of the Prayer-Book." A few weeks later Newman, apparently on his own account, horsen his Treats of the his own account, began his Tracts of the Times, whence the movement came to be called "Tractarian." The aim was to secure a definite basis of doctrine and discipline for the Church of England, in its threatened disruption and desertion by the high church party. Newman became editor of the British Critic and through its columns and in lectures defended the Anglican Church as a via media "between Romanism and popular Protestantism." With his Tract 90 in 1841 he ended his celebrated series, by which time he had come to doubt the Anglican position. In 1843 he published a retraction of his strictures against the Catholic Church, and two years later he was formally received into its fold. In 1846 he went to Rome, where he was ordained priest and awarded the D.D. degree by the Pope. On his return to England he settled at Edgbaston near Birmingham, where, except for his official years in Ireland, he lived in comparative seclusion the rest of his life. In 1854 he became rector of the new Catholic University at Dublin, but lacking a practical talent for organization he retired after a tenure of four years. The experience, however, resulted in his volume of lectures called the Idea of a University, containing probably his best work. His controversy with Kingsley (see p. 1014 and introductory note), in which he came off triumphant, gave him the needed opportunity for his Apologia pro Vita Sua, published serially, in which he justified his change to Catholicism. In 1879 he was made cardinal from simple priest - a proce-

「1041b

dure that was in itself unusual, - and the act was applauded by Catholics and Protestants throughout Christendom. He died at the Oratory in Edgbaston in 1890. As a preacher and controversialist, he exercised a powerful influence. He had genuine poetical gifts, but his most congenial medium was prose, in which he is recognized as one of the great modern masters. His style is clear, direct, straightforward, full of thought and varied with the finest distinctions, acutely logical, grand in simplicity, and always inspired by a genuine sincerity.

1044a WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY

40. litera scripta, written letters.

1044b 17. The Sibyl, the Cumean Sibyl, an ancient prophetess who wrote her predictions on the leaves of trees. See note to p. 1099b, I. 64.

24 f. sermons in stones, etc. As You Like

It II, i, 16.

1046a 26. beau monde, the world of fashion.

31. au courant, up-to-date.

1047b 45. St. Irenæus, an early Christian saint, Bishop of Lyons, probably martyred in the reign of Septimius Seve-

52. St. Anthony. See note to p. 89b, l. 44, and p. 1119a, l. 1 ff.

1048a 2. Didymus, 309?-394?, surnamed "the Blind," an ecclesiastical writer and teacher of Alexandria.

1048b 20. Patrick, ca. 389-ca. 461, the patron

saint of Ireland.

JOHN RUSKIN

John Ruskin was the only child of two Scottish cousins and was born in London. His father was a wine merchant, a man of great ability and probity, who provided a cultured home in which to rear his gifted son. The boy's early years were passed under faithful nursing and Throughout his adolescence he was favored with the means and opportunity of travel about England and Scotland and on the continent, in search of everything that was beautiful in nature and art. No other writer in English literature ever had better æsthetic train-His literary education, mainly private, was irregular and on the whole unsuccessful. He early became a bookworm and at a tender age showed an in-clination to write. His Oxford career was marked by one signal triumph, and one only, the Newdigate prize for poetry. He was graduated in 1842. Meanwhile his real study had been, and continued to be, nature, art, and literature. Long previously he had begun his career as a writer with some nature studies and art

criticism. His first great work, however, was Modern Painters, the first volume of which appeared in 1843 and produced a sensation. By parental arrangement in 1848 he was married to a brilliant social beauty, but the union was dissolved after her departure from his home in 1854. In his Modern Painters he presented the thesis that truth is the standard of excellence in art and that nature is the source of truth and of inspiration. He expanded his ideas to include other arts in The Seven Lamps of Architecture, 1849, and The Stones of Venice, 1851-1853. With the last volume of Modern Painters in 1860 his work on art sub-jects strictly as such came to an end. The last forty years of his life were given up to enlarging his doctrines in a long series of lectures, letters, serial articles, essays, and the like, on social, industrial, educational, moral, and religious topics. Better known among his works of this kind are Unto this Last, 1861; Sesame and Lilies, 1865; The Crown of Wild Olive, 1866; and the expansive Fors Clarigera, 1871–1884. In 1869 he was elected Slade professor of art at Oxford and filled the position with distinction for many years. In 1871 he purchased the property of Brantwood on Coniston Water in the Lake District and resided there for the rest of his life. His last years were loaded with honors from all He died from influenza at sources. Brantwood in 1900. His literary work, with its evident culture, its high ethical tone, its rich phrase and rosy imagery, and its varied and suggestive thought content, is an important part of the great prose heritage of the language.

TRAFFIC

This essay was first delivered as a lecture in the town hall in Bradford, Yorkshire, and afterward published in *The Crown* of Wild Olive.

1049b 50 f. Teniers, etc., David Teniers, 1610-

1690, a famous Flemish realistic painter. Cf. his "Peasants Playing Dice," 1646. 1050a 8. Turner. Joseph Mallord William Turner, 1775–1851, a great English landscape painter. He inspired Ruskin's Modern Painters.

38 f. Newgate Calendar, a publication named from Newgate prison in London. It gives

accounts of sensational crimes.

1050b 32 ff. 'They carved,' etc. Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel, I, 31 ff.

1051a 39. Armstrongs, big guns, from the name of the manufacturers, Armstrong, in England.

44. black eagles, symbols of the Austrian

1051b 19. Inigo Jones, 1578-1652, a distin-

guished English architect, designer of Whitehall Palace in London. 20. Sir Christopher Wren, 1632–1723, a great English architect, designer of St.

Paul's Cathedral in London.

1052a 2 ff. Hawes . . . Brough . . . Wharnside. These places lie along the Penine hills between Bradford in West Yorkshire, where the lecture was delivered, and Car-

lisle, the chief city of Cumberland.

10 ff. a dream, etc. Cf. Genesis xxviii, 10 ff.

45 ff. 'Thou, when thou prayest,' etc. Cf.

Matthew vi. 5 f.

1053b 26 ff. to the Jews, etc. Cf. 1 Corinthians i, 23.

- 37 ff. Athenaic symbols, etc. The representation here is of the Athena Parthenos by Phidias.
- 42. Gorgon, on her shield. Comus, 1. 447. See note to
- 1054b 2. Tetzel, Johann Tetzel, the seller of papal indulgences who provoked the ire of Martin Luther.

bals masqués, masked balls.

13. Revivalist, i.e., of classical architecture, as represented in the palace of Versailles and the Vatican.

1055a 28 f. strong evidence, etc. Matthew xxi, 12 f.

1055b 49 f. Perdix fovit, etc., the partridge has fostered what she brought not forth.

(The Vulgate, Jeremiah, xvii, 11.) 1056a 1. Gennesaret. The reference may be to Matthew viii, 28-34, particularly the Gennesaret is a beautiful last verse. and fertile district west of the Sea of Galilee.

Agora, market place.
 ff. an Olympus, etc. See note to p. 305b,
 l. 14 f. Cf. Hamlet V, i, 305.

1056b 13. Plutus, the god of riches.

- 1057b 8 ff. Solomon made gold, etc. Cf. 1 Kings x, 14 ff.
 - 37. Bolton priory, a beautiful old abbey in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

'men may come,' etc. See Tennyson's

The Brook, p. 900.

1058b 32 f. plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon, where Nebuchadnezzar set up "an image of gold." Cf. Daniel iii, 1.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

1059a ÆS TRIPLEX

The title of this essay is taken from Horace (Odes, I, iii). It means, literally, "threefold brass."

36. dule trees, trees used as gallows.

1060a 4 f. blue peter, a blue flag with a white square in the center, used to indicate immediate sailing. The truck is a cap at the top of the mast or flagstaff.

37. Balaclava. See Tennyson's Charge of the Light Brigrade, p. 898 and notes.

41 f. Curtius, etc. According to a Roman

legend, a gulf lopened in the Forum in 362 B.C., and the soothsayers declared it could be stopped only by the sacrifice of the city's most valuable possession, whereupon, Marcus Curtius, a patriotic youth, fully armed and mounted, plunged into the abyss, which immediately closed.

52. the Derby, i.e., the Derby races.

1060b 1. the deified Caligula, Gaius Cæsar Caligula, A.D. 12-41, one of the cruelest of the Roman emperors. He claimed divine honors and instituted a priesthood to attend to his worship. The Prætorian guards were a special body of picked soldiers in his service.

3. Baiæ bay. See note to p. 767b, l. 32.

1061b 4. the Commander's statue. In the story of Don Juan, the famous rake accepts an invitation from a statue to supper.

25. bag's end, etc., a cul-de-sac. 41. our respected lexicographer, Dr. Samuel

1062b 1 f. 'A peerage,' etc. Before the battle of the Nile. Nelson is said to have exclaimed to his officers, "Before this time to-morrow, I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey.

1063a PULVIS ET UMBRA

The title means, "Dust and Shadow." 1065a 14. Assiniboia, a small town in Saskatchewan, Canada.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE STUDY OF POETRY

This essay formed the introduction to The English Poets, edited by T. H. Ward in 1880. For an estimate of the value of Arnold's test of "high seriousness" as a criterion of poetic excellence, see intro-ductory note to p. 961b. The Study of Poetry should be read by all persons who desire to read poetry intelligently.

1066a 36. these words, quoted, with slight differences, from Arnold's Introduction to The Hundred Greatest Men, 1879.

1066b 30 ff. 'the impassioned expression,' etc., quoted from the Preface to the Lyr-ical Ballads, p. 821b, l. 16 ff. 34 f. 'the breath,' etc., quoted from the

same passage as the words in the preced-

ing note.

1967a 7. Sainte-Beuve, 1804-1869, the most distinguished French critic of the nineteenth century. Arnold's familiar, at times almost chatty, style of essay-writing owes much to Sainte-Beuve.

1068a 14. Pellisson, Paul Pellisson, a seventeenth-century French man of letters.

16. politesse stérile et rampante, barren and cringing civility.

21. d'Héricault, a nineteenth-century French novelist and scholar.

22. Marot, 1497?-1544, a French poet of the Renaissance.

1068b 32. Methuselah. According to Genesis v. 27, he lived nine hundred and sixty-

nine years.

1069a 27. Imitation, the Imitation of Christ, written originally in Latin - a famous work of pious instruction which has probably been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible. It is attributed to Thomas à Kempis, ca. 1380-1471.

29 f. Cum multa, etc. When you have read and come to know many things, it behooves you always to return to the be-

ginning (Imitation III, xliii, 2).

43. Cædmon. See introductory note to Cædmon, p. 38, and Bede's account of Cædmon, p. 45.

47. Vitet, Ludovic, 1802-1873, a French

dramatist and politician.

49. Chanson de Roland. See Chronological Outline.

50 f. joculator or jongleur, best translated by the English word "minstrel."

1069b 3. Roncevaux, or Roncevalles, a mountain pass on the Spanish frontier of France, the traditional scene of the events described in the central episode

of the Chanson de Roland.

4 f. Turoldus. It is not certain whether Turoldus, who is referred to at the end of the Oxford manuscript of the Roland, is the author who wrote the poem, the minstrel who recited it, or the scribe who copied it.

31 ff. 'De plusurs choses,' etc. "Then he began to call many things to remembrance, - all the lands which his valour conquered, and pleasant France, and the men of his lineage, and Charlemagne his liege lord who nourished him"

(Arnold).

"Ως φάτο, etc.

"So said she; they long since in Earth's

soft arms were reposing,
There, in their own dear land, their
fatherland, Lacedæmon

— Iliad, iii, 243, 244 [translated by Dr. Hawtrey]" (Arnold.)

1070a 17 ff. *Α δειλώ, etc. "Ah, unhappy pair, why gave we you to King Peleus, to a mortal? but ye are without old age, and immortal. Was it that with men born to misery ye might have sorrow?—

Iliad, xvii, 443-445 " (Arnold).

24. Kai oi, etc. "Nay, and thou too, old

man, in former days wast, as we hear, happy. — *Iliad*, xxiv, 543 " (Arnold).

28 f. Ugolino's . . . words. Ugolino was an Italian political leader who was seized by the inhabitants of Pisa in 1288 and thrown into prison along with his two sons and two grandsons, where all died

of starvation in a few days. The case

was famous in Dante's time. 30 f. 'Io no piangeva,' etc. "1 (Ugolino) wailed not, so of stone I grew within; — they (the children) wailed "(Arnold). The

passage occurs in the *Inferno*, xxxiii, 49 f. 34 ff. 'Io son fatta,' etc. "Of such sort hath God, thanked be his mercy, made me, that your misery toucheth me not, neither doth the flame of this fire strike me. — Inferno, ii. 91–93 " (Arnold).

'In la sua volontade,' etc. "In His will is our peace. - Paradiso, iii. 85" (Ar-

42 ff. 'Wilt thou,' etc. 2 Henry IV, III, i,

18 ff. 1070b 1 ff. 'Darkened so,' etc. See p. 353b, 1. 599 ff.

7 f. 'And courage,' etc. See p. 347b, l. 108 f. '... which cost,' etc. See Paradise 12 f. Lost, iv, 271 f.

1071a 9 f. φιλοσοφώτερον, etc., more philo-

sophic and serious.

1071b 42 ff. Brunetto Latini . . . Treasure . . . la parleure en, etc. Brunetto Latini, ca.1210-ca. 1294, was a distinguished Italian philosopher and scholar and was a friend of Dante. While in exile in France, he wrote in French his prose *Tésor* ("Treasure"), a great encyclopedia of human knowledge, and in Italian his Tesoretto ("Little Treasure"), which is an abridgment of the Tésor. Of the French language he said that "its manner of expression is more pleasant and more common to all people." 48. Christian of Troyes, Chrétien de Troyes.

See Chronological Outline. The passage quoted is found in one of Chrétien's early Arthurian romances, Cligès, 1. 30 ff.

1072a 24 ff. nourished on this poetry, etc.
Arnold overemphasizes the Italian element in Chaucer's poetry. See introductory note to Chaucer, p. 140.

33 f. Wolfram of Eschenbach, an early thirteenth-century German courtly poet, the author of Parzival, one of the best-known versions of the legend of Perceval.

1072b 10 f. Dryden's, in the Preface to the Fables.

25. Johnson, in his Lives of the Poets.

28. Gower. See p. 159 ff.

53. 'O martyr,' etc. Cf. The Prioresses Tale, l. 127. Chaucer's line has "to" instead of "in."

1073a 10 f. The Prioress's Tale, l. 197 ff.

19. O Alma, the first words of a Latin hymn of the medieval church, beginning: Alma Redemptoris mater, "O gracious Alma Redemptoris mater, mother of the Redeemer."

1073b 42. Villon. François Villon, a fifteenthcentury French assassin, thief, crook, and underworld character, has left us some of the most beautiful poems in literature, especially lyrics picturing the physical decay of youth and loveliness.

44. La Belle Heaulmière. The name heaulmière (cf. Modern French heaume, helm) is said to be derived from the special headdress worn as a sign by courtesans. In the last stanza of the poem the old courtesan is represented as saying: "Thus amongst ourselves we regret the good time, poor silly old things, low-seated on our heels, all in a heap like so many balls; by a little fire of hemp-stalks, soon lighted, soon spent. And once we were such darlings! So fares it with many and many a one " (Arnold).

1074a 31 ff. 'that the sweetness,' etc. From An Essay of Dramatic Poesy.
38 ff. 'there is,' etc. From the Preface to the

Fables

1074b 24. Chapman. See note to Keats's On First Looking, etc., p. 780a.

34. Milton. In his A pology for Smeetymnuus,

- one of his prose tracts.
 42. Dryden. In the Postscript to the Reader affixed to his translation of Virgil's Eneid.
- 42. Dryden. In the preface to his translation of Virgil's Æneid.

52. after the Restoration. See p. 404. 1075a 42 f. 'A milk-white Hind,' etc., The Hind and the Panther, l. 1 f.

49 f. 'To Hounslow Heath,' etc., Second

Satire, l. 143 f.
1075b 30 f. the position of Gray is singular. See introductory note to p. 582a.

50. Burns. See introductory note to p. 665b.

1076a 8 ff. 'Mark ruffian Violence,' etc. From
On the Death of Robert Dundas, Esq.

17. Clarinda's love poet, Sylvander, The
reference is to the correspondence which Burns (under the poetical name of Sylvander) carried on with Mrs. Maclehose (whom he addresses as Clarinda).

19 ff. 'These English songs,' etc., Burns to Mr. Thomson, October 19, 1794.

1076b 11 ff. 'Leeze me on drink!' etc. From The Holy Fair.

- 33 ff. 'A prince can mak,' etc. From A Man's a Man for A' That, p. 675b, 1.
- $25~\mathrm{ff.}$ 45 ff. 'The sacred lowe,' etc. From the

Epistle to a Young Friend.

1077a 1 ff. 'Who made,' etc. From Address to the Unco Guid.

11 ff. 'To make a happy,' etc. From To Dr.

Blacklock. 50. Burns . .

Burns . . . Chaucer. The inadequacy of Arnold's test is obvious from the fact that it excludes Chaucer and Burns from the ranks of the greatest poets.

1077b 7 ff. 'Had we never,' etc. From Ae Fond Kiss, p. 674a, l. 13 ff. 22 ff. 'Thou Power Supreme,' etc. From

1078a 1 f. Auerbach's Cellar. A famous scene of revelry near the beginning of Goethe's Faust is represented as taking place in Auerbach's Cellar, a wine cellar in Leip-

- zig. Carlyle has an essay on Goethe, p. 863 ff.
- 4. Aristophanes, ca. 450-ca. 380 B.C., the greatest of the ancient Greek comic dramatists.
- 11 f. the address to the Mouse. See p.

308a.
28 ff. 'We twa hae paidl't,' etc. From Auld Lang Syne, p. 671a, l. 17 ff.
41. 'Pinnacled,' etc. From Shelley's Prometheus Unbound, III, iv, last line.
46 ff. 'On the brink,' etc. From Prometheus Unbound, II, v, opening lines.

WALTER PATER

Walter Horatio Pater was born at Shadwell in east London. His father, a physician, died in the son's infancy, and the family removed to Enfield, where Pater spent his youth. At King's School in Canterbury he showed an interest in art but none in literature. His undergraduate career at Oxford was uneventful. He considered entering the ministry, but after his graduation he settled down (1864) as a fellow of Brasenose, where he remained the rest of his life. At Brase-nose he began to interest himself in literature and to write criticisms for various magazines. His articles, with some additions, were collected and published as Studies in the History of the Renaissance in 1878. By this time, despite his native reserve, he was a man of influence at Oxford and had a considerable following. His masterpiece, Marius the Epicurean, in which he set forth his ideals of beauty and the æsthetic life, was published in 1885. His essays in philosophic fiction, Imaginary Portraits, appeared in 1887, and two years later he issued his Appreciations, with an Essay on Style. Other significant works were published both before and after his death. He died at Oxford in the prime of his powers in 1894. By nature he was contemplative and reflective. His style, with its careful attention to structure and phrase and its conscious cadence, without appearing florid or affected, has a magnificence that has rarely been equaled in English. Dominant in the deep and earnest philosophy of life which he presents is a strain of alert idealism, and through all his writings runs the strong though chastened desire to live in keeping with the highest conceptions of life and its promised fulfillments.

1079a STYLE

35. Michelet, Jules Michelet, 1798-1874, a French historian and man of letters. 1080a 13. Pascal, Blaise Pascal, 1623–1662

an eminent French mathematician, philosopher, and man of letters.

50. Tacitus, Cornelius Tacitus, ca. 55-ca. 120, a well-known Roman historian and orator.

1081b 47. le cuistre, the downright pedant. 1082b 34. Montaigne. See introductory note to John Florio, p. 306.

45. ascêsis, a Greek word meaning exercise,

training, art.

1083a 9. Esmond, Henry Esmond, a novel by William Makepeace Thackeray.

24. Schiller, Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller, 1759-1805, a famous German dramatist and critic.

44 f. Flaubert's Madame Bovary, a novel by the French writer, Gustave Flaubert, 1821-1880.

45 f. Stendhal's Le Rouge, etc., a novel by the French author, Henri Beyle, 1783-

1842, whose pen name was Stendhal. 1084a 28. Dean Mansel. Henry Longueville Mansel, 1820-1871, an English metaphysical writer, dean of St. Paul's.

1085b 14 f. Swedenborg, Emanuel Swedenborg, 1688-1772, a Swedish scientist, philosopher, and mystic.

15. Tracts of the Times. See introductory note to John Henry Newman, p. 1044.

1086a 4 ff. Gustave Flaubert. See note to p. 1083a, l. 44. Flaubert's letters to Ma-dame X (Madame Colet), written in 1846, often disparage human love in favor of the love of art.

1086b 29 ff. a sympathetic commentator, etc., Guy de Maupassant, in his Introduction to the Lettres de Gustave Flaubert à George

1088a 10. Buffon, Georges Louis Leclerc, 1707-1788, Comte de Buffon, a French naturalist, author of a discours sur le style.

1089b 7. Bach, Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685-1750, a famous German musician.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWIN-BURNE

1090a KING LEAR

17. Æschylus, 525-468 B.C., one of the great Greek dramatists.

47 f. the trilogy of the Oresteia, the Aga-memnon, Choephoroi, and Eumenides of Æschylus.

51. Agamemnon . . . Prometheus, plays by Æschylus.

1090b 9 f. Clytæmnestra, the criminal queen

of Agamemnon.

20. Antigone, the gentle daughter of Œdipus, who accompanied him in his blind exile. She is the heroine of Sophocles' play Antigone.

39. the house of Atreus, the descendants of Atreus, specifically Agamemnon and his immediate household. Atreus, the father of Agamemnon and Menelaus, was the ancient king of Mycenæ. 1091a 22. Gadarean sow. Cf. Mark v, I ff. 27 ff. 'Where's thy drum,' etc. King Lear IV, ii, 55 ff.

38. François-Victor Hugo, 1828-1873, translator of Shakespeare's works into French.

1850-1867. 1091b 9 ff. 'I pant,' etc. King Lear V, iii, 243 ff

1092b 38. Tolstoi, Count Leo Tolstoi, 1828-1910, a great Russian novelist and social reformer. In his late years he became a very hostile critic of Shakespeare.

38. Suderman, Herman Sudermann, 1857-,

a German dramatist.

1093a 50. Choephoræ, a tragedy by Æschylus. 51. Ugolino. See note to p. 1070a, l. 28 f., and Dante's Inferno, xxxiii, 49 f.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

- 1094a 30. Hallam, Henry Hallam, 1777-1859, an English historian.
- 1094b 6. the son of Victor Hugo. See note to p. 1091a, l. 38.

34. vision of Helen, scene xiv.

49. monologue, scene xvi. 1095a 23. the king's deposition, Act V, scene i. 26 f. the corresponding scene, etc., Act IV, scene i.

1095b 4. Mr. Collier, John Payne Collier, 1789-1883, a Shakespearean critic.

- 22. Nathanial Lee, ca. 1653-1692, an English dramatist. He wrote The Massacre of Paris and collaborated with Dryden in The Duke of Guise, a play on the same theme
- 28. loss, Marlowe's death, in 1593.

29. Thomas Nash. See p. 259 and notes. 39. Greene. See pp. 256 and 302 f. and notes.

1096a 43 f. the soliloquy, etc., scene xix.

1096b 13. Jack Cade, an Irishman by birth, leader of the rebellion in 1450 which bears his name.

22. the author of, etc., Swinburne himself,

A Study of Shakespeare, 1880.
25. Mr. Dyce, the Rev. Alexander Dyce, 1798–1869, an English editor and critic. He issued an edition of Marlowe in 1850 and one of Shakespeare in 1857.

47. Peele. See p. 257 and notes.

1097a 36. Passionate Shepherd. See p. 259.

EDMUND GOSSE

Edmund Gosse, the son of a distinguished naturalist, was born in London. He was educated privately in Devonshire, and at eighteen became an assistant in the library of the British Museum. In 1875 he was made translator to the Board of Trade. From 1884 to 1890 he was a lecturer in English literature at Cambridge, and in 1894 he became librarian to the House of Lords. He has received honorary degrees from both Oxford and

Cambridge, as well as from several other institutions, in recognition of his eminence in letters. During the first part of his career he was a graceful poet and published numerous volumes of verse. Since about 1900 he has written on a variety of subjects, chiefly in literary history and criticism, and has proved himself a master of an easy and fluent style and an exponent of a broad and sympathetic culture. His greatest service perhaps is in acquainting English readers with foreign literature, chiefly that of Holland and Scandinavia. He was knighted in 1925. He resides in London.

1098a

IMPRESSION

In this poem the writer aptly characterizes contemporary English poetry of the close of the Victorian era.

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON -

Born in an atmosphere of relative affluence, Eugene Lee-Hamilton was educated with the greatest care. He attended Oxford University, where he won a scholarship during his first term. After leaving the university, he became an attaché to the British legation in Paris and later secretary of the Alabama Claims Commission in Geneva. In 1873 he fell a victim to spinal meningitis and for twenty years was confined to bed, at times with excruciating pain. During this period he composed his Sonnets of the Wingless Hours, 1894, and supervised the studies of his gifted half-sister Violet Paget, who later became well known as a critic under the pen-name of Vernon Lee. By 1894 Lee-Hamilton had largely recovered his health. He later married Annie F. Holdsworth, the Scot-tish novelist. The death of their infant daughter is lamented in the poet's Mimma Bella, which includes some of the best sonnets in recent English literature. He died in 1907, His earliest volume of poems, which appeared in 1878, gave little promise of his later achievements. He is chiefly memorable for his work in the sonnet, a difficult metrical form in which he attained great skill. His sonnets are often tender and elevated in tone, and they leave an impression of spontaneity rarely accomplished in this form of stanza. On the sonnet, see introductory note to Sidney's Astrophel and Stella, p. 273a.

WHAT THE SONNET IS

1098b 7. Faustus, the chief figure in an ancient legend of a man who sold his soul to

the devil in return for worldly gifts and finally had to pay the price. The theme has been used frequently in literature, notably by Marlowe and Goethe.

ALFRED AUSTIN

Alfred Austin was born at Headingly near Leeds, where his father was a merchant. He received his early schooling at Stonyhurst and Oscott, and afterward attended the University of London, where he was graduated in 1853. Four years later he was called to the bar from the Inner Temple but soon aban-doned law for literature and travel. In 1896 he was appointed to the poet laureateship, which had been vacant since Tennyson's death. In England he lived in the country, finding recreation in riding, gardening, and fishing, and died at Swinford Old Manor near Ashford in Kent. In his early poetry, which was satirical, he attacked some of his great contemporaries but proved himself extremely uncritical. He wrote several plays without attaining any success on the stage. His poetry reveals a thoroughly English patriotism and a deep and intimate love of nature. His lyrics often lack the fervor and glow of a compelling spontaneity, but they possess a freshness and an orderly charm that make them delightful reading.

1099a AT SHELLEY'S HOUSE AT LERICI

The Shelleys removed from Pisa to Lerici on the bay of Spezzia in April, 1822. In July following Shelley was drowned while on the way home from a trip to Pisa.

- 1099b 64. thrice-spurned Sibyl. The Cumean Sibyl offered one of the Tarquins nine books for three hundred pieces of gold. On his refusal she burned three of the books and offered him the rest at the same price. Again the king refused, and she burned three more, asking for the remaining ones the original price of all. Struck by the strangeness of the case, he bought the three and found them to contain important prophesies concerning Rome. Cf. note to p. 1044b, l. 17.
 - 86 f. Pentecostal Peace, etc. Cf. Acts ii, 1 ff.
 - 88. this bay, the bay of Spezzia.
 - 92. Manfredonia, a town and district in Apulia, southeast Italy.
 - 93. satraps, subordinate rulers, colonial governors.
 - 95. mammoth-monsters. Austria from time immemorial has been the proverbial
 - enemy of Italy.

 98. Porto Venere, "the port of Venus," a small town on a point of land enclosing the bay of Spezzia on the west.

OSCAR WILDE

Oscar Wilde, the son of the Irish surgeon and antiquary Sir William Robert Wilde. was born in Dublin. He was educated at the royal school in Enniskillen, at the University of Dublin, and at Oxford. His career at Oxford was remarkable. He stood high in scholastic attainments, won the Newdigate prize for poetry, founded a movement on the doctrine of Art for Art's sake, and led a brilliant but hectic existence by trying to live up to the "blue china" of his new cult. After a lecture tour in America and a quiet life in London for five or six years, he began in 1888 a career of almost unprecedented literary activity. He wrote with ease prose fiction of various kinds, but in such plays as Lady Windermere's Fan, 1892; Salomé, written in French, 1893; and The Importance of Being Earnest, 1895, he excelled all other Victorian dramatists in brilliancy of dialogue, literary finish, and dramatic effectiveness. In 1895, while engaged in a lawsuit for libel against the Marquis of Queensberry, he was found to be criminally liable himself. He was arrested, tried, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labor. This was the end of his literary career, except for an apologetic account of his life written in prison and his powerful rhetorical Ballad of Reading Gaol, 1898. After his release from jail he went abroad and died of cerebral meningitis in Paris in 1900. His reputation as a writer has suffered from his life as a man. His best work is to be found in his plays, but his poetry possesses a fascinating but sinister beauty, the beauty of decay.

1101b

REQUIESCAT

See Matthew Arnold's poem by the same title, p. 975. This poem is said to memorialize the author's little sister Isola, who, according to the attending physician, was a "most gifted and lovable child." She died on February 23, 1867, and was buried at the home of Maria Edgeworth, the novelist.

5. golden hair. According to a legend, golden hair does not tarnish in the

tomb.

1102a THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL

Reading is an important town in Berkshire west of London. Wilde spent part of his imprisonment, 1895–1897, in Reading jail and later was removed to Wandsworth prison in London.

1103a 96. the kiss of Caiaphas, the kiss of Judas bought with the pay received from

Caiaphas the high priest for the betrayal of Christ. Cf. Matthew iii.

1103b 158. Trial Men, men sentenced by a "court of the first instance," or preliminary court, the verdict of which might be appealed.

1106b 485 f. the barren staff, etc. Rods and staffs that bloom spontaneously are a part of the machinery of mediæval saints' lives.

1107b 572. latrine, a privy.

1108a 621 f. the holy hands, etc. Cf. Luke xxiii, 39 ff.

623 f. a broken, etc. Cf. Psalms li, 17.

JOHN DAVIDSON

John Davidson was born a minister's son in a small town near Glasgow. He spent his youth in school and at work in Greenock, and in 1876–1877 attended the University of Edinburgh. For a dozen years thereafter he taught in various places in Scotland and attempted playwriting under the impression that he was a born dramatist. In 1890 he removed to London to devote himself entirely to literature. His first poetry in the metropolis was received coldly, but his Fleet Street Ecloques, 1893, brought him recognition. Several subsequent volumes and a successful play or two increased his reputation but failed to provide him with a competent income. He lived in hard circumstances in Penzance during his last years and in 1909 disappeared under suspicion of suicide by drowning. His poetry is fresh and full of thought, vigorous and bold in expression and imagery, and replete with a passionate but unembittered reproachfulness of life as he had known it. Such intense ballads as his Heaven and Hell deserve to be remembered.

1108b A BALLAD OF HEAVEN

- 25. adagio, a piece of music, or a movement in music, in adagio (i.e., slow and graceful) time.
- 32. andante, a musical piece or movement in moderate time.
- 1109a 36. scherzo, in music a movement of lively character.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

Francis Thompson was born at Preston in Lancashire. He was bred a Catholic and educated in that faith at Upshaw College near Durham. Preparatory to following his father's profession, he studied medicine at Owens College near Manchester but was interested only in literature. Failing in practical life, he became friendless and solitary. After

of restraint, purity, and precision, and is not lacking in strength.

「1110b

several obscure years in which he suffered ill health and great destitution he was discovered in London and rescued from starvation if not from self-destruction by a Mr. and Mrs. Meynell, adherents of his own faith, who had been attracted to him by his offer of a poem for the Merrie England magazine. They gave him a home and procured a publisher for his first volume, *Poems*, 1893. The book met with critical favor, and the opinion was confirmed by his Sister Songs, 1895, and New Poems, 1897. During his last years he was a victim of tuberculosis and lived a shadowy existence partly at a Capuchin monastery in north Wales and partly at Storrington in Sussex, until his death in London in 1907. Some of his poetry is marred by eccentricity in both speech and manner, but his genuine inspiration and a certain high distinction of thought and utterance justify the unique place he occupies in English poetry.

TO OLIVIA 1110b

This poem is characteristic of Thompson's poetry about children in its attitude of intimate reverence for childhood.

1111a THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

The Hound of this poem is the poet's daring representation of God. The poem reflects its author's deeply religious nature and the profound spiritual experience through which he passed.

ROBERT BRIDGES

Robert Bridges, now poet laureate, though for years a practicing physician in London, has long been identified with the cultured literary and academic life of England. He was educated at Eton and Oxford and studied medicine in London, but retired from practice while he was yet under forty. His early poetry was printed privately and had a limited but admiring circle of readers. He pubblished numerous volumes but did not reach his full maturity as a poet until his Shorter Poems in 1890. He has continued 'productive to the present time, although he is now past eighty. Within the new century he was won wide recognition as a scholar, as attested by the many honorary degrees he has received from various institutions. He became poet laureate on the death of Alfred Austin in 1913, and resides at Oxford. His poetry illustrates his own poetic theory, which emphasizes stress rather than uniformity in the number of syllables, but at the same time it carries on the older traditions

ELEGY, etc. 1113a

This elegy, though written in a somewhat difficult stanza, fully sustains the quality of other great elegies, and is inferior, if in aught, only in its brevity.

WILLIAM WATSON

William Watson was born at Burley-in-Wharfedale, Yorkshire, and was reared in Liverpool, whither the family had removed in the interest of his father's business. His early poems, which appeared in the eighties, passed unnoticed, but his volume containing Wordsworth's Grave, 1890, won recognition. From this time until his important New Poems in 1909 he produced numerous works in verse of a critical, philosophical, and political character. His political poetry is usually understood to have interfered with his appointment as poet laureate in 1913. Since the beginning of the World War he has continued to issue volumes of poetry at regular intervals without doing anything to surpass the quality of his previous work. His lyrics are often good, but he is best in a contemplative vein which comports only moderately well with the lyrical spirit. His poetry is compact with thought expressed in a refined and stately diction, often with striking epigrammatic effect, and at times glows with a sincere and sustained eloquence. It displays a classical turn in its regularity, fastidiousness of taste, and chastened and restrained general tone.

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE 1114b

Wordsworth was buried at Grasmere. In addition to its excellent criticism of Wordsworth, this poem is noteworthy for the writer's wide knowledge of English poetry during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. His characterization of the classical régime in section iv is excellent.

2. Rotha, a small river flowing through Grasmere churchyard.

1116a 89. rugged scholar-sage, Dr. Samuel Johnson.

95. Collins' lonely vesper-chime. See his Ode to Evening, p. 579. 96. frugal note of Gray. Gray's published

verse is unusually small in volume.

100. Auburn, Goldsmith's Deserted Village. 101 ff. one 'neath northern skies, etc., Robert Burns.

111 ff. Twin morning stars, etc., Wordsworth and Coleridge. The former is the Seer and the latter the Dreamer.

1116b 121 ff. Ah, how the lyre, etc. Compare Mr. Gosse's *Impression*, p. 1098, for a like contemporary estimate of the poetry of the Nineties.

127 f. one . . . one, one . . . another, with-

out definite reference.

1117a 149 ff. One, etc., Wordsworth. 173. Helm Crag and Silver Howe, elevations just north and south of Grasmere.

1117b ENGLAND MY MOTHER

This poem is an excellent example of the unrhymed lyric which has been popular in English poetry since about the middle of the nineteenth century. Cf. Tennyson's Tears, Idle Tears, p. 892.

12. Demos, personification for the crowd,

populace.

13 f. Lazarus, etc. Cf. Luke xvi, 19 ff.

1118b THE WORLD IN ARMOUR

It may be noted that the second (1.9 ff.) and third sonnets of this group contain a striking prophecy of the World War twenty years before its beginning in 1914.

1119a 1 ff. London's Plague . . . dread Fire. The plague, or black death, which had visited England, at times with devastating effects, since the fourteenth century, was particularly virulent in 1664-1666; hence it was known as the Great Plague. It disappeared finally from the country after the Great Fire of 1666.

14. him that idly, etc., literally, the person or persons who shot to death at Serajevo on June 28, 1914, Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria, an act which precipi-

tated the World War.

THE SAINT AND THE SATYR

1. the eremite, the hermit. See note to p.

89b, l. 44. 1119b 13. Paphos, a town in Cyprus, one of the favorite resorts of Venus.

14. Ida, a mountain in Crete where Zeus was concealed to escape being devoured by his father Saturn.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Rudyard Kipling, the son of an English colonial official, was born in Bombay, He was educated at a college India. in north Devonshire and at seventeen returned to India to become an editor. At twenty-one he published his Departmental Ditties, and within the next three years produced a succession of prose fictions that brought him fame. In 1892 he issued his second volume of verse, Barrack Room Ballads. These and other poems of the nineties opened up a new literary field

- the life of the common soldier and sailor beyond England's natural borders. They were written in a racy if low language that all classes could understand, and they made Kipling a genuinely popular poet. In 1894–1895 he produced in the Jungle Books the work that will probably live longest of all his writings. He traveled in the Orient and South America, lived a few years in America, settled in England, in 1907 won the Nobel prize for distinction in literature, and has continued to the present time a fluent and prolific writer. In both his prose and his poetry he has described from the ranks the life of the British service, not so much as it was but as it came to be under the influence of his writings. He is one of the supreme masters of the modern short story. His home is at Burwash in Sussex.

THE BALLAD OF FISHER'S BOARDING HOUSE

The place-names in this poem are unimportant for an interpretation of it as a ballad. They illustrate well the author's mastery of proper names for poetical uses. They serve to suggest remoteness, strangeness, and the like.

1121a

GUNGA DIN

3. Aldershot, a district in Hampshire where a permanent military camp is located.

12. bhisti, a water carrier.

16. Panee lao, bring water in a hurry.27. 'Harry By,' O brother.32. juldee, speed.

- 1121b 41. mussick, mussuk, a leather water bag
 - 70. dooli, a kind of litter or army ambulance.

1122a

THE VAMPIRE

A vampire is thought of as a preternatural creature of malignant nature which secures its nourishment by sucking the blood of a sleeping person. The poem was written to elucidate a picture by Kipling's cousin, Philip Burne-Jones, representing a man in the last agonies of death, by whose side is seated a woman with a cold hard look on her face.

1122b

RECESSIONAL

This poem was written to celebrate the diamond jubilee (sixtieth anniversary) of Queen Victoria's reign, in 1897. In ecclesiastical usage the recessional is the hymn of retirement sung at the close of the service.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

William Butler Yeats, son of the distinguished Irish artist J. B. Yeats, was born After attending schools in in Dublin. London and Dublin, he took up the study of art but soon abandoned it for literature. Encouraged by Oscar Wilde, he went to London in 1888, and in 1889 published his first volume of verse, The Wanderings of Oisin, containing a narrative poem based on one of the most charming and characteristic episodes in the Irish Ossianic legend (see introductory note to Ossian, p. 62b). This was followed by other volumes, notably *The* Celtic Twilight, 1893, and The Wind among the Reeds, 1899, which, together with his collected Poems, 1895, established his position as a poet of ability. He has also written numerous dramas on ancient or modern Irish themes, some of them involving allegories of Ireland's national aspirations. Especially significant among his plays are Kathleen ni Houlihan and The Land of Heart's Desire. He is a literary critic of distinction, has edited several collections of Irish folk tales, and was one of the editors of the works of the English poet and mystic William Blake. Of late years he has become interested in Japanese literature and has written several plays under Japanese influence.

Mr. Yeats's first volume is said to have inaugurated the so-called modern Celtic renaissance, or Anglo-Irish literary movement, and throughout his career the author has striven to create for Ireland a national literature written in English but independent of foreign influences. Stimulated more or less by oriental philosophy, William Blake, the Pre-Raphaelites, and modern occultism, he has attempted to convey in his poetry that lively faith in an other world of fairy folk and magic which is so striking a characteristic of the native Irish mind. In his treatment both of ancient Celtic themes, such as The Death of Cuchulain, and of modern Irish superstitions, as in The Land of Heart's Desire, he has sought to catch the feeling for nature and the wistful charm of ancient Celtic romance. His style is almost proselike in its simplicity and naturalness. He has always had a leaning toward mysticism, but before he became obsessed with modern spiritualism and necromancy and with things Japanese, he held practically undisputed his position as the most representative writer of the new spirit in the literature of Ireland. He resides in London.

THE DEATH OF CUCHULAIN 1123a

The chief source of this poem is an ancient Irish version of the theme of the father-and-son combat, best known perhaps through Arnold's Sohrab and Rustum (p. 963b ff.): Cuchulainn, while learning feats of arms abroad, becomes the father of a son whom he later meets and unknowingly slavs. Cuchulainn's famous wife Emer does not figure in the older story, nor is Cuchulainn an old man when he slays his son (Conlach). Yeats's version should be compared with Macpherson's (see p. 588 f. and introductory note).

1123b 39. Red Branch. See note to The Feast

of Bricriu, p. 59a.

1124a 90. quicken, the mountain ash, or rowan tree, associated with magic and hence with druidism.

THE WHITE BIRDS

1. I would . . . white birds. This fanciful poetic idea may have been suggested by the common appearance in early Irish tradition of fairies or transformed mortals in the form of white birds.

1124b 9. Danaän. In ancient Irish tradition the Tuatha Dé Danaan are represented as one of the ancient races of Ireland. They are possessed of magical powers and inhabit a fairy world beneath the earth or water, or even in the many-isled elysium beyond the ocean (see Connla of the Golden Hair, p. 61a, and note to p. 61a, l. 32). They are often identified with the sidhe, or fairy folk (see note to p. 61b, l. 9).

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

Stephen Phillips was born at Somertown near Oxford. He was educated at Stratford and later at Peterborough, where his father was precentor in the cathedral. For six years he was a minor actor in a theatrical company. He attracted attention as a poet first by his Christ in Hades, 1896, and with his Poems the following year he was recognized as a genius of unusual magnitude. His reputation brought a request from a theatrical manager for a play, whereupon he turned to drama and produced a succession of poetical plays which gratified the popular taste but which have since been neglected. His last volume, Lyrics and Dramas, 1913, representing his maturer thought and style, came after his vogue had declined. He died at Deal in 1915. He drew his inspiration from the past. His plays are based on old stories and are modeled upon Greek drama. In his poetry he is Victorian in both manner

and style. His fame is preserved best by his shorter poems.

JOHN MASEFIELD

John Masefield was born in Hertford-Urged by the love of adventure which has marked a large part of his life and which shines constantly through his work, he ran away to sea and for some years underwent the hard experiences which furnished him with abundant materials for literary treatment. The character of his first volume of poems, published in 1902, is indicated by the title, Salt-Water Ballads; and much of his later verse, notably The Everlasting Mercy, 1911, deals with the vicissitudes of the sailor or the wanderer. He has written several novels, the first, Captain Margaret, appearing in 1908, and a number of plays, of which The Tragedy of Nan, 1909, shows unusual dramatic intensity. In his forthright, uncompromising view of life Mr. Masefield is distinctly a modern, but in imaginative power and clear-eved idealism he rises above most of the contemporary realists.

A WANDERER'S SONG 1126a

7. ketches, two-masted vessels of one to two hundred tons burden.

1126b 11. hooker, a one-masted fishing smack. 14. Moby Dick, a whale in the famous sea romance of the same name, by the American novelist Herman Melville, 1819-1891.

ALFRED NOYES

Alfred Noyes was born in Staffordshire and was educated at Oxford. His first volume of poetry was published in 1902. His collected poems appeared in 1910. From 1914-1923 he was professor of modern English literature at Princeton University. He published several volumes during the period of the World War. In meter, vocabulary, and theme Mr. Noyes carries on the tradition of the Victorians and of the older literature. He is steeped in the poetry and heroic traditions of the Elizabethan age and revives them with a fine enthusiasm. His verse is significant for its melody, which has rarely been surpassed, rather than for any profound philosophy or theory of life.

RALEIGH

In its main outlines this poem is historical: hence to understand and appreciate it in full the student should read an ac-

count of Ralegh's life and acquaint himself with the conditions of the time. The personages represented familiarly as Ben. Will, Kit, and Rob, are, of course, the great dramatists Jonson, Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Greene. The Mermaid was the celebrated tavern which they frequented. The story is dramatically told long afterward by mine host to an imagined listener or listeners.

1. His tribe. The younger poets who owned their discipleship to Jonson delighted to call themselves the Sons of

12. 'Last of the men,' etc. See p. 253 and notes, and p. 295 ff.

16. El Dorado, the "Land of Gold," believed by the Spaniards and by Sir Walter Ralegh to exist in the upper course of the Amazon River in South America.

20. catamite, a male pervert.

1127a 23. Salome. Salome was the daughter of the beautiful and unscrupulous Herodias, whose marriage to Herod Antipas, 4 B.C.-A.D. 39, after her divorce from Herod's half-brother Philip, caused the wrath of John the Baptist. Cf. Mark vi, 17 ff.

1127b 73 f. king . . . hates tobacco. Ralegh is reputed to have introduced the use of tobacco into England. James was its avowed enemy. By his Counterblast to Tobacco, 1604, he imagined himself to have said the last word on the subject.

80. ketch. See note to p. 1126a, l. 7. 81. Tilbury, a town near the mouth of the

Thames.

1128a 122. Gravesend, a town a few miles below London on the Thames.

125. wherry, a light rowboat

136. dinghy, a small light skiff.

1128b 157. Cathay. See note to p. 890, l. 184. 1129a 197. Greenwich. At this time Greenwich was, of course, an independent village outside London.

1130b 296 f. the face, etc. See note to Paradise Lost, II, 611.

307 ff. our poor earth, etc. The Copernican theory was announced three-quarters of a century before Ralegh's death.

318. wastrel, a good-for-nothing.
1131a 324 f. The sea-witch, etc., the figure of the mermaid represented on the tavern signboard. See note to Keats's Lines,

etc., p. 789b. 351. wild Italian tales. See Boccaccio, Decameron, Day iv, Nov. 5, and Keats's Isa-

bella.

1132a 423. black-cassocked figure, the priest who administered the sacrament and heard the prisoner's confession before the execution

1132b 444. Budleigh Salterton, a small town on the southern coast of Devonshire, where Ralegh was born.

1133a 487. like Lazarus, etc. Cf. John xi.

503. O, eloquent, etc. With this passage Ralegh closed his History of the World.

1134a 589 ff. the Stewart, etc., a forecast of the civil war which dethroned and executed the Stuart Charles I and resulted in the Commonwealth.

591. Whitehall, a royal palace in London.

1135b 677. Medusa, the Gorgon. See note to Paradise Lost, II, 611.
691. Lundy Island, situated at the entrance

to the Bristol Channel.

1136a 723. Ionian movement. Ionia was a small district of Asia Minor bordering on the Ægean, settled, it was supposed, by native Greeks, whose descendants in time came to dominate Greek commerce and art.

737. Astrophel, Sir Philip Sidney.

741. cenomel, a mixture of wine and honey, used as a drink by the ancient Greeks.

RUPERT BROOKE

Rupert Brooke was born at Rugby, where his father was an assistant master. At school he was a successful athlete and won a prize for a poem. He attended Cambridge University, where he was known as one of the leading young intellectuals, though he was regarded as somewhat of a "socialist" "crank." After leaving Camb After leaving Cambridge, he studied in Germany. On his return to England he settled near Cambridge and gave himself up to voluminous reading and outdoor exercise. In 1913 he passed through the United States and Canada on his way to the South Seas. When the World War broke out, he obtained a commission, but while on the way to the Dardanelles, he died of blood poisoning on board a hospital ship in the harbor of Scyros. He was strikingly handsome and possessed great personal charm. As a poet he showed unusual versatility. After the beginning of the war the fanciful social theories of his earlier years gave way to unreserved patriotism, and his later writings reflect the fearless, heroic spirit of England's youth in the presence of the national calamity. His verse occupies a high place in recent English poetry.

THE GREAT LOVER 1137b

15. inenarrable, indescribable; literally, untellable.

EDMUND GOSSE

THE WHOLE DUTY OF WOMAN

1139a 16 f. Juliana Berners, Juliana Barnes or Berners, prioress of Sopewell, near St. Albans, late in the fifteenth century.

31. J. K. S., James Kenneth Stephen, 1859-1892, an English barrister and small The quotation occurs in his A Thought.

46 f. The Whole Duty of Man, once attributed to Richard Sterne, now ascribed to the Royalist divine Richard Allestree, 1619-1681, and revised by Allestree's literary executor, John Fell.

1139b 27. play-book, a book of plays or dra-

matic pieces.

33 f. most cynical comedy, etc., The Town Fop by Mrs. Aphra Behn, 1640-1689.

35. Corinnas, etc., i.e., characters in contemporary light fiction. Corinna was a Greek poetess who triumphed over Pindar in certain public contests.
41. The Provoked Wife, a play by Sir John

Vanbrugh, 1664–1726.

1140a 21. Junius, the pen-name under which appeared a succession of brilliant political letters contributed to the London Advertiser, 1769–1772. It appears that "Junius" was Sir Francis Philip, 1740– 1818.

32. Mr. Craik, Sir Henry Craik, 1846 a Scottish educator and author, editor of

English Prose Selections, 1892–1896.
34. Bishop Cumberland, Richard Cumberland, 1732–1811, Bishop of Peterborough. 34 f. William Sherlock, 1641?-1707, dean of

St. Paul's.

1140b 10 f. Mrs. Lynn Linton, 1822-1898, an English novelist and miscellaneous writer.

49. Marjorie Fleming, Margaret Fleming, 1803-1811, a remarkably gifted child, the friend of Sir Walter Scott.

1141a 28. ombre. See note to Pope's Rape of

the Lock, 1. 56.

28. quadrille, a game of cards played by four persons, the eights, nines, and tens being omitted from the pack.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

George Bernard Shaw was born in Dublin of English Protestant stock. He attended school in his native city, but his formal education ceased at the age of fifteen, when he began to earn his own living. In 1876 he removed with his family to London. He spent several years as a clerk in the offices of a land agent and of the Edison Telephone Com-He early undertook to write novels, but found little sale for his literary work. He adopted socialistic views, which he defended both as a pamphleteer and as a street orator. About 1885 he began journalism, and has since published many essays of literary or social criticism. Beginning with Widowers' Houses, written partly in 1885, he has composed more than two dozen plays, mainly satirical, the nature of which is

to some extent indicated by the title Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant, given to a collection of his dramas published in two volumes in 1898. In their published form his plays are often supplied with extensive stage directions and character sketches designed to help the reader visualize the action, and with elaborate prefaces explaining the author's literary and social theories. His Common Sense and the War, published soon after the outbreak of the European conflict,

caused widespread comment.

If we are to judge by his writings, Mr. Shaw believes that many things in the world need reforming, but he goes about the reformation in his own way. He is a socialist, but he believes that socialism will accomplish its ends best by using Fabian (waiting) tactics. Both in his essays and in his dramas he attacks conventionality and sham — or what he regards as conventionality and sham but he does so by the indirect method of reducing to absurdity the institution condemned. His criticisms are often valuable not so much because they are just as because they stimulate thought. He has helped to raise the prose drama again to the level of literature, and he has succeeded in popularizing his plays in printed form with a public accustomed to the explicitness of the novel.

1142b THE CASE OF THE CRITIC DRAMATIST

6. Frank Marshall, 1840-1889, editor of the "Henry Irving" edition of Shakespeare

Sir Henry Irving, 1838-1905, a great

English actor.

12. Canute, a Danish king of England, 1017-

14. 'Robert Emmet,' a play by Francis (Frank) Marshall.

See Coleridge's 1143a 18. wedding guest.

 $Ancient\ Mariner.$ 38. Mr. Pinero, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, 1855 -—, a prominent English dramatist and fiction writer.

1144a 11. Clement Scott, 1841-1904, an English journalist and dramatic critic.

13. Wm. Archer, 1856 —, an English dra-

matic critic.

14. Mr. Walkley, Arthur Bingham Walkley, 1855-1926, a dramatic critic.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

Gilbert Keith Chesterton is descended from a family of realty dealers in London, where he was born. He was educated at St. Paul's School, but at seventeen abandoned his studies for a career in art. His inclination to write, however, soon triumphed. He wrote some art criticism for The Bookman, published a volume of verse (The Wild Gallant), and about 1900 began, with signed articles for various Liberal papers, the regular career of a journalist. His decided personality, pugnacious disposition, and dogmatic assertiveness soon made him a reputation which he has maintained unabated until the present time. His works have been frequently republished, and he has constantly added new productions on all sorts of subjects and of various types. His medleylike range and versatility and his remarkable ingenuity and dexterity have made him one of the most prominent of modern writers. His style is marked by pungency and incisiveness, freely interspersed with paradox, often provoking in its militancy, but relieved by a racy humor that rarely weakens or fails. He resides at Beaconsfield.

A DEFENCE OF NONSENSE

1144b 18. Edward Lear, 1812-1888, an English artist and humorous poet. For the 'Dong,' the 'Quangle-Wangle,' the 'Jumblies,' and the like, see his poetry. 25. Rabelais. See note to p. 243a, l. 2.

25. Sterne, Lawrence Sterne, 1713-1768, an

English humorous novelist.

37 f. the present Archbishop, etc., Frederick Temple, D.D., 1821-1902.

47. 'Trial of Faithful.' See Pilgrim's Prog-

1145a 5. Lewis Carroll, the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, 1832–1898, an English mathematician, who wrote stories for children under the pen name of Lewis

10 f. Philistine, a person lacking in liberal culture and enlightenment.

40 f. 'His body,' etc., prefatory poem to Nonsense Songs.

1145b 1 f. 'Far and few,' etc., a refrain in The Jumblies.

16 f. 'For his aunt,' etc., misquoted from

The Pobble Who Has No Toes.

1146a 38 ff. 'Hast Thou,' etc. Cf. Job

xxxviii, 26.

49. Leviathan, a fabulous sea monster of Scripture, sometimes identified with the behemoth. Cf. Job xli.

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS

Herbert George Wells, the son of a professional cricket player, was born at Bromley in Kent. He was educated in a private school of his native town, in the grammar school of Midhurst, and in the Royal College of Science. After his graduation at the University of London in 1888 he engaged in private teaching. In 1893 he became dramatic critic of the

Pall Mall Gazette and began contributing articles to other magazines. His first success came with his stories and romances, beginning with The Time Machine in 1895. In these he employed the newest scientific knowledge and set forth his views on politics and sociology. He also wrote some expository treatises further elucidating his sociological doctrines. Meanwhile he had begun his career as novelist, which he pursued with eminent success through the World War. In recent years the great fame of his novels has been eclipsed by his mammoth Outline of History, 1919-1920, in which he disparaged the conventional historic method and as a modern scientific theorizer attempted to give the story of the race devoid of the usual national prejudices and distinctions. In his writings he is not without marked originality. In his thought processes he is speculative rather than scientific. In all his expressions of opinion he is vigorous and decided. A strong personal element and a pervasive optimistic tone make whatever he writes good reading.

MY FIRST FLIGHT

- 1146b 26. Langley, Samuel Pierpont Langley, 1834–1906, an American physicist, early designer and constructor of airplanes.
 - Lilienthal, Otto Lilienthal, 1848–1896, a German aëronautical engineer.
- 1147a 15. Eastbourne, a town on the coast of Sussex.
 - 15 f. Grahame White, 1880 ——, a noted English publicist.
- 1148a 4. the White City, an amusement park at Shepherd's Bush in London.
 - 24. Brighton, a coastal town a few miles west of Eastbourne.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

John Galsworthy was born at Coombe in Surrey. He was educated at Harrow and Oxford, and was called to the bar in 1890, but devoted himself mainly to lit-

erature. His earliest novel appeared in 1898. From the first recognition of his ability as revealed in The Island Pharisees in 1904 and The Man of Property in 1906, the intelligent public has welcomed with ever increasing interest the series of literary works that have come from his pen. Besides novels, he has written essays, short stories, and plays, the latter marked by realistic treatment and strong emotional appeal. If we judge by Mr. Galsworthy's novels alone, with their emphasis on sex relationships and the futility of human endeavor in the face of convention and scandal, we may con-clude that his philosophy is one of pessimistic realism. If, however, we consider his whole literary output, including his essays, he appears not only as a surpassingly subtle literary artist but as a kindly and even hopeful spectator of human society.

1149a CASTLES IN SPAIN

- 26 f. Seville Cathedral. Except St. Peter's in Rome and the Mezquita in Cordova, the great cathedral of Santa Maria de la Sede in Seville, Spain, is the largest church structure in the world 414 feet long, 271 feet wide, and 100 feet high at the nave. It was begun in 1402 and completed in 1519.
- 52. Assuan, a town in upper Egypt on the Nile.
- 1149b 2. Forth Bridge, the great cantilever bridge over the Firth of Forth above Edinburgh.
 - 19 f. Christopher Wren, etc. See note to p. 1051b, 1. 20.
- 1151b 19. St. Francis d'Assisi, 1182?—1226, the Italian founder of the Franciscan order of friars, famous for his Christlike life and teachings.
- 1153a 47. quid pro quo, an adequate return; literally, "something for something."
- 1154b 3. 'Retro Satana.' Get thee behind me, Satan. Cf. Mark viii, 23 (Vulgate).
- 1155a 25 f. Dreamer . . . Don, etc. See note to p. 245b, l. 274.

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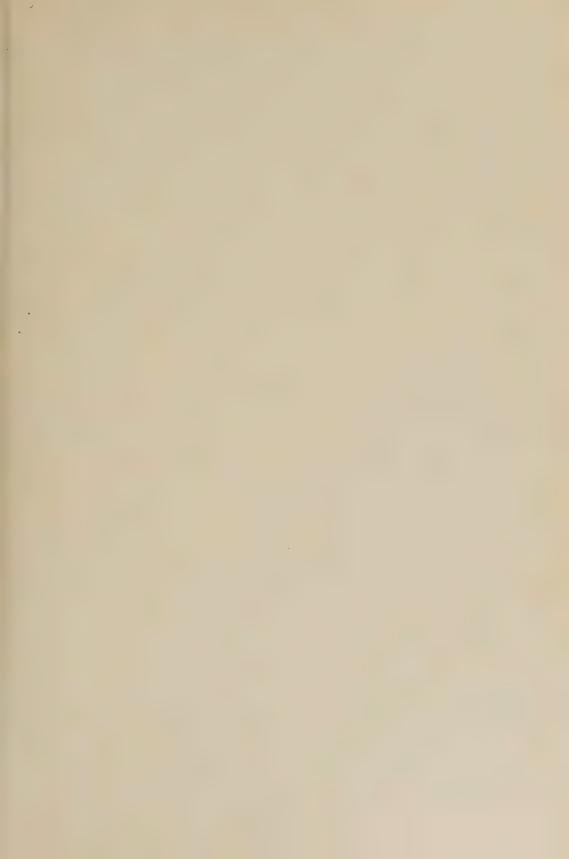
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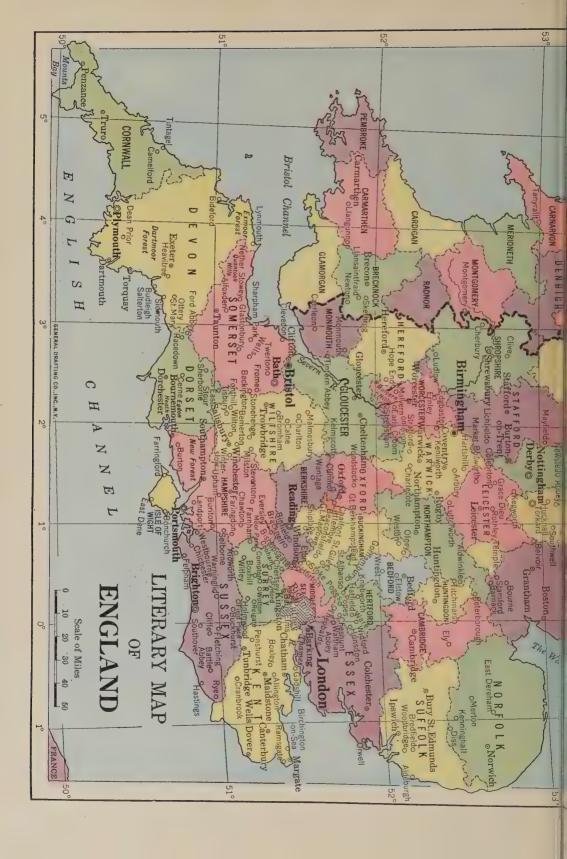
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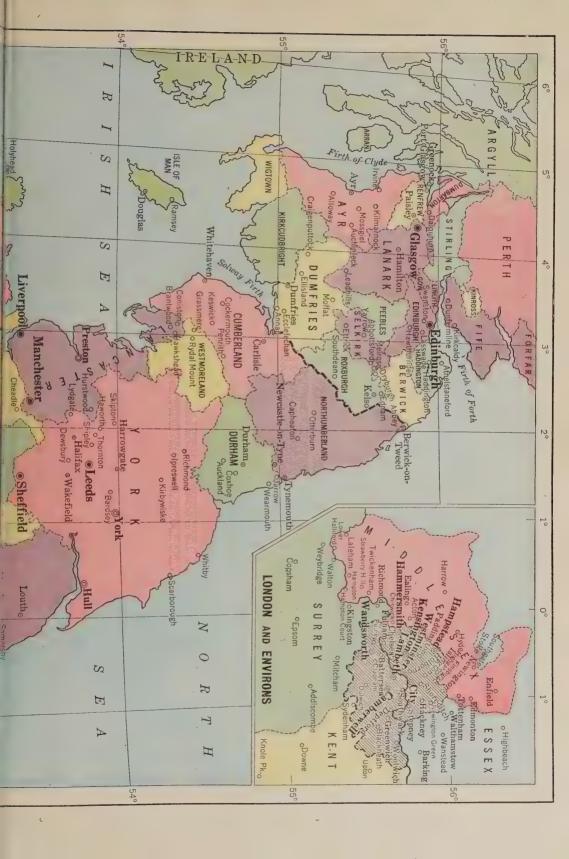
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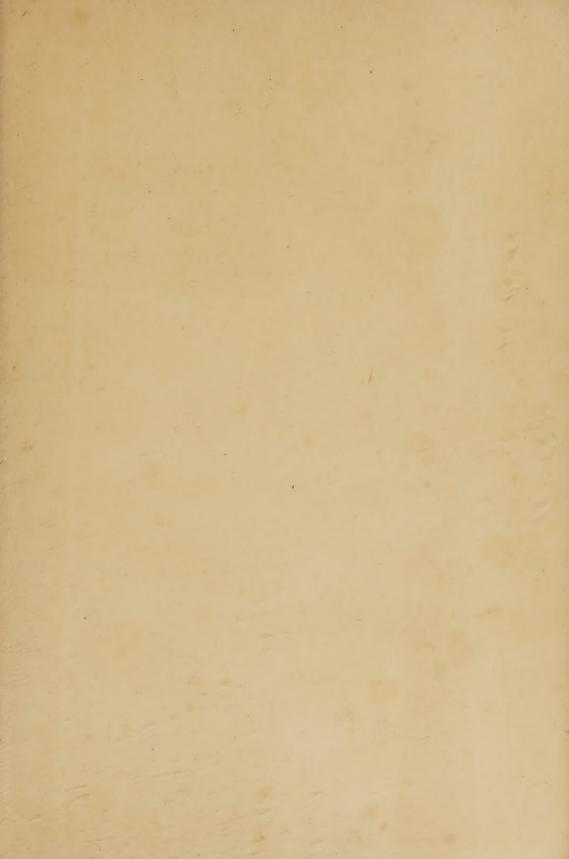
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